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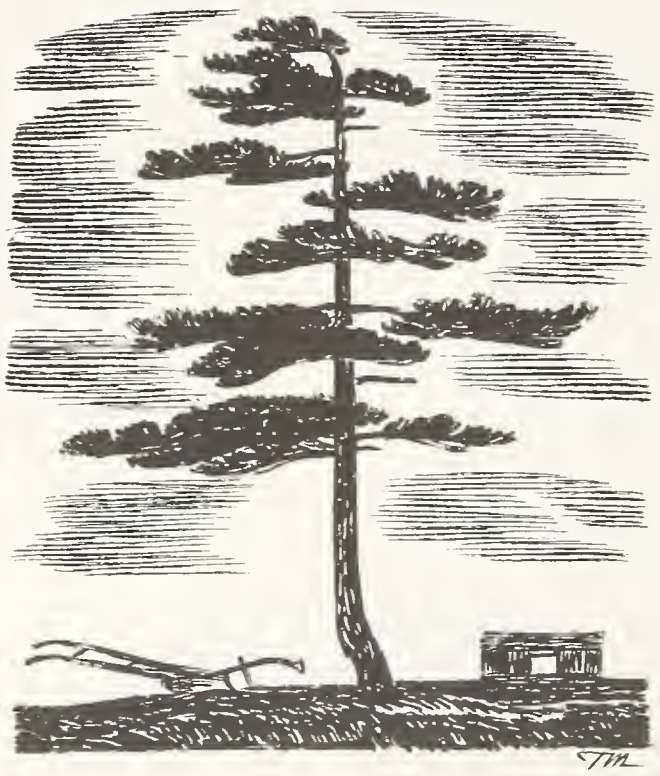

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"GANYMEDE."

(From the Picture by Briton Riviere, R.A.)

Illustrated Interviews.

XLVI.—MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

By Harry How.

MR. BRITON RIVIERE justly occupies the position of being our premier animal painter of to-day. He has not only singled out the noblest of animals upon which to exercise his skill, but has also turned his genius in the direction of the more insignificant though by no means less familiar.

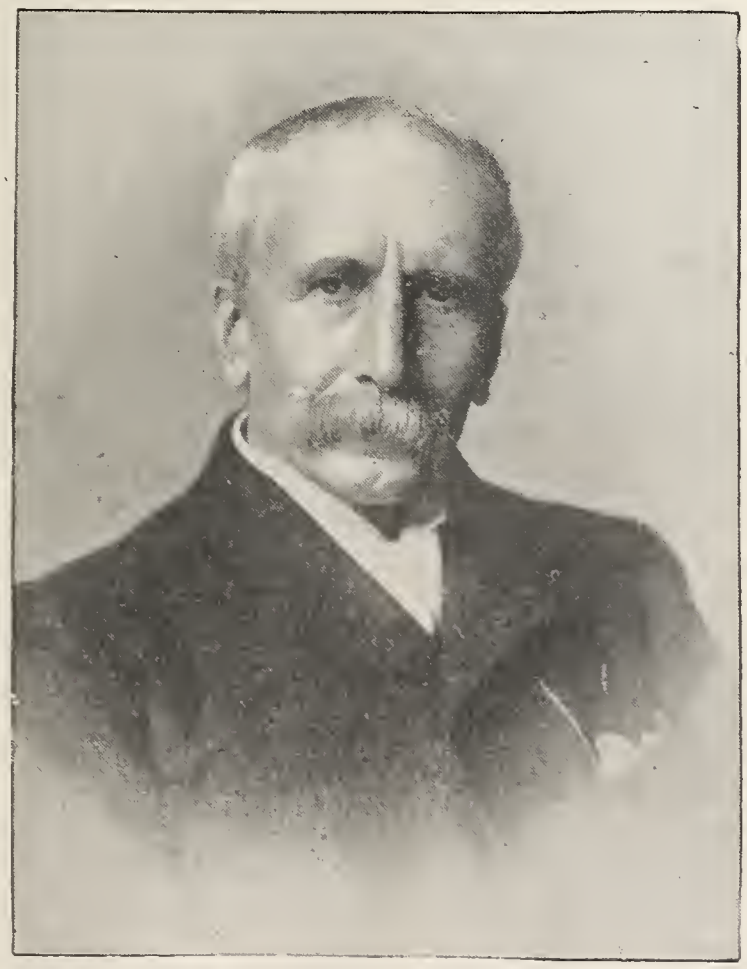
When I made my first call at "Flaxley," Finchley Road, where Mr. Riviere resides, I was received in a very appropriate manner. I rang the bell and, like the proverbial flash of lightning, a fine fox-terrier, "Speed" by name, flew down the stairs leading into the hall and endeavoured to get at me through the glass windows. I rang the bell again, and inwardly thought that I preferred the Royal Academician's dogs on the canvas rather than on my track. The appearance of the artist himself, however, and the kindly way in which he greeted me seemed to reassure my young barking friend. Briton Riviere is of medium height — his hair is grey. He is a rapid, though very deliberate, and convincing, speaker. If you ask him a question, he just fixes his eyes on you, and tells you exactly what you want to know, without any embellishment or unnecessary words, which somebody has designated "flowery." During the time that I spent with him, I came to the conclusion that he was an exceedingly modest man—he would prefer to speak generously about other men and their work rather than "look back" upon his own. He tries to expel from your mind the conviction which one cannot possibly fail to possess, that his work is the work of a genius.

It is only reasonable to suppose that painters, like other folk, work for a living; but as one sits chatting with Briton Riviere, it soon becomes apparent that there is a huge undercurrent of irrepressible and lasting love for his art and those who have helped him—the dumb creatures. To hear him speak of the dogs, sheep, and horses which have posed as models to him, is to discover what an affectionate corner our four-footed friends have in a heart that sees something to admire in them.

"Rather a lively dog, Mr. Riviere," I said, referring to "Speed," whose paws only a moment ago were beating against the window-pane.

"Ah," he said, "he won't hurt you. He never bites anyone except myself and the members of my own family! He bit me a few months ago and one of my sons a few days after, but I have never known him bite a stranger. These are only the eccentricities of genius. He is a dog who thinks, and we are all very fond of him and accept him gladly with these few little failings."

This pleasant assurance regarding "Speed's" partiality for strangers helped to make the task which lay before me a very happy one.



MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

At the far end of the hall is the billiard-room. The walls of the apartment given up to the board of green cloth are covered with engravings of the artist's works. Briton Riviere's works have been engraved by such men as Stacpoole, Atkinson, Chant, Lewis, Murray, and Pratt, whilst "Imprisoned" was converted into black and white by Samuel Cousins. Mr. Riviere paid a magnificent compliment to his engravers, as we paused for a moment in this room.

"Do you know," he said, "I much

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prefer looking upon an engraving of one of my pictures to gazing at the original canvas itself. I have been very fortunate in my engravers, especially in my friend Stacpoole."

Just beyond the billiard-room is the studio. The door is opened by Mr. Riviere, who, beckoning me, in a peculiarly happy sort of way, pleasantly invites me to "come into my workshop."

"Workshop" is an exceedingly applicable name for the studio which has seen the birth of many of Mr. Riviere's pictures. It may at once be said that it is not the studio of a Leighton or an Alma Tadema. The floor is utterly devoid of luxurious and costly carpets and rugs. Dogs and horses, sheep and pigs, are not calculated to improve the quality of an expensive carpet, or to add to its lasting capabilities. The floor is elaborately decorated with scratches from many a dog's paw and horse's hoof. The walls are covered with beautiful tapestry. In a corner is the skeleton of one of the largest leopards ever housed at the Zoo; it was articulated at Oxford for its present owner. Casts of animals are everywhere, including one of a very fine black wolf; whilst at the far end of the studio is the skeleton of a deerhound, which the artist contemplates affectionately. "Bevis"—for so the hound was christened—belonged to one of Mr. Riviere's brothers-in-law, and obtained prizes in his day; he was one of the best models Mr. Riviere ever had.

WOLF'S HEAD.

Drawn at Zoological Gardens by Briton Riviere, R.A., at 8 years of age.

One obtains a very good idea from Mr. Riviere's plaster study of "The Last Arrow" as to his abilities as a modeller, though perhaps the most interesting object in the "workshop" is the anatomical lion. Mr. Riviere has been at work on this for over eight years. Bit by bit he has developed the sinews and muscles of his favourite animal, and when it is complete it will form a rare example of patience and skill.

On one of the easels rests the unfinished portrait of a gentleman, on which the artist has only been at work for three days. It is quite characteristic of the painter, for the sitter, whose portrait is being slowly developed on the canvas, has his three favourite dogs with him—a Blenheim, a pug, and a black-and-tan setter. A second easel bears on its pegs the original canvas of "An Old-World Wanderer," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1887—a creation which is at once impressive, picturesque, and dramatic. The central figure is that of an ancient Greek, who has stopped his galley and swum through the water to the shore, where are a crowd of sea-gulls. The birds do not appear the least afraid. As the picture was originally painted, the "Old-World Wanderer" was standing by a boulder covered with seaweed. The artist now has altered his figure with very much better effect, and has made the half-clad barbarian in the act of walking out of the water. As we look at this work the man who conceived it tells me that animals and birds have no fear of man if they have never seen a human being before. Hence the sea-gulls are in no way afraid at the approach of this stranger—this Old-World wanderer. If one could only find a corner of the British coast frequented by the birds of the sea who had never seen a human being before, one could approach the members of the feathered tribe in the same way as the ancient Greek in the picture, and could smooth their backs and feed them from the hand. One must see the original picture and the re-creation to realize how much more telling the alteration makes the idea.

We sat down by the fire for a chat; and Mr. Riviere, in reply to my questions, gave me much interesting information with regard to his dumb friends who have, at various times, been in his studio. "At one time," he said, "I used to watch for my dogs in the

KITTEN AND TOM-TIT.
From the first exhibited Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.

streets, when I wanted some particular kind of dog that I could not get in the ordinary manner, and if I saw a likely animal, I would introduce myself to its owner, and ask him to allow me to paint it. My best models, however, have been animals which have been lent to me by friends. Years ago I used to have them from a dog dealer, paying him so much a morning. Of course, I need hardly say that the dog is always held by a skilled hand whilst I am making my studies. The best dog to sit is an animal which I am afraid I must admit I thoroughly dislike—an intelligent poodle. Many dogs are a long time before they grasp what is wanted of them, and one has to go through no small amount of patience to get them to behave themselves. The most restless sitters are the collie and the deerhound. Still, notwithstanding their restlessness, I am very fond of both, and have frequently painted them. Perhaps the dog I admire most is the bloodhound; but, as a matter of fact, I am fond of all short-haired dogs. I like a dog which *shows its form;* and I have had dogs here which one could make as careful and elaborate studies from as could be done with a nude figure.

"Some dogs are very difficult to manage, but however awkward and ill-tempered a dog may be, in time he gets used to the studio. I have watched a dog for hours at a time, until I have been able to get exactly what I wanted, for however troublesome an animal may be, it is only a question of waiting, when you will be sure to get what you want. I assure you that there are times when I would willingly have paid a guinea a minute to get the dog into the right position."

I hinted that probably Mr. Riviere had had one or two adventures with his dumb friends in the studio. "No," he replied, "I have not, curiously enough—though I was perhaps very near one once, with a fine bloodhound. One morning the animal was brought into my studio, and I thought it showed strange symptoms. I told the man in charge of it to take it away at once, and it was a fortunate thing I did so, for that night the dog died raving mad.

"I never paint away from home, and only do black and white studies at the Zoo. I was always very fond of the Zoo, and well remember the old keeper, who was there before Sutton, the present man in charge. He was always exceedingly kind to me, when I used to go there as a child to draw. Of course, I never went alone, although I had a ticket like an artist. As a child, I liked the lions best. There were some famous animals there in those days; but you must not run away with the idea that it was anything very great on my part, drawing so early as I did. My eldest boy has totally eclipsed any small efforts of mine. He drew a bird when he was two years of age which is far and away better than any of *my* early efforts."

Mr. Riviere comes of a family of French descent, and was born in London on the 14th August, 1840. No fewer than four

generations of Rivieres have been on the books of the Royal Academy.

The first eight years of his life were spent in London. Soon after he was eight years old he had to say "good-bye" to the Zoo and the many friends he had made there, a "good-bye" which, Mr. Riviere assured me, cost him many a tear—and he went with his father to live at Cheltenham. Here he remained for nine years. He painted a good deal out of doors at Cheltenham, while at college there. He assured me with much fervour that he owed a great deal to his father.

"I had great advantages at Oxford," said Mr. Riviere, "and made many life-long friendships there. I had no painter friends at Oxford. I did not go in for class at college, I was painting all the time; and I only took my B.A. by reading in spare time. After leaving college I came to Kent, married, and lived at Keston. I kept myself by illustrating novels, poems, etc., for various publications; drawing all my illustrations on the wood with a brush, and working mostly by gas-light. I have never recovered from this, for the night work has injured my eyes, probably beyond repair."

"What was the first picture you sold, Mr. Riviere?" I asked.

"'Robinson Crusoe.' I was about twelve when I painted it. I represented Crusoe sitting in a cave surrounded by birds and animals; I think I got £20 for it. I had, however, exhibited two pictures before this, when I was eleven. They were both studies in oil; one was called 'Love at First Sight,' and the other 'Kitten and Tom-tit.' Both of these were shown at the British Institute. I was seventeen when I had a couple of works at the Royal Academy—'Sheep on the Cotswolds' and 'Tired Out.'"

From that time, with intervals, Mr. Riviere continued exhibiting; some years only a single picture, whilst in other years as many as ten works came from his brush.

I had taken with me to "Flaxley" a complete catalogue of all Mr. Riviere's paintings; and, at my suggestion, I went through its pages, reading out picture by picture, asking the artist to kindly stop me when I mentioned any work which had a peculiar interest attached to it.

"'Monkey and Grapes, 1858,'" I read; "'Cattle going to Gloucester Fair, 1859.'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Riviere, "that was a canvas 7ft. long. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy, sold, and never paid for."

"'Elaine on the Barge, 1860.'"

"That," said the artist, "was painted just when, for a time, I had turned away from animals. I did not paint any animals for a period of five years; I was much influenced by pre-Raphaelite ideas. I am sorry to say that 'Elaine' was rejected at the Academy. Elaine, by-the-bye, was one of my sisters."

"'Hamlet and Ophelia'?"

"Yes, oh, yes; this was an extraordinary mixture of pre-Raphaelism and Maclise. It was very elaborate. This, too, was rejected at the Academy. It came into my hands at my father's death. I was so disgusted with it that I tore it in strips, and watched 'Hamlet and Ophelia' disappear in the flames."

"'Girl under the Sea, from "Lalla Rookh"'?"

"I painted that chiefly for two things: the figure, and those beautiful sea-anemones with the starfish. I cut this picture to pieces, too, later on; but kept a few pieces, as I thought the study of the anemones would be

STUDY OF A WHIPPET, BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

useful. I painted 'The Spanish Armada—Drake Playing at Bowls,' with thirty or forty figures in it; this was when I was twenty-three, and I went to Plymouth to get a good point of view and a suggestive background.

"I had two pictures at the Academy in 1864—'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Prison Bars'; and then I dropped the pre-Raphaelistic idea and returned to my old love, the friends that I had made at the Zoo. I painted 'The Sleeping Deerhound' and 'The Poacher's Nurse.' The latter was the first picture which was really well hung at the Academy and well noticed."

It was a very simple idea. The figure of the poacher in the picture is not seen, save his hand stretched over the bedside, which his faithful lurcher is licking affectionately, and offering its master its dumb sympathy.

Although I should like to chronicle in this paper a complete catalogue of all the pictures which have come from the brush of Mr. Riviere, want of space forbids. As we sat in the studio together I continued reminding him of the work he had done in the past, and the artist thoughtfully remembered canvas after canvas. Perhaps it would be as well just to mention those works about which we specially talked. We did not forget "Spilt Milk" and "Going to be Whipped," "Prisoners," "The Empty Chair," and "The Saint." The "Saint" was an old raven, perched on the top of some volumes on the ledge of one of the windows of the old library at Merton College. We spoke of "Charity," a picture painted in 1870. Not only was this the first picture exhibited at the Academy with undeniably distinct success, but the first of Mr. Riviere's pictures to be engraved. It showed a poorly-clad little girl with bare feet, giving away a portion of her scanty meal, only a crust of bread, to a couple of half-starving dogs. This was hung in a corner of Room No. 8, and it brought about the meeting of Mr. Riviere with Sir John Millais. So pleased was Millais with this picture that he sought out the artist and said many pleasant things to him. This picture is now in the possession of Lord Wantage.

Mr. Riviere remembered well "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a title for a suggested subject—a fox coming to steal the chickens out of a hen-house. The artist experienced great difficulty in obtaining a suitable fox, but, eventually, he succeeded in procuring a fine-coated, though dead, Reynard, with brush complete.

STUDIES OF A BEDLINGTON TERRIER, BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

STUDIES OF A COLLIE, BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

It was not until 1871 that Mr. Riviere painted a picture which, at one bound, brought him into the very front rank of artists. This was "Circe," a creation as brilliant in conception as daring in originality. Smith thus speaks of the heroine of the Homeric legend: "She was a daughter of Helios, by Perse, and sister of Æætes, distinguished for her magic arts. She dwelt in the Island of Ææa, upon which Ulysses was cast. His companions, whom he sent to explore the island, tasted of the magic cup which Circe offered them, and were forthwith changed into swine, with the exception of Eurylochus, who brought the sad news to Ulysses. The latter, having received from Hermes the root *moly*, which fortified him against enchantment, drank the magic cup without injury; and then compelled Circe to restore his companions to their former shape. After this he tarried a whole year with her, and she became by him the mother of Telegonus, the reputed founder of Tusculum." In the picture, Circe is represented sitting on the tessellated pavement nursing her knees. The swine are in front of her, and endeavouring to raise themselves over the steep step. It is a striking picture, and one which did very much for its painter.

Mr. Riviere, in reply to my inquiries regarding Circe, said, "I was living in Kent at the time I painted it, and I kept pigs there; as a matter of fact, three of them. I had styes made at the end of the garden. By-the-bye, pigs are remarkably good sitters. I have had a pig in this very room. They are very easy to manage, and will do anything you require; they really become quite sociable in time. I painted the figure of Circe in London, having by that time moved to the Addison Road. I put in the figure two or three times from a model, but could never get it to my liking. At last I found a lady friend who suggested the long-haired daughter of Helois admirably, and I got her to sit."

The following year brought what many consider Mr. Riviere's masterpiece. This was "Daniel." Daniel's back is turned to the spectator. It is a ghastly-looking cell in which the great prophet stands with his hands bound behind his back. The bones which are scattered about the ground suggest their own terrible story. The lions are in a group in front of the man who would not bow his knee to the gods set up by the Babylonian monarch. As one looks at the picture it is not difficult to imagine the face of Daniel. He stands there as calm

as the still waters of a lake, and as firm as the great rocks which Nature has set up as her monuments. The lions have come to a stand-still. They appear cowed in the presence of this marvellous figure. They show their teeth and roar, but they seem to realize that the man of God is not for them. It is simply a marvellous conception of the Biblical story.

"The hieroglyphics on the wall," said Mr. Riviere, "are Ninevehean; I obtained them from marbles at the British Museum, a frieze from one of the Assyrian marbles. I first painted Daniel in profile, but I soon found it far more effective to blot out his face and paint him with his back to the spectator. Daniel is clothed in a robe of black—an Assyrian costume—which has a pattern in it of white and light green. I need hardly say that the lions were painted from those housed at that time at the Zoo. I was living at Kensington, some little distance from the Zoo, and as I could not paint there when the people were about, I used to get up at half-past five in the morning and drive over, arriving there at seven, and I would go on making my studies till nine. They had a fine lot of lions then. There are seven in the picture, and I made my studies from four. One was a fine Persian lion, and another, one of the grandest old beasts I ever met, a black-maned African — this latter is the centre lion in the group of the picture. It is now in the possession of Mr. Ismay, chairman of the White Star line of steamers."

We passed over the pictures which he had painted after Daniel till we remembered "Genius Loci," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874.

"This represented a dead lioness which—a thing I very seldom do—I painted right away. It was a life-sized figure, and I got through it in three or four days. The beast was sent up unexpectedly from the Zoo. It was a young animal, but a remarkably beautiful one. I remember when it was brought in and thrown down upon my 'throne,' I found it just lying in the exact position I required. It was a great temptation to paint it right away, and I succumbed, stopping all my other work for this purpose.

"This kindness on the part of the Zoo authorities has been of many years' standing. They frequently inform me now if any animal dies, which they think I might like to make studies

PETTY LARCENY.
From the Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.

THE MOST DEVOTED OF HER SLAVES.
From the Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.

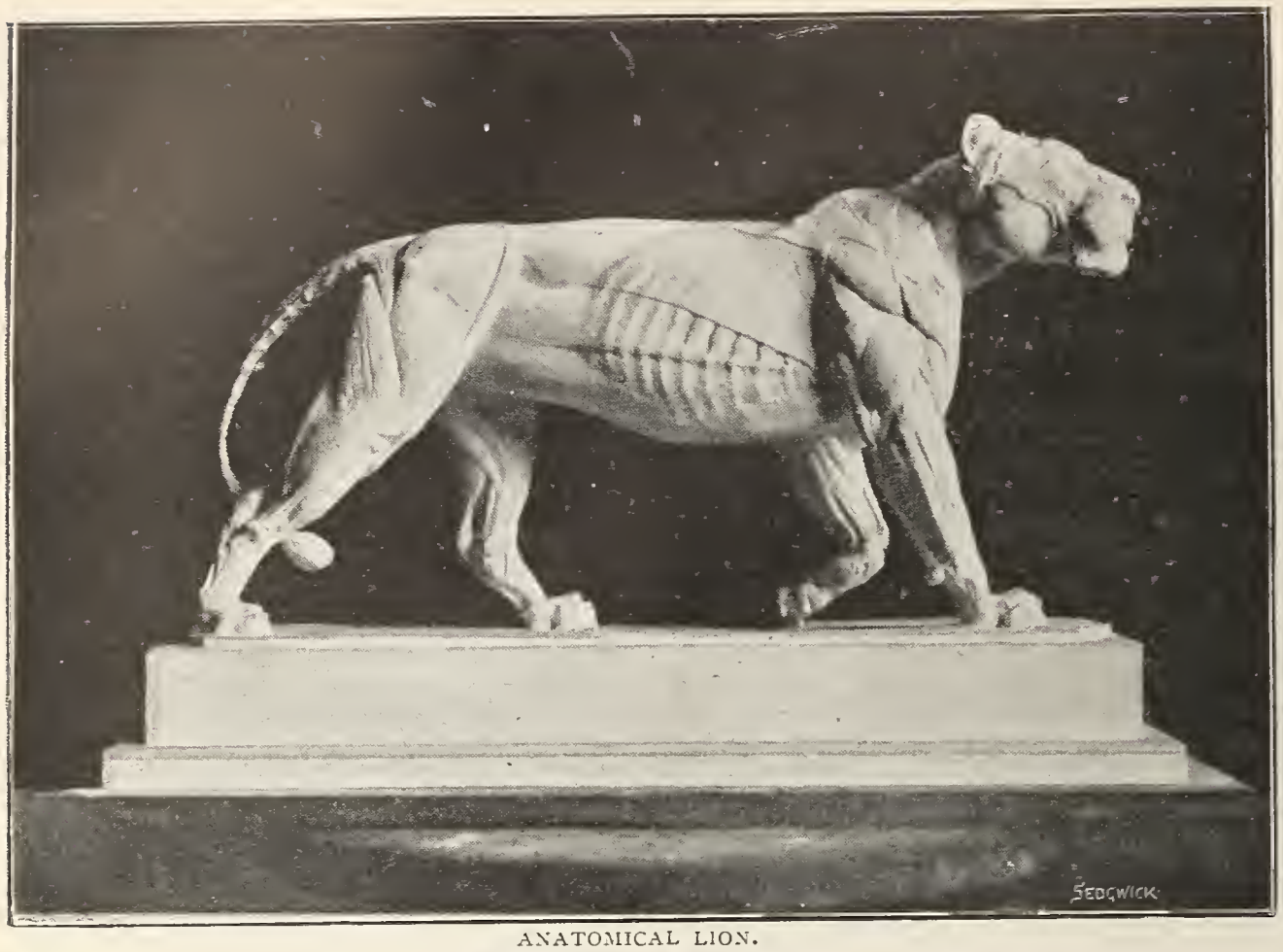
from. When, lately, I wanted materials for my anatomical lion, I received word from the Zoo that an old lion had just died there, and I went along and got a cast of the parts I wanted."

"Pallas Athene and the Swineherd's Dogs" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876. This work has been considerably altered. Two years ago the artist obtained it back from Mr. Alexander Henderson, and painted in a new figure.

This year also found "The Poacher" at the Dudley Gallery, a picture now in the possession of Sir Joseph Pulley. It is a most suggestive work. The poacher, at whose side are a number of dead rabbits and his gun, has just heard approaching footsteps. He has crept behind the trunk of a tree, and is holding up a warning finger to his dog not to budge an inch, or to utter a sound which would betray him. The figure of the poacher was painted from a gardener in Gloucestershire, a very worthy old gentleman; and the artist assured me that he must have felt no small amount of pain from the position in which he had to pose, inasmuch as he had to remain in a crouching attitude, and, like most gardeners, suffered from rheumatism.

In the next year there were three pictures at the Academy: "A Legend of St. Patrick," "Lazarus," and "Sympathy." The latter is now in the Royal Holloway College collection, and is, perhaps, one of the most popular that Mr. Riviere ever painted. There sits a little girl on the stairs; she is evidently in trouble. She rests her chin in her hands and looks very, very thoughtful for her years.

BEYOND THE REACH OF MAN'S FOOTSTEPS.
From the Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.



ANATOMICAL LION.
Modelled by B. Riviere, R.A.

A kindly-natured terrier is cuddling up close to her, with his head on her shoulder and an expression of sympathy on his face, which only an artist such as Mr. Riviere could create on those canine features. The dog was supplied by a dog-dealer, while the little one in disgrace on the stairs is no other than Mr. Riviere's own little girl.

We did not forget "Persepolis," exhibited in 1878, a wonderfully weird and vivid picture, and one suggested to the artist by two lines from Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyâm":—

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.

It might be remarked that, curiously in the original, the word "Fox" was substituted for "Lion." The picture is well known. The ruined columns standing out against the star-lit sky; the remains of the rock-built hall where Jamshyd held his revels; the lizards creeping out of the crevices; the lions and their mates wandering stealthily in search of prey around all that remains of a once royal habitation.

"The lions in the picture," said Mr. Riviere, "I obtained from the Zoo. I made exhaustive studies of the drawings of Persepolis in order to get my surroundings true and exact. I discovered an old book which had illustrations giving the large stones which compose the background of my picture. I was ill at the time, but I got a man to trace these for me. You will notice how shallow the steps are up which the lions are walking to the ruins above. I think they are correct, for, from materials I gathered, I may say that I painted stone for stone."

The Royal Academician painted two other pictures in a similar vein to this — "The Night Watch" and "The King's Gateway." "The King Drinks" was his diploma picture when made a Royal Academician in 1881.

"The Poacher's Widow" was another very admirable work. It was suggested to the artist by the gamekeeper's story in "Yeast":—

The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread
The swedes and the wheat and the barley
Lay cankered and trampled and dead.

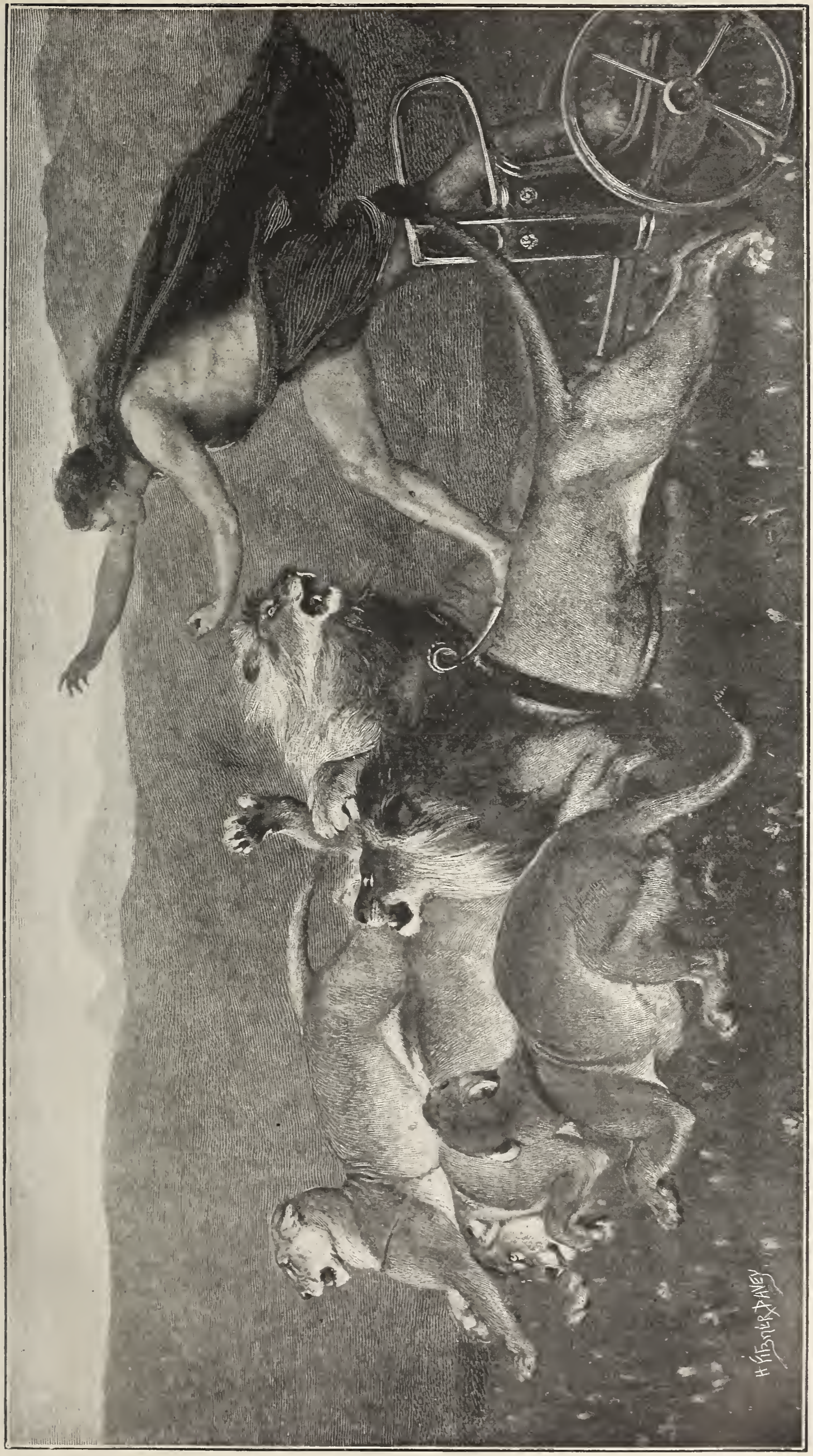
The poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank,
Where under the gloomy fir woods
One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran,
For it's black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

"The Magician's Doorway" was his principal work for 1882, whilst "The Miracle of the Swine," painted in 1883, is another picture in which swine play a prominent part.

Amongst many other works of the year 1884, the most striking is that of "The Eve of St. Bartholomew," a life-size picture. Quite a number of models sat for the woman who is to be seen in the corner with a face which tells its own tale, wondering when it will be her turn to die, and her faithful bloodhound is by her side.

"Union is Strength" was one of four pictures exhibited in 1885. The artist said his idea was to paint a flock of sheep, each one of which possessed a distinct individuality about its face. Sheep were brought into the studio; and a recollection of the picture in which a flock of some fifty



PHŒBUS APOLLO.
From the Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.

THE KING'S GATEWAY.
From the Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.

or sixty fleecy-coated animals are positively ignoring the barking of a particularly insignificant small dog will show how admirably the artist has realized his original intention.

"Prometheus" and "Ganymede" were both telling pictures. The eagle in the latter was painted from the skin of the bird, and not from a stuffed one; and the drawings used were from those monarchs of the air which sit in state within their prisons at the Zoo. Prometheus is hanging on a cliff above the Caspian Sea, and the sated eagle is seated above him. It was not easy work for the models to pose for the two pictures just referred to. A pulley was fixed in the roof of the studio, by which the model was supported, in order that the artist might be correct in all his details.

Other pictures painted in the same year as "Prometheus" was exhibited were "Pale Cynthia"; "Of a Fool and His Folly there is no End"; a portrait of Mr. Lewis's dog; and "Res Angusta." "Daniel's Answer to the King" came in 1890, and is as dramatic as its predecessor. "A Mighty Hunter Before the Lord" was his most important picture for 1891; and in the following year, 1892, "Dead Hector," "A Master of Kings," "Cupid Riding on a Lion," "A Day of Mortification," and "The Haunted Temple."

"The King's Libation," showing an Assyrian King pouring a libation of wine in front of the altar of some god, whilst at his feet lay the lions which he had slain in the chase, was painted in 1893.

"Beyond the Reach of Man's Footsteps" was Mr. Riviere's picture for 1894; the solitary bear in the Arctic regions having been painted from two Polar bears which were then at the Zoo. The grand old bear has since died.

Mr. Riviere's most important picture at the Academy of last year was "Apollo's Car." In a paper such as this it is impossible to refer to all the works which this famous Royal Academician has painted. It is interesting, however, to record what I learnt from the lips of Mr. Riviere himself regarding his methods, as we sat together in the studio through that chilly November afternoon. We had just been looking back upon "The Miracle of the Swine," and after the artist had remembered that he painted it whilst he had an exceedingly capital pig—that is, from a sitting point of view—he turned to me and said:—

"The real pleasure of painting is in the work itself; when done, that pleasure is at an end. Painting is like the chase: who cares for the hare or the fox when the run is over? You are almost inclined to throw them away.

"The picture which was to be so beautiful, which really was beautiful before it was worked out into a concrete form by one's own unskilful hands, becomes almost hateful, and what was a Belief becomes a Doubt, a Disbelief!

"I have already told you that I like the reproductions of my works: I really enjoy

STUDY OF LIONS FOR "THE KING'S LEGATION," BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

looking at them. You see your own idea filtered through another mind, which gives it a touch of novelty which is not to be obtained for the original artist by any other means. You are always uneasy before your own work. I do not care how easily a picture is going when it is in the process of painting: a time comes when it becomes a battle between the painter and the picture, and a fight takes place as to which is to be the master. I have seldom known a case where this did not happen. I have worked on a picture for months, altered it and altered it a dozen times, and then gone back and returned to my first impressions. I generally have two or three pictures going at the same time, working at one for some days, and then going on with another canvas. By so doing I keep up the sense of novelty, a very important thing! You begin your subject full of hope, and sometimes by losing sight of it for a time you recover some measure of this hope and become more enthusiastic about it. It is a most difficult thing to paint a solitary picture, at least I have found it so. A man must have a very strong belief in his own abilities if he can stick at the same picture every day for a long period without becoming tired of it and finally disgusted with it.

STUDIES OF LIONS FOR "DANIEL'S ANSWER TO THE KING," BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

"I have before now taken out fairly good work on a canvas, simply because I had grown tired of it. By keeping two or three canvases going at the same time all this is remedied, and I strongly advise the young painter to adopt this method, which he will find a fairly safe one."

Rodney Stone.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Chap. I.*

Friar's Oak

On this, the first of January of the year 1850 the nineteenth century has reached its midway term, and many of us who shared its youth have already warnings which tell us that it has outworn us. We put our grizzled heads together, we older ones, and we talk of the great days that we have known, but we find that when it is with our children that we talk it is a hard matter to make them understand.

We and our fathers before us lived much the same life, but they with their railway trains and their steamboats belong to a different age. It is true that we can put history-books into their hands, and they can read from them of our weary struggle of two-and-twenty years with that great and evil man. They can learn how Freedom fled from the whole broad continent, and how Nelson's blood was shed, and Pitt's noble heart was broken in striving that she should not pass us for ever to take refuge with our brothers across the Atlantic. All this they can read, with the date of this treaty or that battle, but I do not know where they are to read of ourselves, of the folk we were, and the lives we led, and how the world seemed to our eyes when they were young as theirs are now.

If I take up my pen to tell you about this, you must not look for any story at my hands, for I was only in my earliest manhood when these things befell, and although I saw something of the stories of other lives, I could scarce claim one of my own. It is the love of a woman that makes the story of a man, and many a year was to pass before I first looked into the eyes of the mother of my children. To us it seems but an affair of yesterday, and yet those children can now reach the plums in the garden whilst we are seeking for a ladder, and where we once walked with their little hands in ours, we are glad now to lean upon their arms. But I shall speak of a time when the love of a mother was the only love I knew, and if you seek for something more, then it is not for you that I write. But if you would come out with me into that forgotten world; if you would know Boy Jim and Champion Harrison; if you would meet my father, one of Nelson's own men; if you would catch a glimpse of that great seaman himself, and of George, afterwards the unworthy King of England; if, above all, you would see my famous uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis, the King of the Bucks, and the great fighting men whose names are still household words amongst you, then give me your hand and let us start.

But I must warn you also that, if you think you will find much that is of interest in your guide, you are destined to disappointment. When I look over my bookshelves, I can see that it is only the wise and witty and valiant who have ventured to write down their experiences. For my own part, if I were only assured that I was as clever and brave as the average man about me, I should be well satisfied. Men of their hands have thought well of my brains, and men of brains of my hands, and that is the best that I can say for myself. Save in the one matter of having an inborn readiness for music, so that the mastery of any instrument comes very easily and naturally to me, I cannot recall any single advantage which I can boast over my fellows. In all things I have been a half-way man, for I am of middle height, my eyes are neither blue nor grey, and my hair, before Nature dusted it with her powder, was betwixt flaxen and brown. I may, perhaps, claim this: that through life I have never felt a touch of jealousy as I have admired a better man than myself, and that I have always seen all things as they are, myself included, which

* Facsimile of the MS. of the opening sentences of "Rodney Stone."

should count in my favour now that I sit down in my mature age to write my memories. With your permission, then, we will push my own personality as far as possible out of the picture. If you can conceive me as a thin and colourless cord upon which my would-be pearls are strung, you will be accepting me upon the terms which I should wish.

Our family, the Stones, have for many generations belonged to the Navy, and it has been a custom among us for the eldest son to take the name of his father's favourite commander. Thus we can trace our lineage back to old Vernon Stone, who commanded a high-sterned, peak-nosed, fifty-gun ship against the Dutch. Through Hawke Stone and Benbow Stone we came down to my father, Anson Stone, who in his turn christened me Rodney, at the Parish Church of St. Thomas at Portsmouth in the year of grace 1786.

Out of my window as I write I can see my own great lad in the garden, and if I were to call out "Nelson!" you would see that I have been true to the traditions of our family.

My dear mother, the best that ever a man had, was the second daughter of the Reverend John Tregellis, Vicar of Milton, which is a small parish upon the borders of the marshes of Langstone. She came of a poor family, but one of some position, for her elder brother was the famous Sir Charles Tregellis, who, having inherited the money of a wealthy East Indian merchant, became in time the talk of the town and the very particular friend of the Prince of Wales. Of him I shall have more to say hereafter; but you will note now that he was my own uncle, and brother to my mother.

I can remember her all through her beautiful life, for she was but a girl when she married, and little more when I can first recall her busy fingers and her gentle voice. I see her as a lovely woman with kind, dove's eyes, somewhat short of stature it is true, but carrying herself very bravely. In my memories of those days she is clad always in some purple shimmering stuff, with a white kerchief round her long white neck, and I see her fingers are turning and darting as she works at her knitting. I see her again in her middle years, sweet and loving, planning, contriving, achieving, with the few shillings a day of a lieutenant's pay on which to support the cottage at Friar's Oak, and to keep a fair face to the world. And now, if I do but step into the parlour, I can see her once more, with over eighty years of saintly life behind her, silver-haired, placid-faced, with her dainty ribboned cap, her gold-rimmed glasses, and her woolly shawl with the blue border. I loved her young and I love her old, and when she goes she will take something with her which nothing in the world can ever make good to me again. You may have many friends, you who read this, and you may chance to marry more than once, but your mother is your first and your last. Cherish her then, whilst you may, for the day will come when every hasty deed or heedless word will come back with its sting to live in your own heart.

Such, then, was my mother; and as to my father, I can describe him best when I come to the time when he returned to us from the Mediterranean. During all my childhood he was only a name to me, and a face in a miniature which hung round my mother's

"HER FINGERS ARE TURNING AND DARTING AS SHE WORKS AT HER KNITTING."

neck. At first they told me he was fighting the French, and then after some years one heard less about the French and more about General Buonaparte. I remember the awe with which one day in Thomas Street, Portsmouth, I saw a print of the great Corsican in a bookseller's window. This, then, was the arch enemy with whom my father spent his life in terrible and ceaseless contest. To my childish imagination it was a personal affair, and I for ever saw my father and this clean-shaven, thin-lipped man swaying and reeling in a deadly, year-long grapple. It was not until I went to the Grammar School that I understood how many other little boys there were whose fathers were in the same case.

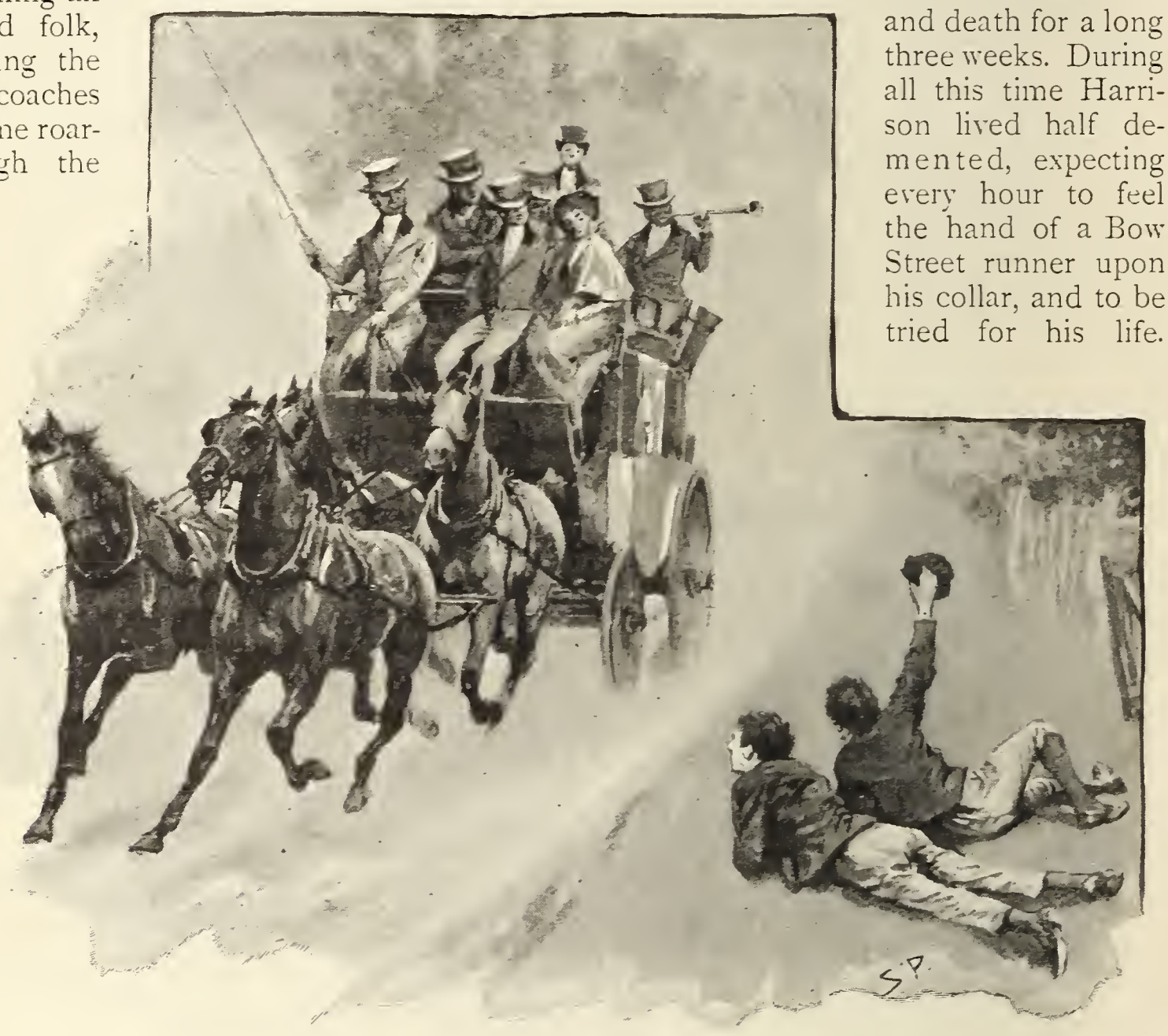
Only once in those long years did my father return home, which will show you what it meant to be the wife of a sailor in those days. It was just after we had moved from Portsmouth to Friar's Oak whither he came for a week before he set sail with Admiral Jervis to help him to turn his name into Lord St. Vincent. I remember that he frightened as well as fascinated me with his talk of battles, and I can recall as if it were yesterday the horror with which I gazed upon a spot of blood upon his shirt ruffle, which had come, as I have no doubt, from a mischance in shaving. At the time I never questioned that it had spurted from some stricken Frenchman or Spaniard, and I shrank from him in terror when he laid his horny hand upon my head. My mother wept bitterly when he was gone, but for my own part I was not sorry to see his blue back and white shorts going down the garden walk, for I felt with the heedless selfishness of a child that we were closer together, she and I, when we were alone.

I was in my eleventh year when we moved from Portsmouth to Friar's Oak, a little Sussex village to the north of Brighton, which was recommended to us by my uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis, one of whose grand friends, Lord Avon, had had his seat near there. The reason of our moving was that living was cheaper in the country, and that it was easier for my mother to keep up the appearance of a gentlewoman when away from the circle of those to whom she could not refuse hospitality. They were trying times those to all save the farmers, who made such profits that they could, as I have heard, afford to let half their land lie fallow, while living like gentlemen upon the rest. Wheat was at 110 shillings a quarter, and the quartern loaf at one and ninepence. Even in the quiet of the cottage of Friar's Oak we could scarce have lived, were it not that in the blockading squadron in which my father was stationed there was the occasional chance of a little prize-money. The line-of-battle ships themselves, tacking on and off outside Brest, could earn nothing save honour; but the frigates in attendance made prizes of many coasters, and these, as is the rule of the service, were counted as belonging to the fleet, and their produce divided into head-money. In this manner my father was able to send home enough to keep the cottage and to send me to the day school of Mr. Joshua Allen, where for four years I learned all that he had to teach. It was at Allen's school that I first knew Jim Harrison, Boy Jim as he has always been called, the nephew of Champion Harrison of the village smithy. I can see him as he was in those days with great, floundering, half-formed limbs like a Newfoundland puppy, and a face that set every woman's head round as he passed her. It was in those days that we began our lifelong friendship, a friendship which still in our waning years binds us closely as two brothers. I taught him his exercises, for he never loved the sight of a book, and he in turn made me box and wrestle, tickle trout on the Adur, and snare rabbits on Ditchling Down, for his hands were as active as his brain was slow. He was two years my elder, however, so that, long before I had finished my schooling, he had gone to help his uncle at the smithy.

Friar's Oak is in a dip of the Downs, and the forty-third milestone between London and Brighton lies on the skirt of the village. It is but a small place with an ivied church, a fine vicarage, and a row of red-brick cottages each in its own little garden. At one end was the forge of Champion Harrison with his house behind it, and at the other was Mr. Allen's school. The yellow cottage, standing back a little from the road, with its upper story bulging forward and a criss-cross of black woodwork let into the plaster, is the one in which we lived. I do not know if it is still standing, but I should think it likely, for it was not a place much given to change.

Just opposite to us, at the other side of the broad, white road, was the Friar's Oak Inn, which was kept in my day by John Cummings, a man of excellent repute at home, but liable to strange outbreaks when he travelled, as will afterwards become apparent. Though there was a stream of traffic upon the road, the coaches from Brighton were too fresh to stop, and those

from London too eager to reach their journey's end, so that if it had not been for an occasional broken trace or loosened wheel, the landlord would have had only the thirsty throats of the village to trust to. Those were the days when the Prince of Wales had just built his singular palace by the sea, and so from May to September, which was the Brighton season, there was never a day that from one to two hundred curricles, chaises, and phaetons did not rattle past our doors. Many a summer evening have Boy Jim and I lain upon the grass, watching all these grand folk, and cheering the London coaches as they came roaring through the dust clouds, leaders and wheelers stretched to their work, the bugles screaming and the coachmen with their low-crowned, curly-brimmed hats, and their faces as scarlet as their coats. The passengers used to laugh when Boy Jim shouted at them, but if they could have read his big, half-set limbs and his loose shoulders aright, they would have looked a little harder at him, perhaps, and given him back his cheer.



"CHEERING THE LONDON COACHES."

Boy Jim had never known a father or a mother, and his whole life had been spent with his uncle, Champion Harrison. Harrison was the Friar's Oak blacksmith, and he had his nickname because he fought Tom Johnson when he held the English belt, and would most certainly have beaten him had the Bedfordshire magistrates not appeared to break up the fight. For years there was no such glutton to take punishment and no more finishing hitter than Harrison, though he was always, as I understand, a slow one upon his feet. At last, in a fight with Black Baruk the Jew, he finished the battle with such a lashing hit that he not only knocked his opponent over the inner ropes, but he left him betwixt life and death for a long three weeks. During all this time Harrison lived half demented, expecting every hour to feel the hand of a Bow Street runner upon his collar, and to be tried for his life. This experience, with the prayers of his wife, made him forswear the ring for ever and carry his great muscles into the one trade in which they seemed to give him an advantage. There was a good business to be done at Friar's Oak from the passing traffic and the Sussex farmers, so that he soon became the richest of the villagers; and he came to church on a Sunday with his wife and his nephew, looking as respectable a family man as one would wish to see.

He was not a tall man, not more than 5ft. 7in., and it was often said that if he had

had an extra inch of reach he would have been a match for Jackson or Belcher at their best. His chest was like a barrel, and his forearms were the most powerful that I have ever seen, with deep grooves between the smooth-swelling muscles like a piece of water-worn rock. In spite of his strength, however, he was of a slow, orderly, and kindly disposition, so that there was no man more beloved over the whole country side. His heavy, placid, clean-shaven face could set very sternly, as I have seen upon occasion; but for me and every child in the village there was ever a smile upon his lips and a greeting in his eyes. There was not a beggar upon the country side who did not know that his heart was as soft as his muscles were hard.

There was nothing that he liked to talk of more than his old battles, but he would stop if he saw his little wife coming, for the one great shadow in her life was the ever-present fear that some day he would throw down sledge and rasp and be off to the ring once more. And you must be reminded here once for all that that former calling of his was by no means at that time in the debased condition to which it afterwards fell. Public opinion has gradually become opposed to it for the reason that it came largely into the hands of rogues, and because it fostered ringside ruffianism. Even the honest and brave pugilist was found to draw villainy round him, just as the pure and noble race-horse does. For this reason the Ring is dying in England, and we may hope that when Caunt and Bendigo have passed away, they may have none to succeed them. But it was different in the days of which I speak. Public opinion was then largely in its favour, and there were good reasons why it should be so. It was a time of war, when England with an Army and Navy composed only of those who volunteered to fight because they had fighting blood in them, had to encounter, as they would now have to encounter, a power which could by despotic law turn every citizen into a soldier. If the people had not been full of this lust for combat, it is certain that England must have been overborne. And it was thought, and is on the face of it reasonable, that a struggle between two indomitable men with thirty thousand to view it and three million to discuss it, did help to set a standard of hardihood and endurance. Brutal it was, no doubt, and its brutality is the end of it; but it is not so brutal as war, which will survive it. Whether it is logical now to teach the people to be peaceful in an age when their very existence may come to depend upon their being warlike, is a question for wiser heads than mine. But that was what we thought of it in the days of your grandfathers, and that is why you might find statesmen and philanthropists like Windham, Fox, and Althorp at the side of the Ring.

The mere fact that solid men should patronize it was enough in itself to prevent the villainy which afterwards crept in. For over twenty years, in the days of Jackson, Brain, Cribb, the Belchers, Pearce, Gully, and the rest, the leaders of the Ring were men whose honesty was above suspicion; and those were just the twenty years when the Ring may, as I have said, have served a national purpose. You have heard how Pearce saved the Bristol girl from the burning house, how Jackson won the respect and friendship of the best men of his age, and how Gully rose to a seat in the first Reformed Parliament. These were the men who set the standard, and their trade carried with it this obvious recommendation, that it is one in which no drunken or foul-living man could long succeed. There were exceptions among them, no doubt; bullies like Hickman and brutes like Berks; in the main I say again that they were honest men, brave and enduring to an incredible degree, and a credit to the country which produced them. It was, as you will see, my fate to see something of them, and I speak of what I know.

In our own village I can assure you that we were very proud of the presence of such a man as Champion Harrison, and if folks stayed at the inn, they would walk down as far as the smithy just to have the sight of him. And he was worth seeing, too, especially on a winter's night when the red glare of the forge would beat upon his great muscles and upon the proud, hawk-face of Boy Jim as they heaved and swayed over some glowing plough coulter, framing themselves in sparks with every blow. He would strike once with his thirty-pound swing sledge, and Jim twice with his hand hammer; and the "Clunk—clink, clink! Clunk—clink, clink!" would bring me flying down the village street, on the chance that since they were both at the anvil, there might be a place for me at the bellows.

Only once during those village years can I remember Champion Harrison showing me for an instant the sort of man that he had been. It chanced one summer morning, when Boy Jim and I were standing by the smithy door, that there came a private coach

CHAMPION HARRISON.

from Brighton, with its four fresh horses, and its brass-work shining, flying along with such a merry rattle and jingling, that the Champion came running out with a half-fullered shoe in his tongs to have a look at it. A gentleman in a white coachman's cape—a Corinthian, as we would call him in those days—was driving, and half-a-dozen of his fellows, laughing and shouting, were on the top behind him. It may have been that the bulk of the smith caught his eye, and that he acted in pure wantonness, or it may possibly have been an accident, but as he swung past, the twenty-foot thong of the driver's whip hissed round and we heard the sharp snap of it across Harrison's leather apron.

"Halloa, master!" shouted the smith, looking after him. "You're not to be trusted on the box until you can handle your whip better'n that."

"What's that?" cried the driver, pulling up his team.

"I bid you have a care, master, or ther' will be some one-eyed people along the road you drive."

"Oh, you say that, do you?" said the driver, putting his whip into its socket and pulling off his driving gloves. "I'll have a little talk with you, my fine fellow."

The sporting gentlemen of those days were very fine boxers for the most part, for it was the mode to take a course of Mendoza, just as a few years afterwards there was no man about town who had not had the mufflers on with Jackson. Knowing their own prowess, they never refused the chance of a wayside adventure, and it was seldom indeed that the bargee or the navigator had much to boast of after a young blood had taken off his coat to him.

This one swung himself off the box-seat with the alacrity of a man who has no doubts about the upshot of the quarrel, and after hanging his caped coat upon the swingle-bar, he daintily turned up the ruffled cuffs of his white cambric shirt.

"I'll pay you for your advice, my man," said he.

I am sure that the men upon the coach knew who the burly smith was, and looked upon it as a prime joke to see their companion walk into such a trap. They roared with delight, and bellowed out scraps of advice to him.

"Knock some of the soot off him, Lord Frederick!" they shouted. "Give the Johnny Raw his breakfast. Chuck him in among his own cinders! Sharp's the word, or you'll see the back of him."

Encouraged by these cries, the young aristocrat advanced upon his man. The smith never moved, but his mouth set grim and hard, while his tufted brows came down over his keen, grey eyes. The tongs had fallen, and his hands were hanging free.

"Have a care, master," said he. "You'll get pepper if you don't."

Something in the assured voice, and something also in the quiet pose, warned the young lord of his danger. I saw him look

hard at his antagonist, and as he did so his hands and his jaw dropped together.

"By Gad!" he cried, "it's Jack Harrison!"

"My name, master!"

"And I thought you were some Sussex chaw-bacon! Why, man, I haven't seen you since the day you nearly killed Black Baruk, and cost me a cool hundred by doing it."

How they roared on the coach.

"Smoked! Smoked, by Gad!" they yelled. "It's Jack Harrison the bruiser! Lord Frederick was going to take on the ex-champion. Give him one on the apron, Fred, and see what happens."

But the driver had already climbed back into his perch, laughing as loudly as any of his companions.

"We'll let you off this time, Harrison," said he. "Are those your sons down there?"

"This is my nephew, master."

"Here's a guinea for him! He shall never say I robbed him of his uncle." And so, having turned the laugh in his favour by his merry way of taking it, he cracked his whip and away they flew to make London under the five hours; while Jack Harrison, with his half-fullered shoe in his hand, went whistling back to his forge.

"I SAW HIM LOOK HARD AT HIS ANTAGONIST."

CHAPTER II.

THE WALKER OF CLIFFE ROYAL.

So much for Champion Harrison! Now, I wish to say something more about Boy Jim, not only because he was the comrade of my youth, but because you will find as you go on that this book is his story rather than mine, and that there came a time when his name and his fame were in the mouths of all England. You will bear with me, therefore, while I tell you of his character as it was in those days, and especially of one very singular adventure which neither of us are likely to forget.

It was strange to see Jim with his uncle and his aunt, for he seemed to be of another race and breed to them. Often I have watched them come up the aisle upon a Sunday, first the square, thick-set man, and then the little, worn, anxious-eyed woman, and last this glorious lad with his clear-cut face, his black curls, and his step so springy and light that it seemed as if he were bound to earth by some lesser tie than the heavy-footed villagers round him. He had not yet attained his full six foot of stature, but no judge of a man (and every woman at least is one) could look at his perfect shoulders, his narrow loins, and his proud head that sat upon his neck like a flower upon its stalk, without feeling that sober joy which all that is beautiful in Nature gives to us—a vague self-content, as though in some way we also had a hand in the making of it.

But we are used to associate beauty with softness in a man. I do not know why they should be so coupled, and they never were with Jim. Of all men that I have known, he was the most iron-hard in body and in mind. Who was there among us who could walk with him, or run with him, or swim with him? Who on all the country side, save only Boy Jim, would have swung himself over Wolstonbury Cliff, and clambered down a hundred feet with the mother hawk flapping at his ears in the vain struggle to hold him from her nest? He was but sixteen, with his gristle not yet all set into bone, when he fought and beat Gipsy Lee, of Burgess Hill, who called himself the "Cock of the South Downs." It was after this that Champion Harrison took his training as a boxer in hand.

"I'd rather you left millin' alone, Boy Jim," said he, "and so had the missus; but if mill you must, it will not be my fault if you cannot hold up your hands to anything in the south country."

And it was not long before he made good his promise.

I have said already that Boy Jim had no love for his books, but by that I meant his school-books, for when it came to the reading of romances or of anything which had a touch of gallantry or adventure, there was no tearing him away from it until it was finished. When such a book came into his hands, Friar's Oak and the smithy became a dream to him, and his life was spent out upon the ocean or wandering over the broad continents with his heroes. And he would draw me into his enthusiasms also, so that I was glad to play Friday to his Crusoe when he proclaimed that the Clump at Clayton was a desert island, and that we were cast upon it for a week. But when I found that we were actually to sleep out there without covering every night, and that he proposed that our food should be the sheep of the Downs (wild goats—"he goats," he called them) cooked upon a fire, which was to be made by the rubbing together of two sticks, my heart failed me, and on the very first night I crept away to my mother. But Jim stayed out there for the whole weary week—a wet week it was, too!—and came back at the end of it looking a deal wilder and dirtier than his hero does in the picture-books. It is well that he had only promised to stay a week, for, if it had been a month, he would have died of cold and hunger before his pride would have let him come home.

His pride!—that was the deepest thing in all Jim's nature. It is a mixed quality to my mind, half a virtue and half a vice: a virtue in holding a man out of the dirt; a vice in making it hard for him to rise when once he has fallen. Jim was proud down to the very marrow of his bones. You remember the guinea that the young lord had thrown him from the box of the coach? Two days later somebody picked it from the roadside mud. Jim only had seen where it had fallen, and he would not deign even to point it out to a beggar. Nor would he stoop to give a reason in such a case, but would answer all remonstrances with a curl of his lip and a flash of his dark eyes. Even at school he was the same, with such a sense of his own dignity, that other folk had to think of it too. He might say, as he did say, that a right angle was a proper sort of angle, or put Panama in Sicily, but old Joshua Allen would as soon have thought of raising his cane against him as he would of letting me off if I had said as much. And so it was that, although Jim was the son of nobody, and I of a King's officer, it always seemed to me to have been a condescension on his part that he should have chosen me as his friend.

It was this pride of Boy Jim's which led to an adventure which makes me shiver now when I think of it.

It happened in the August of '99, or it may have been in the early days of September, but I remember that we heard the cuckoo in Patcham Wood, and that Jim said that perhaps it was the last of him. I was still at school, but Jim had left, he being nigh sixteen and I thirteen. It was my Saturday half-holiday, and we spent it, as we often did, out upon the Downs. Our favourite place was beyond Wolstonbury, where we could stretch ourselves upon the soft, springy, chalk grass among the plump little Southdown sheep, chatting with the shepherds, as they leaned upon their queer old Pyecombe crooks, made in the days when Sussex turned out more iron than all the counties of England.

It was there that we lay upon that glorious afternoon. If we chose to roll upon our right sides, the whole weald lay in front of us, with the North Downs curving away in olive-green folds, with here and there the snow-white rift of a chalk-pit; if we turned upon our left, we overlooked the huge blue stretch of the Channel. A convoy, as I can well remember, was coming up it that day, the timid flock of merchantmen in front; the frigates, like well-trained dogs, upon the skirts; and two burly drover line-of-battle ships rolling along behind them. My fancy

was soaring out to my father upon the waters, when a word from Jim brought it back on to the grass like a broken-winged gull.

"Roddy," said he, "have you heard that Cliffe Royal is haunted?"

Had I heard it? Of course I had heard it. Who was there in all the Down country who had not heard of the Walker of Cliffe Royal.

"Do you know the story of it, Roddy?"

"Why," said I, with some pride, "I ought to know it, seeing that my mother's brother, Sir Charles Tregellis, was the nearest friend of Lord Avon, and was down at his card party when the thing happened. I heard the vicar and my mother talking about it last week, and it was all so clear to me that I might have been there when the murder was done."

"It is a strange story," said Jim, thoughtfully; "but when I asked my aunt about it, she would give me no answer; and as to my uncle, he cut me short at the very mention of it."

"There is a good reason for that," said I, "for Lord Avon was, as I have heard, your uncle's best friend; and it is but natural that he would not wish to speak of his disgrace."

"Tell me the story, Roddy."

"It is an old one now—fourteen years old—and yet they have not got to the end of it. There were four of them who had come down from London to spend a few days in Lord Avon's old house. One was his own young brother, Captain Barrington. Another was his cousin, Sir Lothian Hume; Sir Charles Tregellis, my uncle, was the third, and Lord Avon the fourth. They are fond of playing cards for money, these great people, and they played and played for two days and a night. Lord Avon lost and Sir Lothian lost, and my uncle lost, and Captain Barrington won until he could win no more. He won their money, but above all he won papers from his elder brother which meant a great deal to him. It was late on a Monday night that they stopped playing. On the Tuesday morning Captain Barrington was found dead beside his bed with his throat cut."

"HAVE YOU HEARD THAT CLIFFE ROYAL IS HAUNTED?"

"And Lord Avon did it?"

"His papers were found burned in the grate, his wristband was clutched in the dead man's hand, and his knife lay beside the body."

"Did they hang him, then?"

"They were too slow in laying hands upon him. He waited until he saw that they had brought it home to him, and then he fled. He has never been seen since, but it is said that he reached America."

"And the ghost walks?"

"There are a hundred who have seen it."

"Why is the house still empty?"

"Because it is in the keeping of the law. Lord Avon had no children, and Sir Lothian Hume—the same who was at the card party—is his nephew and heir. But he can touch nothing until he can prove Lord Avon to be dead."

Jim lay silent for a bit, plucking at the short grass with his fingers.

"Roddy," said he at last, "will you come with me to-night and look for the ghost?"

It took me aback, the very thought of it.

"My mother would not let me."

"Slip out when she's abed. I'll wait for you at the smithy."

"Cliffe Royal is locked."

"I'll open a window easy enough."

"I'm afraid, Jim."

"But you are not afraid if you are with me, Roddy. I'll promise you that no ghost shall hurt you."

So I gave him my word that I would come, and then all the rest of the day I went about the most sad-faced lad in Sussex. It was all very well for Boy Jim! It was that pride of his which was taking him there. He would go because there was no one else on the country side that would dare. But I had no pride of that sort. I was quite of the same way of thinking as the others, and would as soon have thought of passing my night at Jacob's gibbet on Ditchling Common as in the haunted house of Cliffe Royal. Still, I could not bring myself to desert Jim; and so, as I say, I slunk about the house with so pale and peaky a face that my dear mother would have it that I had been at the green apples, and sent me to bed early with a dish of camomile tea for my supper.

England went to rest betimes in those days, for there were few who could afford the price of candles. When I looked out of my window just after the clock had gone ten, there was not a light in the village save only at the inn. It was but a few feet from the ground, so I slipped out, and there was Jim waiting for me at the smithy corner. We crossed the John's Common together, and so past Ridden's Farm, meeting only one or two riding officers upon the way. There was a brisk wind blowing and the moon kept peeping through the rifts of the scud, so that our road was sometimes silver-clear, and sometimes so black that we found ourselves among the brambles and gorse-bushes which lined it. We came at last to the wooden gate with the high stone pillars by the road-side, and, looking through between the rails, we saw the long avenue of oaks, and at the end of this ill-boding tunnel, the pale face of the house glimmering in the moonshine.

That would have been enough for me, that one glimpse of it, and the sound of the night wind sighing and groaning among the branches. But Jim swung the gate open, and up we went, the gravel squeaking beneath our tread. It towered high, the old house, with many little windows in which the moon glinted, and with a strip of water running round three sides of it. The arched door stood right in the face of us, and on one side a lattice hung open upon its hinge.

"We're in luck, Roddy," whispered Jim. "Here's one of the windows open."

"Don't you think we've gone far enough, Jim?" said I, with my teeth chattering.

"I'll lift you in first."

"No, no, I'll not go first."

"Then I will." He gripped the sill and had his knees on it in an instant. "Now, Roddy, give me your hands." With a pull he had me up beside him, and a moment later we were both in the haunted house.

How hollow it sounded when we jumped down on to the wooden floor! There was such a sudden boom and reverberation that we both stood silent for a moment. Then Jim burst out laughing.

"What an old drum of a place it is!" he cried; "we'll strike a light, Roddy, and see where we are."

He had brought a candle and a tinder-box in his pocket. When the flame burned up, we saw an arched stone roof above our heads, and broad deal shelves all round us covered with dusty dishes. It was the pantry.

"I'll show you round," said Jim, merrily, and, pushing the door open, he led the way into the hall. I remember the high, oak-panelled walls with the heads of deer jutting out, and a single white bust, which sent my heart into my mouth, in the corner. Many rooms opened out of this, and we wandered from one to the other—the kitchens, the still-room, the morning-room, the dining-room, all filled with the same choking smell of dust and of mildew.

"This is where they played the cards, Jim," said I, in a hushed voice. "It was on that very table."

"Why, here are the cards themselves!" cried he; and he pulled a brown towel from something in the centre of the sideboard. Sure enough it was a pile of playing-cards—forty packs, I should think, at the least—which had lain there ever since that tragic game which was played before I was born.

"I wonder whence that stair leads," said Jim.

"Don't go up there, Jim!" I cried, clutching at his arm. "That must lead to the room of the murder."

"How do you know that?"

"The vicar said that they saw on the ceiling——Oh, Jim, you can see it even now!"

He held up his candle, and there was a great, dark smudge upon the white plaster above us.

"I believe you're right," said he; "but anyhow I'm going to have a look at it."

"Don't, Jim, don't!" I cried.

"Tut, Roddy! you can stay here if you are afraid. I won't be more than a minute. There's no use going on a ghost hunt unless——oh, lor'! there's something coming down the stairs!"

upon the stairs. Jim sprang after it, and I was left half-fainting in the moonlight.

But it was not for long. He was down again in a minute, and, passing his hand under my arm, he half led and half carried me out of the house. It was not until we

"THERE'S SOMETHING COMING DOWN THE STAIRS."

I heard it too—a shuffling footstep in the room above, and then a creak from the steps, and then another creak, and another. I saw Jim's face as if it had been carved out of ivory, with his parted lips and his staring eyes fixed upon the black square of the stair opening. He still held the light, but his fingers twitched, and with every twitch the shadows sprang from the walls to the ceiling. As to myself, my knees gave way under me, and I found myself on the floor crouching down behind Jim, with a scream frozen in my throat. And still the step came slowly from stair to stair.

Then, hardly daring to look and yet unable to turn away my eyes, I saw a figure dimly outlined in the corner upon which the stair opened. There was a silence in which I could hear my poor heart thumping, and then when I looked again the figure was gone, and the low creak, creak was heard once more

were in the fresh night air again that he opened his mouth.

"Can you stand, Roddy?"

"Yes, but I'm shaking."

"So am I," said he, passing his hand over his forehead. "I ask your pardon, Roddy. I was a fool to bring you on such an errand. But I never believed in such things. I know better now."

"Could it have been a man, Jim?" I asked, plucking up my courage now that I could hear the dogs barking on the farms.

"It was a spirit, Rodney."

"How do you know?"

"Because I followed it and saw it vanish into a wall, as easily as an eel into sand. Why, Roddy, what's amiss now?"

My fears were all back upon me, and every nerve creeping with horror. "Take me away, Jim! Take me away!" I cried.

I was glaring down the avenue, and his eyes

followed mine. Amid the gloom of the oak trees something was coming towards us.

"Quiet, Roddy!" whispered Jim. "By heavens, come what may, my arms are going round it this time."

We crouched as motionless as the trunks behind us. Heavy steps ploughed their way through the soft gravel, and a broad figure loomed upon us in the darkness.

Jim sprang upon it like a tiger.

"*You're* not a spirit, anyway!" he cried.

The man gave a shout of surprise, and then a growl of rage.

"What the deuce!" he roared, and then, "I'll break your neck if you don't let go."

The threat might not have loosened Jim's grip, but the voice did.

"Why, uncle!" he cried.

"Well, I'm blessed if it isn't Boy Jim! And what's this? Why, it's young Master Rodney Stone, as I'm a living sinner! What in the world are you two doing up at Cliffe Royal at this time of night?"

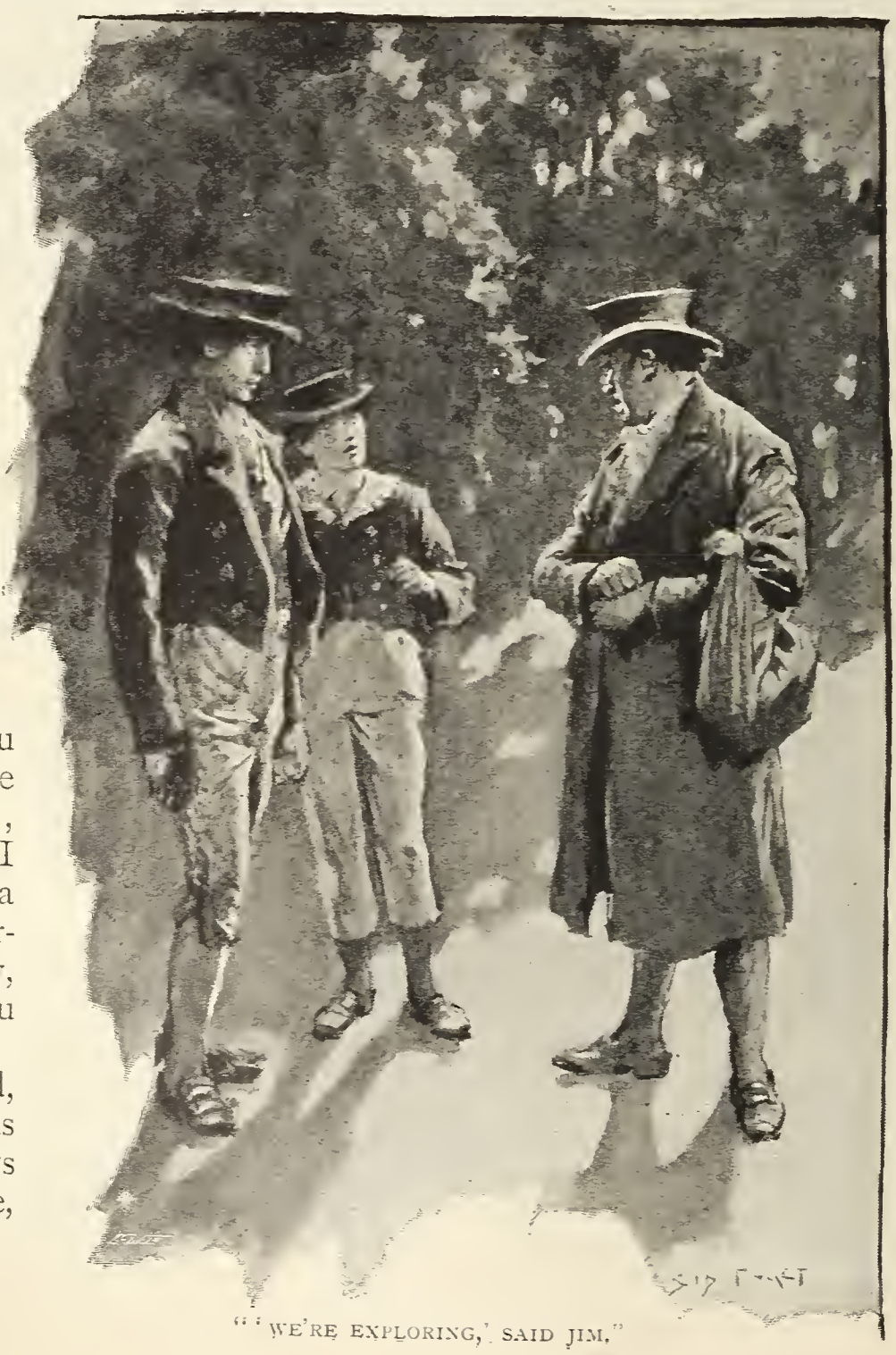
We had all moved out into the moonlight, and there was Champion Harrison with a big bundle on his arm, and such a look of amazement upon his face as would have brought a smile back on to mine had my heart not still been cramped with fear.

"We're exploring," said Jim.

"Exploring, are you? Well, I don't think you were meant to be Captain Cooks, either of you, for I never saw such a pair of peeled turnip faces. Why, Jim, what are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid, uncle. I never was afraid; but spirits are new to me, and——"

"Spirits?"



"'WE'RE EXPLORING,' SAID JIM."

"I've been in Cliffe Royal, and we've seen the ghost."

The Champion gave a whistle.

"That's the game, is it?" said he. "Did you have speech with it?"

"It vanished first."

The Champion whistled once more.

"I've heard there is something of the sort up yonder," said he; "but it's not a thing as I would advise you to meddle with. There's enough trouble with the folk of this world, Boy Jim, without going out of your way to mix up with those of another. As to young Master Rodney Stone, if his good mother saw that white face of his, she'd never let him come to the smithy more. Walk slowly on, and I'll see you back to Friar's Oak."

We had gone half a mile, perhaps, when the Champion overtook us, and I could not but observe that the bundle was no longer under his arm. We were nearly at the smithy before Jim asked the question which was already in my mind.

"What took *you* up to Cliffe Royal, uncle?"

"Well, as a man gets on in years," said the Champion, "there's many a duty turns up that the likes of you have no idea of. When you're near forty yourself, you'll maybe know the truth of what I say."

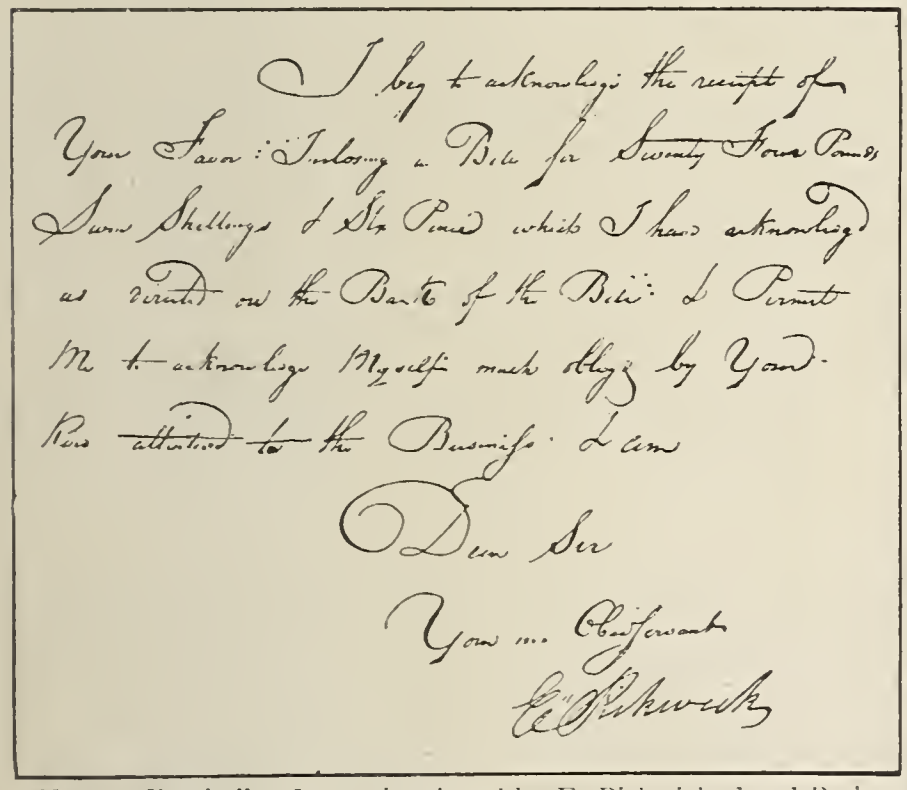
So that was all we could draw from him; but, young as I was, I had heard of coast smuggling and of packages carried to lonely places at night, so that from that time on, if I had heard that the preventives had made a capture, I was never easy until I saw the jolly face of Champion Harrison looking out of his smithy door.

Charles Dickens's Manuscripts.

By J. Holt Schooling.

IN these days of literary outpouring, when there is so much "realistic literature" that is not real, but which for the most part is only nauseous, it is a relief to turn back to Dickens. We will, on the present occasion, briefly glance over the original manuscripts of Charles Dickens's works, which I have been allowed to freely handle partly by the kindness of Miss Georgina Hogarth, the sole surviving executrix of Charles Dickens, partly by the courtesy of the guardians of these most fascinating treasures—to this lady, and to these guardians, I tender my sincere thanks for the privilege granted to me.

My first intention was to show here only facsimiles of chosen pieces of the original manuscripts, but, as most of them measure 8¾in. by 7½in., and as, with few exceptions, the writing is too small to bear a reduction



No. 1.—Facsimile of a receipt signed by E. Pickwick, dated Bath, January 5, 1802.

in size, there being also many corrections in all the later works, I have decided to show fewer specimens of the original manuscripts, and to include some curious and interesting pieces of Dickensiana, relating to Charles Dickens's manuscripts, which I found among the large quantity of material which has been placed at my service.

Curious as to the present sale of Dickens's works, I put some questions to Mr. George Etheredge (of Messrs. Chapman and Hall), and I learnt that the yearly sales show no falling off as regards number.

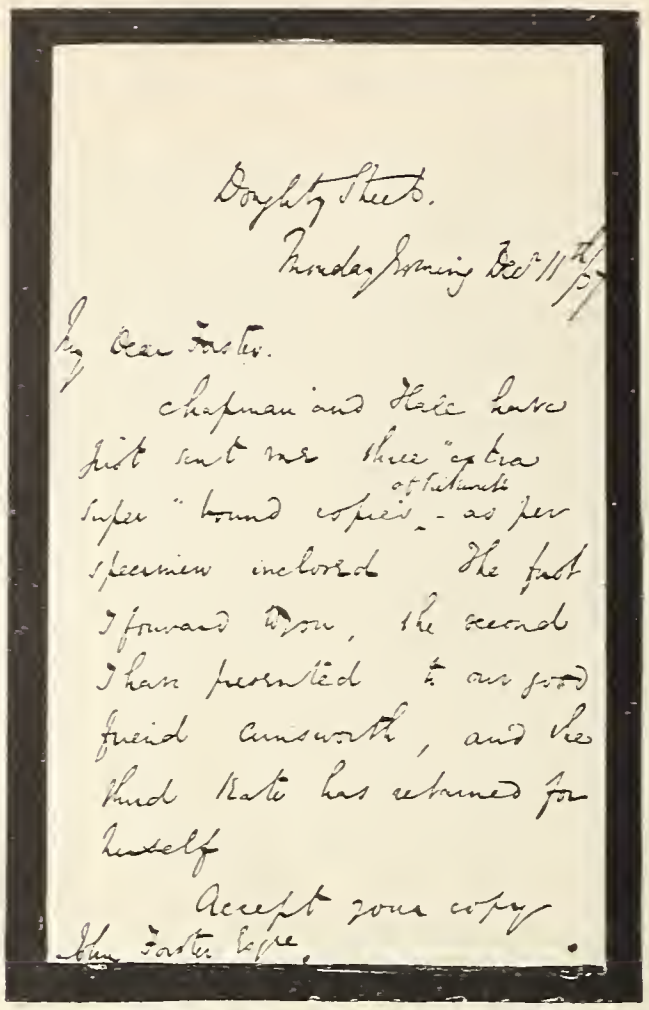
The facsimile in No. 1 is a curiosity. It is from the original document signed by "E. Pickwick," a celebrated coach proprietor at Bath, from whom, or from whose coaches, Dickens derived the name of his hero in "Pickwick." No. 1 reads:—

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of Your Favor Inclosing a Bill for Seventy Four Pounds Seven Shillings and Six Pence—which I have acknowledg'd as directed on the Back of the Bill—and Permit Me to acknowledge Myself much oblig'd by Your Kind attention to the Business, and am, Dear Sir, Your mo[st] Obed' Servant, E. Pickwick.

During my search for the manuscript of "Pickwick," I heard from one source that the original was in America. The Americans are zealous collectors of Charles Dickens's letters and writings, and one day when I was examining volume after volume of the original manuscripts, their keeper told me that many Americans go to him every year, and beg permission "just to touch" one of the bound volumes of manuscript. Later inquiry about the MS. of "Pickwick" brought the following information from Miss Hogarth: ". . . . The MS. of 'Pickwick' was never preserved in its entirety at all! Stray fragments of it have turned up—and are dispersed about the world, I believe. But it

No. 2.—Title-page of a curious American "Pickwick," published at Philadelphia in 1838, designed by Sam Weller. This copy of the book was given by Charles Dickens to John Forster in 1838 or 1839.

was not given by its author to *anyone*. I don't think he attached much importance to his MSS. in those early days. . . . ." So we must go without this manuscript. It is, of course, impossible for us of the present generation to realize what a godsend to the people of sixty years ago were the light green monthly parts of "Pickwick." It came out in heavy days, when people had solid mahogany sideboards, weighing tons (more or less), and when the vogue of the black horse-hair-covered shiny sofa was supreme: they had arm-chairs, but no easy ones, and this remark applies to the literature of the period as well as to its furniture. Thomas Carlyle wrote in a letter to a friend: "An archdeacon, with his own venerable lips, repeated to me the other night, a strange profane story of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person; having finished, satisfactorily as he thought, and got out of the room, he heard the sick person ejaculate: 'Well, thank God! "Pickwick" will be out in ten days, any way!'—This is dreadful." The binder prepared 400 copies of Part I. of "Pickwick"; and of Part XV., his order was for more than 40,000! In No. 3, by the way, is part of a pretty little note from Charles Dickens to John Forster, dated December 11th, 1837:—



No. 3.—Facsimile of a part of Charles Dickens's letter to John Forster, sending him the first "extra super" bound copy of "Pickwick." Written December 11, 1837.

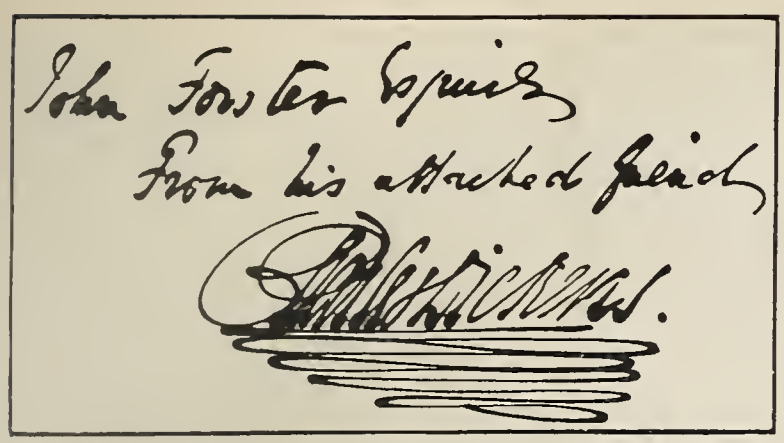
Chapman and Hall have just sent me three "extra super" bound copies of "Pickwick"—as per specimen inclosed. The first I forward to you, the second I have presented to our good friend Ainsworth [Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist], and the third Kate [Mrs. Charles Dickens] has retained for herself. . . .

The Philadelphian "Pickwick" from which Nos. 2, 4, 5, and 7 have been taken, was probably a pirated copy of the English book, but it contains many very interesting and clever illustrations, some of which are signed "Sam Weller," others being by "Alfred Crowquill" (A. H. Forrester), subsequently the first illustrator of *Punch*. Of those shown here, Nos. 2 and 7 are by "Sam Weller," and No. 4 by "Alfred Crowquill." The title-page in No. 2 is a clever piece of work.

In No. 4, Mr. Pickwick and his friend Winkle are depicted in a condition that was more jocularly treated sixty years ago than it is now, and "Sam Weller's" sketch in No. 7 shows the incident at the tea-party concerning old Weller's chastisement of the canting gentleman. The book which contains these curious pictures was given to John Forster by Dickens; and No. 5 shows the inscription on the fly-leaf. The paper of the book is very bad and porous, and the ink of this signature—now more than half a century old—has spread into the texture of the paper, and blurred the outlines of the writing.

The extraordinary popularity of "Pickwick" not only caused the name to be applied to hats, coats, confectionery, cigars, and hosts of other things—even the pen I am writing with is called "Pickwick"—but in the *Times* of many years ago a gentleman

No. 4.—"Pickwick Drunk" and "Winkle Drunk." From the Philadelphian "Pickwick."

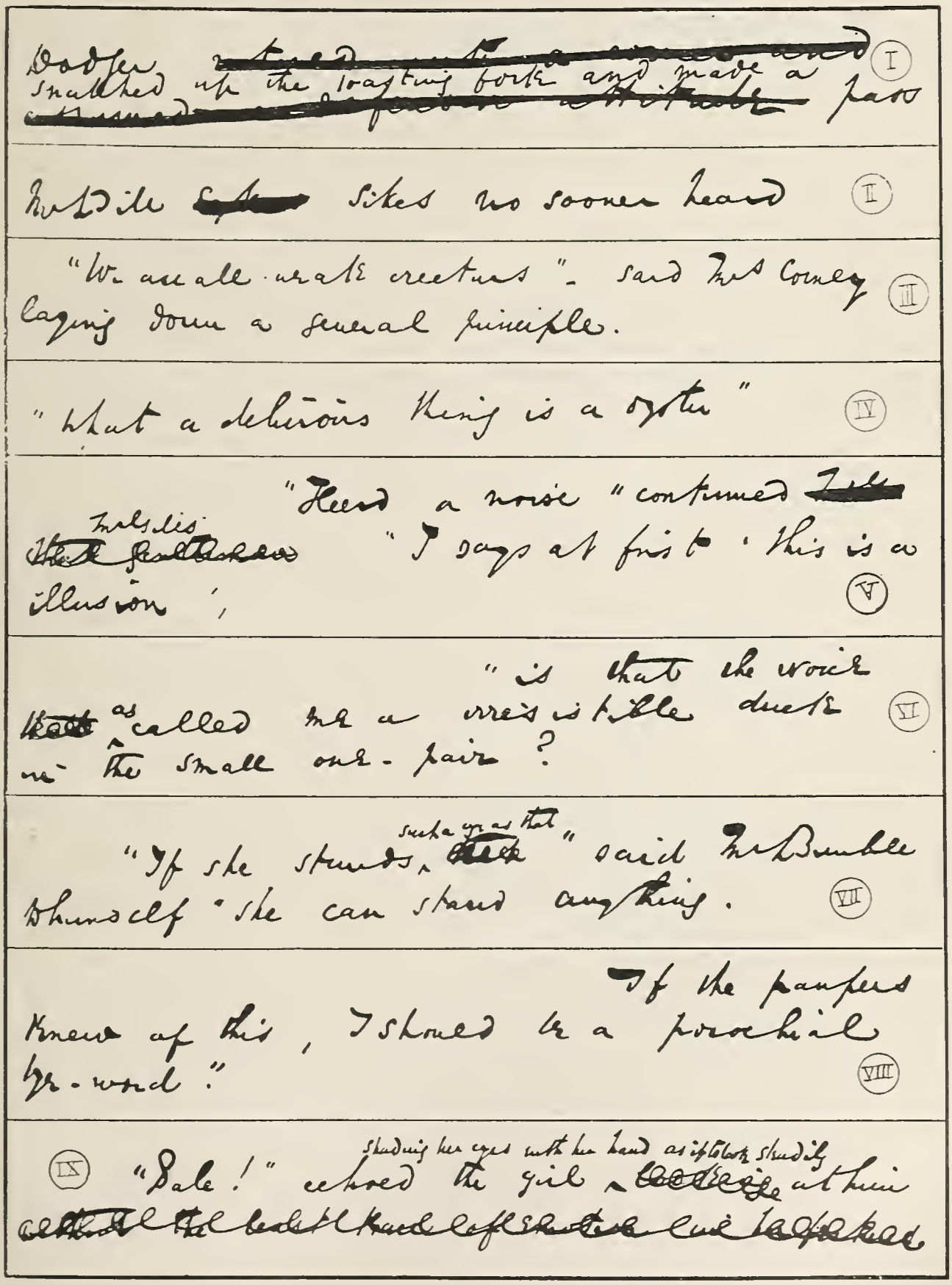


No. 5.—Facsimile of Charles Dickens's inscription on the fly-leaf of the Philadelphian "Pickwick," written when he gave this book to John Forster in 1838 or 1839.

publicly advertised a change of name, owing to "Pickwick" having become so suggestive of comicality. Charles Henry Sainsbury Pickwick, Esq., of Bradford-on-Avon, notified to all the world that he abandoned for ever "his own family name of Pickwick." It is hard to be laughed out of a surname, especially if that name be of the knightly origin of "Pickwick," *i.e.*, *Piquez-vite*, *spur fast*, or, *spur onwards*.

The reduced facsimiles in No. 6 have been chosen from among a very much larger number of facsimiles which I took from the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist," or, rather, from what remains of the original, for the existing MS. of "Oliver Twist" begins with the twelfth chapter, and ends with the sixth chapter of the third book (now called Chapter xliii.), "Wherein is shown how the Artful Dodger got into trouble."

"Oliver Twist" was written in a much larger handwriting than were most of the later works, and it was also written much more freely and spontaneously; the alterations, although numerous, are not so thickly clustered all over the pages as is the case with most of the other manuscripts. Part I. of No. 6 is from Chap. xiii., page 87 of printed book (the modern one shilling and sixpenny edition), and the words struck out by Charles Dickens are: *retired into a corner and assumed a defensive attitude.* Part II. of No. 6 shows us that Mr. Bill Sikes originally spelt his name with a *y*—this alteration comes on page 93 of the printed book. The formidable Mrs. Corney's confession of weakness, Part III., is on page 199, and the odious Noah Claypole's remark



No. 6.—Some facsimiles from the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist": showing that Mr. Bill Sikes first spelt his name "with a *y*," and including certain passages not in the published book, etc.

No. 7.—An illustration of the "Stiggins" tea-fight, designed by Sam Weller, from the Philadelphian "Pickwick."

"He called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath—and all sorts o' names. So my blood being regularly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off."

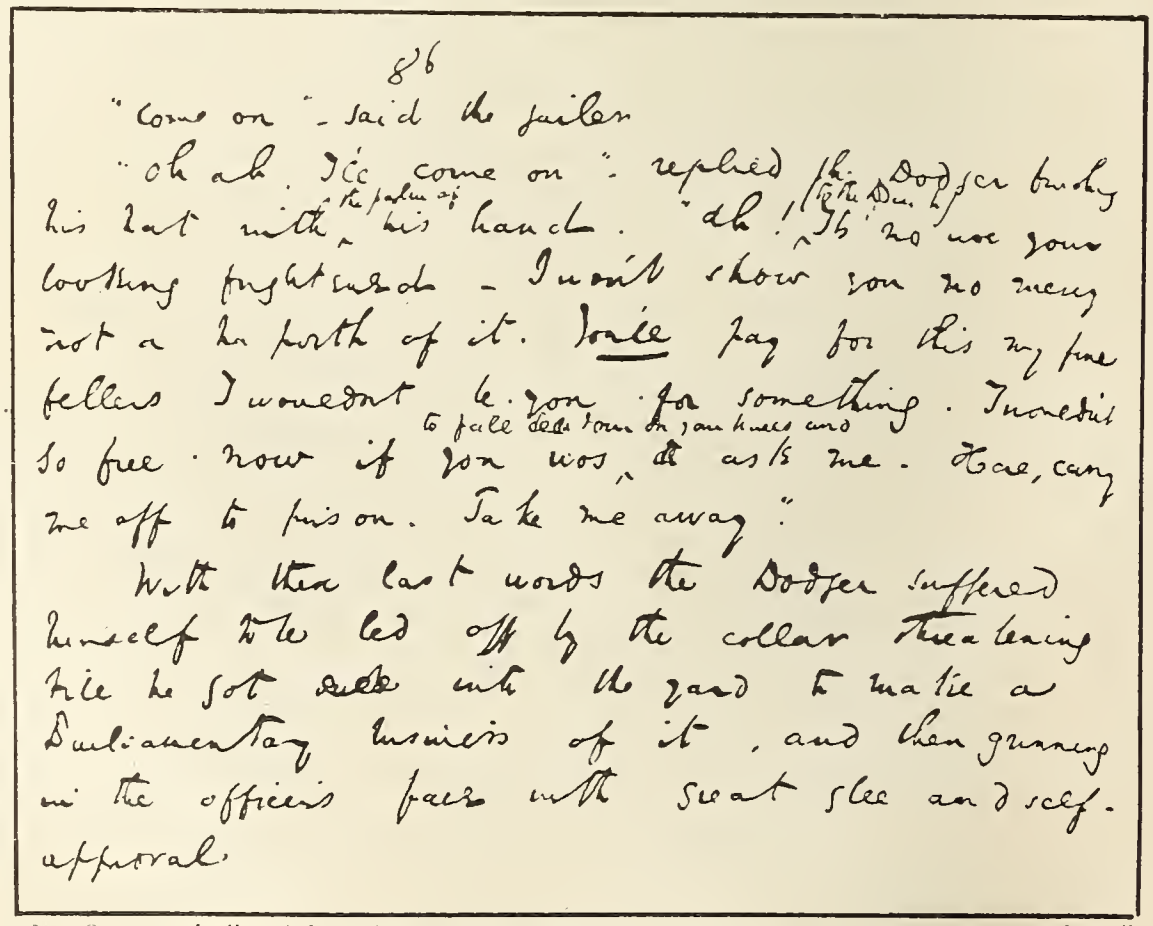
—*what a delicious thing is a oyster*—is printed on page 202. Part V., altered from "that gentleman" to "Mr. Giles," is contained in Chapter xxviii., and refers to the burglary, where Oliver is pushed by Bill Sikes through the pantry-window, and is shot by Giles, the butler, who subsequently remarks in his account of the affair: "I says at first, 'this is a illusion.'" Parts VI. and VII. of No. 6 occur in Chapter xxxvii., when the unhappy Bumble has discovered the real nature of his wife and her fighting quality; the sentence—*is that the woice as called me a irrisistible duck in the small one-pair?*—was struck out of the proof-sheets, for it is not in the printed book on page 271, where it occurs in the MS. The words, *If she stands such a eye as that, etc.*, are on page 271, and Bumble's exclamation, *If the paupers knew of this, I should be a parochial bye-word*, is another sentence struck out, on the proof-sheets, from its place on page 275, where Bumble has been signally and for ever defeated by his wife. The last specimen in No. 6 was altered from: "*Pale!*" *echoed the girl, looking at him without the least trace of emotion in her features*, and the altered version of this sentence is on page 298, where Fagin is giving some money to Nancy.

The piece of manuscript in No. 8 is part of the last chapter of "Oliver Twist" which exists—Chapter xliii.—and the Dodger's comic defiance of the Bench was written, as we see, very nearly as it reads in the printed book. The three insertions here facsimiled are: Line 3, *the palm of*, and *to the Bench;* line 7, *to fall down on your knees and* . . . . The only erasure is the word *out*, line 11.

The end of the letter shown in No. 9 refers to the "Life of Grimaldi," the famous clown, which was edited by Charles Dickens, and published in 1838. The thirty notes of exclamation which follow the words, "1,700 Grimaldis have been already sold, and the demand increases daily," are notes of astonishment at the rapid sale of a book whose contents the editor himself described as "twaddle." Except the preface, Charles Dickens did not write a line of the "Life of Grimaldi."

The manuscript of "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of those which have vanished, but in No. 10 there is part of the revised proof of the Preface of "Nicholas Nickleby," which shows a long passage struck out by Charles Dickens—nearly the whole of No. 10 was thus cancelled.

Here is a chance for the book-hunter who turns over the odd volumes on a roadside stall or in an outside box marked "All these



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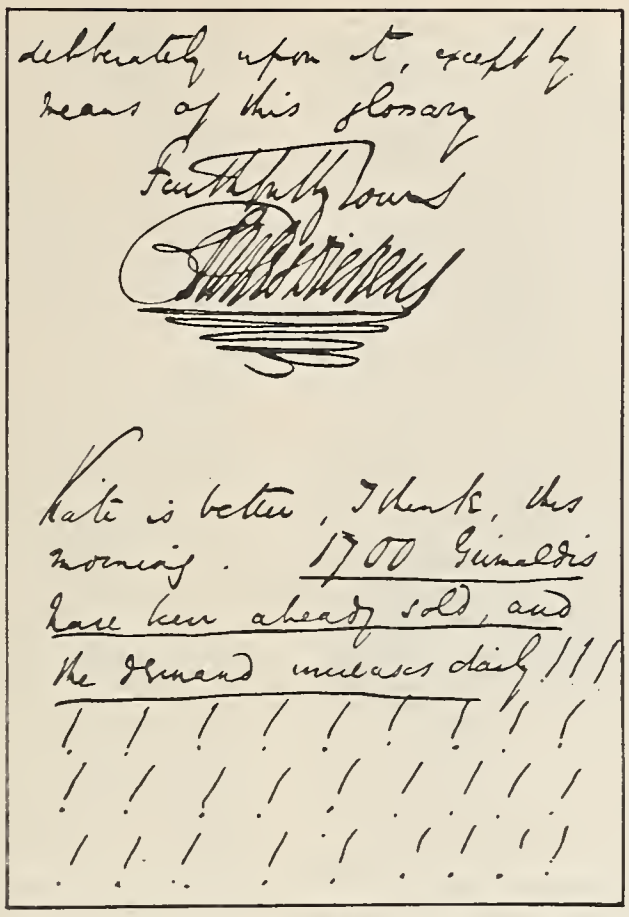
"Come on" said the jailer

"oh ah I'll come on" replied the Dodger briskly his last with the palm of his hand. "oh! I'll no more your cowardly fright such - I won't show you no mercy not a bit worth of it. You'll pay for this my fine fellers I won't be your for something. I won't to fall down on your knees and so free now if you wos, as asks me. Come, carry me off to prison. Take me away"

With these last words the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar threatening like he sat down with the yard to make a Parliamentary business of it, and then grinning in the officers face with great glee and self-approval.

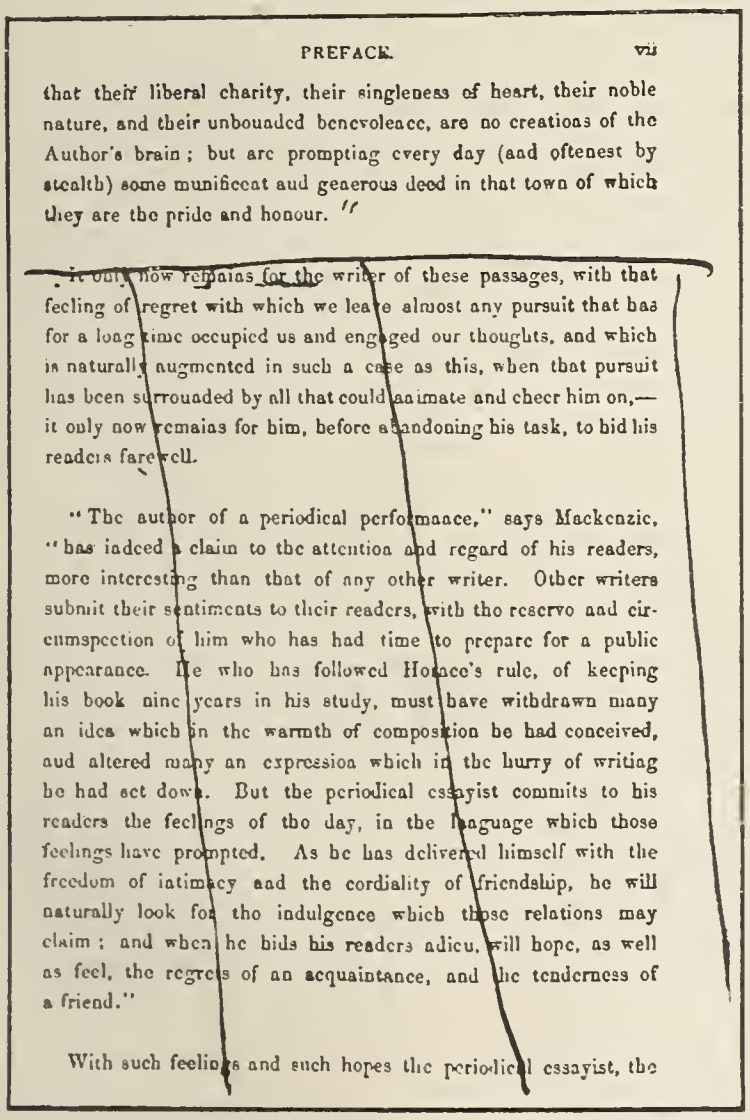
No. 8.—Facsimile of the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist," where "the Dodger" "cheeks" the magistrate: *Chapter xliii.*

2d. each." The little book from which Nos. 11 and 12 have been copied consists of three very rare and early productions of Charles Dickens—"Sketches of Young Couples," "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," and "Sunday Under Three Heads." The volume containing these three slight things, which are not now included among Charles Dickens's works, is worth, so my informant told me, about £25. It is quite possible that someone who reads these words may possess one or more of these three little pieces by Dickens, and if so let him count his possession as a valuable one. These "finds" do still happen. Only a few weeks ago, and within my own knowledge, an original copy of the first edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was included by a local auctioneer among a miscellaneous and rubbishy "lot" of other books, which sold—to his amazement—not for the three or four shillings expected by the auctioneer, but for £43! So be on the look-out for the little volume containing the originals of Nos. 11 and 12.



No. 9.—Facsimile of part of an early letter written by Charles Dickens to John Forster, announcing the quick sale of the "Life of Grimaldi" (the famous clown), which was edited by Dickens, and published in 1838.

We have all read in "David Copperfield" of Charles Dickens's own difficulties when he was learning shorthand, and in No. 13 there is a "copy" in shorthand, written by Dickens, of a letter that he sent to Mr. Bentley, his publisher, on July 14th, 1837—nearly sixty years ago. Application to experts in modern shorthand failed to obtain a solution of No. 13, but ultimately I ascertained that this interesting specimen of



PREFACE. vii

that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the Author's brain; but are prompting every day (and oftenest by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour."

It only now remains for the writer of these passages, with that feeling of regret with which we leave almost any pursuit that has for a long time occupied us and engaged our thoughts, and which is naturally augmented in such a case as this, when that pursuit has been surrounded by all that could animate and cheer him on,—it only now remains for him, before abandoning his task, to bid his readers farewell.

"The author of a periodical performance," says Mackenzie, "has indeed a claim to the attention and regard of his readers, more interesting than that of any other writer. Other writers submit their sentiments to their readers, with the reserve and circumspection of him who has had time to prepare for a public appearance. He who has followed Horace's rule, of keeping his book nine years in his study, must have withdrawn many an idea which in the warmth of composition he had conceived, and altered many an expression which in the hurry of writing he had set down. But the periodical essayist commits to his readers the feelings of the day, in the language which those feelings have prompted. As he has delivered himself with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship, he will naturally look for the indulgence which those relations may claim; and when he bids his readers adieu, will hope, as well as feel, the regrets of an acquaintance, and the tenderness of a friend."

With such feelings and such hopes the periodical essayist, the

No. 10.—Facsimile of part of the proof of the Preface of "Nicholas Nickleby," struck out by Charles Dickens when revising the proof-sheets.

No. 11.—One of the illustrations in "Sketches of Young Couples"—*The Couple Who Dote Upon their Children.* This book, now very rare, was written by Charles Dickens in 1838–39.

Charles Dickens's shorthand was written by Gurney's method, and Messrs. Gurney and Sons, shorthand writers, of No. 26, Abingdon

No. 12.—One of the illustrations in another very rare and valuable book written by Charles Dickens in 1838: "Sketches of Young Gentlemen." This sketch, by "Phiz," represents some "*Out-and-Out Young Gentlemen*" of fifty-five to sixty years ago.

Street, Westminster, have very kindly sent me the following translation of the facsimile in No. 13, whose meaning has hitherto been hidden by the shorthand :—

My Dear Sir,—I did intend writing to say that through the kindness of a friend, who posts to Brighton and back next Sunday, I could see you for two hours on that day. I am so terribly behindhand, however, that I am compelled to give up all thoughts of leaving town this month, even for a day. As I shall not see you then until you return to town, I state in this short letter the alterations I propose in our Agreement, with the view of facilitating the dispatch of business when we meet.

First, that you should give me £600 for permission to publish 300 copies of my first novel, "B. R.," this number to be divided into as many editions as you think well, and the whole of the manuscript to be furnished by the 1st March, 1838, at the latest.

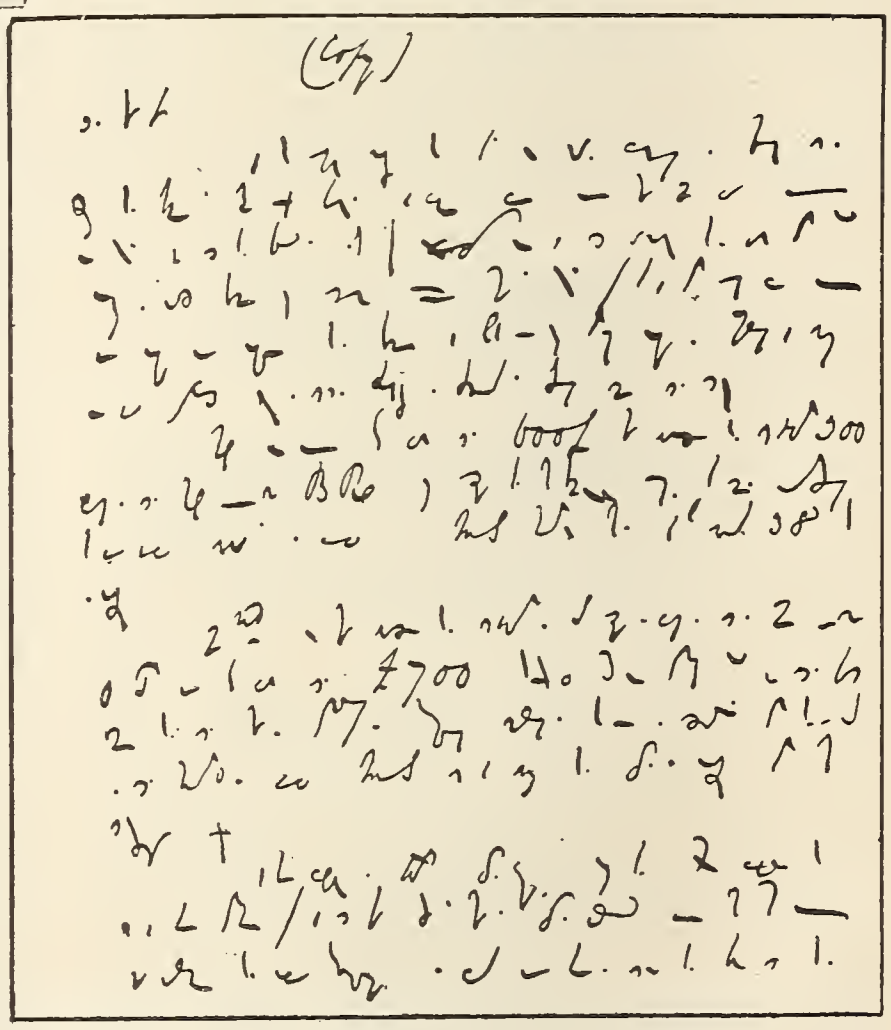
Second, that for permission to publish the same number of copies of my second novel, "O.T.," you should give me £700, deducting from that amount all you may have been made to pay for the appearance of the different portions of it in the Miscellany up to the time of my finishing the whole manuscript, which I promise, at the very latest, shall be Midsummer next.

I have considered the subject very carefully, and this is the fixed conclusion at which I have arrived. I am sure it is a fair and very reasonable one, but if you are resolved to think differently, of course you have the power to hold me to the old agreement. However, if you hold me to the strict letter of the agreement respecting the novels, I shall abide by the strict letter of my agreement respecting the Miscellany, and arrange my future plans with reference to it accordingly.

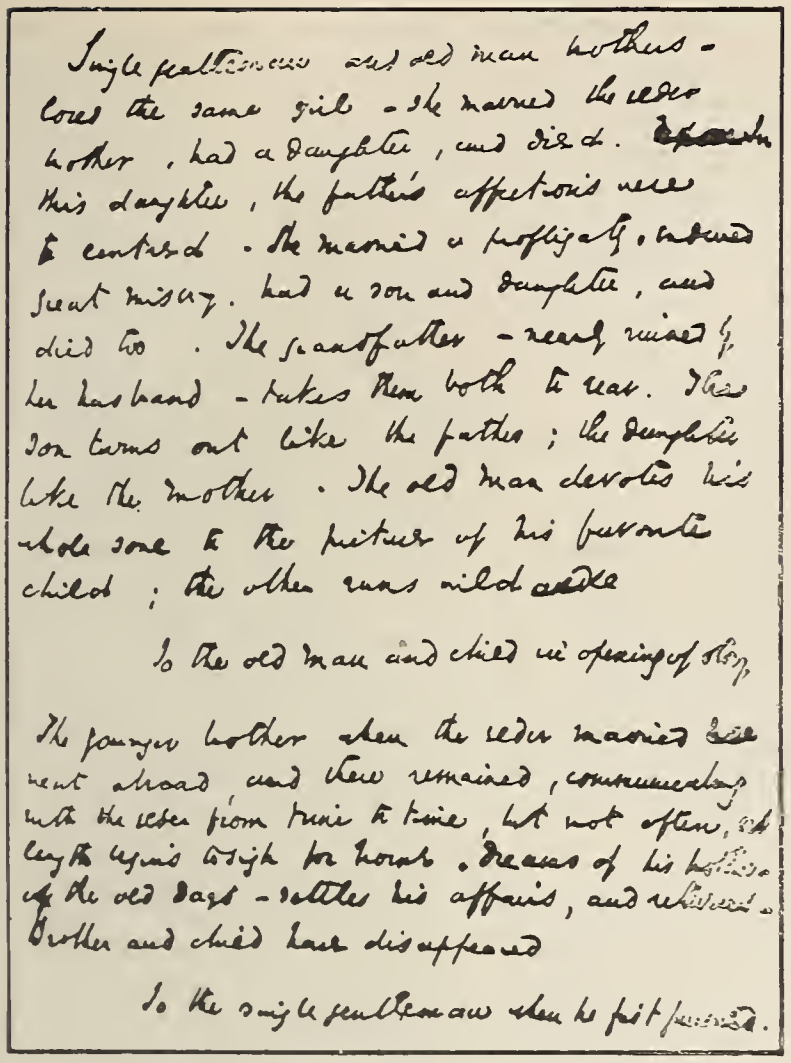
Messrs. Gurney and Sons, not knowing certainly who wrote No. 13, told me: "Although evidently written by an expert, there are a few idiosyncrasies in the shorthand. It does not strictly follow the Gurney system." The mention—in this unique specimen of Charles Dickens's skill as a shorthand writer — of "my first novel, 'B. R.,'" referred to "Barnaby Rudge," the subject and title of which were selected in 1837, but which was not published until four years later. The mention of "my second novel, 'O. T.,'" meant "Oliver Twist."

During my examination of the most interesting lot of matter that it has ever been my good fortune to handle—not excepting even Carlyle's school-books, see The Strand Magazine for October, 1894 — I found several jottings by Charles Dickens about the outlines of his works. For example, No. 14 is a facsimile of one of these memoranda which relates to "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Here, then, is the slender thing upon which Dickens built up "The Old Curiosity Shop": one is reminded of a curious dream —common, I believe, to many people— where one sees a tiny speck in space, and as one gazes at the speck, it suddenly grows and grows to a vast mass, extending itself in every direction, until the dreamer is well-nigh



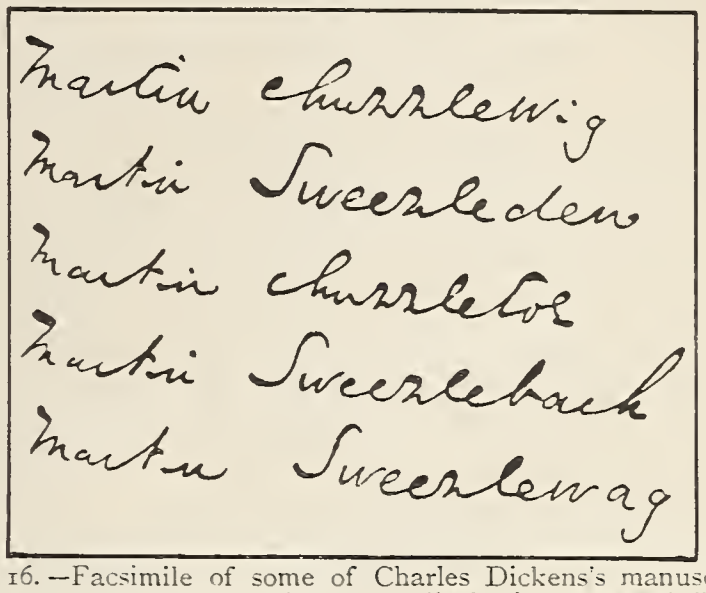
No. 13.—Facsimile of a shorthand copy—all written by Charles Dickens—of a letter he sent to Mr. Bentley (one of his publishers) on July 14, 1837.



No. 14.—Facsimile of part of Charles Dickens's manuscript notes *re* the plot of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

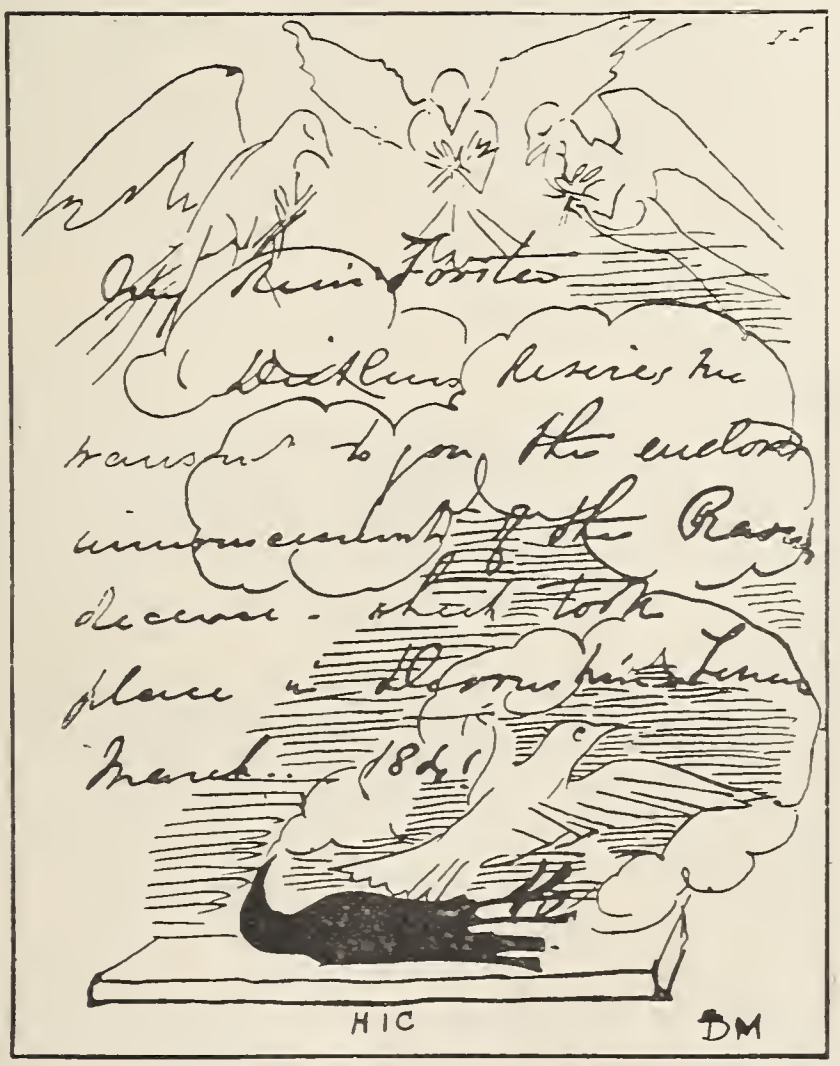
overwhelmed and awed by this sudden extension and great volume of the tiny speck he first saw. A trick of the brain, probably, but which serves to illustrate the intentioned growth in Charles Dickens's brain of "The Old Curiosity Shop" out of the "speck" shown in No. 14.

Several facsimiles of the manuscript of "Barnaby Rudge" were prepared for this account of Charles Dickens's manuscripts, but the writing was so small and the corrections so numerous that space-limits have caused these facsimiles to be omitted, because in reduced size they were not satisfactory. But, in No. 15, there is the famous letter written by Daniel Maclise, R.A., to John Forster, at Charles Dickens's request, telling Forster about the death of "Grip," the Raven which figures so prominently in "Barnaby Rudge." The pen-and-ink sketch, signed "D. M.," that forms part of No. 15, was drawn by Maclise, to picture the apotheosis of the raven—shown, stiff and stark, at the bottom of the sketch, and thence arising in more ethereal shape to receive



No. 16.—Facsimile of some of Charles Dickens's manuscript notes *re* the name of his hero for "Martin Chuzzlewit."

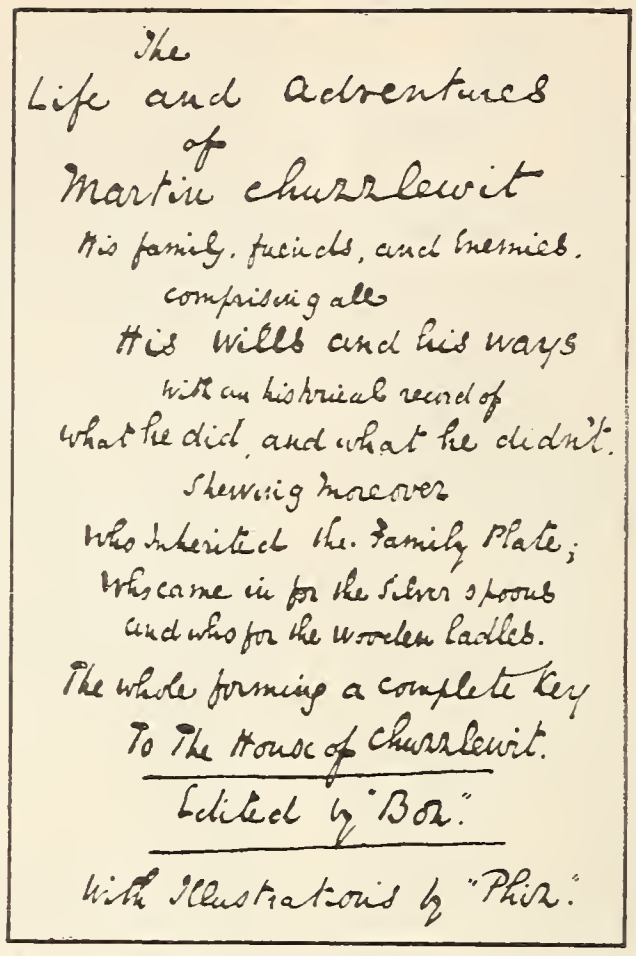
the welcome of the three angel-birds awaiting him above. At the sale of his property, which, by Charles Dickens's directions, took place "within a month of death" (June 9th, 1870), this raven, stuffed and in a shabby case, was sold at Christie and Manson's for 120 guineas. The picture of Dolly Varden, the blacksmith's pretty daughter, painted by Frith, and sold to Dickens for £20 in the year 1843, fetched at the sale in 1870 no less a sum than 1,000 guineas.



No. 15.—Facsimile of the letter—which also contains a sketch of "the apotheosis of the raven"—written and drawn in 1841 by Daniel Maclise, the Royal Academician, at Charles Dickens's request, to acquaint John Forster with the death of "Grip," the raven which plays a prominent part in "Barnaby Rudge."

Some of Dickens's attempts to fix the name of his hero in "Martin Chuzzlewit" are shown in No. 16. In none of these five attempts — "Martin Chuzzlewig," "Martin Sweezleden," "Martin Chuzzletoe," "Martin Sweezleback," "Martin Sweezlewag" —was the name hit upon, although some of these run close to the name finally chosen. A rather interesting question arises in connection with these names, which now seem in-

ferior to "Martin Chuzzlewit": would habit, and the association of a name with a clever book, have rendered "Martin Sweezlewag," for example, as acceptable to us now as "Martin Chuzzlewit" is? Certainly, when we first hear the name, "Sweezlewag," it sounds an altogether impossible name to be used. And so, indeed, with most of the others shown in No. 16; but perhaps "Chuzzlewit" would have now sounded equally impossible, if long association with the book had not made it so familiar to us. However, these attempts were all rejected by Charles Dickens himself, so perhaps they really are intrinsically bad names.

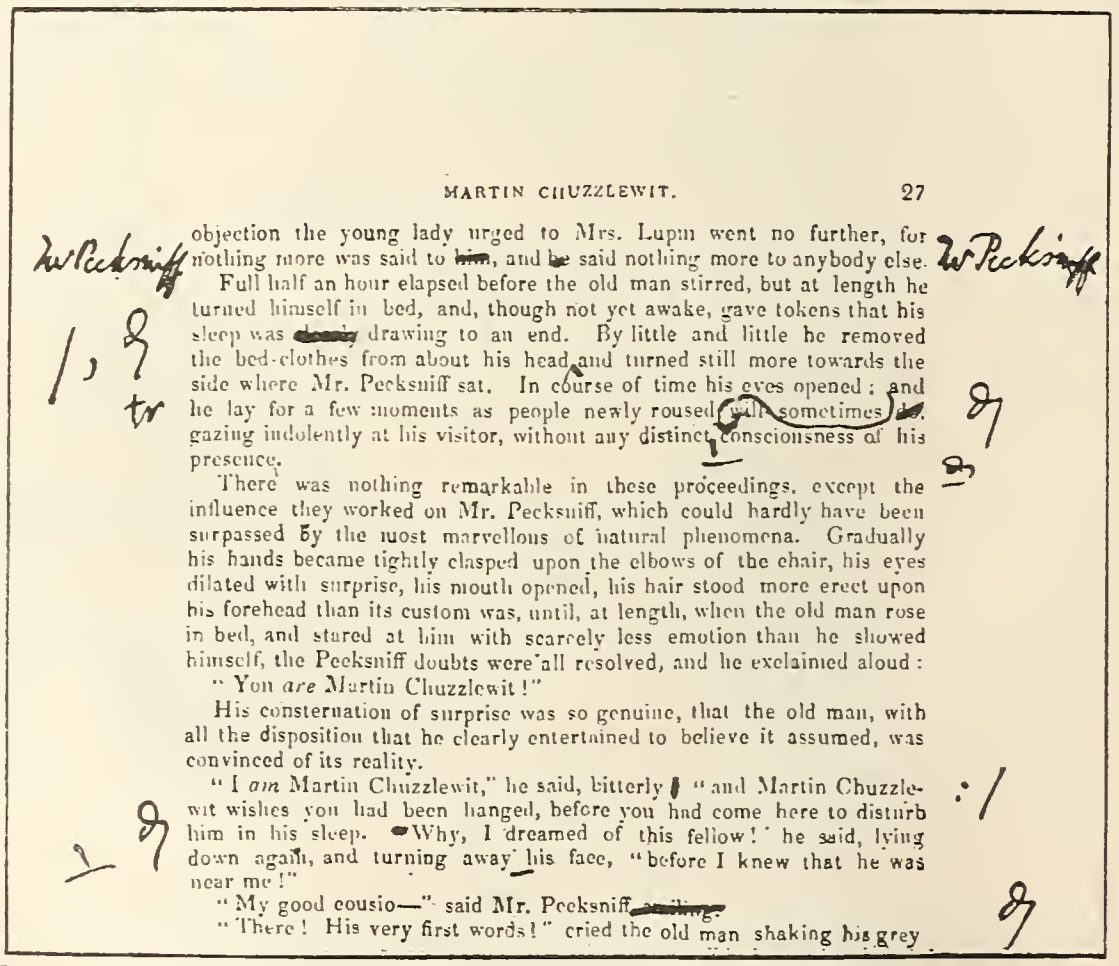

The
Life and Adventures
of
Martin Chuzzlewit
his family, friends, and enemies.
comprising all
His Wills and his ways
with an historical record of
what he did, and what he didn't.
Shewing moreover
Who inherited the Family Plate;
Who came in for the Silver spoons
and who for the Wooden ladles.
The whole forming a complete Key
To The House of Chuzzlewit.
Edited by "Boz."
With Illustrations by "Phiz."

No. 17.—Facsimile of one of the title-pages written by Charles Dickens for "Martin Chuzzlewit."

The curious title-page facsimile in No. 17, all written by Charles Dickens, is a very good specimen of his care in setting out his titles. This whimsical title-page was, I believe, written seriously, although it was not used for the book.

No. 18 shows a part of the corrected proof of page 27 [in the third chapter of Vol. I.] with Charles Dickens's alterations scattered about the page. The name Pecksniff, that quintessence of odious hypocrisy, is here written in twice by Dickens. Is there anyone, I wonder, who, reading about this wretch, has not, over and over again, longed to get at him and beat him and expose him? Even now, although I know what's coming, I always wait and gloat awhile when I get to Chapter xxvii. of the second volume, where, at last, Pecksniff is exposed and beaten. We, as a nation, are sometimes credited with hypocrisy as our national vice; but, perhaps, we are not so far gone in this direction as our detractors say, for the detestation of Pecksniff may almost be termed a national detestation. Could anything be more odious—and yet it can be matched in real life—than Pecksniff's false friendship to Tom Pinch, where, for example, he says, over the currant wine and captain biscuits, "if you spare the bottle, we shall quarrel"?

That Pecksniffs do exist cannot, unhappily, be doubted. The gentleman to whose courtesy I am indebted for this very illustration, No. 18, told me that a certain lecturer has earned the nickname of Pecksniff; and even to-day Pecksniffs may be found in the ranks of "professional" men and elsewhere, although, happily, the days are fast disappearing when pomposity plus ignorance can pose as the equal of simplicity plus knowledge. One hates the pomposity of the hypocrite Pecksniff as much as the false 'umbleness of the hypocrite Heep. It has been truly said that comic art has never more successfully fulfilled its highest task after its truest fashion than in this picture of the rise and fall of a creature who never ceases to be laughable, and yet never ceases to be loathsome. But "Martin Chuzzlewit" is a work of genius, produced at or near the high-water mark of its author's power. As


MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 27

objection the young lady urged to Mrs. Lupin went no further, for nothing more was said to him, and he said nothing more to anybody else.

Full half an hour elapsed before the old man stirred, but at length he turned himself in bed, and, though not yet awake, gave tokens that his sleep was drawing to an end. By little and little he removed the bed-clothes from about his head and turned still more towards the side where Mr. Pecksniff sat. In course of time his eyes opened; and he lay for a few moments as people newly roused will sometimes lie, gazing indolently at his visitor, without any distinct consciousness of his presence.

There was nothing remarkable in these proceedings, except the influence they worked on Mr. Pecksniff, which could hardly have been surpassed by the most marvellous of natural phenomena. Gradually his hands became tightly clasped upon the elbows of the chair, his eyes dilated with surprise, his mouth opened, his hair stood more erect upon his forehead than its custom was, until, at length, when the old man rose in bed, and stared at him with scarcely less emotion than he showed himself, the Pecksniff doubts were all resolved, and he exclaimed aloud:

"You *are* Martin Chuzzlewit!"

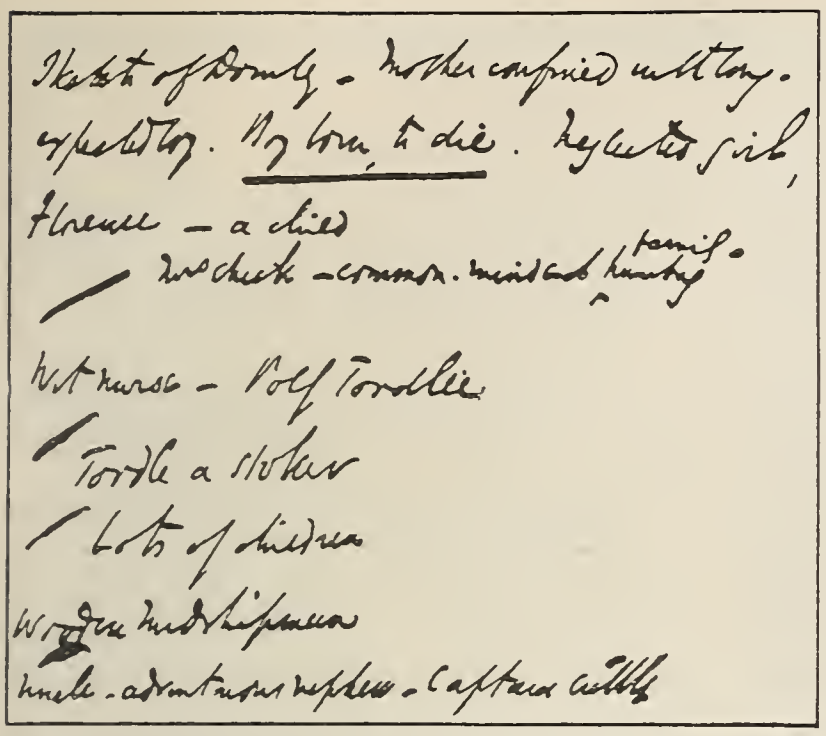
His consternation of surprise was so genuine, that the old man, with all the disposition that he clearly entertained to believe it assumed, was convinced of its reality.

"I *am* Martin Chuzzlewit," he said, bitterly; "and Martin Chuzzlewit wishes you had been hanged, before you had come here to disturb him in his sleep. Why, I dreamed of this fellow!" he said, lying down again, and turning away his face, "before I knew that he was near me!"

"My good cousin—" said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling.

"There! His very first words!" cried the old man shaking his grey

No. 18.—Facsimile of a piece of the revised proof of "Martin Chuzzlewit," showing alterations made by Charles Dickens.



No. 19.—Facsimile of Charles Dickens's manuscript "Sketch of Dombey": showing, among other things, that Paul Dombey was to be "born to die."

concerns its reality, even the grotesque Mrs. Gamp has been traced to an original in real life, and this character of Dickens's has actually been the death of her injurious sisterhood in our hospital wards and sick rooms. Even her extraordinary utterances are merely an emphasized version of the fatuous verbosity of charwomen, laundresses, and inferior housekeepers of to-day. An old woman who at one time kept my rooms dirty for me was a true Mrs. Gamp in her oddities of speech and mental grotesqueness. R.I.P.

Hostile critics have picked holes in "Dombey and Son," and some of them have said it was bad art to bring in little Paul Dombey and then make him die. However this may be, it is interesting to find, by reading No. 19—Dickens's sketch of the plot of "Dombey"—that Paul was intended to die. Read it :—

Sketch of Dombey.—Mother confined with long-expected boy. *Boy born to die*. Neglected girl, Florence—a child.

Mrs. Chick—common-minded family humbug.

Wet Nurse—Polly Toodle.

Toodle, a stoker.

Lots of children.

Wooden Midshipman.

Uncle—adventurous nephew—Captain Cuttle.

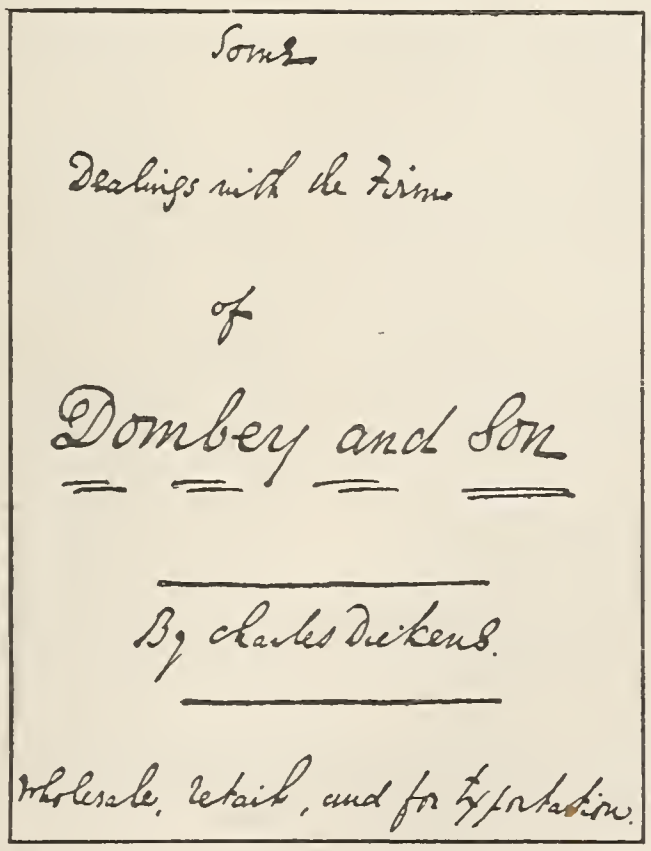
But we are not here to discuss the critic's opinions of these works, we are only peeping behind the scenes of their production — a much more pleasant occupation. Nor will we attempt to compare Dickens and Thackeray—not even after the fashion of the after-dinner orator who delivered himself thus :—

It's in the wonderful insight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray ; but on t'other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts o' satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humour, that Dickery gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this : Thickey is the humorist ; Dackens is the satirist. But, after all, it's 'bsurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery and Thickens.

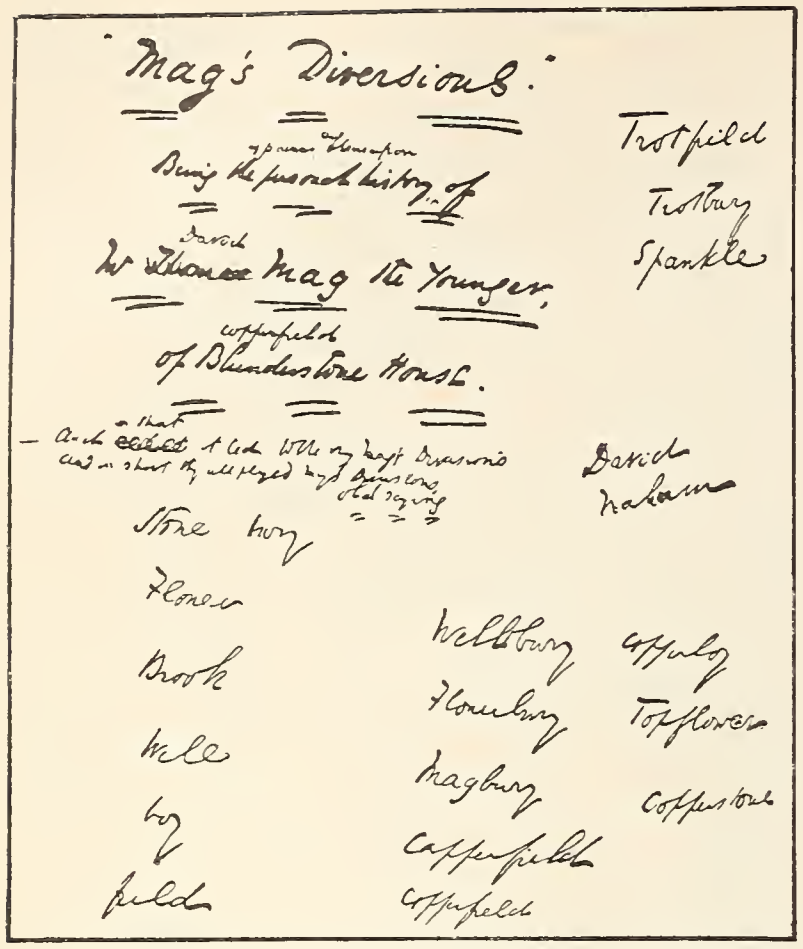
In No. 20 there is the original title-page of "Dombey," written with much neatness by Charles Dickens himself. A simple test of the general admiration for and pleasure in reading "Dombey and Son" may be applied by asking oneself: "Do I wish that the book was unknown to me, so that I might read it as a new book?" A pretty general chorus of "Yes's" goes up, and I find the "Ayes" have it without proceeding to a division.

With reference to hostile criticisms of Charles Dickens's works, it is interesting to recall some words spoken by Mr. Pinero at the Royal Academy dinner on the evening of May 4th, 1895, in connection with the opinion held in some quarters that popular success is not always thought to be quite creditable. Mr. Pinero said :—

Not very long ago I met at an exhibition of pictures a friend whose business it is to comment in the public journals upon painting and the drama. The exhibition was composed of the works of two artists, and I found myself in one room praising the pictures of the man who was exhibiting in the other. My friend promptly took me to task. "Surely," he said, "surely you notice that two-thirds of the works in the next room are already sold?" I admitted having observed that many of the pictures were so ticketed. My friend shrugged his shoulders. "But," said I, anxiously, "do you really regard that circumstance as reflecting disparagingly upon the man's work in the next room?" The reply was, "Good work rarely sells." . . . . . I shall simply beg leave to acknowledge freely, to acknowledge without a blush, that what is known as popular success is, I believe, eagerly coveted, sternly sought for, by even the most earnest of those writers who deal in the commodity labelled modern British drama. And I would, moreover, submit that of all the affectations displayed by artists of any craft, *the affectation of despising the approval and support of the great public is the most mischievous and misleading*. Speaking . . . of dramatic art, I believe that its most substantial claim upon consideration rests in its power



No. 20.—Facsimile of Charles Dickens's title-page for "Dombey and Son."



No. 21.—Facsimile of one of the numerous titles written by Charles Dickens for "David Copperfield," with his jottings *re* the names of his characters, which include "Copperstone" for "Copperfield," etc.

of legitimately interesting a great number of people. I believe this of any art. . .

I have been tempted to quote this rather lengthy passage from Mr. Pinero's speech, because I think it admirably sums up the case in point about Charles Dickens's work and his detractors.

We come now to "David Copperfield," the masterpiece of Charles Dickens, who, until the fact was pointed out to him, had not noticed that in this—the most personal to himself of all his works—the initials of Charles Dickens had merely been transposed to give those of his hero. Charles Dickens never alluded to the miseries and the torture of his early life except in the pages of "David Copperfield," and when in after life he returned to its perusal, he was hardly able to master the emotions which the book recalled.

In No. 21 is one of the many titles written for this work—I counted fifteen in manuscript, and there may have been others. The title in No. 21 is :—

"Mag's Diversions," being the personal history (experience and observation) of Mr. David Mag, the younger, of Blunderstone (Copperfield) House. And in short, it led to the very "Mag's Diversions." And in short, they all played "Mag's Diversions." Old saying.

And jotted on this draft of title are suggested names and variations on the name of the hero—"Copperboy," "Copperstone," as well as some quite different names for the hero, such as "Wellbury," "Flowerbury," "Magbury," "Topflower."

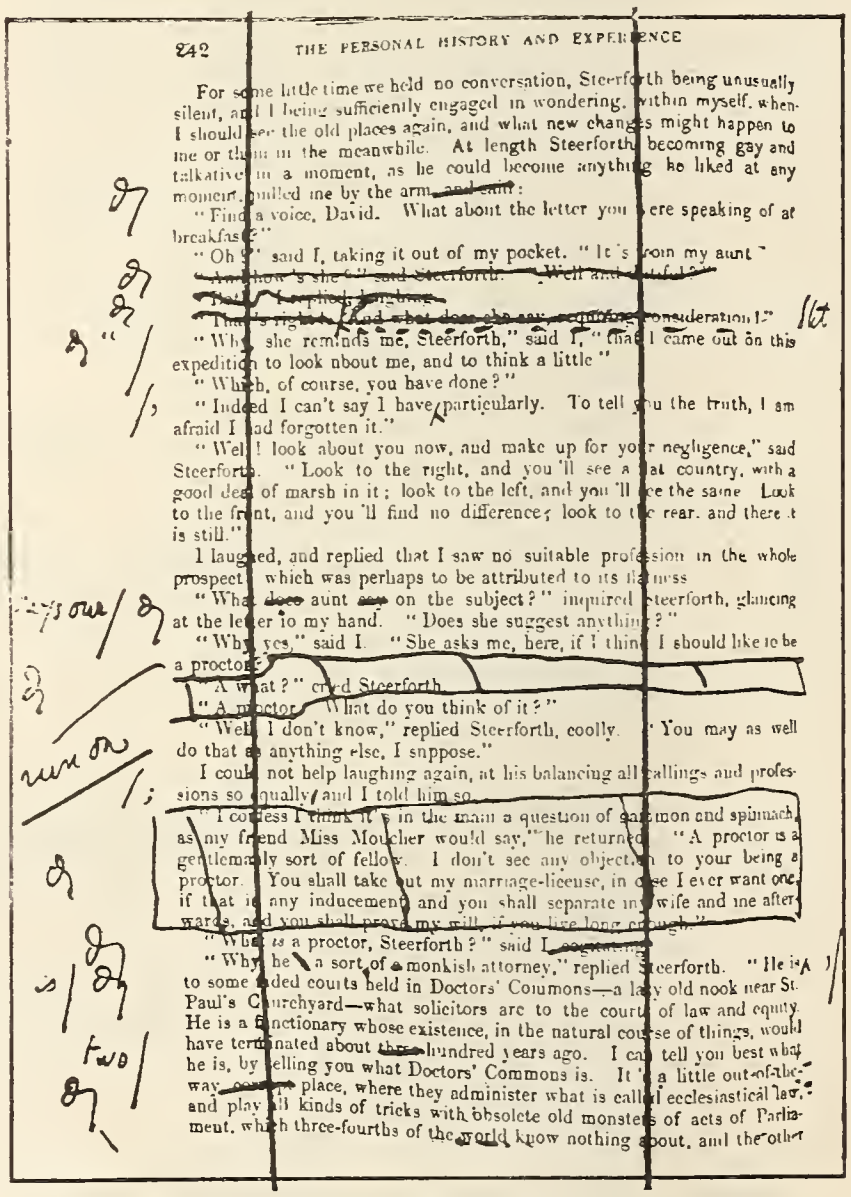
Two of the other titles, for which there is not space in facsimile, are :—

The last will and testament of David Copperfield the younger, of Blunderstone House, who was never executed at the Old Bailey. Being his personal history, adventures, and worldly experience.

And,

The last will and testament of David Copperfield the younger. Being his personal history, which he left as a legacy.

It is not practicable to show here some of the original manuscript of "David Copperfield," for the writing is very small and so cannot be reduced in size, while nearly every page is covered with corrections and alterations, the ink of which, by spreading into the paper, has caused much of the writing to be indistinct. But even better than the manuscript are the corrected proofs seen in Nos. 22 and 23, which contain very interesting alterations made by Charles Dickens himself. In No. 22, Steerforth's remark to Copperfield, parodying the eccentricities of Miss Moucher's speech—"a question of gammon and spinnach," with a superfluous *n* in the last word—has been struck out, and there are many smaller alterations


242 THE PERSONAL HISTORY AND EXPERIENCE

For some little time we held no conversation, Steerforth being unusually silent, and I being sufficiently engaged in wondering, within myself, when I should see the old places again, and what new changes might happen to me or them in the meanwhile. At length Steerforth, becoming gay and talkative in a moment, as he could become anything he liked at any moment, pulled me by the arm, and said:

"Find a voice, David. What about the letter you were speaking of at breakfast?"

"Oh!" said I, taking it out of my pocket. "It's from my aunt."

"And how's she?" said Steerforth. "Well and tearful?"

"Why, she reminds me, Steerforth," said I, "that I came out on this expedition to look about me, and to think a little."

"Which, of course, you have done?"

"Indeed I can't say I have particularly. To tell you the truth, I am afraid I had forgotten it."

"Well! look about you now, and make up for your negligence," said Steerforth. "Look to the right, and you'll see a flat country, with a good deal of marsh in it; look to the left, and you'll see the same. Look to the front, and you'll find no difference; look to the rear, and there it is still."

I laughed, and replied that I saw no suitable profession in the whole prospect, which was perhaps to be attributed to its flatness.

"What does aunt say on the subject?" inquired Steerforth, glancing at the letter in my hand. "Does she suggest anything?"

"Why, yes," said I. "She asks me, here, if I think I should like to be a proctor."

"A what?" cried Steerforth.

"A proctor. What do you think of it?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Steerforth, coolly. "You may as well do that as anything else, I suppose."

I could not help laughing again, at his balancing all callings and professions so equally, and I told him so.

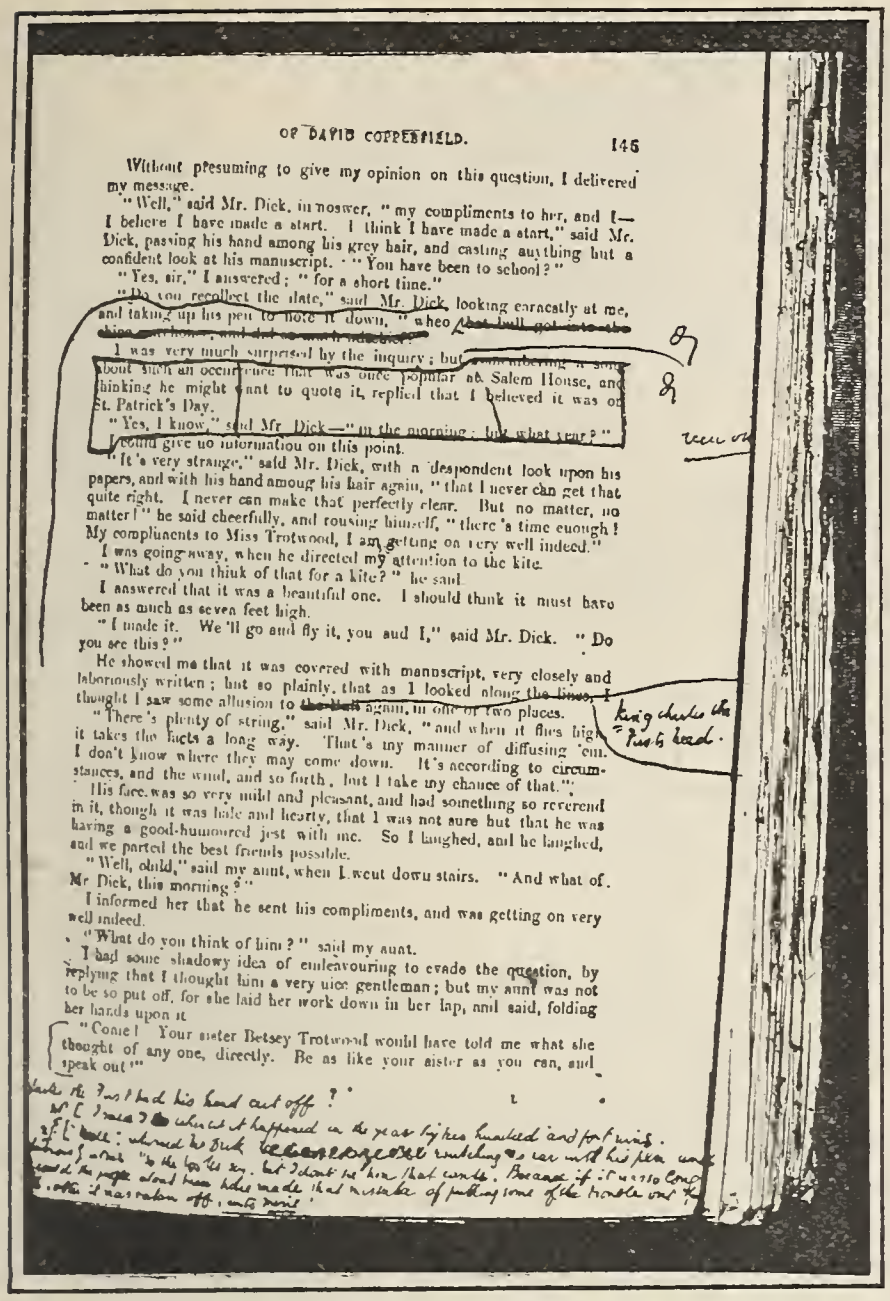
"I confess I think it's in the main a question of gammon and spinnach, as my friend Miss Moucher would say," he returned. "A proctor is a gentlemanly sort of fellow. I don't see any objection to your being a proctor. You shall take out my marriage-license, in case I ever want one, if that is any inducement; and you shall separate my wife and me afterwards, and you shall prove my will, if you live long enough."

"What is a proctor, Steerforth?" said I, considering.

"Why, he's a sort of a monkish attorney," replied Steerforth. "He is to some faded courts held in Doctors' Commons—a lazy old nook near St. Paul's Churchyard—what solicitors are to the courts of law and equity. He is a functionary whose existence, in the natural course of things, would have terminated about three hundred years ago. I can tell you best what he is, by telling you what Doctors' Commons is. It's a little out-of-the-way, queer place, where they administer what is called ecclesiastical law, and play all kinds of tricks with obsolete old monsters of acts of Parliament, which three-fourths of the world know nothing about, and the other

No. 22.—Facsimile of another page of "David Copperfield" revised by Charles Dickens.

[The two black vertical lines represent the pieces of silk cord that were used to tie back the leaves when this facsimile was taken.]



OF DAVID COPPERFIELD. 145

Without presuming to give my opinion on this question, I delivered my message.

"Well," said Mr. Dick, in answer, "my compliments to her, and I—I believe I have made a start. I think I have made a start," said Mr. Dick, passing his hand among his grey hair, and casting anything but a confident look at his manuscript. "You have been to school?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "for a short time."

"Do you recollect the date," said Mr. Dick, looking earnestly at me, and taking up his pen to note it down, "when [illegible]

I was very much surprised by the inquiry; but [illegible] about such an occurrence that was once popular at Salem House, and thinking he might want to quote it, replied that I believed it was on St. Patrick's Day.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Dick—"in the morning; but what year?"

I could give no information on this point.

"It's very strange," said Mr. Dick, with a despondent look upon his papers, and with his hand among his hair again, "that I never can get that quite right. I never can make that perfectly clear. But no matter, no matter!" he said cheerfully, and rousing himself, "there's time enough! My compliments to Miss Trotwood, I am getting on very well indeed."

I was going away, when he directed my attention to the kite.

"What do you think of that for a kite?" he said.

I answered that it was a beautiful one. I should think it must have been as much as seven feet high.

"I made it. We'll go and fly it, you and I," said Mr. Dick. "Do you see this?"

He showed me that it was covered with manuscript, very closely and laboriously written; but so plainly, that as I looked along the lines, I thought I saw some allusion to [illegible] again, in one or two places.

"There's plenty of string," said Mr. Dick, "and when it flies high it takes the facts a long way. That's my manner of diffusing 'em. I don't know where they may come down. It's according to circumstances, and the wind, and so forth, but I take my chance of that."

His face was so very mild and pleasant, and had something so reverend in it, though it was hale and hearty, that I was not sure but that he was having a good-humoured jest with me. So I laughed, and he laughed, and we parted the best friends possible.

"Well, child," said my aunt, when I went down stairs. "And what of Mr Dick, this morning?"

I informed her that he sent his compliments, and was getting on very well indeed.

"What do you think of him?" said my aunt.

I had some shadowy idea of endeavouring to evade the question, by replying that I thought him a very nice gentleman; but my aunt was not to be so put off, for she laid her work down in her lap, and said, folding her hands upon it

"Come! Your sister Betsey Trotwood would have told me what she thought of any one, directly. Be as like your sister as you can, and speak out!"

No. 23.—Facsimile of the page of "David Copperfield" where—during his revision of the proof-sheets—Charles Dickens put into Mr. Dick's imagination his fantastic notion about "King Charles the First's head," in place of Mr. Dick's original hallucination about "the bull in the china shop."

which show the extraordinary care that Dickens bestowed upon "his favourite child" when correcting the proof-sheets, notwithstanding the fact that the original manuscript was altered and touched up to an extent that would have made the writing almost indecipherable, but for Charles Dickens's extreme care when making alterations in his manuscript. No. 23 shows that the famous passage about King Charles the First's head was put into Mr. Dick's crazy brain during the revision of the proofs, and the passage written in at the bottom of No. 23, and which was to be inserted at line 9 of this facsimile, where "that bull got into the china warehouse, and did so much mischief?" is struck out—reads:—

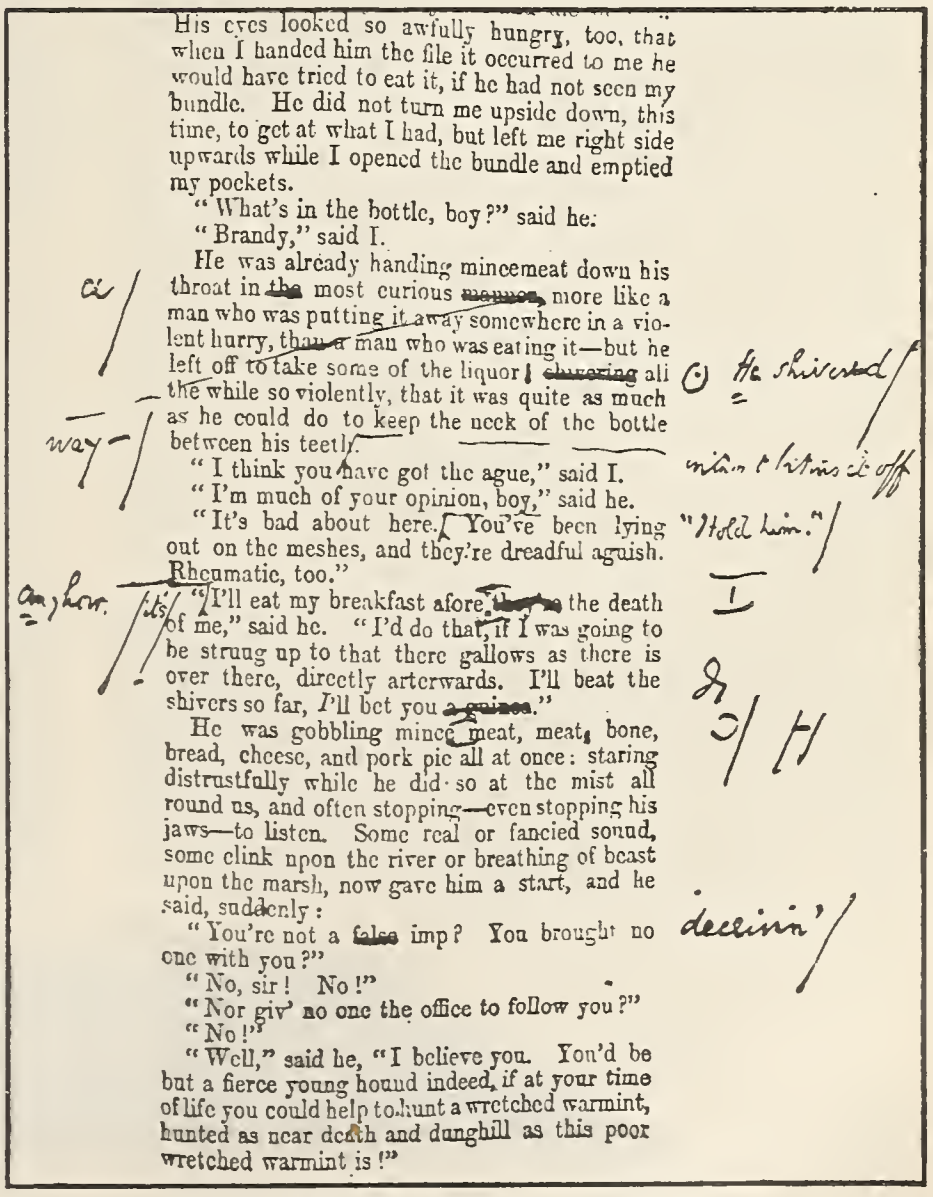
". . . . King Charles the First had his head cut off?"

"I said I believed it happened in the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine."

"Well," returned Mr. Dick, scratching his ear with his pen, and looking dubiously at me, "so the books say, but I don't see how that can be, because if it was so long ago, how could the people about him have made that mistake of putting some of the trouble out of *his* head, after it was taken off, into *mine?*"

This alteration, like many others, has become so faint by the lapse of time, that it is feared much of Charles Dickens's original manuscript will ultimately become illegible owing to fading of the ink and to its corrosion of the paper, some of which is already very fragile and needs most careful handling. For this reason, pressure could not be applied to the bound volumes of manuscript and of corrected proofs, in order to press quite flat the bulky masses of leaves which, as in No. 23, were left to take the natural curve in which the volume opened. A small part of the alterations in No. 23 is hidden, because the margin at the left of the page is not wide enough to fully expose all the writing, except under pressure that would have been injurious to the book.

No. 24 shows a facsimile of an interesting page of "Great Expectations," corrected by its author—see Chapter iii. of the printed book, where "Pip" takes food and brandy to the escaped convict,



His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

"Brandy," said I.

He was already handing mincemeat down his throat in the most curious manner, more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry, than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor, shivering all the while so violently, that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth.

"I think you have got the ague," said I.

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he.

"It's bad about here. You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful aguish. Rheumatic, too."

"I'll eat my breakfast afore they're the death of me," said he. "I'd do that, if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there, directly arterwards. I'll beat the shivers so far, I'll bet you a guinea."

He was gobbling mince meat, meat, bone, bread, cheese, and pork pie all at once: staring distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping—even stopping his jaws—to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some clink upon the river or breathing of beast upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he said, suddenly:

"You're not a false imp? You brought no one with you?"

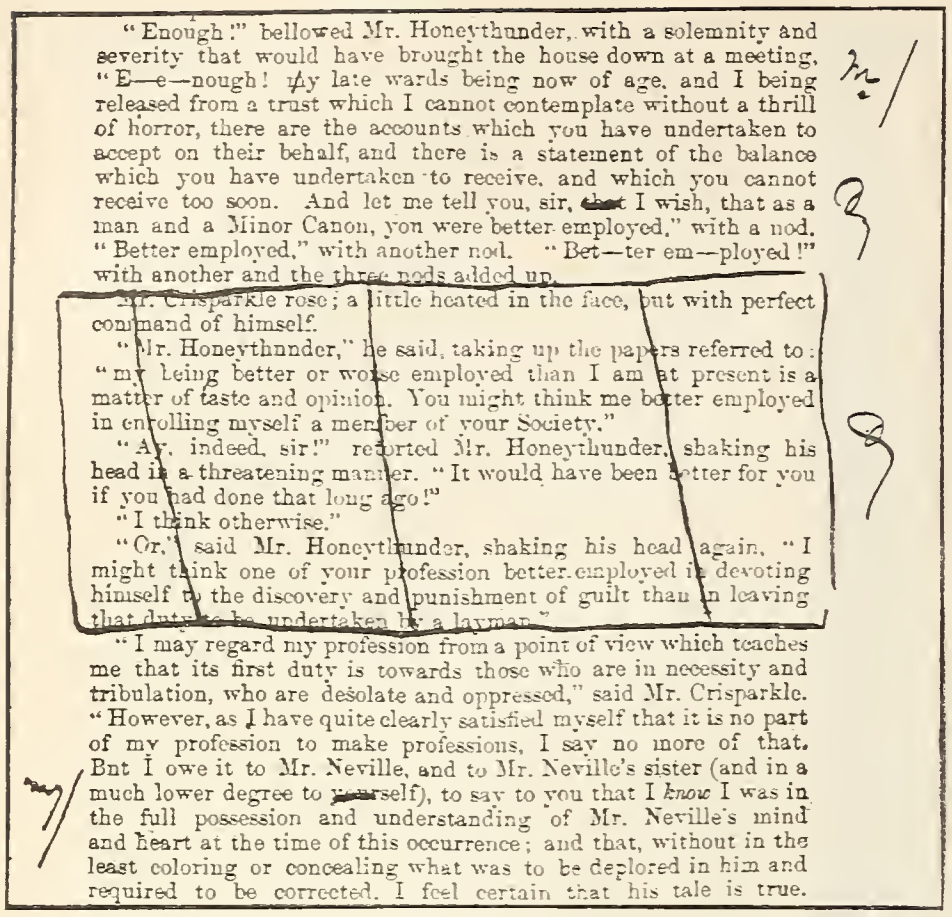
"No, sir! No!"

"Nor giv' no one the office to follow you?"

"No!"

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warmint, hunted as near death and dunghill as this poor wretched warmint is!"

No. 24.—Facsimile of part of a page of "Great Expectations," showing Charles Dickens's alterations in the proof.



"Enough!" bellowed Mr. Honeythunder, with a solemnity and severity that would have brought the house down at a meeting. "E—e—nough! My late wards being now of age, and I being released from a trust which I cannot contemplate without a thrill of horror, there are the accounts which you have undertaken to accept on their behalf, and there is a statement of the balance which you have undertaken to receive, and which you cannot receive too soon. And let me tell you, sir, that I wish, that as a man and a Minor Canon, you were better employed," with a nod. "Better employed," with another nod. "Bet—ter em—ployed!" with another and the three nods added up.

Mr. Crisparkle rose; a little heated in the face, but with perfect command of himself.

"Mr. Honeythunder," he said, taking up the papers referred to: "my being better or worse employed than I am at present is a matter of taste and opinion. You might think me better employed in enrolling myself a member of your Society."

"Ay, indeed, sir!" retorted Mr. Honeythunder, shaking his head in a threatening manner. "It would have been better for you if you had done that long ago!"

"I think otherwise."

"Or," said Mr. Honeythunder, shaking his head again, "I might think one of your profession better employed in devoting himself to the discovery and punishment of guilt than in leaving that duty to be undertaken by a layman."

"I may regard my profession from a point of view which teaches me that its first duty is towards those who are in necessity and tribulation, who are desolate and oppressed," said Mr. Crisparkle. "However, as I have quite clearly satisfied myself that it is no part of my profession to make professions, I say no more of that. But I owe it to Mr. Neville, and to Mr. Neville's sister (and in a much lower degree to myself), to say to you that I *know* I was in the full possession and understanding of Mr. Neville's mind and heart at the time of this occurrence; and that, without in the least coloring or concealing what was to be deplored in him and required to be corrected, I feel certain that his tale is true.

No. 25.—Facsimile of part of the proof of "Edwin Drood," showing a passage struck out by Charles Dickens, and minor alterations.

who subsequently becomes "Pip's" unknown patron.

The piece of "Edwin Drood" shown in No. 25 occurs in Chapter xvii. A peculiarity about the considerable passage here seen to have been struck out by Charles Dickens, is that during a later revision the whole of this passage was re-inserted, and it is printed in the copies of "Edwin Drood" which are sold to-day.

This specimen from Charles Dickens's last work completes the series over which we have been briefly glancing, and which, for one reason or another, cannot include examples from every book that Dickens wrote. Some of the manuscripts do not exist, and others are not in this country. With reference to "Our Mutual Friend," I have the recent and direct authority of Charles Dickens's executrix to make this statement :—

The manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend" was given by Charles Dickens to Mr. Dallas (the husband of Miss Glyn, the well-known actress). Mr. Dallas, at the time "Our Mutual Friend" was published, was a writer in the *Times*, and he wrote a very sympathetic and pleasant review of the book in the *Times*, which pleased Charles Dickens, who very seldom read reviews. When the manuscript was bound up, he gave it to Mr. Dallas. Shortly after Charles Dickens died Mr. Dallas sold the manuscript, and it was bought by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for a large sum. Mr. Childs is dead, and, presumably, his widow now possesses this manuscript. Some of the American papers said that it had been *sold* by Charles Dickens to Mr. Dallas, and afterwards re-sold by him. When this false statement reached Charles Dickens's executrix, that lady asked Mr. Childs to contradict the statement in America, and this was at once done. "As for Charles Dickens to have *sold any* manuscript of his own," wrote Miss Hogarth to me, "this was simply an impossibility."

Last, here is the desk used by Charles Dickens on the day before his death, when at work upon "Edwin Drood." It is a plain slab of dark mahogany with a well-worn leather pad let in. There are two silver plates fastened to it, one inside and underneath the writing slab, which says :—

This desk, which belonged to Charles Dickens, and was used by him on the day before his death, was one of the familiar objects "of his study" which were ordered by his will to be distributed amongst "those who loved him," and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates.

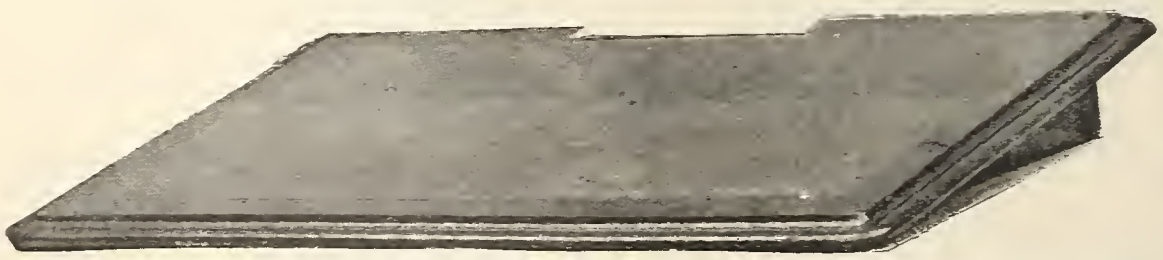
The other plate, which can be seen at the head of the slab, bears the inscription :—

This desk belonged for many years to Charles Dickens, and was last used by him a few hours before he died, on June 9th, 1870. His executrix afterwards gave it to Edmund Yates, at whose death it was sold by public auction on January 21st, 1895, and bought by S. B. Bancroft, who presented it to the South Kensington Museum.

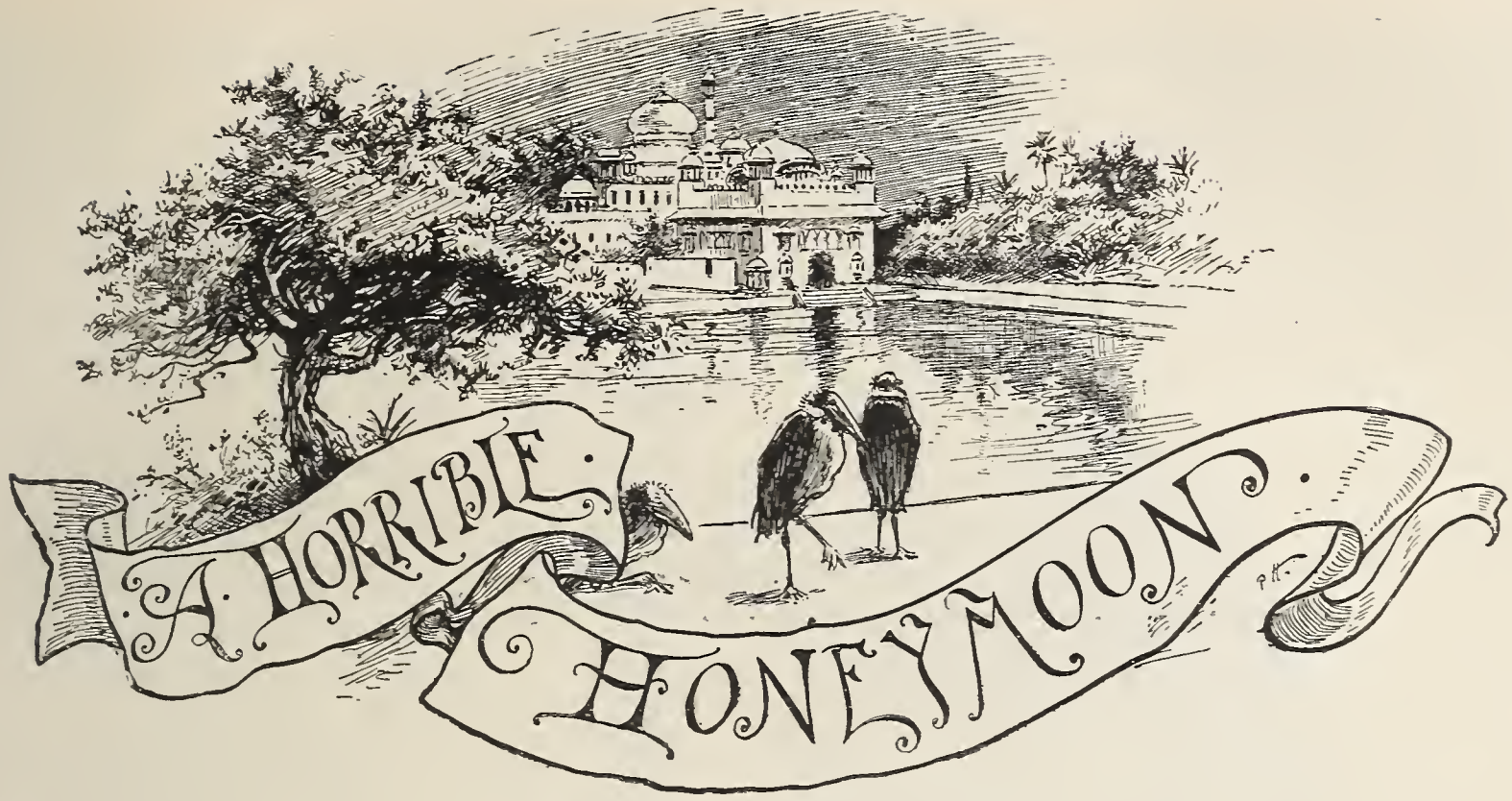
The *Times*, January 22, 1895, contained the following notice :—

Sale of the Late Mr. Edmund Yates's Library. [Charles Dickens's desk.]—This was put up at 50 guineas, and, after brisk bidding, some of it on American account, was knocked down at £105 to Mr. Bancroft amidst cheers.

The wood of this desk is still marked with the many drops of ink that, too eager to be fashioned by the cunning brain and deft hand of a master-craftsman, fell in their haste and became dull stains on this bit of mahogany—leaving their less eager fellows to meet the better fate that chance denied to them.



No. 26.—A photograph of Charles Dickens's mahogany writing slab, or desk, last used by him at Gad's Hill on the day before his death on June 9, 1870.



By Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell.

WHAT a thing it is to have married a mighty hunter! I ought to have known that the moment Jim set eyes on the flying horns of that vanishing herd of black-buck, he would be pining to be after them!

We were having such a delightful ride, in the cool of the morning—the first morning after our marriage! The air was crisp, the sun yet low over the eastern hills, the world still fresh and fair. The bare, sun-baked hillocks, the arid waters, that surround the green oasis of "Hearts' Delight," the Maharajah's summer palace, where we were spending our honeymoon, seemed almost beautiful in our eyes, as we sauntered leisurely along, our ponies as close together as the evenness of the ground permitted. The attendant and ubiquitous grooms we had told to await our return—we wanted this first ride all to our own little selves! Already it seemed as if years separated us from all the fuss of yesterday—the marigold-garlanded veranda; the smart bonnets, which had replaced the *solar-topees* at the unwonted hour of noon; the venerable tall hats, exhumed for the auspicious occasion; the gay uniforms, and, finally, the driving off, in Jim's little bamboo cart, "over the hills and far away," to this out-of-the-way nook of "Hearts' Delight."

If Jim the lover had been delightful, what were not my views about Jim the husband, as I looked up at his dear, tanned face, and bleached moustache, as he rode so close by my side!

And just then, his keen hunter's eye espied that unlucky herd of black-buck, alarmed by our unexpected appearance, bounding away over the horizon! Not that the sight told upon him yet, though.

"One—two—four—five—" counted Jim, screwing up his eyes, "and a fine head, by Jove!" he added, as the horned lord of the family brought up the rear, driving his harem before him.

When the sun grew hot we turned back to the palace. The servants had laid breakfast for us in the beautifully carved white marble garden-house, where we had slept. In front shimmered an artificial tank of water, where fat fish basked in the shadow of the stone steps. Around were bosky alleys of mango and orange trees, with here and there open sunny spaces, gay with purple bougainvillea and yellow alamanda, and sweet with roses. The ring-doves cooed unseen in the branches; the pert hoopoos strutted about the paths. Behind, on a wide terrace, and faced by a huge portico, rose the palace of "Hearts' Delight," a dream of delicate tracery of salmon-coloured stone. Surrounded by an obsequious group of servants, my prince by my side, I felt like a fairy heroine out of the Arabian Nights!

Then the spell was broken.

"Those black-buck!" muttered Jim, his nouth full of tinned salmon. "I *should* like to have a try for them this evening. On that ground, with those hillocks, I believe I could get up to them beautifully!"

Already, with my superior woman-instinct, I knew better than to thwart even the most devoted of twenty-four-hours-old husbands, when his sporting tendencies were aroused.

"Oh! do have a try!" I exclaimed; but I fancy my tone belied my words.

"And leave you, little woman?" tenderly.

"Oh, I don't mind! I'd like you to get a nice buck."

"You might ride out with me," he demurred, "as far as that dry jheel——"

"'YOU MIGHT RIDE OUT WITH ME,' HE DEMURRED."

"And get in the way and spoil sport!" I laughed, "and have to ride back alone! I'd sooner be left here in the garden!"

"Well, I'll talk it over with Mohun!" Jim added, and then we returned to a subject that interested us both much more deeply—namely, our own two selves, and all we had ever thought or felt concerning each other, from the very first moment that Jim was introduced to me. The gentle reader will understand the style of conversation, disjointed, unconnected, eyes and hands playing their part in it, and, doubtless, lips, too, might have had their share, did not the presence of the ubiquitous servants, and of Mohun the faithful, hovering in the rear, forbid.

Mohun is Jim's familiar, his *shikari* or huntsman, tall, straight, swarthy, and wiry, with a beaked nose and eyes like a hawk. Not a shot has Jim fired these many years, but Mohun has been in at the death. He is a premier of woodcraft, a hunter to the very tips of his bony, claw-like hands. What I admire about Mohun, however, is the fact that Jim is unto him like a god. He adores the very ground his sahib treads on. Once, indeed, away in Kashmir, Jim avers, Mohun saved his life, nursing him like a woman, through a bad attack of fever up in his tiny tent on the edge of the snows.

I sometimes fancy Mohun is a shade jealous of me over our Jim. In the former's eyes I am but a poor thing. I cannot stalk, and to shoot I am afraid. I feel, on the other hand, that in the life of Jim *cum* Mohun, I have neither part nor lot.

The morning passed away like a beautiful dream. After breakfast we strolled about the garden; then, when the sun grew unbearable, we explored the cool depths of the palace.

"Hearts' Delight" is one wealth of delicate stone carving—portico, loggia, oriel, balcony, and turret; the product of a land where labour is a drug in the market. The present Maharajah, brought up by English tutors, affects the place but little, preferring Simla and Calcutta. The palace was built by his old uncle, the late Maharajah, whom we deposed, a rather grim personage of the true Oriental type, and of evil, Mutiny, notoriety. His successor keeps the place up well, and is always ready to lend it to any English officials of the neighbouring frontier districts, and certainly it is an ideal place for a honeymoon.

We wandered through the halls, the floors of which were mostly innocent of soap and water. In the dim arches of the vast portico hung flying foxes, snoozing through the midday heat. The great hall was chiefly remarkable for huge gilt French mirrors and great glass candelabra, for which the late

Maharajah had a true native's passion, but which contrasted ill with the Moorish arches and the stone carving.

At the back of the palace, as we stepped out on to a hanging balcony of stone, we came unexpectedly on a large artificial pond, washing the very walls.

"Not a very delightful addition to the place!" I exclaimed, sniffing disdainfully as I gazed down into its pea-soup-like depths. "And what is that? A rock? Mud? Rocks?"

In the shade of the walls, half in the water, half in the mud, were dark masses.

"Rocks?" laughed Jim. "Wait and see!"

And he signed to a native who had followed us; carrying, I had wondered why, large pieces of raw meat. These he threw down among my "rocks."

Instantly there was a stir, an upheaval of the water, and a vision of crawling feet, of yellow-white bellies, of gaping jaws, and of rows upon rows of gleaming teeth. The pond was alive with crocodiles! I thought they would snap off each other's hideous heads as they fought for the dainty morsels!

"There are both sorts there," remarked Jim, calmly looking down upon the fray. "The long-nosed, fish-eating 'mugger,' and the bottle, or snub-nosed gentleman, who devours the unwary washerman, when he ventures too far out into the stream."

"Ugh!" I shuddered, turning away in disgust. "It's horrible! I can't bear to watch them. I wish you hadn't——"

Jim apologized, abjectly, all the way back through the great hall. I forgave him. After tiffin, as we sat on the terrace in the shade of the portico, a native juggler came and performed his tricks to us. He did the most marvellous things then and there, on the bare stone, with scarcely a rag upon him in which to conceal his apparatus—quite putting a many-pocketed European conjurer to shame. We beheld mango trees grow under a flower-pot from a mere leaf to a shrub some feet high. We saw a man, shut up in a basket much too small for him, and stabbed through and through till the sword was gory, suddenly reappear intact from the hall behind us. The juggler swallowed knives and vomited burning tow, and when we were aweary of him we adjourned to an open space beyond the lake, where they spread a carpet and brought chairs, and wild beasts came and fought before us. There were rams that butted each other with their horns, elephants that wrestled with their trunks, and swarthy-maned wild Brahmin bulls that charged bellowing. All these shows to do honour to my Jim, as representing Her Majesty across the frontier in Pugreepoor.

I fancy it was the fighting rams that turned Jim's thoughts back to the black-buck of the morning.

He called Mohun to him. There was a brief consultation. Then he turned to me, and of course, I let him go! There were yet two good hours of daylight before dinner-time. Before then Jim might secure a fine head. Mohun was forthwith sent forward with coolies and the rifle. The pony was hurriedly brought round, and Jim trotted away under the carved gateway. I must say that I felt a little sad as his knicker-bockers and brown *putties* vanished round the corner of the mud huts which clustered round the palace gate.

"JIM TROTTED AWAY UNDER THE CARVED GATEWAY."

Left to my own devices, I returned to our Pearl Garden House. Causing a chair and a table to be brought to me out on a *chabuttra*, or raised stone platform among the rose trees, I sat down to indite a long epistle to Ethel.

Ethel! my very dearest school chum! Ethel, who, if promises counted for anything, and miles of ocean had not intervened, should have been "best girl" at my wedding! And now, after all, here I had been married with ne'er a bridesmaiden at all! There were but four girls in all Pugreepoor, and, of these, one was whity-brown and impossible, and the other three none too friendly with me on account of the failure of their designs upon Jim, the eligible assistant magistrate.

So, naturally, there were reams to write to Ethel. I wrote, and I wrote, till the short Indian twilight fell over the garden, and the servants came to say dinner was ready, and would I wait for the sahib?

I awoke from writing all about Jim, to miss him. How late he was! I wandered disconsolately about the gardens on the look-out for him. But he came not. Instead, came the night, alone. The bats began to skim under the branches. The flying foxes emerged from the portico, and the distant cry of a jackal, weird, blood-curdling, replaced the ring-dove's coo of the morning.

After waiting an hour, I yielded reluctantly to the old bearer's persuasion, and toyed with a solitary meal which choked me. In vain Ali Boxus assured me that there was no counting upon the sahib's return when once he set off shooting. That was poor comfort! How different had been our snug little dinner of the night before!

Darkness fell: under the shadow of the mango trees, a darkness that might be felt. The moon would not rise till midnight; with the darkness came all sorts of fears, real and imaginary; fears of snakes and toads and jackals; fears of accident, if not of death, to Jim; recollections of horrid guns going off unawares, of ponies falling down and breaking their riders' necks!

I no longer dared go out as far as the gateway and listen for his horse's hoofs. Even the strange, dark garden had mysterious terrors. I huddled in the centre octagonal room of our Pearl Kiosque, sitting miserably on my little camp bed, Jim's empty one beside me.

I think that I must have cried a little, at last, I felt so utterly lonely. Then the ayah came and persuaded me to let her undress me and put me to bed, as was her wont. She gently massaged my limbs, crooning the while softly to herself. The dim light of a wick in a saucer of oil on the ground in one corner faintly lit up the beautiful tracery of the arches, and the form of the old bearer stretched on guard in the veranda. Insensibly I dozed.

But fitfully. Every now and again I awoke starting, fancying Jim had returned. Then I began to dream, horrid dreams: I was out shooting with Jim, and wild beasts, huge and fierce, beset us. Mohun was there, but would not help us. He kept on saying that the sahib was in my charge now. Then a great sort of wolf attacked Jim. I threw myself between them—I could see its fangs—the creature's mouth slobbered over me—I awoke with a shriek!

There, between me and a little lamp, *was* a beast—huge—gaunt—hairy—with a big mouth wide open! I could hear it eating—lapping! I sat up in terror. Was my dream true? Was it eating Jim? But my scream scared it. It slunk away—a poor, starved wretch of a pariah dog, driven to lapping the oil out of the lamp. I sprang out of bed. There was no Jim! I was still alone in this open, unprotected garden-house! I shouted for the ayah and the bearer, who woke up, frightened at my fright.

Not another moment, I exclaimed, would I remain without the sahib in this place where all sorts of things could roam in. I could not sleep a wink! I ordered them to find me out some other room at once, and I shivered with the night air and with terror.

The bearer, still half-asleep, joined his hands in supplication. Of course, my High-Mightiness could go where I liked; but the Maharajah's sahib guests always had their beds laid in the Pearl Garden House. The palace was doubtless unwashed and mosquito-y, but if it was safer, I would sleep there. No, not in the big hall—that would give me the blues. Were there no little rooms?

The bearer departed to investigate, through some of the Rajah's myrmidons, lying asleep about the place. He returned with the information that my High-Mightiness could rest in the *Bebi-Khana*, the women's apartments, over the great hall. So we set forth—they do these things so easily in India—I and my servants, my bed, my bag, and my tea-basket.

The huge mirrors of the great hall, by the dim light of the bearer's lantern, reflected a very woebegone little white face. By a

narrow little dirty stairs in the thickness of the wall we climbed to a suite of rooms high up. I chose the least and innermost, as the securest, as well as the airiest, with the night breeze blowing in through a glassless window opening on to a small arched balcony of stone. The servants quickly arranged my little bed, and in a few minutes I had lain down again, while the ayah, her head muffled in her white shawl, after the manner of her kind, stretched herself on the floor of the adjoining room.

Despite my gnawing anxiety about Jim, the change, the cooler air, soon made me drowsy, and I quickly fell asleep, this time soundly and dreamlessly. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was suddenly awoke by the sound of a voice, near at hand.

I opened my eyes. Straight in front of me, through the carved arches of the balcony, was a brilliant patch of light. The moon had risen, but, inside, the room was in dense shadow. By the dim light of the flickering lamp on the floor, when I turned my head, I saw a figure in the doorway.

"I SAW A FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY."

I sprang up in bed as it advanced slowly towards me and resolved itself into that of a wizen old scarecrow of a native woman, quite half-naked, and simply a mass of wrinkles and bones, crowned with a few stray grey locks. It might have been a hundred years old; it looked scarcely human, till it opened its toothless jaws and spoke.

"Ha! here you are, Shahzadi," it quavered, grimly. "I have sought you everywhere, and I have found you at last!" it added, with a grin so fiendish that I sat up in bed too transfixed with terror even to scream or move.

"The beautiful white Princess!" it croaked, sidling nearer, "with the yellow hair and the pale face! Ha! Salaam! the beautiful new Maharanee! Salaam! The Maharajah's Heart's Delight. The beautiful prisoner—all the white men killed! Only the white Shahzadi left, and left to be the Maharajah's *Bebi!* Ha!" she hissed. "I have found you at last!"

She seemed about to spring upon me. I saw her eyes glitter in the gloom. For a moment I shrank up against the wall, and then I jumped over the end of the bed, and glanced round for a means of escape. But the old madwoman had got between me and the door! I tried to scream. But my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Besides, ayahs asleep, and swaddled up like mummies, are stone deaf. Then it all happened so quickly. She advanced upon me, nearer and nearer, still with that horrible grin and jabbering wildly.

"Found! found! You white *Bebi!* Beautiful? Faugh! Once I was beautiful too, and his Highness the Maharajah loved my long black hair and my fat white neck."

I edged away—back—back. She drew upon me like a baleful old snake, fascinating me with her horrible glower.

"I was the Maharajah's Heart's Delight. I was the Maharanee, till you came, you white Shahzadi! Yah!"

I was against the pillar through the archway—in the balcony—on she came!

"Wah! wah!" she croaked. "Beautiful? I will make you beautiful—I'll dim those beautiful eyes of yours——"

A long, bony arm, bangle laden, hovered in the air. A knife gleamed in the moonlight as she swooped down upon me. Whether she pushed me, whether I let myself fall, I cannot say. But the next moment I was over the edge of the balcony and down, thirty feet, into the pond below!

There was a yell of maniacal laughter, the shadow of a figure following me as I fell! I struck the water and sank. A struggle brought me to the surface again. In front of me the sheer walls of the palace glittered white in the moonlight. A few strokes, and I felt the ground under my feet: soft, slimy ooze and mud, under the very walls.

I leant against the stone to fetch my breath, and looked up and around. Not a buttress or a prop to climb up by within reach. Under the sheer wall a narrow strip of mud. At the end of the pond, could I reach it, stone steps. I took a step forward. But, ah! what was that dark shadow in the moonlight—and another—and yet another? I had reckoned without the muggers! Muggers to right, to left, in front—basking, half-asleep in the moonlight—frightful—loathsome—evil——

I clung to the wall, paralyzed with terror, not daring to move a step. How could I hope to escape those sharp eyes, those greedy jaws? But I was young, and the instinct of self-preservation is strong. I thought, if indeed at such a moment I could be said to think at all, that my only slender chance of safety lay in creeping stealthily along the tiny strip of ooze and reaching the steps at the other end. But was it possible, without waking those slumbering monsters?

Nerving myself to the utmost, I made an effort. Luckily, my bare feet and my scanty garments enabled me to move quietly and with as little disturbance as possible of the water. I crept slowly, hardly daring to put one foot before the other. The moonlight was so fearfully searching. At every step it revealed fresh horrors—a gruesome head slowly peeping out of the water, a loathly, claw-like paw lying on the mud. The horrid monsters lay so thick together, some half-atop of the others, that even my stealthy movements rippling the water caused them to stir. My night-dress flicked some horny back, or swept over a black snout, which, when I had passed by, slowly opened and snapped to behind me.

Once I trod on a great, fat, horny-eared toad, and I nearly collapsed with terror as it flopped into the water, arousing the dreaded sleepers. Around me in the moonlight I seemed to see hundreds of eyes opening, hundred of gleaming jaws full of white teeth!

The palace wall seemed interminable. Should I never gain the steps? Just, however, when they appeared within reach, and I had just begun to breathe freely, one monster, larger than all the rest, seemed to bar my way. I clung helplessly to the wall,

"I CLUNG HELPLESSLY TO THE WALL."

and gave myself up for lost. For he was sleeping badly. Perhaps he had indigestion, or the mosquitoes annoyed him! Anyhow, ever and anon his long tail moved a little and his jaws slowly opened and shut. I remember standing there, staring terror-stricken at him, wondering if I should take long to die, if Jim——

But the mere thought of Jim nerved me to a fresh effort. Could I not hazard a wild leap over the monster's back—a step backwards, a steady take-off, the mud permitting? What was the use of all my training, my golf, my tennis, if now, in this desperate hour of need, I could not leap for my life?

I drew back to make the attempt, feeling hopelessly the while that the mud would prevent a fair start; that the creature, snapping at my clothes, would pull me down—when, just as I had nerved myself to try, it slowly sank down beneath the water and disappeared!

A moment later and, more dead than alive, I had staggered up the steps, pursued by a horrible sound of disturbed water and snapping jaws. There was a sort of path of clear, dry, sunbaked ground; beyond, a stone seat. I just reached it, and then Nature revenged herself for the prolonged tension, and I fainted. When I came to myself, the moonlight was struggling with the dawn. I still lay upon the seat, but my head was pillowed on something soft, and over me bent—my husband!

"Thank God!" I heard his voice. It was no dream, then.

"Jim! Back all right?"

My eyes spoke what my voice had not strength to utter.

"Hush! My darling! Drink this. Now, let me carry you——"

"Not back to *that* room!" I gasped, shudderingly, clinging to him.

"No, no, my darling. Lie quiet; do not talk. I'll take you to our own little Pearl Garden House."

And there he laid me. It was all clear and fair now—scented with roses, and full of ring-doves, too, cooing. Then a fit of hysterical tears relieved my overstrained nerves, and I sobbed myself to sleep, holding Jim's hand.

When I awoke it was high noon in the world outside. I felt myself once more, and was able to hear Jim's story. He was dreadfully penitent. Only to look at him, my Jim, with the iron nerves, who had faced charging tigers and mad elephants, you could see that he had had almost as great a fright as myself.

As for himself, this was what had occurred: Mohun, slipping down a ravine, had cut an artery in his leg with his hunting-knife, and wrenched his ankle badly.

"I felt I could not leave him there alone to bleed to death. I wish I had, now," muttered Jim.

"Jim!"

"If I had known, my own—fifty Mohuns—but never mind that now! Well, I tied him up, and waited till all the danger was over. It was quite dark by then; the stalk had been such a long one."

"You got a fine head?"

"Yes—no. I really can't remember. The deer—I've forgotten all about it!"

"*You?* Oh, Jim! And what next?"

"Well, you see, Mohun couldn't move, and I had to go off and get help to carry him. The nearest village was a couple of miles off, and I kept losing my way among the hills, and all the time I was worried to pieces wondering what you would think, how anxious you'd be."

"Not many sahibs would have taken all that trouble for a 'nigger,' Jim," I murmured, proudly.

"It was nothing, but for *you!* Besides, I owe Mohun something always for that time in Kashmir. However, I got him back all right in time. But I returned to find the Garden House empty! Then they sent me to the *Bebi-Khana*. There I found Ali Boxus and the ayah off their heads with terror. Your bed in the inner room was empty—you had utterly disappeared!"

"My poor Jim!"

"We hunted all over the palace," he continued, "and, of course, in vain! Then—then suddenly—I remembered—the—the muggers!"

He stopped abruptly, grew pale beneath his tan, and the hand holding mine shook.

"We turned to the lake, and there I found you—wet—cold—I thought dead—but I *found* you!"

He could not go on. But I nestled my head upon his shoulder, and he, feeling me close to him, alive and warm, clasped me as if he could never let me go again, and thus, gradually, and in broken sentences, I told him the story of *my* night.

Ere we left "Hearts' Delight" that evening—bringing, at my urgent pleading, our honeymoon to an abrupt conclusion, for nothing would have induced me to spend another night in the place—Jim inflicted

summary vengeance. While men in punts beat the lake, he from the bank shot every bottle-nosed or man-eating mugger as soon as it showed its hideous snout above water. The hide of the largest, a hideous monster, the patriarch of all the evil tribe, he wished to preserve as a trophy, and, at its skinning, two strange things came to light. In its stomach were found a silver amulet of native manufacture, and a gold ring, evidently English. The stones had dropped out, but on rubbing it up we were enabled to read the inscription inside :—

"Ethel Clayton, from Jack Joyce. Till death do us part."

"Ethel Clayton!" I exclaimed. "Why, that was the name of mamma's poor sister! Jack Joyce! Why, surely that was the name of the man she was engaged to—he was killed at the forlorn hope at Delhi—volunteered for it, mamma said, he was so broken-hearted about her death——"

"Her death?" repeated Jim. "But this ring?"

"Poor Aunt Ethel! She was killed in the massacre at Guramghur, you know, when the treacherous old Maharajah——"

I stopped short, a horrible light breaking in upon me as I stared at the ring, and the mad jabberings of the old crone in the night burst into my mind again.

"Unless—unless—oh! Jim, you don't think—it can't be possible?"—and I covered my face with my hands as if to shut out some horrible sight.

Whether our terrible surmise was true we were never able to discover. Jim made every investigation, but in vain. With the wicked old Maharajah had vanished all his myrmidons and the old régime. Either through ignorance or fear, not a soul about the place could or would say anything about any white woman brought to the palace forty years before, after the terrible massacre at Guramghur.

Only one person, they all agreed, could have told us anything about it: that was the late Maharajah's favourite wife—now a haggard old crone, with failing wits—through the kindness of his successor allowed to end her days at "Hearts' Delight."

But she had not been seen since last evening. Only the amulet found inside the mugger, and which was at once identified as hers, corroborated the mad laugh and the falling figure which had followed me as I fell, and left us in no doubt as to her fate.

For my part, when I recall her frenzied words, and recollect that mamma has often told me how like I am to poor Aunt Ethel, I see plainly that my sudden appearance at "Hearts' Delight" must have aroused in the miserable maniac's distraught mind a fit of the jealousy of forty years back, and feel no doubt that somehow or other (how, we shall never know this side the grave) my poor young aunt fell a victim to the awful death I so narrowly escaped.

"I STOPPED SHORT AS I STARED AT THE RING."

Yarns from Captains' Logs.

I.

By Alfred T. Story.

SAILORS' yarns are proverbially interesting. This arises largely from the element of mystery which envelops the whale's bath, as the ocean is named in the oldest English epic, and from the spirit of adventure which attaches to all who go down to the sea in ships.

It was the boldest and most daring spirits who in the earliest of early times ventured from land in the frail coracle or simple dug-out canoe. And yet these must have seemed but timid seafarers in comparison with the adventurous souls who yoked the wind to their tiny keels, and, emulating the strong-winged sea-birds, made the waves their home, and ploughed its furrows for their food. But what was the taking of a coracle or an ancient galley out to sea in comparison with the running of the passenger steamers that ply between Liverpool or Southampton and New York, or between London and the Australian Colonies or India?

Hence it is that the sailor's story is as full of charm as ever to the landsman, and that, if well told, it rarely palls upon the taste. It is not every seaman, however, who has got a yarn to tell like that of the Ancient Mariner or the Flying Dutchman, although there are still living numberless old salts who are ready to take their affidavit on the fact of having seen the redoubtable Mynheer's phantom ship.

Science and steam have effected much for those who do business in the great deep, but they have not yet killed the sea-serpent; neither have modern enlightenment and the School Board altogether exorcised the Spirit of Evil from the face of the waters—or, perhaps, we should say that they have not as yet quite enfranchised the mind of the sailor from the superstitions that formerly were as prevalent as the tang of the salt in the air we breathed, and that so largely influenced his actions and conduct. Of this the following incident is a witness. The amusing little drama was narrated to the writer by the wife of one of the actors therein, and though the event did not appear in the captain's log, that circumstance arose simply from the fact that he could not write.

On a dark and dismal night a few years ago a small coasting schooner was tossing about off the south-east coast. The wind whistled ominously, telling in its own unmistakable language of a rapidly approaching storm. The skipper, a seasoned old salt, felt, with a knowledge that had become instinct, that they were going to have a dirty night. He knew that there was not a moment to be lost if he would have his vessel put in readiness to meet the coming tempest. The first thing to be done was to get in the topsail, and he accordingly gave the order to a man standing near him:—

"Jack, go aloft and furl the tops'el!"

To the master's astonishment, the man he addressed, though a sailor of undoubted bravery, hesitated to obey. The skipper rapped out an oath, and bade him do as he was bid. But the sailor still held back, and when reproached for a coward and a poltroon, the poor fellow blurted out the reason of his extraordinary conduct by saying:—

"A darn't, sir. A've 'eard queer sounds in th' riggin' as a don't much care for. It strikes me there's somethin' unnat'ral 'bout it."

"Rubbish!" cried the skipper, now well-nigh boiling with rage. "Do as I tell ye this moment, or it'll be the worse for ye."

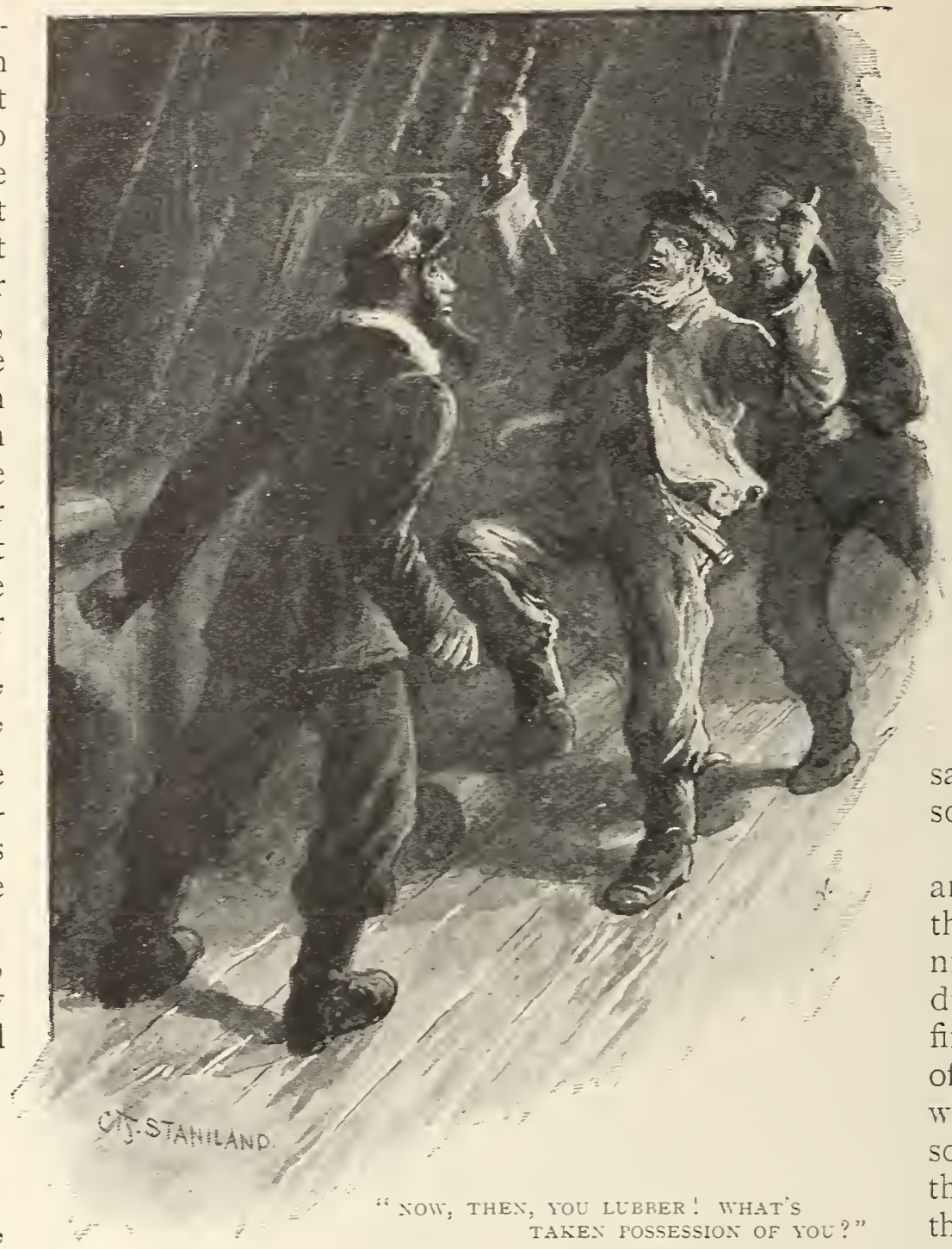
Jack, fearing the rough treatment he would inevitably bring down upon himself if he persisted in his disobedience, made up his mind to dare the terror that lurked in the pitch darkness enshrouding the rigging, and began to ascend towards the topsail yard. But he had not gone far aloft ere he came to a sudden stop. Then with a precipitancy which he had not shown in going up, he tumbled down to the deck again.

"Now, then, you lubber! What's taken possession of you now?" demanded the skipper.

"Oh, Cap'n!" cried the terrified fellow, as soon as his agitation would permit him to speak, "the bad un's in the riggin'. I ain't agoin' t' furl that ere tops'el with 'im a lurkin' there."

The skipper ground his teeth, but vouchsafed not a word to the scared man. With a look of contempt he pushed past him, and commanded a young Irishman to perform the task, adding: "And look smart about it, d'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, skipper!" responded Paddy, who, glad to show his superiority to danger and fear, swung himself aloft with the alacrity of a monkey. But no sooner had he reached the top than, like Jack, Paddy



"NOW, THEN, YOU LUBBER! WHAT'S TAKEN POSSESSION OF YOU?"

became transfixed with horror. Not another step did he venture to take, but instead went helter-skelter downwards, reaching the deck even quicker than his shipmate had done. Nor did he attempt to hide the white feather either.

"Och, sure!" cried he, "an' if it ain't the foul fiend himself that has got into the tops'el."

"Get along, you cowardly lubber!" cried the incensed skipper.

"Faix, masther, but I heerd him say, 'Rough weather, mates,' as plain as plain could be—an' as fur furling the sail in face of that imp of sin—you may do it yourself, for, begor, I won't."

"Fiend or no fiend," shouted the captain, who was now in a towering rage, "I'll have that topsail down"; and seizing a knife, he proceeded to climb the rigging.

But no sooner had he reached the top than he received, in a harsh, rancous voice, the same greeting as his men:—

"Rough weather, mates—rough weather!"

Needless to say that, like Jack and Paddy, the skipper was terribly scared; and if he did not get down to the deck as quickly as they, it was because he was less supple in the joints, not because his hurry was less.

There was now no doubt as to the ship being, for the time, the abode of a demon. The only question was what to do with the schooner with such an unwelcome visitor on board. A hasty council of war was held, with the resulting unanimous feeling that their prospects of ever seeing daylight again were very small. All were of opinion that the only chance they had lay in being very good, and doing nothing to anger the Evil One. Accordingly they steered the ship to the best of their ability, and kept very quiet, fearing all the time lest the grim terror in the rigging should lead them to destruction upon a treacherous sand, or against some sunken rock.

In this state of anxiety and fear they passed the night; and gladly did they hail the first faint gleam of returning day, which also brought some mitigation of the tempest. Then the eyes of the crew were strained as they gazed up into the rigging to see if perchance the demon was still there. Nothing as yet could they descry, for the mist continued to cling about the masts and shrouds; but the Irish sailor vowed that he could make out a pair of eyes a-gleam near the masthead; and there was no mistake about the voice that suddenly cried down to them, making Jack almost jump overboard with fright:—

"Now, then, you lubbers, belay, there, belay!"

Everybody expected next moment to see the grim monster show himself in their midst. But behold their surprise when, instead, they saw a large, handsome parrot fly down into the top and salute them with something very much like a laugh. The accomplished bird had flown into the schooner's rigging from a passing vessel, and was thus, no doubt innocently enough, the cause of a night of heart-quaking and anxiety to a whole crew.

One could not have got that story from the good skipper himself, for, like the rest of us, the sailor is reluctant to let out that which

"NOW, THEN, YOU LUBBERS, BELAY, THERE, BELAY!"

tells against himself. Thus it often happens that Jack's best yarns are rounded off with a "But you must not tell that," or it may be that you may only tell it with a variation.

But such is not the case in the following experiences taken from the lips of masters of some of the largest vessels belonging to our mercantile marine. They are selected with a view to show what are the kind of men who hold command in our moving cities of the deep, what are the perils they go through, and what the training they receive in order to be able to cope with them.

It is fitting to begin with the Commodore of the Penisular and Oriental Company's fleet, Captain William Andrews, master of the *Caledonia*, the newest and largest of the vessels that carry the P. and O. flag, and capable of accommodating eight hundred passengers. It is interesting to record that Captain Andrews ran away to sea when he was sixteen years of age — the more so because lads do not do such things now, and not many girls. His first voyage was to the West Indies, with a hard master, and plenty of salt junk, and little else, to eat. He lived through it, however, gained his experience by years of hard work in sailing ships, then joined the P. and O. and became a "steam-sailor." Much of his early years in the service was spent in the India and China seas. That was in the pre-Suez Canal days, when the company gave extra pay to those who worked on "the other side," that is, on the Red Sea side of the Isthmus of Suez.

Captain Andrews tells an interesting experience of his voyage, as a passenger, from Singapore to Hong Kong, to take his first command. This was in December, 1864:—

"In the middle of the China Seas a typhoon came on"—I tell the story, as nearly as possible, in the captain's own words. "It was out of season, the regular season for such cyclonic disturbances being July, August, and September, and came on unexpectedly. We got into the centre of it and tried to run back, but it overtook us; and there we were, with the wind now coming in a gust from this quarter and now from that, so that you did not know how to take it, and the sea jumping up all about you, with no regular motion as at ordinary times. I volunteered to assist at the helm, which it took two or three men to hold, it tugged so terribly at times, owing to the heavy seas striking the rudder. Big seas were coming over us all the time, and again and again the men assisting me were thrown down, and I had to sustain the tug of the helm alone. You see, I was bigger than they were, and at that time very powerful."

A query at this point elicited the fact that Captain Andrews's height is 5ft. 10in., that he is 47in. round the chest, and that his present weight is 16st.

He went on: "We stood it for sixteen hours, and then the hurricane moderated. When it was over, and we were going on again all right, we came in sight of a steamer with her foremast gone right down to the deck. She had lost her mainmast, too, and a lot of spars. We spoke her, but she did not want any assistance.

"After the storm, during the whole of which—a stretch of sixteen hours—I was at the helm and wet through to the skin, I got into a hot bath to prevent me from taking cold, and then went to bed. The next day, when I awoke, I was all over black marks. Wherever there had been a strain of the muscles, through holding on to the helm—and it was sometimes as much as I could do to keep my grip—there was a black mark, just as though I had been struck a heavy blow. I shall never forget that typhoon, coming as it did in the fine season. It was one of those experiences which, when you are in the midst of it, makes you say to yourself: 'If I get out of this, I will quit the sea'; but you soon forget that feeling when the storm is past. For some years after that I was chiefly in the China Seas, where I had command of a vessel."

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ANDREWS, OF THE "CALEDONIA."
From a Photo. by Fradell & Young.

Two of the captain's experiences in Celestial waters are worth recording. The P. and O. boats are largely manned by Lascars—a name commonly applied to Hindu, Malay, and even negro sailors, and sometimes—especially those engaged in the China trade—to Chinese. On one occasion Captain Andrews had shipped a lot of Celestials, and he was afraid, from their looks, that some of them were no good, and bent on mischief. There had been cases of Chinese shipping in this way, and then, when the vessel had reached a certain point down the river, giving a signal to piratical junks lying hidden in creeks, and so making a simultaneous attack on the ship and capturing her.

"Not liking the looks of the fellows," said the captain, "and thinking there might be some pirates among them, I put a revolver in my pocket, gave one to each of my officers, and then went down to the engineers and handed one to each of them, and told them to be on their guard. Then to foil the wretches, in case any mischief was to the fore, I ran out of sight of land, knowing that they could do nothing if they lost their bearings. It is usual in going down the Canton River to keep in sight of land; but it is easy to run ten or twelve miles out, and so lose it, and this I did. Nothing happened, and my doubts of the Chinese may have been unfounded; but from my knowledge of the Celestials and their ways, I hold my precaution to have been wise.

"Talking about pirates," continued Captain Andrews, "I once witnessed a funny sight, off the Chinese coast, which never was explained. We heard guns firing, and then saw a lot of junks letting fly at each other like mad. They were going it hot and strong with gingals; but, as it was no affair of mine, and as a stray shot from a gingal would have gone through the hull of my vessel (our boats not being made to stand gun-shot), I gave them a wide berth. And whether it was junks of the Chinese navy attacking pirates, or pirates attacking naval junks or merchant vessels, and what was the result of the action, I never heard. I daresay it was much the same, which ever side beat."

But Captain Andrews's most curious and interesting story was the following. It is connected with the navigation of the Hooghly, perhaps the most difficult in the world, chiefly because of the changing sandbanks in its course. These are so variable that fresh soundings have to be taken every day. Calcutta is nearly ninety miles up the river, which is fifteen miles wide at its mouth. The incident occurred in November, 1856, Captain Andrews being then in command of the *Oriental*, one of the P. and O. Company's steamers.

"It was the fine season," said the captain, "and we were just coming in from sea, bound for Calcutta. We had reached Sandheads all right, and the men were busy aloft scraping the masts and polishing-up in readiness for harbour. Suddenly, when a little north of Saugor Island, a man aloft sang out that there was a white man in the water. I gave a look through the glass, and there, sure enough, I saw a white man splashing about amid the waves a little way ahead of us. There was no land or any ship near. We had passed the lightship an hour before. Lowering a boat, we quickly brought

"LOWERING A BOAT, WE QUICKLY BROUGHT HIM ALONGSIDE."

him alongside and assisted him up the ladder; for he was so exhausted that he could hardly move a limb, and all that he could say was, '*Tubal Cain* lost and all hands.' He turned out to be a pilot belonging to the Calcutta pilot service, and had been in the water sixteen hours. He was put to bed and attended to by the doctor, and we went on our way up the river. When passing some dangerous rocks just before reaching Hooghly Bight, called 'The James and Mary,' we saw a sailing vessel—a barque—capsized, and a lot of men in the rigging and on the rocks. We lowered boats and went to their assistance, though there was a tremendous tide running. The waves were literally mountains high, and we had great difficulty in rescuing them, some of them being on the rocks and almost covered with water, while others were on the ends of the yards, singing out, 'Come here! Come here! Take us off!' By pulling up on the eddy we managed to get near enough to take off eleven of the crew.

"Just then I saw a tug-boat plying about them, and as my ship fired a gun and I was obliged to go on board, I transferred the rescued crew to the tug, as most of them were without clothing, and so not in a fit state to go on board my vessel, which carried passengers. I found that the tug had tried to rescue the men with her boat, but it had capsized and its crew been drowned.

"It turned out that this vessel had gone in at the same time as the *Tubal Cain*; but the *Tubal Cain* had struck on a reef or on a sandbank, while the *Alma* had passed in as far as the Bight. There the *Alma* came to grief, while the *Tubal Cain*, after a time, floated off.

"The *Tubal Cain* belonged to the East India Company, and had a Lascar crew with English officers. When it struck, the pilot told them that, when the flood-tide came, it would roll over and all would be lost. He advised, therefore, taking to the boats. This they did, the captain, the pilot, the cook, and their one passenger taking to one boat, and the officers to the other. The captain's boat capsized, however, and all hands were lost except the pilot.

"Meanwhile, the Lascars, left to perish on the *Tubal Cain*, clung to the ship, expecting, when the flood-tide came, to be drowned like rats. But when the tide rose, the ship, instead of rolling over, simply floated and came off the rocks, and the Serang (as the head of a Lascar crew is called) found, when she was in deep water, that she was but little damaged and could be navigated up to Calcutta.

"Early in the morning came a steamer which was taking out pilots to Sandheads. The tug which had on board the crew of the *Alma* also put in an appearance, as well as the boat with the officers of the *Tubal Cain*, they having weathered the gale. The latter wanted to take charge of the ship, but the Serang would not let them. He said they had deserted the ship in one boat, and the captain and the pilot in another, and now he and the crew were going to take the ship up

to Calcutta without them. And this they did, accepting, however, the services of a pilot. The officers went up on board the tug."

Captain Duncan, of the South African Royal Mail steamer *Norham Castle*, has stirring yarns to tell of dangers encountered and perils gone through, amongst others of his only shipwreck, when, through following an accidental shore light, instead of the proper beacon, a Liverpool pilot ran them ashore on the north side of the Mersey. The stem of the steamer was deeply embedded and held fast in the sand, while the working of the tide washed away all support from under the stern. "And," said the captain (though not then master), "she snapped in two amidships just as you would snap a stick across your knee." But Captain Duncan's most interesting story is that relating to the rescue of the crew of the sailing ship *Fasćadale*, in February, 1895. On the 7th of that month, early in the morning, as the *Norham Castle* was about three miles from land, off the mouth of the Impenjali River, on the borders of Natal and Pondoland, proceeding north, the look-out man descried a large four-masted vessel lying broadside on a reef about a mile from shore, with a list to seaward, while the breakers were dashing over its hull, sweeping the deck, and breaking in foam half-mast high. The sun was shining brightly at the time, and with the aid of a glass a number of men could be seen clinging to the rigging, and making frantic signs of distress. The fore and main masts had lower square sails set; but the mizzenmast had gone by the board, and only the bare rigging remained on the jigger.

CAPTAIN DUNCAN, OF THE "NORHAM CASTLE."
From a Photo. by W. E. Wright, Forest Gate.

As the wind caught the sails, the vessel heeled over shorewards; but the backwash of the breakers carried the hull to its first position. The Mozambique current, which tends southwards along this coast, was at the time running with great rapidity, and as the wind was driving inshore, causing a heavy ground-swell, which was breaking on shore in gigantic rollers, Captain Duncan deemed it imprudent to venture too close to the wreck. He therefore slowed down and sent off two lifeboats to the rescue, one of them being under the command of the chief officer, Mr. Frank Whitehead. The wreck was about three miles away, and the men had considerable difficulty in rowing against the heavy swell. Before they could reach the ill-fated vessel she parted amidships, leaving a number of men clinging to the rigging of the jigger, while several others had sought refuge on the jibboom. As the majority of the shipwrecked sailors were on the after-part of the ship, Mr. Whitehead first turned his attention to them; but the sea was running so high, and the breakers were sweeping with such violence over the poop, that he saw there was imminent danger of the boat being carried forward by the waves and dashed to pieces against the hull. Several attempts were made to cast a line to the shipwrecked men, so that communications might be established between them and Mr. Whitehead's boat; but it fell short of the mark and was carried away by the current.

In the hopelessness of effecting the rescue of the men in this way, the first officer took a gallant resolve. Throwing off his sea-boots and upper garments, he fixed the end of a log-line round his body, and plunging into the water, he struck out boldly for the wreck. It required both nerve and muscle to contend with the foaming surge, especially as by this time the sky had become overcast, and a squall, accompanied by torrents of rain, had set in.

Meanwhile one of the young apprentices on board the wreck — a boy named Ferris—decided to assist Mr. Whitehead in carrying out his plan. With the aid of some of his mates he tied a small rope round his waist, sprang into the sea, and bravely swam towards Mr. Whitehead. It was an exciting moment alike for the shipwrecked sailors, whose lives depended on the success of these two dauntless swimmers, and for the boat's crew, who saw their chief officer thus risking his life. For some time the contest seemed doubtful; but at length, half-swimming, half-floating, the swimmers came within reach of each

"THE SWIMMERS CAME WITHIN REACH OF EACH OTHER."

other; and there in the water, between the wrecked ship and the lifeboat, the two lines were tied together, and communications established. Mr. Whitehead and the plucky young 'prentice were drawn aboard the lifeboat, and a strong rope was sent on to the stranded wreck. By means of it the survivors were one by one brought to the lifeboat — the apprentice boys first and then the men, until the whole of the men on the poop, except the captain, were rescued. The captain refused to leave his ship until every man had been saved, and there were still five or six men on the jib-boom, whom the other boat's crew were doing their best to save, though vainly. Under the circumstances, and for the reason that the captain was so badly bruised by the wreckage that was rushing about the quarter-deck as to be almost helpless, Mr. Whitehead, although much exhausted by his previous efforts, once more plunged into the sea, swam to the wreck, and tying a rope about himself and the captain, they were both drawn to the lifeboat. Meanwhile the men on the other part of the wreck, all except one, had been rescued by some Kaffirs on shore, under the direction of a colonist.

Captain Duncan tells another incident of his career with the Castle Line, whereby he possibly averted a great disaster. It occurred some years ago when he was master of the *Ionic*, one of the New Zealand line of steamers, and 400ft. in length. When 900 miles from Cape Town he picked up a vessel, which was lying helpless upon the water with a broken shaft. The *Ionic* was on the way to England when the accident occurred. "All told," said Captain Duncan, "she had 280 persons on board. The broken shaft had knocked a hole in one of her plates, and there was nothing but the plates of the bulkhead to save her. She was just on the other side of the line of navigation, and was drifting north at the rate of fifteen miles a day. Two or three days more and she would have been out of the track of vessels going north and south, and no steamer would have been likely to see her. We towed her back to Cape Town."

Captain Harris, of the *Doune Castle*, another of Messrs. Donald Currie's magnificent vessels, tells a similar stirring incident of coming to the rescue of a passenger steamer with a broken shaft. The *Doune Castle* left Southampton on December 8th. On Sunday, December 16th, off Cape Verd, the look-out reported a two-funnel steamer to the south-west which seemed to be disabled. Captain Harris concluded that it must be the *Moor Castle*, of the Union Line, the mail boat which had sailed just before the *Doune Castle*, and so it turned out. "She told us by signal," said Captain Harris, "that her machinery had broken down, and asked us to steam into the anchorage of Goree and take off the Christmas mails for the Cape. Goree is a little south of the promontory that forms Cape Verd, and there is a very safe anchorage. We went there

and transferred from the *Moor Castle* 500 large boxes of mails, 120 cases of parcel post, and 70 tons of periodicals by means of boats. It took us from five o'clock on Sunday afternoon until 3.30 on Monday morning, working all night without intermission. We got into Cape Town on the morning of the 27th. The passengers had to wait and be passed on to Cape Town by the next steamer."

A more startling incident in Captain Harris's experience on the same ship was the following, which happened three or four years ago.

"We were steaming on somewhere near the Equator," said Captain Harris, "when, about ten o'clock at night, there came on a summer shower, with thunder and lightning. This came on very suddenly, but it was not particularly heavy. It was my bed-time; but before going to my room I went up to the officer on the bridge to see that all was right. As I was walking down the bridge ladder again, there was a terrific crash. It was completely stunning, and nobody could tell what had happened. To me it was more like the crashing of a salvo of artillery than anything else. It was accompanied by a bright blue flame, which for a moment almost blinded us. At the same time something brilliant struck the foremast like a ball of fire, which afterwards went off with a hissing noise into the sea. Many of the passengers and officers thought the boilers had burst. The passengers came running out of their beds half-dressed, and for a moment it seemed as if we were going to have a panic; but I put my head down the skylight and told the steward to say that everything was all right. The explanation of the matter was that a thunderbolt had struck the vessel. The strange part of the affair was that the next morning, when I came to correct the errors of my own compass, I found that the ship's compass had deviated half a point. The compasses gradually settled back, however, and by the time we reached Cape Town they were in their normal position."

CAPTAIN HARRIS, OF THE "DOUNE CASTLE."
From a Photo. by W. E. Wright, Forest Gate.

When Captain Harris was a young man—little over nineteen years of age, in fact—he had a most thrilling experience—such an experience, in fact, as does not occur to one man in ten thousand. I will again let him tell it in his own way.

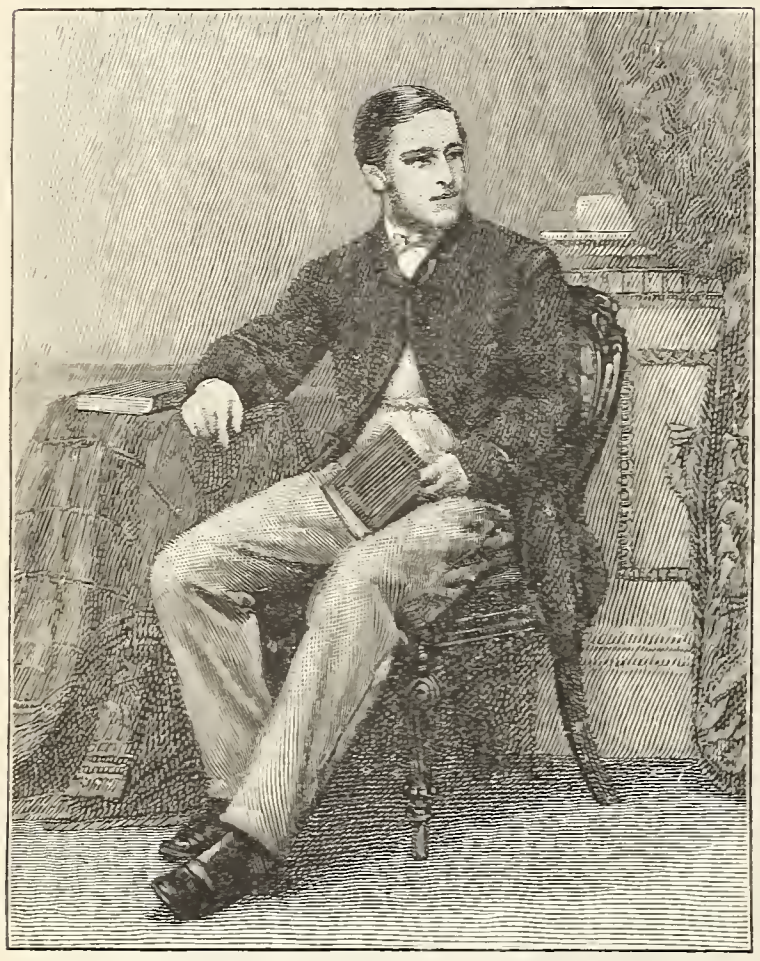
"It was in August, 1864, at the close of the American Civil War," said he. "I was second officer of an American brig called the *Rebecca Shepherd*, of about 500 tons, bound from Moulmein, in Burma, to Falmouth for orders. After passing down the Indian Seas, we were somewhere off the south coast of Madagascar, a hundred or two miles away quite. It was a dead calm; the sea was like glass; and the brig was literally lying 'like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' We were loaded with teak-wood timber, and the water came to within a few feet of the deck. It had been my forenoon watch from eight till twelve. The first mate came up to relieve me at twelve o'clock, and, as you may imagine, in a sailing vessel like that, with no ladies on board, we were not fastidious about our dress. I had on a pair of white duck trousers, a shirt, and no shoes or stockings. I said to the mate when he came up to relieve me, 'What a frightful day! I should like to jump overboard and have a swim.' He said: 'You dare not.' I said: 'Will you bet me a sovereign on it?' He said 'Yes.' No sooner said than done. I accepted the bet, threw my cap on the deck, and took a plunge overboard. The water was beautifully refreshing, neither too cold nor too warm. I swam about in the neighbourhood of the ship for some time, enjoying

myself immensely. Suddenly, as I was about thirty yards from the ship, the mate shouted, 'Come on board—quick!' I wondered whether a breeze had sprung up and the vessel was sailing away, or anything, and swam towards the ship. But the mate still continued to shout, 'Come on board as quickly as you can—faster! faster!' I did not realize then what was the matter. But when I saw the ship's carpenter come to the brig's side with a sharp-pointed boat-hook in his hand, it suddenly struck me what was wrong. I glanced over my shoulder as I swam, and could see a dark, black object on the surface of the water, coming along like a streak of lightning. I knew what it was, and I did not want any more urging. I made two or three desperate strokes, and went ahead at a great pace. I was a good swimmer in those days, and could swim as few can; but I did not go along fast enough for my feelings. The men threw two ropes from the ship's side, about a foot apart, and still they cried, 'Faster! Faster!' I did my best, as you may imagine. I reached the ship, seized hold of the two ropes, and they fairly jerked me out of the water and on to the deck as if I had been a fish at the end of a line. At the same time the carpenter made a jab down into the water with the sharp-pointed boat-hook, and just as the shark — for it was a huge shark that I saw over my shoulder— just as the shark turned over to make a snap at me, he got the boat-hook fair into his jaw. The men told me afterwards that the shark did not miss me by more than two inches— which was a near enough shave. The moral of the yarn is that I have never jumped overboard from that day to this, a period of more than thirty years."

"THE SHARK TURNED OVER TO MAKE A SNAP AT ME."

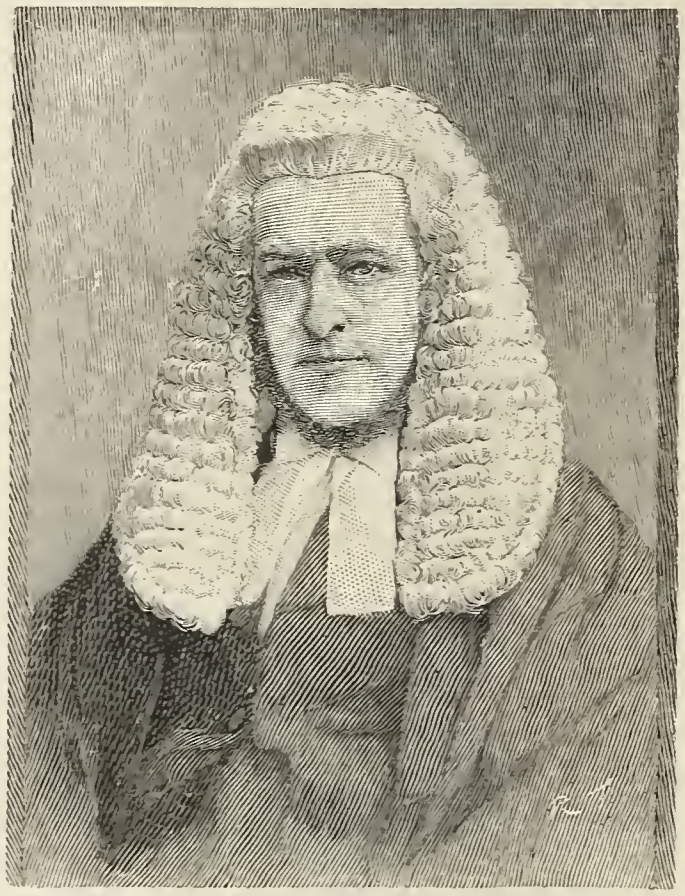
MR. JUSTICE CHARLES.

BORN 1839.



From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[Mayall, Regent St.*

THE HON. SIR ARTHUR CHARLES, K.B., received his education at University College, London. He joined the Bar at the Inner Temple in January, 1862. He then joined the Western Circuit and became one of its leaders. In February, 1877, he took silk, and became a Bencher of his Inn in January, 1880. From 1878 to 1887 he was Recorder of Bath, and Chancellor of Southwell Diocese, and Commissary of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster from 1884–87. In September of the latter year he was appointed Judge of the High Court, and was also knighted. He married, in 1886, Rachel Christian, daughter of the late Thomas Duncan Newton, Esq.

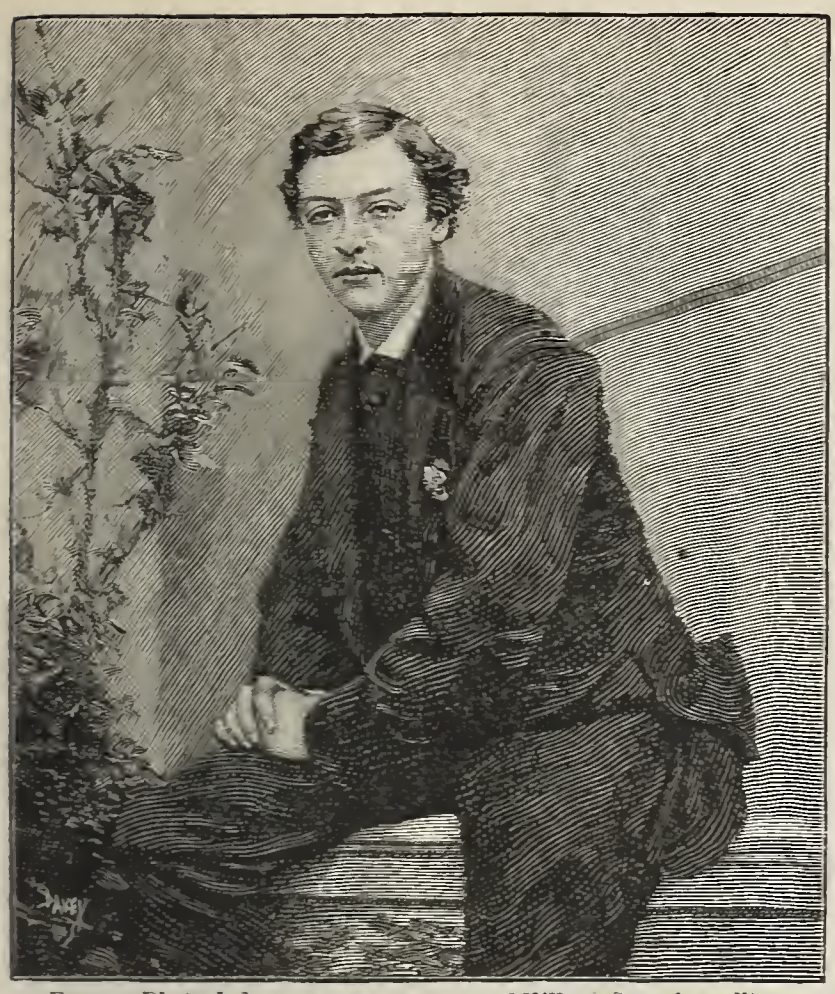


From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 29. *[Hills & Saunders.*

PRESENT DAY.

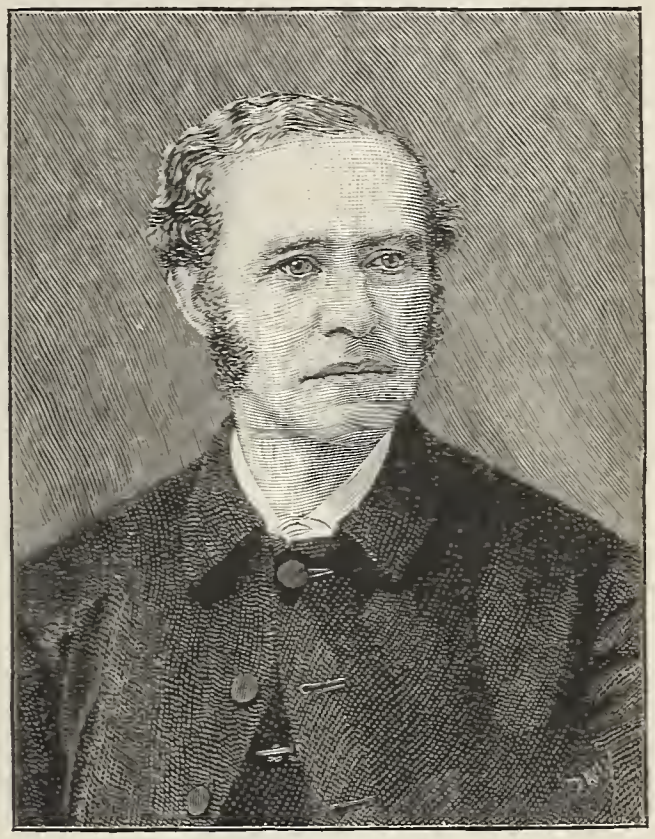
From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.



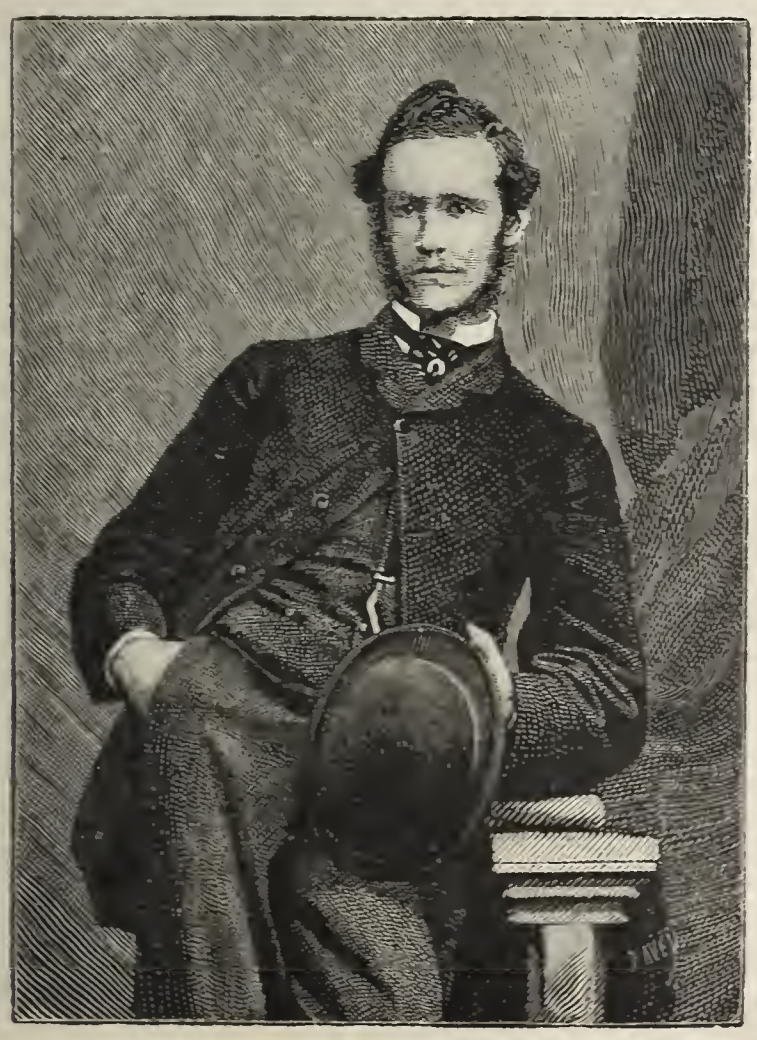
From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[Hills & Saunders, Eton.*

THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.
BORN 1846.

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE WYNDHAM KENNION is the eldest son of the late Dr. William Kennion, of Harrogate. Dr. Kennion was educated at Eton and Oriel. He was ordained priest when curate of Doncaster under Dr. Pigou, by the Archbishop of York, in 1870. In 1871 he was chosen as Diocesan Inspector of Schools in the Diocese of York; and in 1873 he was appointed by the Crown, on the nomination of Mr. Gladstone, to the populous parish of St. Paul's, Hull. In 1876 he became vicar of All Saints, Bradford. In 1882 the see of Adelaide, South Australia, became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Short, and Dr. Kennion was appointed as his successor. Two years ago he was offered and accepted the see of Bath and Wells, to which he was unanimously elected.



AGE 34.
From a Photo. by Albert Sachs, Bradford.



AGE 23.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Samuel Walker, Regent Street.

From a] AGE 5. *[Painting.*

SIR EDWARD LAWSON, BART., J.P.

BORN 1833.

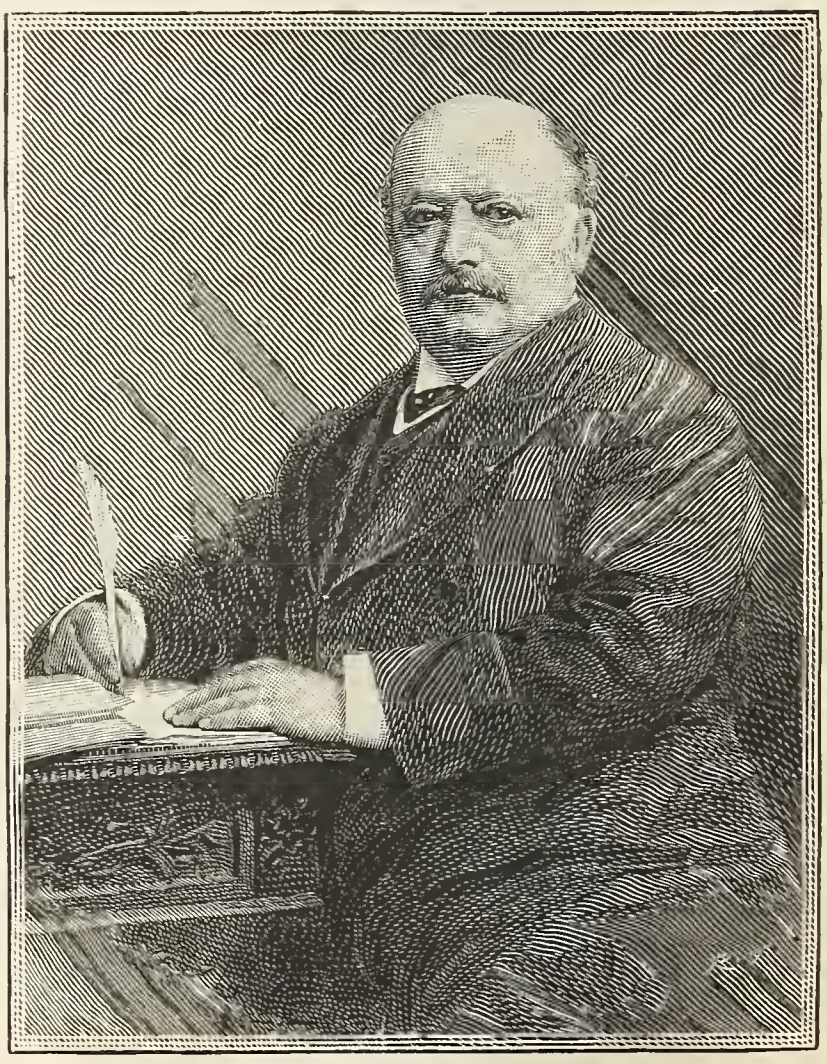
SIR EDWARD LAWSON, editor and principal proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the son of the late Mr. J. M. Levy, who, in conjunction with Mr. Lionel Lawson, bought and brought to a successful issue the journal which has the "largest circulation of any daily paper in the world." The young man left college in time to take part in the

From a] AGE 16. *[Photograph.*

earliest work of the newspaper and the printing press—an apprenticeship to which he faithfully served. Everybody is familiar with the great and successful funds which have been so ably conducted by the *Daily Telegraph*, and which have alleviated the sufferings of many thousands. The remarkable enterprise shown in connection with the late Mr. George Smith's discoveries (now in the British Museum), with Mr. H. M. Stanley's travels in Africa, and other landmarks in the career

From a] AGE 27. *[Crayon Drawing.*

of this great "daily," will cause the name of Lawson to be for ever inseparable from one of the most prosperous journalistic enterprises of this century.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

AGE 4 MONTHS.
From a Photo. by Lock & Whitfield.

AMONG the *débutantes* of the last three or four years no one has come to the front more rapidly than Miss Evelyn Millard. Her first appearance, for all practical purposes, was with Miss Sarah Thorne in June, 1891. Among other parts, she played *Juliet* in "Romeo and Juliet," and *Hero* in "Much Ado About Nothing." In the same year, Mr. Thomas Thorne engaged her as leading lady, when she played *Clara Douglas* in "Money," and *Miss Tomboy* in "Fanny Goodwill" and "Joseph's Sweetheart." While playing at The Grand, Islington, Messrs. Gatti saw her, and just nine months after her first part, she found herself leading lady at the Adelphi, where she created the *rôle* of the heroine in "The White Rose." Her great opportunity came, however, when she was selected for *Rosamond* in "Sowing the Wind," and later on succeeded Mrs. Patrick Campbell as *Paula Tanqueray* t the St. James's.

AGE 13.
From a Photo. by Arthur King Notting Hill.

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.

AGE 4
From a Photo. by G. Aldridge, Hammersmith.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

The Romance of the Museums.

I.

By William G. FitzGerald.

IT may be taken as a general rule that museums are fearfully dull places, and their officials miracles of courtesy. And yet if, instead of miserable little labels, the articles on show only had their whole histories writ large, that he who ran might read, what an earnest pilgrimage would commence towards grimy Bloomsbury and airy South Kensington!

For example, take that far-famed specimen of Greek art known as the Portland Vase, which is shown in the accompanying illustration. At present it is deposited in the Gold Ornament Room (it is entirely of glass) in the British Museum; of course, it has a glass case, and it rests on a nice pad of crimson plush. As usual, the official information deals almost exclusively with the apocryphal subjects depicted on the vase—"Peleus and Thetis on Mount Pelion," and the like recondite allusions. The Portland Vase is 9¾in. high and 21¾in. in circumference. The material is a kind of glass—an imitation of onyx, the ground being a rich transparent dark amethyst colour, with snowy figures in bas-relief of truly exquisite workmanship. Wedgwood compared these figures with the finest cameos, and asserted that the vase was the labour of many years. It was found in a marble sarcophagus inside a sepulchral chamber under the Monte del Grano, about 2½ miles from Rome, on the road to Frascati. It was deposited there A.D. 235; and the vase is supposed to be the urn that contained the ashes of the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus, and his mother, Julia Mammæ. It was unearthed by order of Pope Barberini (Urban VIII.), and it was for more than two centuries the principal ornament of the Barberini Palace.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

In 1786 the then Duke of Portland purchased the vase at a sale for 1,029 guineas; and he deposited it in the British Museum in 1810, when it was carefully placed under a glass case on an octagonal table in the middle of an ante-room near the Hamiltonian Collection.

At a quarter to four on February 7th, 1845, a number of visitors were going round the Hamiltonian Room and its ante-chamber, in much the same limp, aimless way that people perform their museum peregrinations to this day, when they heard a fearful crash. Now, when we consider that even a subdued chuckle is somehow vastly increased in volume amid the sombre galleries at Bloomsbury, we realize in some slight degree the appalling effect of that crash.

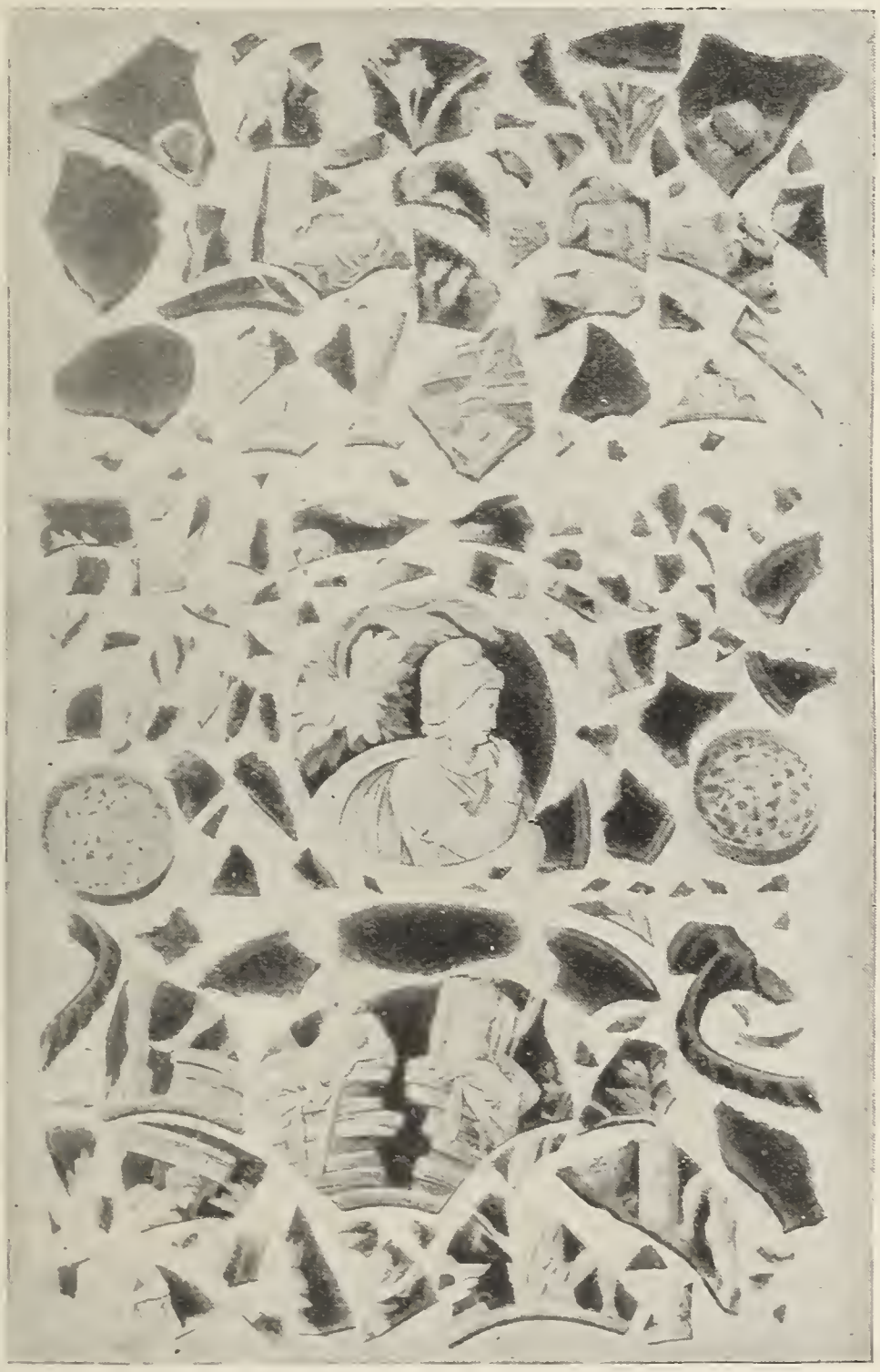
The moment the attendants hastened to the spot, they beheld the priceless Portland Vase scattered in a hundred fragments over the floor. The doors were immediately closed; and Mr. Hawkins, the superintendent, at once questioned the horrified persons in the apartments, none of whom attempted to escape, lest the odium of the fell deed should descend upon him. All gave satisfactory replies, until the de-

linquent himself was taxed, when he at once cried: "Alone I did it!"

He was immediately given into custody, and on being brought before Mr. Jardine, at Bow Street Police Station, he, too, fell from his high estate by alleging "delirium, arising from habitual intemperance" — clearly a euphemism for a state of uproarious drunkenness. The culprit was William Loyd, a theatrical scene painter of Dublin, but then living at a coffee-house in Long Acre. Of course, the outrage was a mere bid for evanescent notoriety, an act of vandalism *ad captandum vulgis*, with not even the redeeming feature of having been committed in order to draw attention to the perennial wrongs of Ireland.

All this was bad enough, but even worse remained behind, for, amazing as it may seem, the law was almost powerless in the matter. The Wilful Damage Act directed the payment of £5, or two months' imprisonment, for deliberate damage done to property under the value of £5; from which it is evident that those who piloted the Act through Parliament had an idea that no human being would venture to damage property above that value. Be this as it may, the magistrate was driven to the evasion of directing Loyd to pay £5—*the nominal value of the glass case under which the vase stood.* All the miscreant possessed, however, was ninepence; consequently he was haled off forthwith to Tothill Fields Prison, where his truculent disposition manifested itself from time to time in violent assaults on the turnkeys.

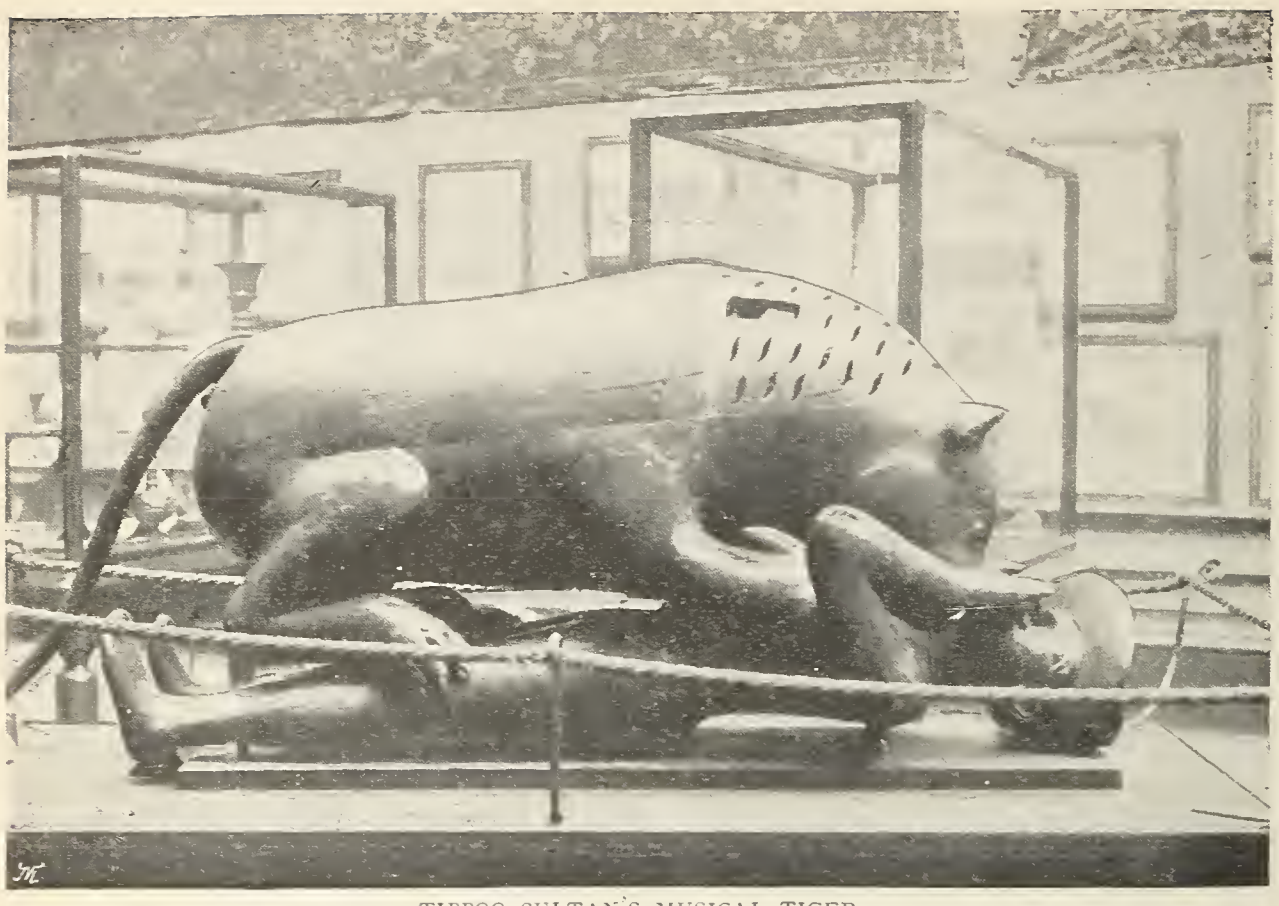
This extraordinary story has a curious sequel. On February 13th, a letter was received by Mr. Jardine at Bow Street, inclosing £5, which the anonymous donor requested might go in payment of Loyd's fine. Subsequently the governor of the gaol received the authority of the magistrate to set the prisoner at liberty. One result of this remarkable affair was that the Government passed a special Act to protect works of art from the recurrence of outrages of this kind.



SHATTERED FRAGMENTS OF THE PORTLAND VASE.

In one corner of the room in which the Portland Vase is at present exhibited hangs a curious water-colour drawing, in a plain oak frame, of the shattered fragments just as they lay on the floor immediately after the outrage. Perhaps I should have mentioned that the missile Loyd used was a curious little piece of sculpture that was exhibited close by the vase itself. The drawing of the pieces, which is reproduced here, bears the following inscription in faded ink at the top left-hand corner: "Destroyed Feb. 7th, 1845; restored Sept. 10th, 1845.—John Doubleday." Below is written: "Drawn from the fragments by T. Hosmer Shepherd, 1845." In the centre is seen the bottom of the vase entire. It is a bust of Paris, and in this particular picture the hero seems to be contemplating with sadness and dismay the havoc that has been wrought around him.

In the next illustration we see an extraordinary musical instrument, made to the order of that crafty and ferocious potentate, Tippoo Sultan, in order to amuse his Court.

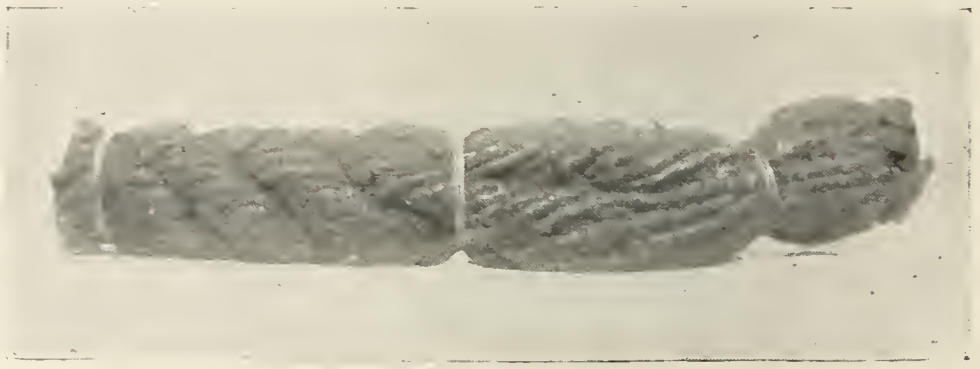


TIPPOO SULTAN'S MUSICAL TIGER.

The idea is that the Tiger of India is at the throat of Great Britain, typified by an Indian officer in the uniform of the last century. From what I gather, this unique mechanical instrument was brought out into Tippoo's courtyard, and one of his attendants turned a handle, whereupon the prostrate man shrieked horribly and raised and let fall his arms spasmodically, while the tiger emitted fearsome, realistic growls. The growling, by the way, was produced by two short stop diapason pipes of half a tone interval. One side of the tiger opens, displaying a row of ivory keys and four rows of pipes. This Royal toy passed into the possession of the East India Company, and was transferred to the South Kensington Museum in 1880, together with the rest of the collection belonging to the same powerful and wealthy corporation.

As illustrating the ignorance that prevails concerning the contents of our great museums, I may mention that not long ago a veteran Anglo-Indian wrote to the papers inquiring anxiously after "Tippoo's Tiger," and suggesting that this interesting relic should be "discovered and taken care of." The gentleman also said that he remembered seeing it in the offices of the East India Company, in Leadenhall Street. The Assistant-Director of the Museum, Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, replied to the letter, informing all whom it might concern, that this curious instrument was deposited at South Kensington; and, furthermore, that while the mechanism was being repaired, it was found that the whole had been made either in London or in Paris.

In the next illustration that figures in this article, we see a section of one of the largest of twenty-six immense ropes of human hair



SECTION OF ROPE OF HUMAN HAIR.

which are used in the building operations of Japanese temples. The section seen is no less than 6in. in diameter, and is at present deposited in a wall-case, in the second northern gallery at the British Museum. It

HEAP OF HUMAN HAIR ROPES CONTRIBUTED BY DEVOUT BUDDHISTS.

seems that these ropes have been contributed by devout Buddhists since the year 1880; and the extraordinary photographic reproduction just below the section shows a huge pile of these extraordinary donations, now in the possession of the Chief Priest of the Hori-Gwan-ji temple at Kioto. Here, truly, we have a record in the way of queer contributions towards church funds. It would seem that the devout Buddhist uncovers himself in a very literal sense, out of respect for the shrine of his Omnipotent Deity.

Not a little of the romance of the museums lies in the life-stories of the benefactors of these institutions. By way of illustration, I may mention the truly magnificent collection of art furniture and the like bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum by the whilom workhouse apprentice, Mr. John Jones. This extraordinary individual became a tailor in Waterloo Place, with such ultimate success that he died in 1882 worth £400,000. For the most part, Mr. Jones lived at No. 95, Piccadilly—quite a little house, but literally packed from top to bottom with costly furniture. Marble and jasper columns, bearing vases worth small fortunes, stood on every second step of the staircase, and the back dining-room was only 7ft. 2in. wide; yet competent judges have pronounced the Jones Collection at the South Kensington Museum to be worth, at the very least, £250,000.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TOILET TABLE.

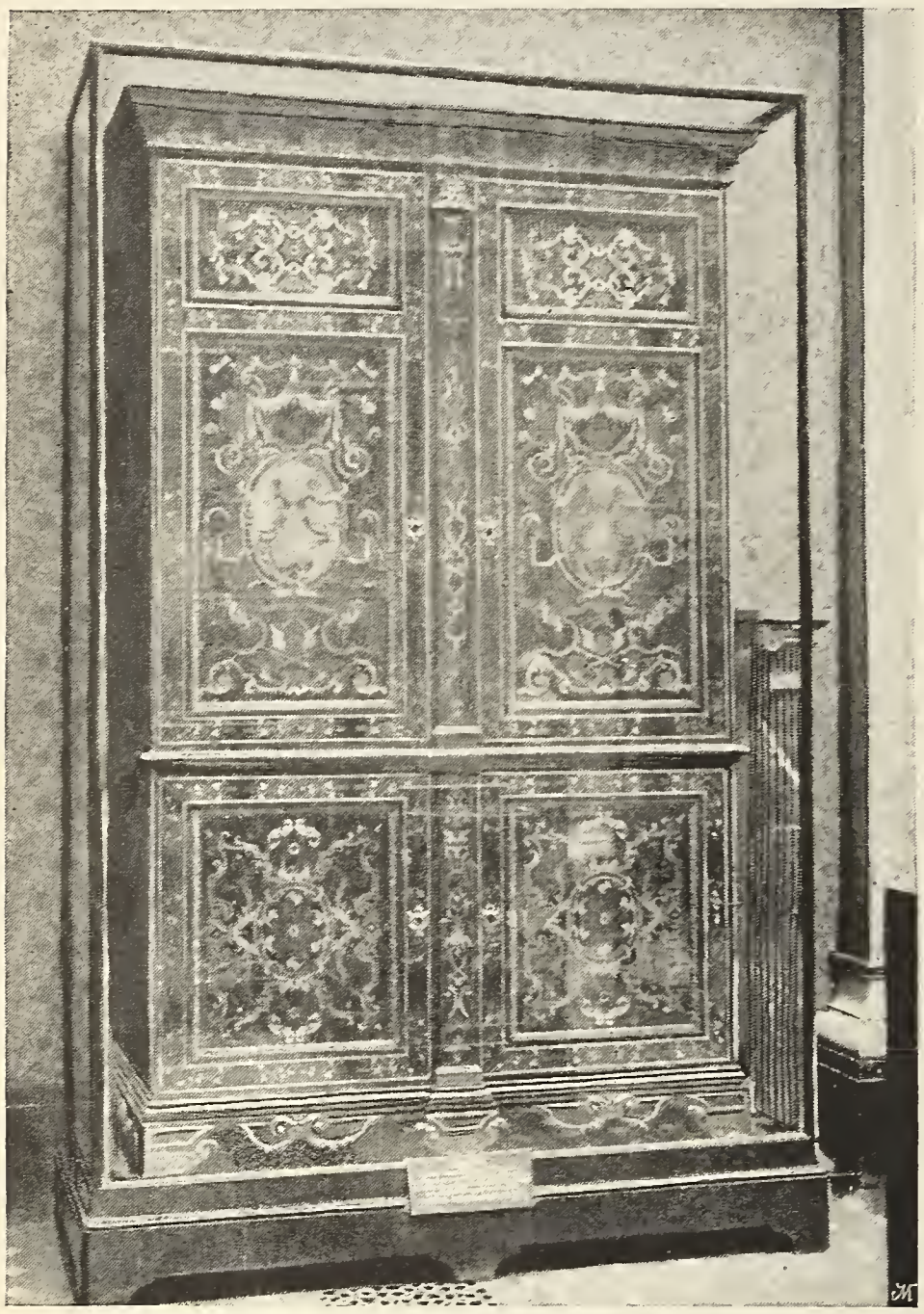
According to his valet, who was also something of a queer character in his way, Mr. Jones would go round the sale-rooms, ask the price of an article he fancied, and then write out his cheque forthwith. This strange man never married, and had no near relatives. The sole hobby of his life was his collection, and in order to convey to my readers some notion of his enthusiasm in this direction, I mention the following incident: On one occasion Mr. Jones purchased an egg-shaped Gros Bleu Sèvres vase, with medallions of Cupid and Psyche, at Lord Pembroke's sale, the price being 3,000 guineas. After it had been delivered to the princely collector, doubts were thrown upon its genuineness on account of the darkness of the colour. Mr. Jones immediately sent it off by a special messenger to the manufactory at Sèvres, fully insuring the precious vase beforehand, and taking many other precautions that involved an incredible amount of trouble and expense. He was, however, assured that the vase was perfectly genuine, and his representative was actually shown the original mould, together with all the documents relating to this particular piece.

Not the least important item in the Jones Collection is the toilet table that formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette. This is shown in the accompanying illustration. It was purchased by Mr. Jones for £6,000, somewhere back in the fifties; and since it has been in the Museum several copies have been made, the most noteworthy of which was one made by Messrs. Gillow and Co., the well-known upholsterers, for an American millionaire. I gather that Messrs. Gillow's men paid many visits to the toilet table, and made a large number of drawings of the various parts.

Shortly after the Jones Collection was deposited in the South Kensington Museum, the French Government sent over a committee of experts, accompanied by photographers, to inspect the various pieces. At the head of the committee was M. Williamson, the Principal of the Garde Meubles Nationale at Paris. These gentlemen recognised many items in the collection as the former property of the Garde Meubles, and actually pointed out to the authorities at South Kensington the makers' marks and stamps, which are generally carefully concealed, and certainly had not been noticed

in this country. Perhaps I should explain that the Garde Meubles is the name of the institution which has the care of the furniture of the public buildings of France.

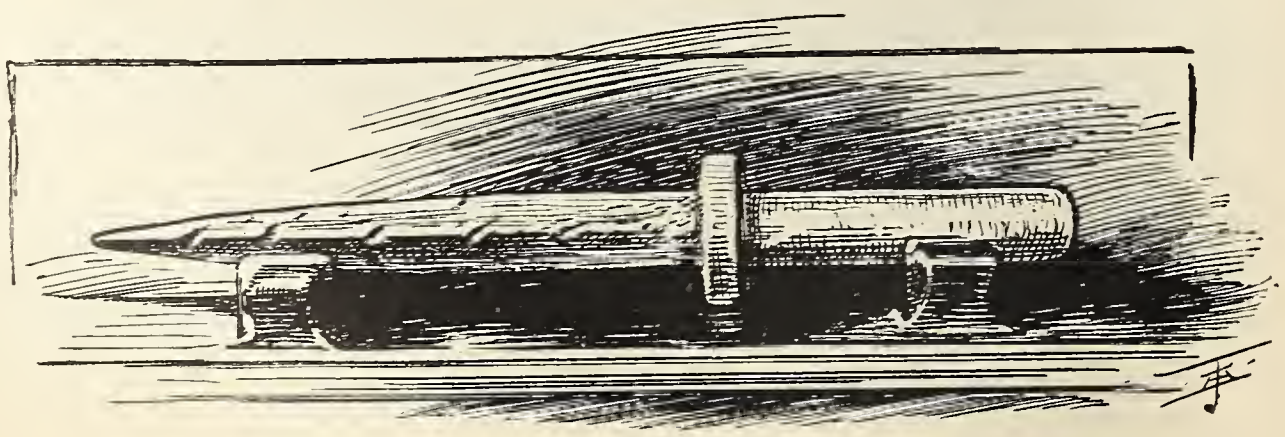
M. Williamson and his committee stopped short before the large armoire, shown in the next picture; this is, perhaps, the most important piece of furniture in the whole collection. It is, also, supposed to be the grandest and most unique piece of furniture in the whole world; and although Mr. Jones picked it up cheaply, so to speak, at a sale that took place in a mansion in Carlton House Terrace, the armoire could be sold to-morrow for 10,000 guineas. It was probably designed by Berain, and executed by Boulé, for Louis XIV., about the end of the 17th century. One of the distinguished visitors before referred to looked wistfully at this magnificent piece of artistic furniture, and declared, half seriously, half playfully, that if France ever went to war with England for anything, it would be on account of that Louis Quatorze armoire. M. Williamson's visiting committee, I should mention, took back with them large photographs of almost everything in the Jones Collection. They generously conceded that Mr. Jones, and therefore the Museum, had an incontestable right to these works of art, two revolutions of decent proportions having taken place in Paris since they had been in the possession of the French.



THE LOUIS XIV. ARMOIRE, IN THE JONES COLLECTION.

I have now to record the miraculous recovery of a man through whose body the pin or pivot passed which is reproduced here. This ugly-looking weapon was shown to me by Professor Stewart at the Royal College of Surgeons, and it is deposited in the Museum there, together with a coloured picture of the sufferer himself in two positions. His name, by the way, was John Taylor, and the accident happened while he was on board the brig *Jane*, of Scarborough, then lying in the London Docks. One of Taylor's mates was guiding the pivot of the try-sail mast into the main boom when the tackle gave way. The pivot instantly slipped from the man's hand and shot through the air point downwards, striking Taylor above the heart, passing out lower down his back, and then embedding itself in the deck. The unfortunate sailor was carried at once to the London Hospital, and in five months he recovered so completely as to be able to take little walks in the hospital premises. Ultimately, Taylor returned to his duties as a seaman, notwithstanding that this terrible spike, 15in. in length, and weighing 7lb. or 8lb., had passed obliquely through his body.

Close by this spike, in the same Museum,



MAST PIVOT WHICH PASSED THROUGH A SAILOR'S BODY.

is seen the shaft of a carriage, which also passed through the body of a gentleman who happened to be standing near the vehicle when the horse plunged violently forward, with the result that the off-shaft perforated his side under the left arm and came out from under the right arm, pinning the unfortunate man to the stable-door. And yet he walked upstairs to bed; his wounds were practically healed at the end of nine weeks, and he lived nearly eleven years after this terrible accident.

An even more extraordinary story attaches to the next illustration, which depicts the clothes of a man struck by lightning. This curious relic, or, rather, collection of relics, is artistically hung in a glass case in the Museum presided over by my amiable and indefatigable friend, Professor Stewart. The story is as follows: At half-past four on June 8th, 1878, James Orman and three other men were at work near Snave, in Romney Marsh, about eight miles from Ashford. The men were engaged in lopping willows, when the violence of the rain compelled them to take shelter under a hedge. The storm increased, however, so they retreated to a shed close by for more efficient protection. Three of the men at once entered, but the last, James Orman, remained by the willow close to the window of the shed. Scarcely were the three men inside when a blaze of lightning rushed in at the door, across the shed, and out of the window, which it blew before it into the field. Presently the three men hurried out of the shed, and noticed that the tree under which Orman had taken shelter was partly stripped of its bark. Their companion's boots stood close to the foot of the tree, while the man himself lay almost perfectly naked on his back a few yards further on, calling for help. When they left him a few moments previously he was completely and strongly clad in a cotton shirt, cotton jacket, flannel vest, and cotton trousers secured at the waist and knee with leather straps and buckles. Orman also wore a pair of new, stout, hob-nailed boots, a hat and a watch and chain. Now, however, positively all he had on him was part of the left arm of his flannel vest. The field was strewn for 22yds. with fragments of the unfortunate man's clothing.

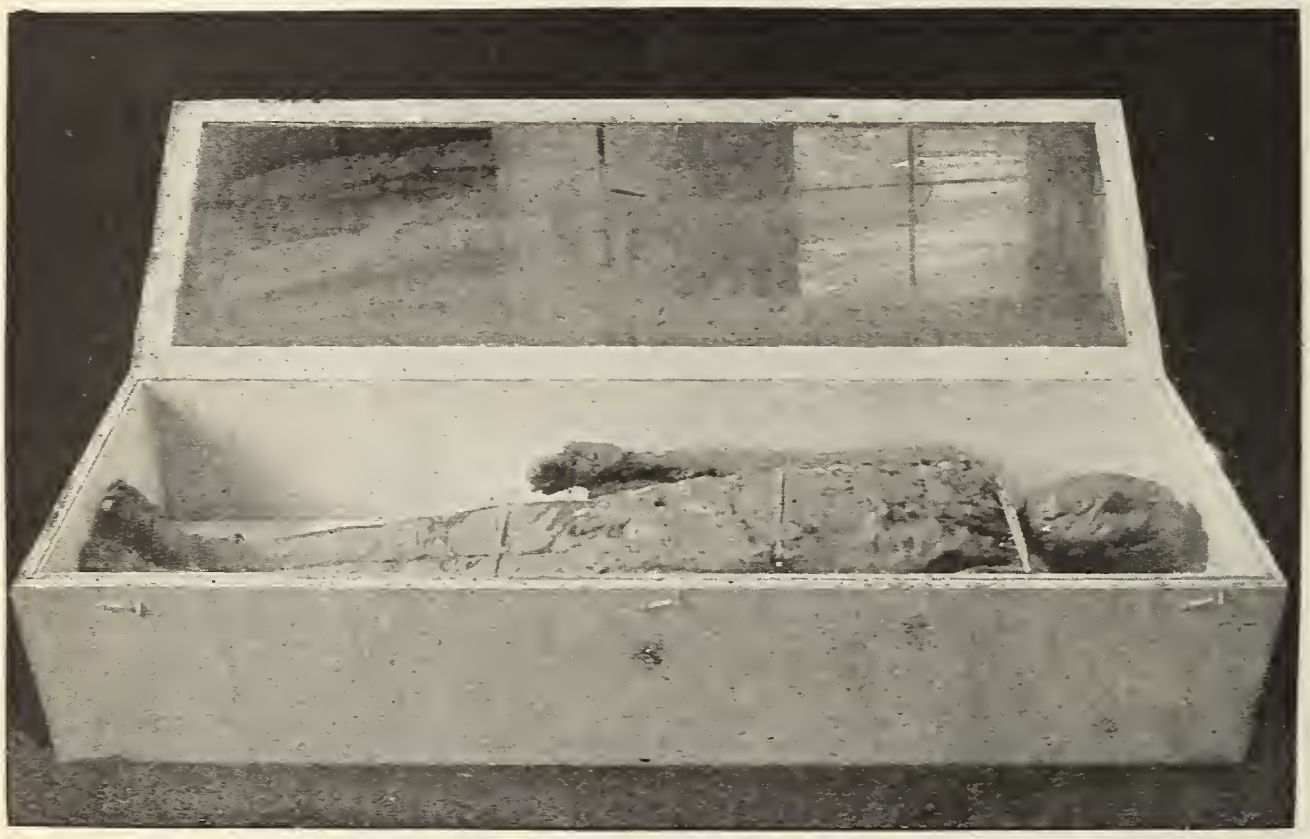
CLOTHES, WATCH, BOOTS, ETC., OF A MAN WHO WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Without doubt, this is the most eccentric vagary recorded of the mysterious electric fluid. Orman was thrown down; his eyebrows were burnt off, his whiskers and beard much scorched, his chest covered with superficial burns, and he had sustained a broken leg. His clothes, as I have already said, were distributed all over the field; his strong boots were torn from his feet, and his watch had a hole burnt right through it, as though a soldering-iron had been used. The watch-chain was almost completely destroyed, only a few fused links remaining. These, together with some fused coins found close by, are deposited in a box beneath the clothes in the Museum.

According to Orman's account of the affair, he first felt a violent blow on the chest and shoulders, then he was involved in blind-

ing light, and hurled into the air. He said he never lost conscioŭsness ; but when at the hospital he seemed very deaf and stupid. He was discharged perfectly cured twenty weeks after the occurrence. The scientific explanation of this amazing escape is that the wet condition of the man's clothing increased its power of conduction, and, in this way, saved his life. The electric current passed down outside Orman's body, causing everywhere a sudden production of steam, which, by its expansion, tore the clothing off and hurled it away. It is a curious fact that where the flannel touched the man's skin the burns were merely superficial, whereas in those parts touched by the cotton trousers they were very much deeper.

Also under Professor Stewart's care in the Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons is the oldest mummy in the world, which is



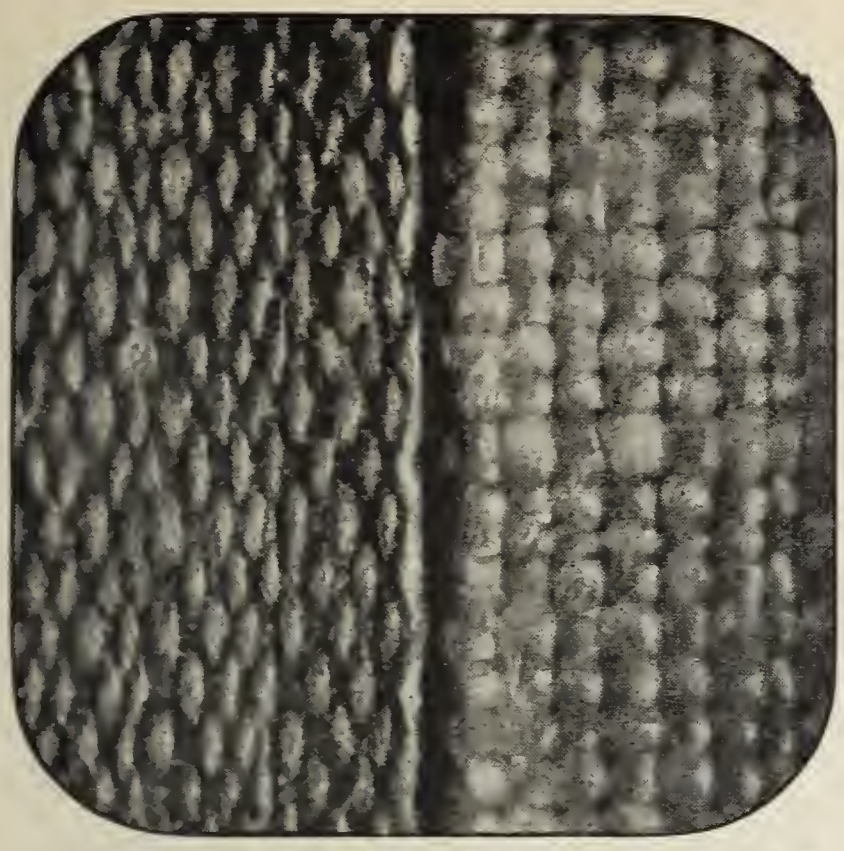
THE OLDEST MUMMY IN THE WORLD.

shown in the accompanying illustration. According to Professor Flinders Petrie, this mummy belonged to the 4th Egyptian Dynasty, and is upwards of 6,000 years of age. I gather that this individual was a high functionary in the ancient Egyptian Court, and his body was preserved by methods not then generally used. Professor Petrie himself took this mummy from a tomb at Medum, in Egypt. "After some preliminary steps," declared Professor Stewart, in describing for me the preparation of the mummy, "his body was probably imbued with spices, and then covered with a layer of resin, most likely derived from the Cedars of Lebanon, after which the features were painted to represent life." The mummy arrived at the Museum in 1892, and Professors Flinders Petrie and Stewart commenced their examination of it a month or two after its reception.

"We took it out into the courtyard," remarked Professor Stewart to me, "and there commenced to unwrap it. The mummy was extremely dry and fragile, and from it arose a fine pungent dust that was extremely irritating. I found that the brain remained, while the body itself was stuffed with handfuls of ancient cloth. It was wrapped in a gauze-like texture, which I at first took to be papyrus ; and it was quite by accident that I looked at a piece of this texture under the microscope, when I found it to be linen. I at once suspended operations on the mummy, and made my way to Bond Street, where I entered a linen warehouse and asked for some of the finest linen that it was possible to buy. The assistant brought me a piece, assuring me, in a confidential whisper, that its like was rarely sold, and that when a buyer *did* come along, he or she was among the highest and wealthiest in the land. I hurried back with this linen, and compared it under the microscope with the ancient Egyptian texture, woven more than 6,000 years ago."

I reproduce here Professor Stewart's microscopic photograph of the two linens, the finer being the ancient Egyptian fabric, and the coarser the very best linen that Belfast or Bond Street can produce.

No one would think of seeking for romance amid the pre-historic skeletons that haunt the long gallery at the Natural History Museum, which is under the supervision of Dr. Woodward. And yet romance is certainly there. First of all let me show the skull and tusks of a mammoth—a particularly prominent feature of the gallery before mentioned. Now let me tell the story : As long ago as 1844, Sir Antonio Brady, an enthusiastic geologist and scientist, had his attention drawn to the great deposits of brick earth occupying the valley of the River Roding at Ilford, near his



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN AND MODERN BOND STREET LINEN COMPARED UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

own residence. Some idea may be formed of the palæontological wealth of this deposit when I mention that Sir Antonio Brady obtained from it in this one locality over a thousand specimens of mammalian remains. One of the first of this gentleman's finds was made while workmen were digging clay for the manufacture of bricks for the Great Eastern Railway, then in course of construction. The owner of the field, a Mr. Thomas Curtis, invited quite a crowd of scientific gentlemen down to Ilford to view the bones that had turned up. All these were exhumed with much care, some of them being deposited subsequently in the Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons.

When notice of a fossil "find" was brought to Sir Antonio Brady, he would first of all reward the finder, and in many cases paid large sums in order that a whole gang of labourers might remain idle while the precious bones or tusks were being carefully removed from the earth. These same bones and tusks, by the way, were, as a rule, very fragile, and had to be immediately treated with liquid glue, wet paper, and plaster of Paris. As a matter of fact, this enthusiastic scientist would deal as tenderly with fossil remains as though he were an expert surgeon handling broken human limbs.

One day in 1864, a messenger was despatched in hot haste to Sir Antonio Brady with news of an important find in the Uphall brickfield, at Ilford, owned by a Mr. William Hill. On arriving at the spot, Sir Antonio found that the workmen had come upon an immense skull and tusk about 15ft. below the surface of the earth. The cranium itself was nearly entire, the upper portion only of the left side having received a blow from a pick or a spade when the workmen first came upon it. It is probable that the entire skeleton was there, for, before news of it had got abroad, the workmen, knowing nothing of the *Elephas primogenius*, had broken up the bones they had come upon week after week and carried them off in bagfuls to an old bone shop, where they were promptly exchanged for coppers, which were of far more value to the finders than all the skeletons in the Natural History Museum.

When they came upon the tusks, however, the overseer interfered, feeling sure that his men had come upon a big thing in more ways than one. It was entirely owing to the skill and judgment of Sir Antonio Brady and the experts from the Natural History Museum that this mammoth's head was removed from the matrix entire, and brought away in safety. The right tusk, together with a portion of its socket, had evidently become detached, for

SKULL AND TUSKS OF THE ILFORD MAMMOTH.

it was found upon the same level in the pit, but nearly 20ft. away. from the cranium to which it belonged. Of course, the whole specimen received prompt attention, and it was thoroughly drenched with a solution of glue in hot water. One of the tusks alone is estimated to have absorbed no less than three gallons of this solution. The tusks measure 8ft. 8in. on the outside curve, from the point to the insertion in the socket, the length held within the socket being about 18in. The circumference of the tusk at one foot from the socket is 26in. By the side of this important specimen in the Natural History Museum are photographs of the entire skeleton of the mammoth, as seen in the St. Petersburg Museum.

The latter skeleton, too, has a singularly interesting story. It was discovered by a Tungusian chief in the summer of 1799, half buried in the frozen soil and ice at the mouth of the River Lena in Siberia. When the gigantic beast was entirely freed from the ice, in 1804, the chief cut off its horns and exchanged them with a merchant for goods to the value of sixty roubles, or in English money, £7 18s. 4d.—the reward of five years' watching and waiting. Two years later Adams heard of the skeleton, and traced out the spot where it lay. He then sent the remains to St. Petersburg, a distance of 11,000 versts, or 7,330 miles. The missing tusks turned up later on, and the skeleton was built up in the St. Petersburg Museum.

The curious part of this story is that Professor Maskelyne, who examined this mammoth skeleton very carefully when in St. Petersburg, in 1865, gave his opinion that *the tusks did not belong to the skull.* In any case, the authorities at the Natural History Museum state that the tusks have been wrongly fixed. The Russian authorities, on the other hand, said that they are right and that our own scientists are simply libelling the unfortunate mammoth in setting up its tusks as seen in our picture.

In the next illustration we see a piece of brown jasper, originally shaped like a spectacle case, and concerning which an extraordinary incident is related. This stone was picked up outside Cairo by a native donkey driver, whose ass had become violently obstreperous. It seems the native threw the stone with all his force at poor Neddy, with the result that part of it broke away, revealing on both sections *a portrait of Chaucer!*

I learn that this piece of jasper was brought to the British Museum before registers were made, and therefore the story does not figure in any of the official publications; however, anyone may see the "Chaucer Stone" who cares to visit the amazingly well-kept, but withal dismal, mineral gallery at the Natural History Museum presided over by Mr. Fletcher, himself a most courteous and affable gentleman.

BROKEN STONE WHICH REVEALS A PORTRAIT OF CHAUCER.

Here is an immense meteorite, weighing 3½ tons, which was discovered at Cranbourne, near Melbourne, in 1854. It was found by a Mr. Bruce, of Chislehurst, who, having seen a piece of meteoric iron in the fire-place of a squatter, asked the man if other bits of that kind were to be met with in the neighbourhood. Mr. Bruce was then conducted to a spot in the adjoining parish of Sherwood, where an irregular spur of iron projected from the ground; and he then and there purchased the supposed meteorite for a sovereign, with the intention of presenting it to the British Museum. Later on, when the huge mass was dug out of the ground, and it was found to be, without exception, the largest meteorite in the world, large sums of money were offered Mr. Bruce for the splendid block, but he declined all offers, it being his fixed intention to make over the meteorite to the British Museum.

Mr. Bruce at once arranged for the conveying of the meteorite to England; whereupon such a tremendous commotion was raised throughout the Colony, that it was actually seriously suggested to fit out a ship that might pursue Mr. Bruce's steamer, and bring back the great meteorite to its native soil. In other words, the authorities of the Melbourne Museum were determined to secure the unique specimen. On inquiring how everybody concerned happened to know that it *was* a meteorite, I learned that native iron is extremely rare in the district.

This meteorite was shown in the exhibition of 1861 together with a second—the Abel Meteorite—which was found not very far away from it. The Melbourne Museum, however, continued to clamour childishly for its meteorite, and suggested that the mass should be cut in halves, one section to go back to Australia and the other to be retained in England. The authorities of the Natural History Museum, however, settled matters by purchasing the Abel Meteorite, and sending it back to Melbourne.

There are, of course, many other meteorites in the same gallery, and many of them have interesting histories; unfortunately, however, the things themselves are not picturesque. One, the Mhow Meteorite, fell upon and killed a native in 1827 in the North-West Provinces of India. Another was found at Imalac in Chili. It lay in a ravine, half buried in the sand, and had to be conveyed 150 miles in a cart to the coast. This meteorite weighs 450lb., and now rests on the right-hand side of the one that was found near Melbourne.

THE LARGEST METEORITE IN THE WORLD (WEIGHT 3½ TONS).

HOW I VISITED THE GOULIOT CAVES

By F. Startin Pilleau.

PERHAPS Sark is not exactly a beau-ideal place for a man with a "game" leg, so when my chum, Lock, who is also my doctor, called upon me to fulfil a long-standing engagement to spend a fortnight with him in that delightful island, I simply laughed at the absurdity of the idea. Lock, however, would not hear of my backing out of our agreement on that score, pointing out to me that, knowing the island so well as he did, he could pilot me to all the places of interest by paths which, he assured me, I should find perfectly practicable and easy, in spite of my stiff knee.

"Besides," he added, "your knee is a great deal better than you will allow, and a certain amount of exercise will do it all the good in the world. Put yourself in my hands, and I'll guarantee, not only that you won't break your precious neck, but that you will return all the better for the trip in every way."

These words, backed up as they were by my wife, settled the question, and we started off early in August, Lock having previously secured rooms at the Dixcart Hotel.

I will not bore you with an account of the horrors of the crossing from Southampton to Guernsey; suffice it to say that, whatever anticipation I had of deriving profit to my understanding, or benefit to my health, from my holiday, I did not commence to reap the harvest that night.

By the time we reached Sark, however, I had sufficiently recovered to admire the quaint old landing pier, and to wonder how on earth they were going to get me over the perpendicular cliffs, which apparently surrounded the little bay, for I could not then see the curious tunnel pierced through the living rock, which is, so to speak, Sark's front door.

It is not my purpose to write a guide to Sark, pleasant as that task would be. Those who have been there know its beauties or some of them, for though but a tiny little baby of an island, it wants a lot of knowing. Even Lock, who has been there year after year, at all seasons and in all weathers, declares he finds something fresh and new each time he goes. As for those who have not been, why, the sooner they go the better!

Lock was as good as his word, and, under his able guidance, I saw more of the island in the fortnight I spent there than if I had been a whole year by myself. My knee, too, soon got much stronger, and I was able to clamber about in a way which surprised me, and though, of course, I could not compete with Lock, whom I found was an expert rock climber, I had the satisfaction of feeling I was no longer an incumbrance.

He took me to all the lions of the place: The Pot, Venus's Bath, the Boutiques Caves, and the cave under the Hog's Back, through which we had to swim with lighted candles fixed in our caps, which, of course, went out, leaving us swimming about, in utter darkness, in the very bowels of the earth. I was delighted with everything, and soon filled my sketch-book. But of all the wonders of the place, not one fascinated me half so much as the "Souffleur" at Port Gorey. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and, no matter where else we had been, I always managed to get Lock to take me there in time to see it blow.

Imagine yourself seated upon a ridge of rock, jutting far out to sea, with huge detached boulders on either side, splitting the rapidly rising tide into innumerable seething, curling currents, hissing and breaking into foam in every possible direction. On the right, a high perpendicular cliff of granite, almost blocking the entrance of a tortuous channel, causes the water there to be comparatively calm; while, on the left, the breakers leap and chase each other over the half-submerged rocks in their frantic race to the shore, the cliff of which, at this particular spot, has been hollowed out by thousands of years of buffeting into a substantial cave. Lock had taken me into this cave at low water, pointing out to me that the interior vault was considerably higher than the semi-circular arch-like entrance. As the tide rapidly rises, first the floor of the cave is covered, and soon, the water rising higher and higher, only the top of the arch is visible. Then, as wave after wave rushes madly forward, even this disappears, and a low, angry growl is heard issuing from the spot, as though some mighty antediluvian monster were hurling back defiance to the relentless foe. Another wave or two, and the growl is succeeded by a hissing noise, first low, then rising in rapid crescendo, and a huge column of water is shot out some forty, fifty, or sixty feet. As each succeeding wave dashes up, the same impressive phenomenon is repeated, the "Souffleur" pulsating like a mighty horizontal geyser, till the water has entirely filled the cave and forced out all the air. It was an awful sight, and one that filled my brain with weird fancies as I gazed on the boiling waters below; yet, fascinated though I was, and drawn to the spot day after day, almost independently of will, I doubt if I should have dared to venture there alone, lest, in the delirium of the moment, I should have lost my nerve and hurled myself into the seething caldron.

At length our last day in Sark arrived, and I was to return to Guernsey by the evening boat. I should, by rights, have gone a day sooner, as I had received an urgent letter of recall from my wife, saying that my brother had unexpectedly come home from New Zealand, but Lock would not hear of my going until I had seen the Gouliot Caves.

"It would be simply ridiculous," he said, "to leave without seeing the gem of the island."

"If that be so," I replied, "why in the world haven't you taken me there before?"

"For the simple reason that they can only be properly explored during one of the exceptionally low spring tides, called the 'Grandes Marées,' which only occur a few

"A HUGE COLUMN OF WATER IS SHOT OUT."

times in the year. I have all along settled in my own mind to take you there to-morrow. One day can't possibly make any difference to you or your brother, and as it will be low water at 1.20 p.m., I will give instructions for your things to be taken on board, and you can go, after seeing the caves, direct to the boat without bothering to return to the hotel."

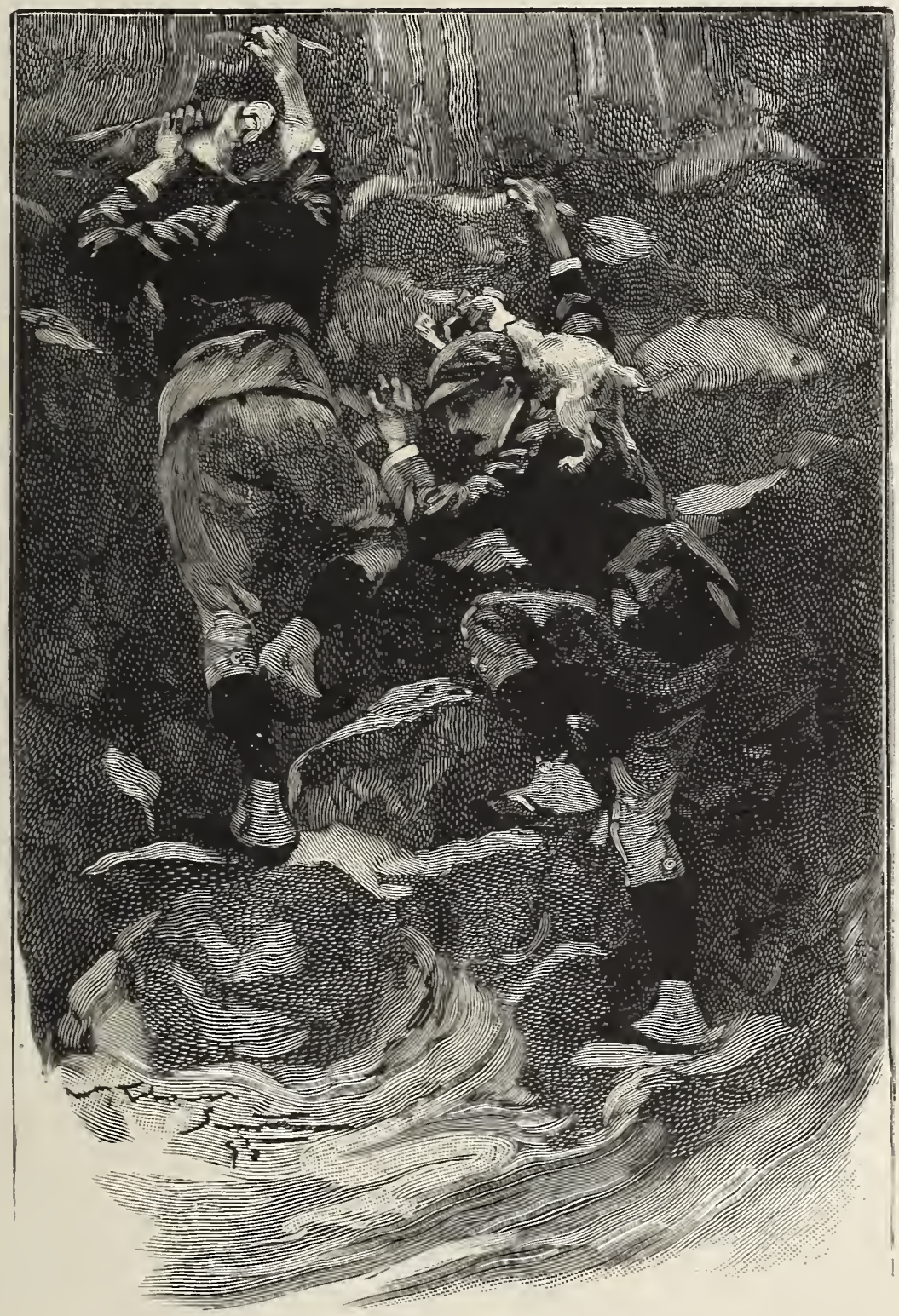
Adopting this plan, the following day we took our lunch, and accompanied by Gyp, the fox-terrier belonging to the hotel, set out in good time for our destination.

The exquisite beauties of the Gouliot Caves more than fulfilled my anticipations, and I revelled in them to my heart's content, for, for some unaccountable reason, we had them entirely to ourselves. Passing out of the main cave through a narrow, dark passage, in which there is always a considerable pool of water left by the tide, through which we had to wade, and turning sharply to the right, we suddenly found ourselves in the Tubularia Cave. This proved to be a spacious cavern of irregular shape, whose walls were literally covered with anemones and zoophytes of every conceivable colour, the whole being lit up by a brilliant beam of sunshine which entered the cave through a narrow passage, cleft through the living rock. How this chimney-like window was formed I could not tell, but it almost seemed as though Nature had purposely pierced it in order to show off, to the best advantage, the marvel of beauty, which would have otherwise lain concealed, for, though another entrance to the cave opened out to the sea, it was too low to admit direct sunlight. Long I stood lost in amazement and admiration at the fairy-like scene, and then Lock reminding me that our time was short, we continued our explorations. To do so we had to wade through a second limpid pool, which shone like glass in the sunlight, enabling us to see the countless gems of life, both animal and vegetable, which it contained.

We visited one or two other caves of minor importance, when we were startled by an agonizing howl from Gyp. Scrambling back as quickly as possible, we found the poor dog plunging and struggling in the pool I have described in the Tubularia Cave. At first I was considerably puzzled to know the cause of Gyp's discomfiture, till Lock announced, to my astonishment, that the unfortunate brute was struggling with an octopus! Such was the fact; and it was with the greatest difficulty, and after much time, that we succeeded in freeing the poor little fellow from his enemy, and proceeded at once to retrace our steps.

"STRUGGLING WITH AN OCTOPUS."

Hurrying down the dark passage, which was already some inches deep in water, we plunged boldly into the pool, but found, to our horror, we were getting out of our depth, and, though after frantic exertions Lock managed to force himself against the tide as far as the further end of the passage, it was only to find that the water had already risen above the low entrance, entirely cutting off our retreat. Quick as thought Lock shouted to me to turn back. It was well I did so, for we were only just in time to plunge under the rapidly disappearing archway into the Tubularia Cave. The few minutes we had left it were sufficient to effect a wondrous change in its appearance, and we found the water a couple of feet deep, where before we had been standing high and dry. Every moment it was perceptibly rising, and the tide, rushing in like a mill-stream, both from the passage we had returned by and the sea entrance, was turning the cave into a veritable whirlpool. Small time was there to discuss our predicament, so telling me to snatch up Gyp and follow him, Lock scrambled up the side of the cave to the chimney-like cleft. It was a toilsome and arduous climb, with the angry waters chasing us, and with nothing to hold on to except the slimy zoophytes; but it was a matter of life or death, and, though we lacerated our fingers terribly, we at length reached the bottom of the chimney, where we could rest in comparative safety to discuss further plans.



"IT WAS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH."

"Thank goodness!" I said, after recovering my breath, "we're safe at last, though I suppose we must wait here till the tide goes down. The worst of it is I shall miss the steamer, but that can't be helped."

"It certainly can't," Lock replied, "but don't be too cocksure we're out of the wood yet."

"What do you mean: the water surely can't reach us here? Even if it did, we've only to climb higher up, and possess our souls with patience, unless it's possible to get right up this chimney-like opening and then scale the cliff."

"That's quite impossible, for the cliff above is absolutely perpendicular. No, our only chance is, as you say, to wait till the tide goes down, and hope for the best."

"Hope for the best! You surely don't mean to say there is any chance of our not being able to get away at low water?"

"Indeed, I do; these abnormal tides are very peculiar, and, though the last was exceptionally low, it is more than likely that the next will not be low enough for us to escape, especially as I noticed, just before coming here, an ominous change in the wind."

"Then do you mean to say we've got to wait here till we starve to death?"

"Well, the tide *may* fall sufficiently for us to get back the way we came; if not——"

And here Lock shrugged his shoulders as being more expressive than words as to the hopelessness of our position.

For a couple of hours or more we sat in almost unbroken silence, by which time the water had risen to where we were, and compelled us to move higher up. Having once shifted my position, I determined to climb the whole length of the flue, and found that though, after the first 10ft. or 12ft., the passage became much more contracted, and slippery from its smoothness, I could work my way up with comparative ease, as the angle of inclination could not have been more than about thirty degrees. When I at length reached the end, I found, as Lock had predicted, that the face of the cliff was absolutely perpendicular, without, so far as I could see, the smallest projection or crevice to hold on to. Impressed with the impossibility of escape from that direction, except with outside help, I returned to Lock, and found that the water had already invaded the lower part of our refuge, so that we could no longer see into the cave. By this time the sun must have been nearly setting, though a warm glow still penetrated down the flue, enabling us to see the surroundings of our constricted prison, and I casually drew Lock's attention to the smoothness of the passage just above us. He gave a ghastly grin as he replied :—

"I wondered whether you had noticed it."

"What on earth do you mean? Is any fresh horror in store for us?"

"Listen, and perhaps you will be able to guess!"

As he ceased speaking I heard a strange gurgling sound, apparently proceeding from the Tubularia Cave, and some large air-bubbles, which were floating on the surface of the water, burst into spray. A moment or two of comparative silence, and then again I heard the same mysterious sound, though louder than before. Again and again the phenomenon was repeated, each time in a more intensified form, and the horrible truth was forced upon my unwilling understanding. *We were in the throttle of a "Souffleur," which had just commenced to blow.*

Crouching down behind the only slight projection we could find, we awaited our coming fate. We were, at least, saved the horror of suspense, for barely five minutes had elapsed ere a still louder growl was heard, and a short column of water deluged us from head to foot. We had barely time to recover our breath, when another still larger column shot over us, nearly tearing poor Gyp from Lock's arms. Frantically we clung to the bed of the rock, as ton after ton of water was belched forth and swept past us with deafening roars, and, had it not been for the slight protection afforded us by the projecting rock, we should have been blown like feathers into the sea, or drowned like rats in a hole.

When matters were at a crisis, I noticed Lock hurriedly scribbling something in his pocket-book, the leaf of which he tore out and placed in his tobacco-pouch, which he tied up tightly with string, and then fastened securely to Gyp's collar.

"It's our only chance," he shouted, as the "Souffleur" once more commenced to blow, and he threw the poor little fellow right into the teeth of the furiously-advancing waters. I seemed to see, rather than to hear, poor Gyp's despairing cry, as the wind and water caught him and, whirling him round, shot him through the funnel, like a bullet from a rifle, into the seething sea beyond.

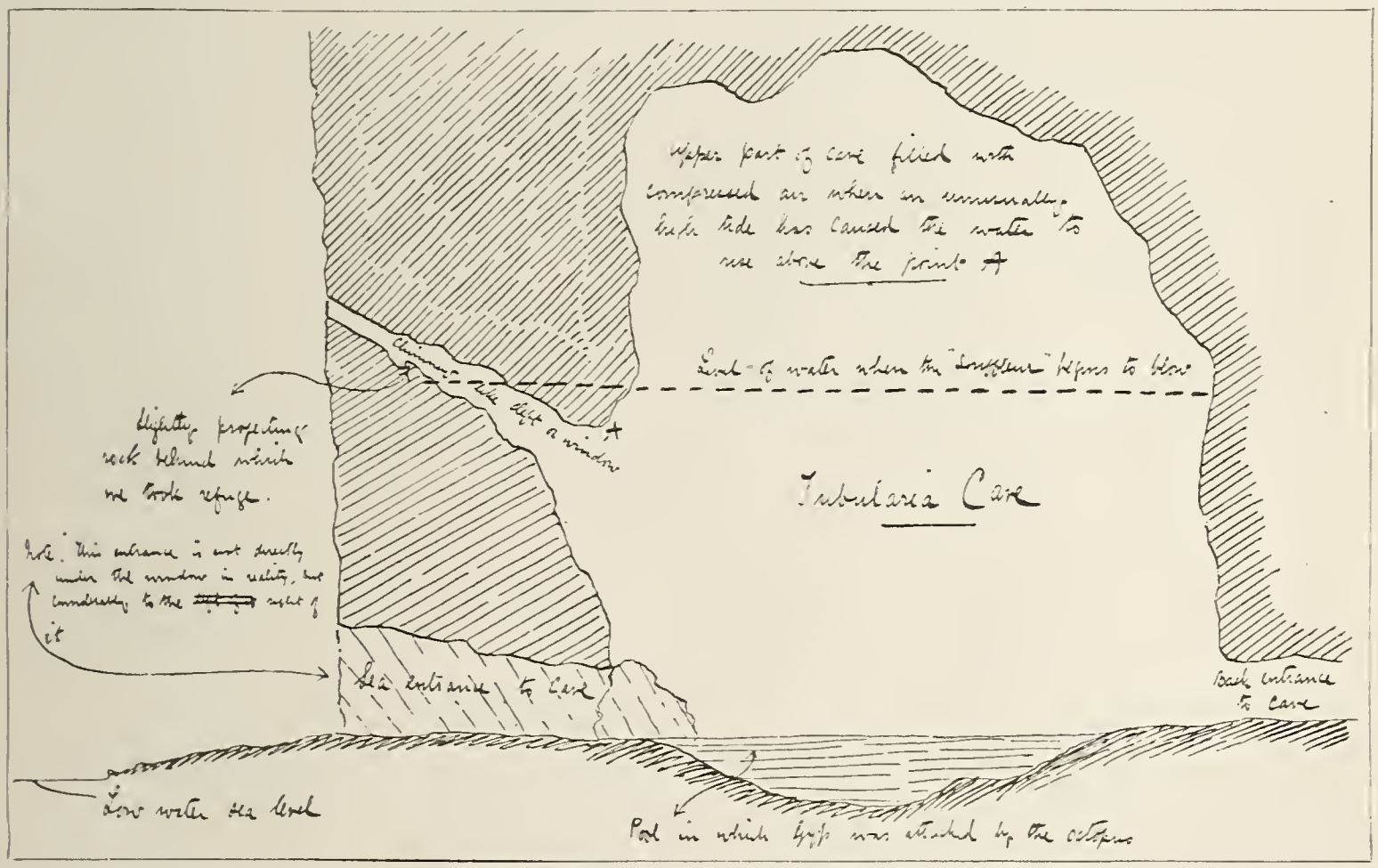
"THE WIND AND WATER SHOT HIM THROUGH THE FUNNEL."

The tide was now nearly at its height, and the air in the Tubularia Cave getting exhausted, so that each time the "Souffleur" blew, we were thankful to notice a perceptible diminution in its violence. At length, to our intense relief, it ceased altogether, and, though the tide still rose, so that we were forced into quite the upper part of the chimney, we had still a few feet's grace when, at last, it began to fall.

It is unnecessary to describe the weary hours that followed as, shivering and hungry, we sat there watching the deep shadows cast by the moonlight playing among the rocks. Impressive and weird as the scene was, we were in no humour to admire it. Lock, however, took the opportunity of explaining, by means of a diagram (a transcript of which I append), the reason why this particular "Souffleur" could only blow during one of these exceptionally high tides. (See diagram.)

hour, hoping that the tide might yet fall lower, but by that time there was unmistakable evidence that it was again beginning to rise. With sinking hearts we retraced our steps, when a faint, but thrice welcome, shout broke upon our ears; and, upon our scrambling up to the outer entrance of the funnel, we were rejoiced by the sight of a body of men on the rocks below.

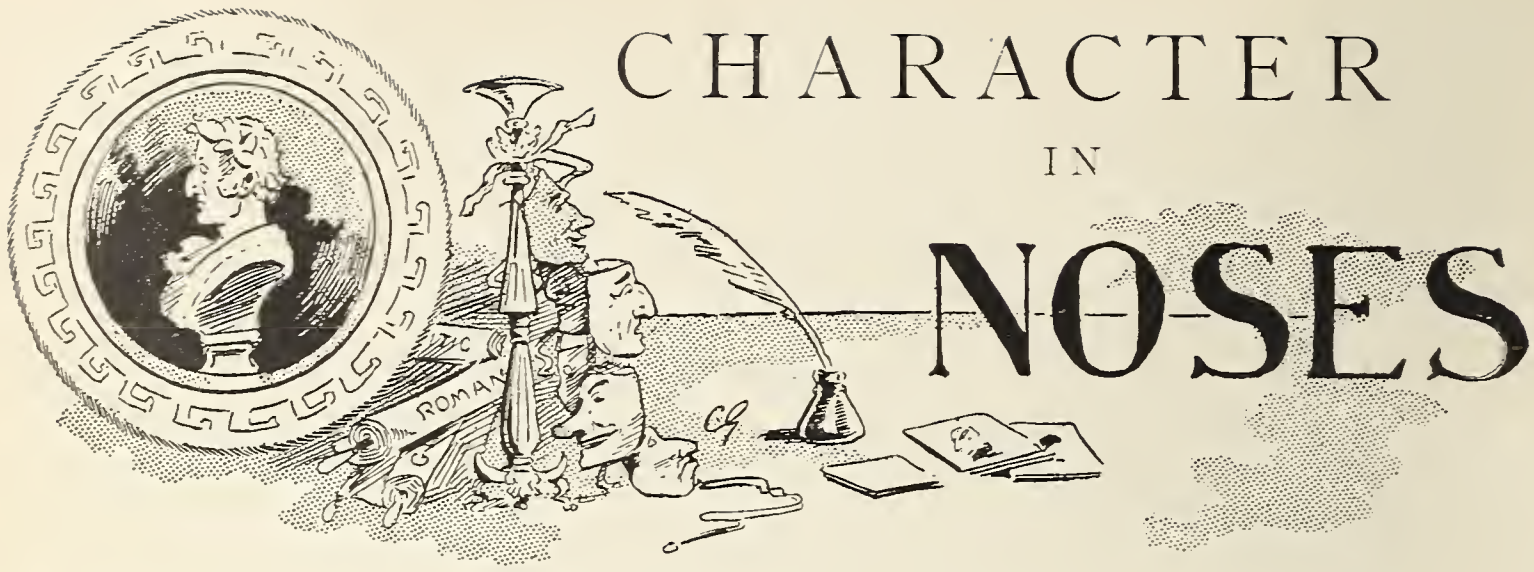
Barely a quarter of an hour—though it seemed longer to us—elapsed ere a stout rope was lowered from the cliff above, and our rescue accomplished, when we learned that poor little Gyp, who had probably at first been taken far out to sea, was found, more dead than alive, by a boatman near the Eperquerie. He carried him at once to the hotel, when the landlord immediately organized a rescue party, though he told me he had small hopes of finding either of us alive.


Upper part of cave filled with
compressed air when an unusually
high tide has caused the water to
rise above the point A
Level of water when the "Souffleur" begins to blow
Chimney with slight a window
Slightly projecting
rock behind which
we took refuge.
Tubularia Cave
Sea entrance to Cave
Back entrance
to Cave
Low water sea level
Pool in which Gyp was attacked by the octopus

SECTION OF THE GOULIOT CAVES.

At length, about 2 a.m., the time of low water approached, and we cautiously descended into the cave, but, alas! Lock's fears were only too true, for, though he lowered himself into the water, it was but to find that all chance of escape in that direction was completely cut off. We waited fully half an

Thus ended the most remarkable adventure I have ever taken part in, and I venture to affirm, without much fear of contradiction, that no other living man, Lock alone excepted, has ever experienced the sensation of being in the blow-hole of an active "Souffleur."



CHARACTER IN NOSES

By Stackpool E. O'Dell.

SINCE the time of Lavater, every feature of the human face has been made a matter of careful study by men of world-wide reputation, with the object of discovering if, and how far, it might be indicative of character. Among other writers on the subject may be mentioned Paolo Mantegazza, director of the National Museum of Anthropology at Florence, and Professor Cesare Lombroso, the celebrated criminologist. "A crooked nose," says Lombroso, "was found by us in 25 per cent. of criminals, and a flat nose was noted in 40 per cent. of normals, 12 per cent. of homicides, and 20 per cent. of thieves."

It is necessary that we should preface our remarks on notable noses by stating that where the nose may be indicative of peculiarities of character, it is only where certain other physical conditions harmonize with it. Thus it does not always indicate character. And some of the other conditions being far more intimately connected with character are the only indices that necessarily and invariably accord with it. To give an example: a large nose of the "Roman" or "Wellingtonian" type usually accompanies a strong desire to exercise power and authority; but if there be not *at least* an average amount of brain, this desire is unlikely to be manifested successfully in any direction calling for the exercise of much mental ability. But not only the absolute amount of brain has to be considered. The contour of it, as denoting the size of its various parts, is a consideration of equal importance. The nose (or any other facial feature) is an index of variable value. Nevertheless, it may be said that as a rule the noses of men and women of strong character and ability are more or less strongly defined themselves.

Noses, it may be remarked, differ very much—from that of the negro to the classic types. Speaking generally, the noses of Europeans, North American Indians, and Polynesians are long; those of negroes and Mongolians are short and less strongly marked. The same line of division separates these races judged from the standpoint of character—the short-nosed races being intellectually infantile, and those with longer noses more mature in intelligence and dignity. The nose is by no means an unimportant indication of temperament, generally agreeing in its sharpness or broadness with the strength or weakness of the lungs, and thereby with the power of the physical system to supply nutrition to the brain.

Wellington.—"A Wellington nose" is a phrase almost accepted as a synonym for "power." And the connection is often correct. Yet we have seen many men outside Tattersall's, and elsewhere inside sandwich-boards, possessing such noses. Probably their love for power and independence has been greater than their abilities, and they have failed to adapt themselves to the conditions whereby power and independence may be gained, and thus their failure. Had they Wellingtonian heads, they might have done Wellingtonian things.

Napoleon I.—Another large nose, but of a different contour. Besides strength, it indicates marvellous activity of the observing powers. The character is quick, accurate, self-reliant, decisive.

This nose accompanies a degree of egotism far beyond the average. Noses of the "large" class, it may be said, generally indicate, if not egotism, that self-confidence and assurance necessary to success.

NELSON.—Large again, not so pointed as Napoleon's, but accompanied by a better-balanced mind, less egotistical, intensely honourable, patriotic, and liberty-loving, and capable of a sublime courage in defence of whatever might be considered right. It is one of the "strong" noses, denoting strength in love as in battle.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—This nose is accompanied by a character as egotistical as Napoleon's. Not as with Nelson, country and honour would be secondary considerations. In benefiting himself the man may have benefited his country; but if, on the other hand, he thought he could benefit himself farther by swamping his country, he would have done it.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.—Here we have another warrior's nose. His battle was with himself. It is a cogitating, philosophical nose; the cogitations would be of an introspective nature. The powers of perception were slow, and the imaginative powers inclined to look backward rather than forward. Veneration was strong, giving a reverence for authority and ceremony, and interfering somewhat, perhaps, with a useful career.

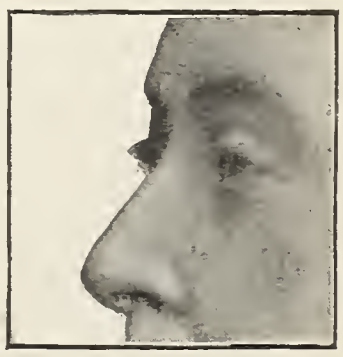
MR. GLADSTONE.—We have not left the warriors yet. This is another strong-looking nose. Being accompanied by necessary brain conditions and temperament, it may be said to indicate energy of a concentrated nature, destructive and constructive; solidity, patience, endurance, and stubborn tenacity. This endurance, it may be noted, is an accompaniment of each of the strongly-made noses considered above.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.—This is a different sort of nose. It has been called the "pugnacious" nose. It is often accompanied by strong self-esteem and combativeness; a character taking pleasure in opposition, and manifesting little continuity and stability except when opposed. Lack of continuity would prevent the deep and extended comprehension of subjects.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—Somehow, we do not think the Duke has lived up to his nose. But it scarcely harmonizes with his head, which indicates a fair amount of mental strength requiring more than ordinary circumstances to rouse it into activity; some haughtiness, self-will, and a tendency to be disappointed with things in general, and personal life in particular. There is a lack of ambition.

WILLIAM PITT.—This nose differs much from those of present-day statesmen. It reminds us of the war-horse that we are told is ever ready for the battle. It accompanies here a very highly-strung nervous system, great clearness of thought, lofty ideals—though lacking somewhat in the "Roman" persistency required to reach them.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.—It is not out of place to include Her Majesty with the statesmen. She has the nose of her fathers. And she has much of what was best in their characters. She has strength, resolution, firmness, and almost an instinctive authority. But she is well-balanced, with a due, and indeed high, sensitiveness to honour, virtue, and social affection.



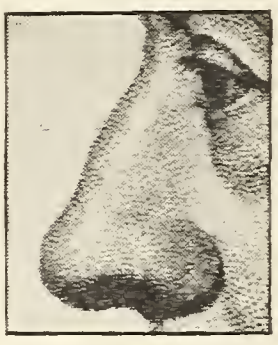
MARTIN LUTHER.—This is a somewhat doubtful form of nose. It may seem to indicate strength, but there is little, if any, sign of the kind of strength. The broad and massive head that it belongs to, however, is in full accord

with the character, denoting force, the force of a thunderbolt, solidity in thought, word, and action. Noses of this kind, which we find somewhat modified in Göethe and Beethoven (*q.v.*), often accompany great sympathy and large-heartedness.

FATHER IGNATIUS.—Compare this with Luther's. It seems to indicate a character without a chance of error. You cannot escape its expressiveness. Intensely critical, occupied with minutiæ, eager to analyze, especially to analyze human nature and appreciative of the power to be gained by the help of this knowledge. Yet, withal, spiritual. Could not play second to anyone. Much happiness derived from contemplating his own influence.

MILTON.—Glancing above at the warriors, we must call this a warlike nose. In the character we find natural penetration into the motives of action, individual and national. Capable of strong indignation and of the concentration of thought characteristic of this group.

DANTE.—This has been described, perhaps accurately, as the "melancholic" nose. The head certainly denotes strong imaginative powers combined with a lack of hope, resulting in a pessimistic tendency. Concentration and patience would seem to be again denoted, enabling the imaginative power to be practically applied. But it could never have produced "Paradise Regained."



GÖETHE.—This differs much from Dante's. Sympathy we have already mentioned as accompanying such a nose. The whole temperament is loving, poetic, eloquent in its indications. Love and hope are chief ingredients of this character.

VOLTAIRE.—Not so, however, with Voltaire. Here we have the bitter, satirical critic—yet with sterling abilities. A sad absence of sympathy, except for himself. Concentration again, and keen powers of analysis and comprehension.

DICKENS.—This nose is more like Göethe's than like that of Voltaire. Sympathy, love and hope, strong social feelings, much honourableness, and all-round abilities, especially good in the perceptive direction, constitute the mind.

MR. J. M. BARRIE.—This nose is often accompanied by a rather hypercritical, severe, Calvinistic character. But such is not Mr. Barrie's. His head, however, eminently agrees with his close delineation of character, his strong sympathies, and subtle humour. The nose here is one indication of the predominating nervous temperament—that is all we can say for it.

OUIDA.—An uncommon form of nose, accompanied by an uncommon character—a combination of strength, imagination, sympathy, self-assertion, hope, caution, aggressiveness, love of harmony, and many other strangely contradictory qualities. These characteristics will hardly contribute to happiness.

MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE.—This is a very evenly-balanced, almost expressionless, nose. The whole temperament, however, is well-balanced, and so are the mental faculties. Moral philosophy made popular requires such a mind for its production. The domestic feelings are strong. Language and the general memory are good.

THE DUKE OF YORK.—This is a somewhat average nose. It is accompanied in this case by much agreeableness—enough perhaps to be at times prejudicial to personal interests. There is, however, a fair amount of dignity and a desire for enterprise. The Duke

has good powers of observation. Did circumstances favour, he might do much, especially in practical directions, where enterprise, activity, fearlessness, combined with modesty rather than authoritativeness, would be called for.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.—This kind of nose often indicates ability to strive, to quietly persevere, to conquer difficulties. It is a combination of the "Roman" and "Assyrian," though less strongly marked than either.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS.—This nose differs much from Leighton's. Such a nose seldom accompanies a character either egotistical or aggressive, or too much inclined to work for the sake of results. It is accompanied in this case by strong benevolent feelings, and affections of a concentrated though uneffusive nature.

MR. SWINBURNE.—This nose is almost always accompanied by the nervous temperament, and often indicates a tendency towards dissatisfaction, idealizing, and uncontrollable emotion. With it, the senses are generally highly active. Mr. Swinburne has comparatively greater width than length of brain, the width in front, accompanied by the nervous temperament, corresponding to his poetical power. His character is not likely to be productive of happiness.

BEETHOVEN.—This nose, like Luther's, seems to denote strength, but indefinitely. The head indicates much of the spiritual and the imaginative. The temperament, of which the nose is partly indicative, is the vital, denoting strong recuperative powers, which are very necessary to the supplying of the nervous force expended in musical composition.

MOZART.—Here the vital temperament is far weaker. Two characteristics often denoted by this form of nose are, the desire to excel and the desire to acquire. When the financial abilities are good, the tendency is towards acquiring money. Similar to the noses portrayed in the beginning of this article and, in some respects, to that of Milton, Mozart's nose seems to harmonize with his strong concentration and perseverance.

M. PADEREWSKI.—This nose is unlike either of the two preceding ones. Its type is usually accompanied by emotion rather than philosophy. This excess of emotion may give much influence over other people, especially of a similarly emotional character, but it is not conducive to contentment.

M. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ.—This form of nose is also often indicative of an emotional character, but being accompained by the vital rather than the nervous temperament, the emotions will be better balanced, less prejudicial to health and happiness. The tendency here is to enjoy life. Strong linguistic ability may often be expected with such a nose, and it is present in this case.

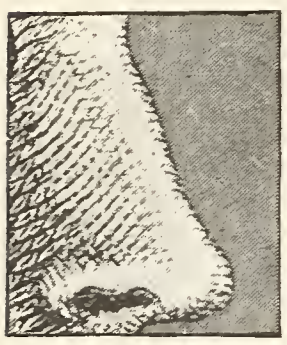
MADAME PATTI.—This nose belongs to the same class as the last. It would seem to denote in general the same tendency towards enjoyment, sociability, vivacity, and romance. Madame Patti's character includes strong artistic tastes, good power of mimicry, and a slight tendency to be extravagant and passionate.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.—This is a clear-cut, well-defined nose. It indicates an active, nervous temperament. It is accompanied by much ambition, self-confidence, and imitative power. There is, however, no deficiency in originality.

MR. WILLARD.—This nose is accompanied by power of a plodding nature. The ambition will be to merit rather than to gain praise. Will endeavour to be very sure before taking an important step. Reserved and dignified, and possessing much of the secretiveness necessary to efficient acting. Hopeful, and not liable to extremes.

SOCRATES.—This formation has not always the brain of a Socrates behind it; still, when the brain is there, this nose may be taken as a minor indication of a questioning tendency, combativeness, and talking ability. Many great orators have had a somewhat similar nose. It accompanies a warm temperament, producing a great flow of blood to the brain.

PLATO.—This nose differs much from that of Socrates. It is intellectual rather than emotional; the abilities are dispassionate in their action. The "Roman" type seems to tend more towards action; this towards thought alone. In the character of its possessor were clear perception of human nature, concentration, and much inventive power.



Abnormal noses frequently set all canons at defiance by being hugely significant of just nothing at all.

Early in the last century a man, Thomas Wedders (or, rather, Wadhouse), with a nose seven and a half inches long, was exhibited throughout Yorkshire.

Thus, if noses were ever uniformly exact in representing the importance of the individual, this worthy ought to have amassed all the money in Threadneedle Street and conquered all Europe, for this prodigious nose of his was a compound of the acquisitive with the martial. But either his chin was too weak or his brow too low, or Nature had so exhausted herself in the task of giving this prodigy a nose as to altogether forget to endow him with brains; or, perhaps, the nose crowded out this latter commodity. At

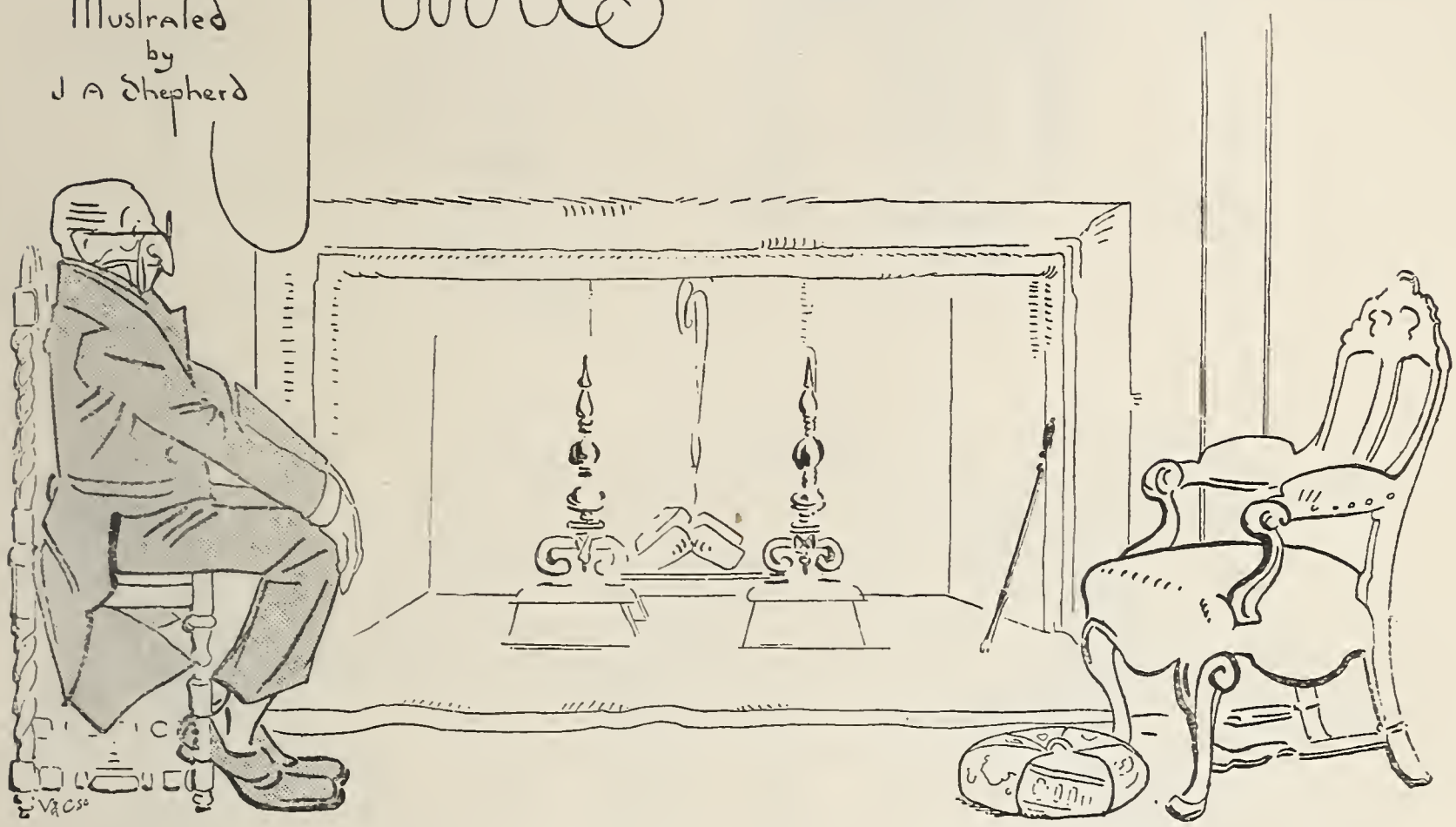
THOMAS WEDDERS.

all events, we are told the Yorkshireman expired, nose and all, as he had lived, in a condition of mind best described as idiocy the most abject.

Fables

Illustrated by J A Shepherd

THE WIDOWER AND THE PARROT.

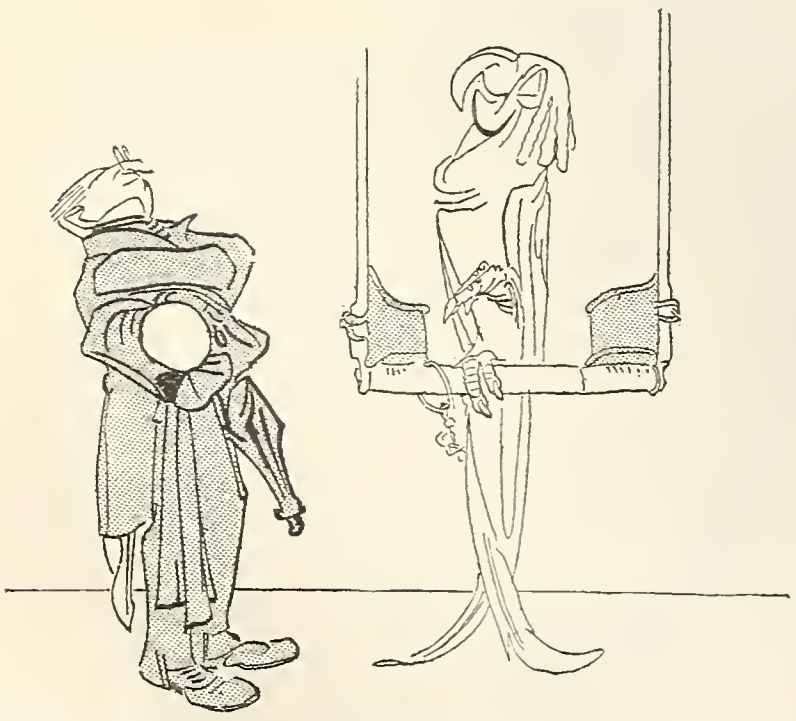


1.—A CERTAIN WIDOWER, IN ORDER TO AMUSE HIS SOLITARY HOURS, AND IN SOME MEASURE SUPPLY THE CONVERSATION OF HIS DEPARTED HELPMATE—OF LOQUACIOUS MEMORY—DETERMINED TO PURCHASE A PARROT.

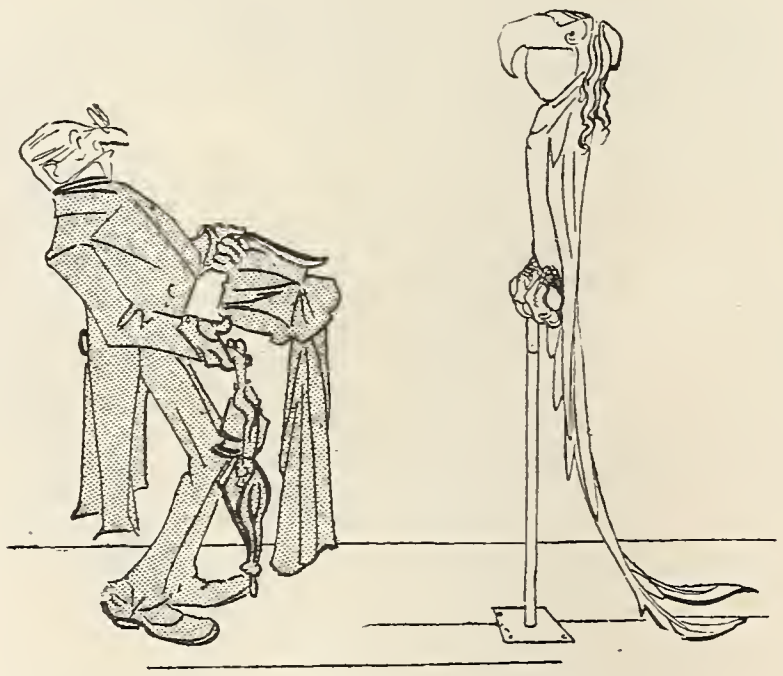
2.—PLEASED WITH THE NOTION-

3.—HE APPLIED TO A DEALER IN BIRDS, WHO SHOWED HIM A JOB LINE IN COCKATOOS.

4.—IT WAS THE MACAWS, HOWEVER, WHICH HELPED TO RECALL THE MEMORY OF HIS DEAR DEPARTED.



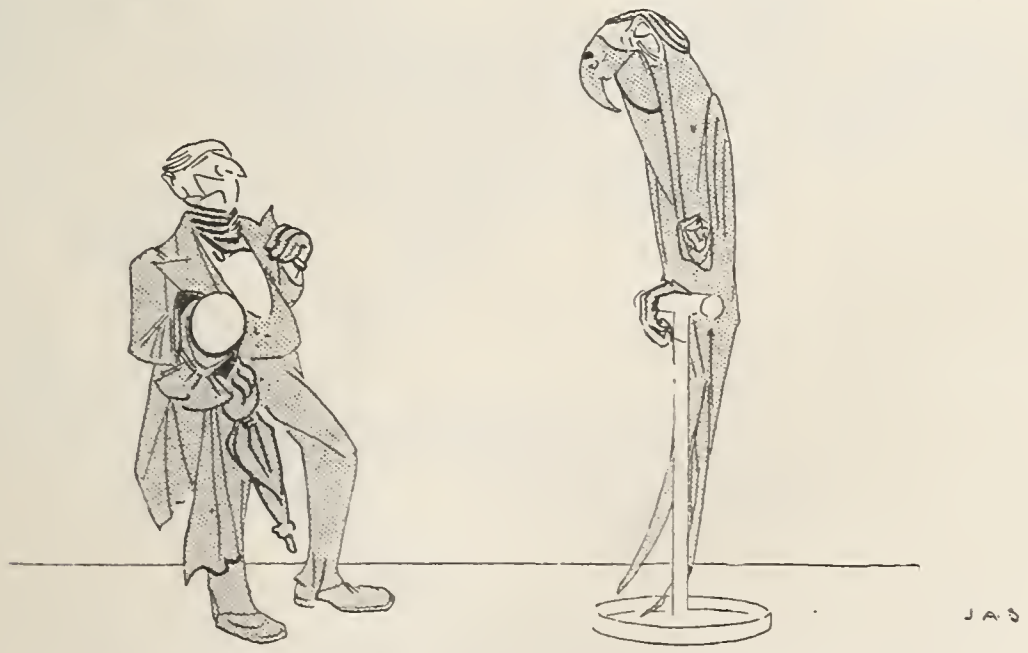
5.—OUR WIDOWER FOUND MUCH DIFFICULTY IN SELECTING HIS FUTURE COMPANION—HERE ONE WAS TOO PATRONIZING—



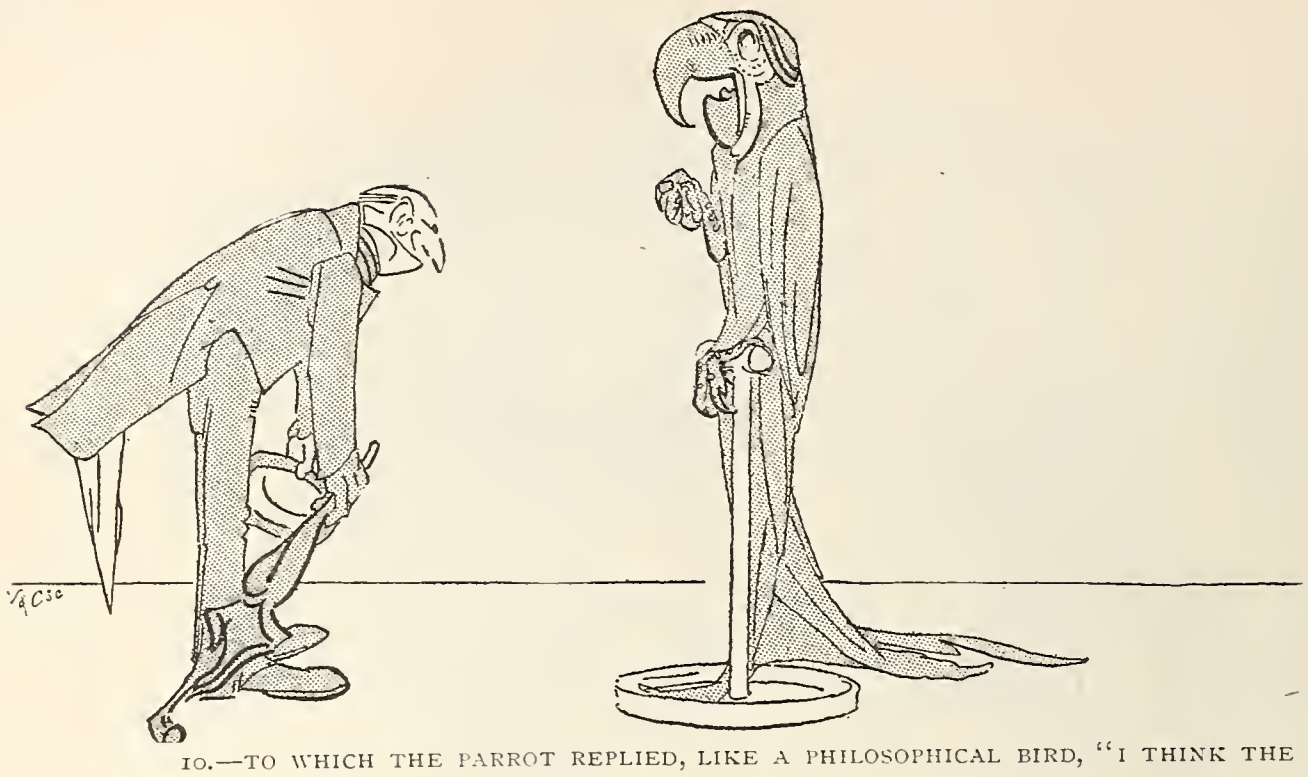
6.—THERE, ONE WAS TOO SEVERE.

7.—WHILST THE LANGUAGE OF ANOTHER!!

8.—WHILE THEY WERE SCREAMING AND EXERCISING THEIR TALKATIVE TALENTS BEFORE HIM, HE OBSERVED A DARK PARROT PERCHED IN A THOUGHTFUL MANNER.



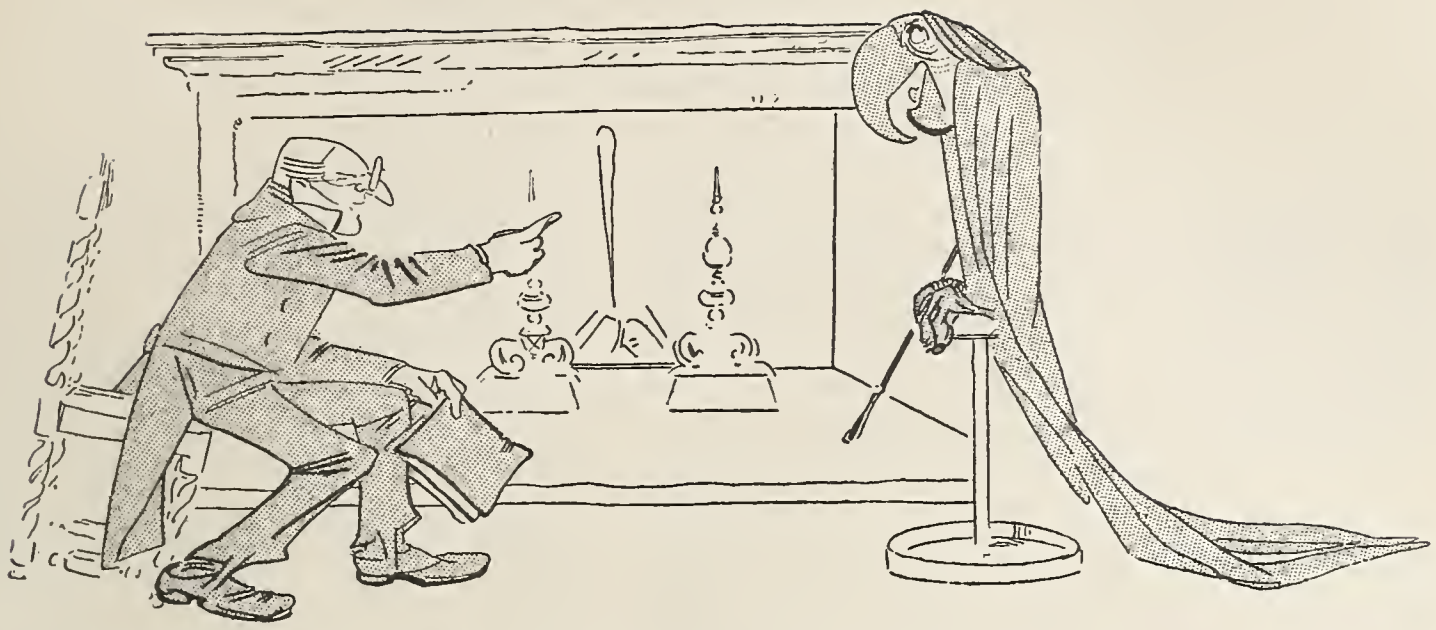
9.—"AND SO YOU, MY BRAVE BIRD," SAID HE, "ARE QUITE SILENT?"



10.—TO WHICH THE PARROT REPLIED, LIKE A PHILOSOPHICAL BIRD, "I THINK THE MORE."

11.—PLEASED WITH THIS SENSIBLE ANSWER, THE WIDOWER IMMEDIATELY PAID DOWN THE PRICE—

12.—AND TOOK HOME THE BIRD, CONCEIVING GREAT THINGS FROM A CREATURE WHICH HAD GIVEN SO STRIKING A SPECIMEN OF HER PARTS.



13.—AFTER HAVING INSTRUCTED HER, HOWEVER, DURING A WHOLE MONTH, HE FOUND TO HIS GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT THAT HE COULD GET NOTHING MORE FROM HER THAN THE FATIGUING REPETITION OF THE SAME DULL SENTENCE: "I THINK THE MORE."

14—"I FIND," SAID HE, IN GREAT WRATH, "THAT YOU ARE A MOST INVINCIBLE FOOL; AND A BIGGER FOOL WAS I, FOR HAVING FORMED A FAVOURABLE OPINION OF YOUR ABILITIES UPON NO BETTER FOUNDATION THAN AN AFFECTED SOLEMNITY."

15.—EPILOGUE.

Gleams from the Dark Continent.

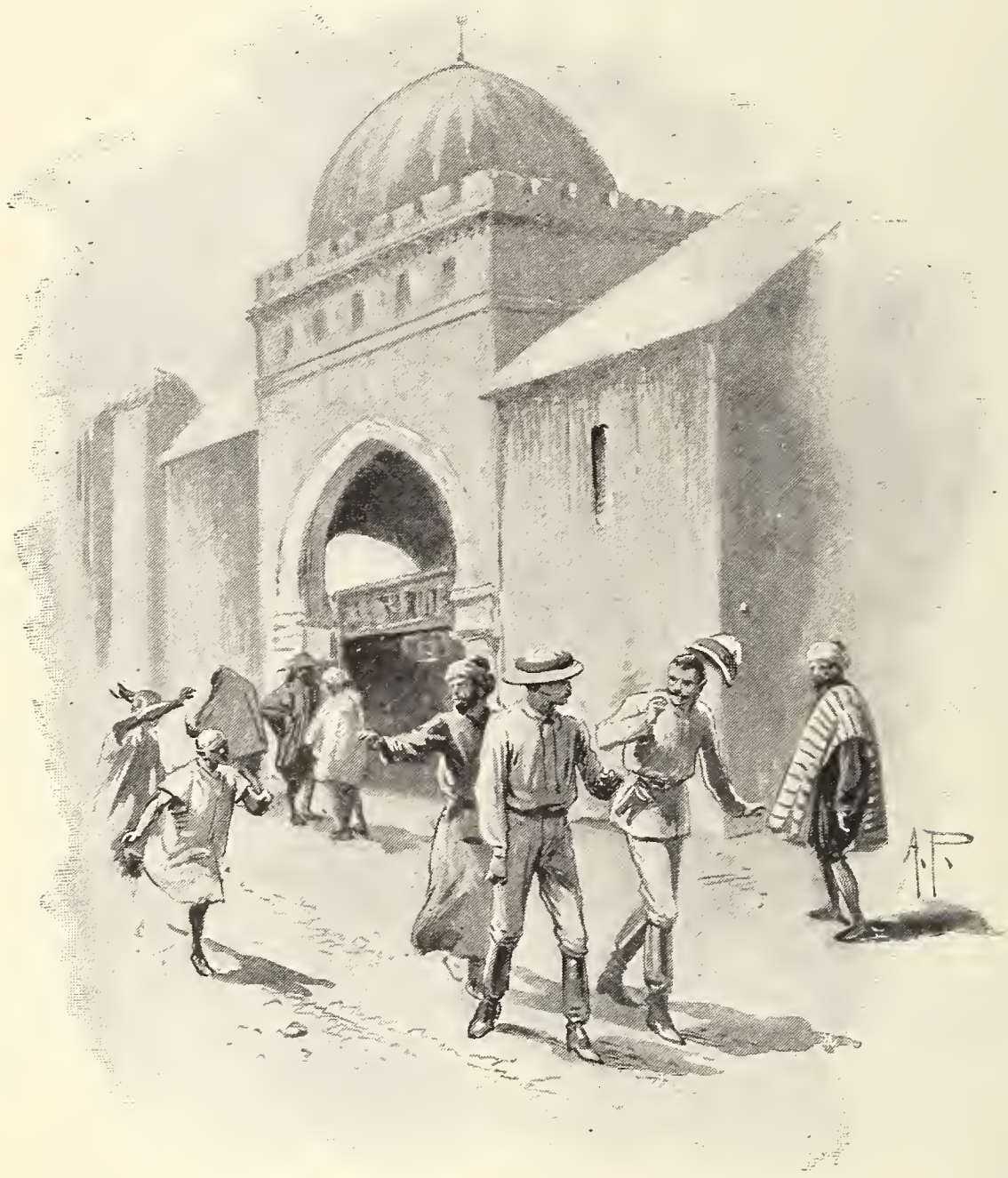
By Charles J. Mansford.

VII.—THE BRIGAND OF KAIROUIN THE HOLY.

I.

NIGHT, with heavy, velvety clouds blotting out the stars, held sway over Kairouin, Kairouin the mysterious, Kairouin the sacred city of Mohammedan Africa.

For five days we had wandered, practically unmolested, through the city girded with its white, crenelated walls. True, we were constantly spat upon, called dogs and Roumis, and once the Moorish gamins had playfully pelted us with stones; but these were matters of small moment, for they had their recompense.



"THE MOORISH GAMINS PELTED US WITH STONES."

Under the city wall, that night, we were reclining on esparto mats, drinking coffee, and listening to the unmusical strains of a Moorish guitar, played by a minstrel who was at once the dirtiest man and the most popular story-teller of Kairouin.

Our presence at the open-air *café*, which was lit up by lanterns hung upon the city wall, was only tolerated because of a rumour which Hassan had sedulously put into circulation. It was, in effect, that we were travelling through Africa in search of a plant said to be a specific for blindness. As ophthalmia is so distressingly common among those who frequent Kairouin, the "Roumi doctors" were allowed to rest at a little distance from the group of true believers gathered round the story-teller.

"Tell us a story, O wise one," said a Bedouin, whose bronzed face was badly pitted with small-pox marks and whose picturesque attire was travel-stained.

"Does the slave sing whose throat is dry and whose pitcher a camel has kicked?" the story-teller asked. The Bedouin took the hint, and ordered the Moorish servant to bring a draught of legmi, the sap of the date-palm.

"May your story not grow stale," said a Cadi, or magistrate, whose eyes impatiently watched the story-teller as the latter sipped his beverage with the air of a Pasha.

"Don't be hurried by a Cadi who trims his beard and verdict by the size of the plaintiff's harem," interposed a Moor. The Cadi glanced at the speaker angrily. The Moor had a handsome face of Jewish cast, black eyebrows, carefully pointed beard, and eyes that flashed as one of the lanterns flung its beams across the man's face. He wore a crimson turban, yellow haik, brown djubba and saffron slippers, and was evidently a man of wealth. When the Cadi glanced at him he smiled scornfully, and returned a stare that made the Cadi shift uncomfortably on his mat.

"Sainted one," said the Cadi to the story-teller: "Son of the Prophet, thy slaves wait

thy mellow words of wisdom." The story-teller, whose grizzled beard, dirty turban and baracan or robe, and the beads in his hand, showed that he aspired to be a saint as well, was moved by the Cadi's epithets. He finished his legmi, and stroked his beard thoughtfully as if for inspiration.

"They are strange spiders that weave golden webs of imagination in thy brain," said the Moor, approvingly; "but tell us something true, to-night, instead." He bent forward towards the story-teller, and indicated us by a gesture. "These Roumi doctors, Christian dogs, can't you tell us something about such—what about the Kairouin brigand? The Cadi here may never have heard all the story. He might like, when he has heard it, to go out single-handed and bring the fellow to justice. A fine sight it would be to see the Kairouin brigand kneeling in the square while that blunderer, Raschad, the executioner, hacked at his neck! Five times he struck at a thief yesterday before the fellow's waggish head rolled on the stone flagging. Tell the Cadi the story—by my beard, the rascal shall hear it if I have to bind and gag him with my turban the while!"

Everyone stared at the Moor. To beard the Cadi like that!

"The Christian dog and infidel!" cried the Cadi, ignoring the Moor's personal remarks. "By all means tell us the story—I have only heard it in fragments. One hack or twenty, what does it matter so long as the head is struck off? Besides, the crowd likes an execution to be interesting. If ever this brigand fall into my hands, I promise a stirring sight."

"What will you do, Cadi?" asked the Moor, derisively.

"Tell Raschad, the executioner, to shut his eyes each time he strikes with the double-handed sword," calmly returned the Cadi.

"If he were a true believer, I could wish him better luck," said the Bedouin; "but this brigand is a Christian—Allah blacken his face at the Day of Judgment!"

The story-teller took a coin which the Moor held out to him. He struck a note on his guitar as if to get the sing-song pitch of his voice which he favoured, and then began his story:—

"In the harem of Alipha Pasha, know, O true believers, were born two children, a son, the child of a Moorish Princess, and a daughter, the child of a Circassian slave. The son had his father's spirit, and beat every slave that roused his childish ire; Fatima, the daughter, had her father's courage, her mother's beauty, her own gentle disposition, and was six years younger than her half-brother.

"One day, Alipha Pasha, who was in want of slaves, bade a dealer bring such wares as he had into the courtyard of his harem. The Pasha made no purchases: the slaves were not to his liking. This woman was ungainly, that one was too short, another showed all her teeth when she laughed. As to the eunuchs, they were too sleek to do aught but loll in the shade and consume the Pasha's tobacco.

"'Bring me a slave more to my liking, fellow, by sunset to-morrow, or thy head shall part company with thy shoulders!' cried the Pasha.

"The trader took the hint. When he came before the Pasha, next day, he brought three maidens, with eyes like the houris of Paradise, necks like swans, and taper fingers, henna tipped. With them the trader brought a boy, of the age of the Pasha's son, a white-faced child, son of some Christian dogs, from whom the child had been stolen in the by-ways of fair Tangier. The Pasha bought them all; the girls for his harem, and the boy for his son to beat as an amusement."

"Good!" said the Cadi; "what are infidels but beasts to be beaten?" The rest of the little knot of listeners wagged approval with their beards.

"Fatima, the Pasha's daughter, child of a slave woman, mark you, O true believers and inheritors of Paradise, dared one day to interfere when her free brother was beating this infidel spawn, so he beat her as well while the Pasha looked on approvingly, for Fatima's mother was in Alipha Pasha's black books for having smiled at someone in the streets of Kairouin."

"A sack and the sea for a woman who acts so. Women's smiles must never stray from their own lords," observed the Cadi, as if uttering judgment on a prisoner.

"The Christian dog, who was twenty in years and forty in ingratitude to the good Pasha, wrenched the whip from the son's hand, and struck the illustrious Alipha Pasha himself a blow that left a livid mark upon his smitten face. The Pasha clapped his hands for help, and his eunuchs ran quickly into the courtyard. They held the Christian dog and beat him by turns till he fainted. Then the Pasha sent for the Cadi."

"I came at once," said the Cadi; "for know, O good and true followers of Allah and Mahomet His Prophet, when the Pasha could not manage the ungovernable Christian

"THE PASHA LOOKED ON APPROVINGLY.

beast, he sent for me!" The Cadi drew himself up a couple of inches higher on his heels, as he proudly glanced at the Moor to see what the latter then thought of his importance.

"The rest of the story I know," continued the Cadi; "it was the early part of it of which I was ignorant, for I asked the Pasha no questions."

"The Cadi sentenced the Christian dog to death," continued the story-teller, for the information of the others; "but that night he escaped from the prison into which he was flung."

"The Cadi was as stupid as a blind camel to let the rat get out of the trap that was shut upon it," said the Moor.

"Fatima was at the bottom of it all," said the discomfited Cadi; "I sentenced *her* to death, afterwards, but the Pasha refused to allow it, and fined me the price of three slaves for letting the dog of an infidel escape."

"After his escape," continued the story-teller, "the slave took refuge in the hills, and, gathering a band of lawless followers, plundered every traveller who went his way. One night the bandits got into this very city of Kairouin, someone having treacherously admitted them by the Skinners' Gate. Next morning every bazaar of note was found to have been looted. The Pasha and his son were found slain in the harem courtyard among a heap of dead on both sides; none of the women were molested save Fatima—the bandits carried her off to the Ousselat Hills, to become the infidel's willing bride!

"The Sultan's troops have since swept down upon the outlaws and decimated them, but the Christian dog still lives; he, with Fatima and the remnants of his band, still lurks somewhere in their mountain fastness. Who meets them may slay them—would to Allah someone would!"

"Cadi," said the Moor, when the story-teller had ceased, "there is a chance for you to become illustrious—all you have to do is to catch the brigand of Kairouin."

"If once the way be found into the mountain fastness, I will go after the brigand, and surely he shall die," averred the Cadi, stoutly.

"The Christian dog has a rather unpleasant way of hanging his would-be benefactors," laughed the Moor, drily.

"By the Koran I care not. Let me but find a guide and I will go—and take the infidel single-handed," boasted the Cadi.

"Cadi," said the Moor, quietly, "you have sworn by the Koran: you dare not break your word and so lose your eternal happiness with the houris of Paradise. To-morrow, when the sun rises, I will meet you at the gate of the city. I have discovered the way to this outlawed dog's hiding-place—I will show it to you."

"The brigand's doom is sealed, then," answered the Cadi; "I will take enough men with me to root out the entire nest of rascals."

"Stay, Cadi," replied the Moor; "you threatened to take the brigand single-handed. If you draw back from your boast, the story-teller here will tell through the whole city of Kairouin that its illustrious Cadi is a still more illustrious liar."

The Cadi was beaten at the game of brag. He was silent a few minutes, then answered:—

"The Cadi's word is his bond—I will meet you at daybreak to-morrow at the gate; the brigand's head shall roll from his shoulders within a week."

"Or the Cadi's neck be dislocated," said the Moor.

"Wait till I meet the brigand," said the Cadi, with a determined air.

"Wait till the brigand meets you," laughed the Moor, as he rose and went away, walking slowly and thoughtfully into the night.

II.

KAIROUIN was filled with an excited throng. Every street and crooked alley, every bazaar and open space, had its crowd of gossiping Moors, talking and gesticulating wildly. As we walked towards one of these groups, curious to discover what had happened, a cry of "Infidels! Infidels!" was raised. The gamins began stone-throwing in real earnest, while six or seven picturesque but fanatic Moors gathered round us and pressed upon us in a way that boded no good. A religious mendicant howled imprecations on our heads, whose utterances the crowd took up. Two or three dangerous-looking knives were drawn, and there was every prospect of our becoming the victims of a foreign mob, when Hassan caught each of us by an arm and dragged us within the shop of a friendly Moor. Passing through his little bazaar, we escaped into the next byway, and thence to where we were staying, without further molestation.

"What has happened? What was it all about?" Denviers questioned Hassan.

"The brigand is an infidel, and the sahibs are——" Hassan was too courteous to finish the sentence.

"The brigand!" exclaimed Denviers. "Has anything been heard of the Cadi, who went five days ago to take him single-handed?"

Hassan looked grave. "Sahib," he answered, "the brigand has captured the Cadi, and has sent a messenger into the city to demand a heavy ransom. Unless it is received in six days, the brigand declares he will hang the Cadi. The man who brought the message has asked that the ransom be carried back by someone from the city under his guidance. No one will undertake the task, and so the Cadi must be hanged."

"You say the brigand is an Englishman," I remarked, thoughtfully.

"The sahib perhaps is convinced of that, since he has met the brigand," replied Hassan.

"Met him, Hassan?"

"The Moor who promised to show the Cadi the way to the brigand's retreat was none other than the brigand himself in disguise!" answered Hassan, to our astonishment.

"Then I will take the Cadi's ransom to him," I said, for, somehow, the Moor's amusing air had quite attracted me to him.

"I will go instead," insisted Denviers.

"The latchet of the sahibs' shoes is ready to take the Cadi's ransom, if they will permit him," said Hassan.

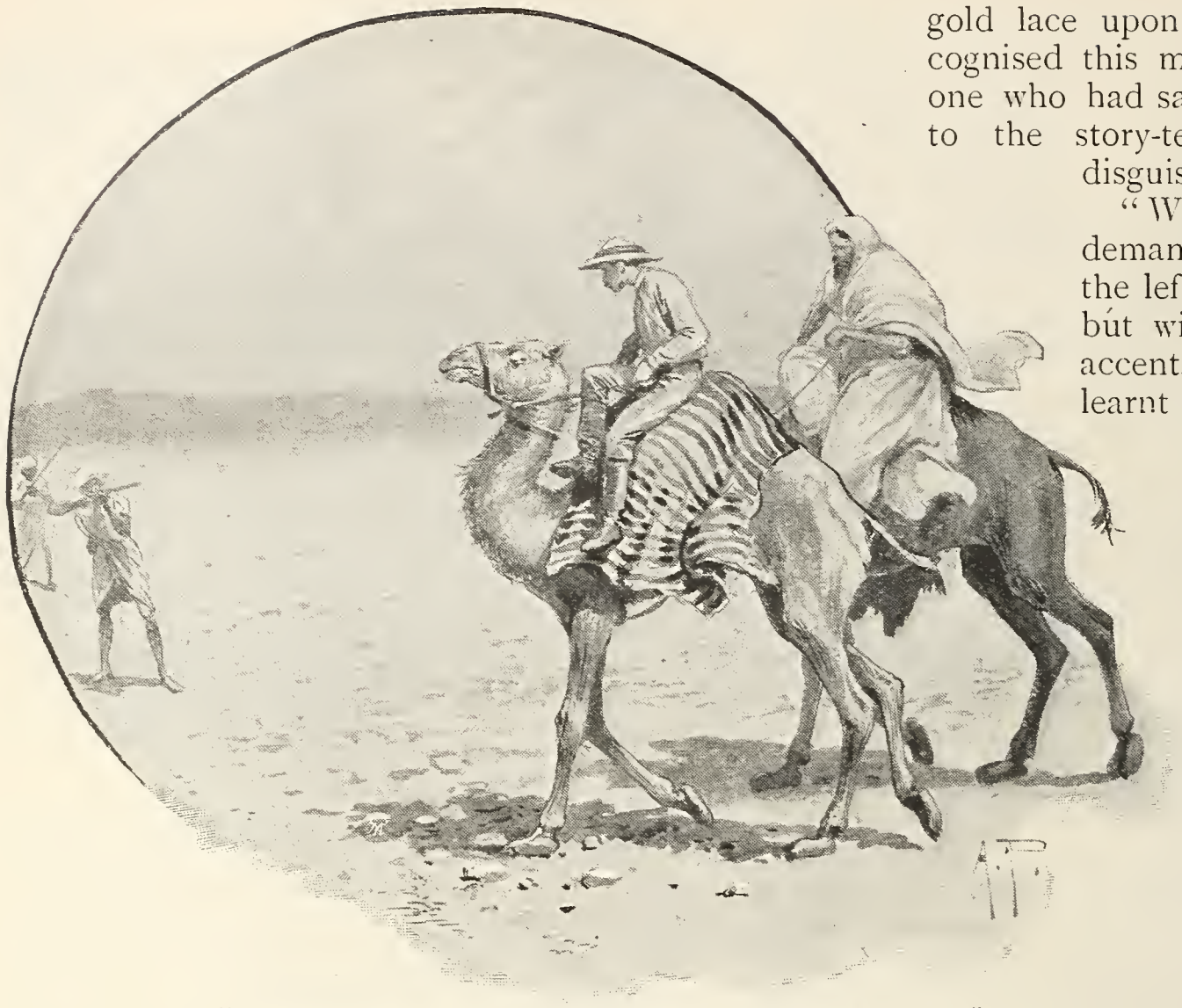
"I think one of us would fare better with the brigand than a Moslem would," I answered, "and as I first suggested going, I mean to keep to my intention."

Denviers demurred for some time, but, at last, Hassan was dispatched to the house of a wealthy Kairouini, who agreed to advance the Cadi's ransom.

Next morning I met the brigand's messenger, the Kairouini handed me the required ransom, Denviers and Hassan bade me an anxious farewell, and I started for the Ousselat Hills, mounted, as was also the messenger, on a camel.

Far in the distance rose the purple heights of the towering Ousselats; between us and the hills lay a sun-scorched plain. We followed a track for some time, then came upon a wide stretch of sand, over which the camels went, up and down, like a ship plunging into the trough of high-backed waves. Long before the day was over I was heartily wearied of the long, heaving motion of the camel. At sunset my new-found guide gave me a handful of dates and a drink from a water-skin; we rested for a few hours, but were travelling on our way again before the sun had risen.

On the third day after my departure from Kairouin, we came within near view of a spur of the hills. Pushing steadily on, I was surprised to see a number of armed men suddenly spring up from the desolate plain. These men, who were armed with modern rifles, were some twenty yards apart. The nearest instantly levelled his rifle at my head and curtly bade me dismount. Without demur I did so, as the camel knelt upon the burning sand. My guide dismounted also and led his camel; his companion led mine. Halting at some distance from my destination, I submitted to be blindfolded. A cord was then adjusted from my wrists to the camels on either side of me, and in this fashion I walked or stumbled along over the sand for an hour or more.



"THE NEAREST INSTANTLY LEVELLED HIS RIFLE AT MY HEAD."

I could tell by the frequent straining of the cord upon my wrists that our course was continuously eastward; then the camels were taken away, and guided solely by the brigand's messenger, I wound up a steep ascent. I frequently heard footsteps as some of the brigand's followers passed me; indeed, many a rude jest was bandied at my expense, from which I gathered it was conjectured I had been captured by my guide who was leading me to the brigand's retreat.

I passed through a passage, as I supposed, lit up by flaring torches, the light of which fell upon the bandage across my eyes. My companion halted.

"You will swear to say nothing in Kairouin of what you see here?" he demanded. I answered in the affirmative. I was then led forward again and found myself standing on a soft carpet, while the sound of several people talking in low tones struck upon my ears.

The bandage was removed from my eyes, and I discovered myself facing three men, who sat at a table regarding me curiously. My guide advanced and whispered something to the one who sat on the left, a dark, military-looking man, some forty years of age, and dressed like a German officer, as were also his two companions, save that he who sat middle of the three had a profusion of gold lace upon his coat. I recognised this man instantly as the one who had sat listening with us to the story-teller in Kairouin, disguised as a Moor.

"Who are you?" demanded the man on the left, speaking English, but with a strong foreign accent. I subsequently learnt that his name was Leitner, and that he had recently taken service with the brigand, being responsible for the military training of the latter's followers.

I explained how it came about that I had visited Kairouin.

"You speak plausibly," he retorted, coldly. "Of course, with your knowledge of Africa, you would have no difficulty in tracing for us the route by which you have travelled from Zanzibar, as you declare?"

"I am quite equal to the task," I answered, curtly, for the tone of my interrogator's voice seemed to challenge the truth of my statement. He smiled, and rising, placed in my hand a wand of willow.

"Most renowned traveller," said Leitner, with biting sarcasm, "the Continent you and your friend have crossed is well shown above your head. Be good enough to trace out your way for our satisfaction."

I glanced upwards as Leitner waved his hand. To my surprise, I observed that the entire ceiling of the rock-cut room was occupied by a map of Africa, in relief, the material used to show the depressions and mountain heights being some kind of stucco, while the positions of river courses and lakes were indicated by means of silver-backed glass. The exactness of the work, its beauty, and the tediousness of the labour, which must have taken years to accomplish, all astonished me.

"You are struck with admiration, friend!" said the brigand. "It is, no doubt, excellent work; it occupied its designer eight years. We generally make use of the talents of those whom fortune sends our way."

"Point out the route you traversed," com-

manded Leitner, taking little notice of his chief's interruption.

I obeyed the behest. I could not help noticing the glances which they gave each other as, with the willow wand, I traced out the route Denviers and I had taken.

"Of all the extraordinary pieces of good luck!" ejaculated Leitner, to his chief, aside.

"We must not let it slip away from us," said the brigand. He turned to me.

"How came you to undertake the task of bearding the brigand of Kairouin on behalf of this miserable Cadi?" he asked.

"Your messenger may best explain that," I answered, quietly.

"There was not a native dog of Kairouin who dared venture his skin by coming here, even to ransom a Cadi," said the fellow, pleased to have an opportunity to speak.

"There is the Cadi's ransom," I said, placing a heavy and well-filled bag upon the table. Leitner passed it to the third of the trio who sat at the table. He unfastened the sealed cord about its neck and weighed the coins by means of a pair of scales standing in a recess.

"The money is full weight," he said, with evident reluctance. "I wish with all my heart it were not so. That rascally Cadi has been the cause of the death of a good many of our brave fellows. I am convinced he had a hand in bribing the man who led the Sultan's troops into our former stronghold; besides, to our definite knowledge, he has had five of our number executed within the last three months. It is folly to accept a ransom for such as he."

"We must have money," said the brigand: "he is beggared by paying such a ransom as this."

"When your heel is on a snake's head, crush it out of shape," said Leitner.

"We must be just, however much it costs," said the brigand: "the people of Kairouin are on our side, for they know that only their oppressors suffer at our hands." He nodded to my guide to approach: "Bring the Cadi," he said, shortly.

A few minutes afterwards the Cadi was brought in, guarded by two armed men. A more crestfallen-looking being than the Cadi, it would be impossible to imagine. His garments were torn and dirty, his turban awry, his beard thick with dust, his limbs shook as though ague had seized him.

"Cadi," said the brigand: "you have not taken me prisoner yet—how is that?"

The unfortunate Cadi declared that Allah had bowed his face to the dust for his presumption in making such an idle threat.

"Cadi," asked the brigand, "have you any choice in the manner of your death? Shall we behead you in the slow way which you so much favour, or shall we hang you?"

"Hang me, hang me!" pleaded the Cadi, whose face had assumed an ashen hue, and whose teeth chattered audibly.

"It seems a pity to refuse such a boon," said Leitner, drily, to his chief.

"Cadi, your ransom has been paid. Promise that you will never hurt another of my followers, and you shall be set free," said the brigand, unexpectedly.

The Cadi promised with alacrity. His joy was beyond expression. When he learnt that I had procured his ransom, he embraced me with a fervour that disconcerted me.

"There," said I, thrusting him gently away, "you see even a Christian dog is good for something, occasionally."

The brigand gave my guide some further message. The man was absent for a considerable time. When he came back he gave the Cadi a small pack of dates and a skin of water; then delivered some message to the chief brigand.

"The Cadi will depart alone, and on foot," said the brigand to me; "you may have the pleasure of witnessing our farewell greeting to him." The other two, who sat at the table, laughed.

Accordingly, I was once more blindfolded and led away. When the bandage was again removed from my eyes, I saw that, besides the Cadi, the three brigands who had sat at the table, and a number of armed retainers, a double line of women and children, armed with willow wands, had been drawn up. Shouts of laughter greeted the Cadi as the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he saw what was in store for him.

"The women and children have come to wish you farewell, Cadi," said the brigand. "Your way lies there!" He pointed between the lines of the expectant women and children.

The Cadi looked round, but saw no other way of escaping. He drew his breath, and then, carrying the provisions, which were scanty enough for his long journey, he ran the gauntlet. At last the Cadi had passed completely through the lines of his tormentors, who then pursued him over the sandy plain till they were tired, afterwards returning to their mountain retreat.

I was led back again, where I demanded my camel and leave to depart unmolested.

"You are my guest," said the brigand, courteously but firmly. "Travellers with your knowledge and experience do not come our way every day. You shall see something more of our resources before you depart."

"HE RAN THE GAUNTLET."

My demur was coolly passed over; before long I understood that the brigand was holding me as his prisoner!

My host conducted me through the extensive encampment, which was situated in a spot protected with great natural defences. On three sides of the valley rose sharp mountain slopes, the fourth side opened funnel-shaped upon a long, winding pathway between precipitous rocks, leading to the plain far below. This entry was commanded by several guns; indeed, the place was fortified so thoroughly that it seemed to be impregnable. The disaster which had come upon the former encampment had had its lesson for the outlaws.

Caves of various sizes, most of which were occupied as dwellings or store-places, ran into the rocky sides of the valley. In one of these orifices I had been examined; in a second the Cadi had been held a prisoner; a third, into which the brigand conducted me, was evidently the armoury. There; rifles of the most modern European pattern stood in stacks, tiers of them rising one above the other, so that I calculated many thousands of rifles were there. Leading from the main room in which the rifles were, were several smaller orifices. In these latter were men, stripped to the waist, working at their own particular branch of gun-making. In a large cave apart from the rest the ammunition was manufactured. Passing through one of these caves I saw a prisoner chained to the wall.

"Our discipline is naturally stern," said the brigand, as he saw me glance pityingly at the prisoner; "men who carry their lives in their hands cannot afford to be squeamish." I grew silent and fell to wondering what was the prisoner's offence.

In the afternoon the main body of the brigand's followers were put through some military evolutions in the valley, and I was permitted to be present. Leitner, the German officer, for such I heard he had been, displayed remarkable abilities in handling the men. The precision of their movements and the way they manœuvred convinced me that the men were occasionally used for other purposes than mere defence.

On the second day of my perforce stay with the brigand, a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition was placed upon camels after being concealed in unsuspecting bales of merchandise. While I was watching the men loading the camels, the brigand came up.

"Do you understand us any better now?" he asked, with a smile.

"I understand this much," I retorted: "you have a vast organization of men engaged trafficking in arms. I can understand now, easily enough, how arms of European pattern get into Africa and are disposed of to the tribes. You are directly responsible

for arming the natives who resist the influence of the various European spheres."

"Yes, we arm unwilling slaves against their masters—is that a great crime?"

"About as bad as chaining a man to a wall till his hair turns grey," I retorted.

"Hark you," said the brigand, in no amiable tones, "my scheme is what it is. When injustice drives a man to the hills to die or herd with brutes, small wonder that he sides with and assists those who are oppressed and down-trodden. You can be of great service to the cause I am helping forward: you have made friends with a number of important chiefs and headmen. There is that Kwembi, for instance, the Englishman you mentioned who rules a most important tribe of Africans. Consider how you could help me to dispose of arms among those tribes with whom at present I have no dealings. I will treat you liberally enough—be sensible, and join us."

I was startled by the proposal.

"Not for worlds," I answered, promptly. "Nothing would ever induce me to do as you say."

"We shall see," the brigand answered, with a flash of fire from his kindling eyes as he drew close together his brows. "Of one thing I am determined, you shall not go back to Kairouin again."

"Do I understand that I am a prisoner?" I asked.

"You are singularly clear-headed," he said, raising his brows.

"What ransom do you demand?" I questioned.

"It is not a case of ransom. I accepted one for the Cadi because we are always in need of such a large sum as he paid, and in a year or two I mean to recapture him and hang him—there is really no hurry; the Cadi is quite safe in my hands; I have a hundred spies in Kairouin at least. What I want from you is your promise to join us; until that is given you may consider yourself a prisoner."

"But I will give no such promise; after detaining me in this way, I can put no trust in anything you say. I will escape, I warn you, if a chance occur."

"Then you may trust what I say to the latter part of that remark," the brigand said, knitting his brows darkly again; "for I swear if you are caught trying to escape, I will hang you on the spot."

"If you catch me, you may," I said, walking off in dudgeon, for I felt my hardihood in venturing to take the Cadi's ransom had been ill repaid. From that hour one thought was uppermost in my mind—how to escape from the brigand of Kairouin.

III.

I TRIED to bribe more than one of the brigand's followers to connive in my proposed attempts at escape, but the shrewd fellows took my bribes and then failed to assist me at the critical moment. Every hour I expected that El Hamam, the brigand, would hear of my doings and promptly hang me.

Nothing occurred, however, and, finding it useless to approach the men directly on the subject which was uppermost in my mind, I ventured to mention the matter to one of the Moorish women who wandered freely about the camp. She sympathized with me, but declared that escape was well-nigh impossible; El Hamam, the brigand, was all eyes and ears. Still, I spoke of the matter several times to her; indeed, it served as a convenient subject for converse whenever we met.

One day, as I stood idly dropping stones into a natural fountain which sprang up in the valley, I saw Fatima, for so I learnt the Moorish woman was named, approaching me. There was unusual animation in her dark eyes as she drew near me.

"Christian dog," Fatima said, but in no unkindly tone: "I have thought of a way by which you may escape."

"Tell me how!" I answered, excitedly.

"Not now, not here," she said, hurriedly, for several of the other women were approaching with envious glances. "To-night, while the camp sleeps, do thou be wakeful—I will send one who shall show thee the way to escape."

A minute after, the Moorish woman had left me and was joining heartily with the others in the epithets which it pleased them to hurl at me whenever they saw me and thought I could hear.

When night came, I lay down on the mat which was spread in the cave I usually occupied, and waited anxiously for Fatima's promised visitor. Hour after hour wore wearily away without anything transpiring.

It was about an hour before dawn, when, as I lay there half-asleep, I saw someone enter the cave and stoop over me. The light of a Moorish lantern flashed in my face, and, glancing up, my eyes rested upon the face of a young Moor. He motioned to me to follow him, and at once I did so.

We passed out of the cave into another of considerable length. At the end of this latter my guide removed, with my assistance, a

"HE MOTIONED ME TO FOLLOW HIM."

piece of rock covering a hole. He disappeared through the orifice and I quickly followed, replacing the stone from below.

Our way lay along a narrow, excavated passage in the rock, which slanted upward. After we had proceeded in silence some considerable distance, my guide stopped to rest for a minute and to explain.

"This passage is the scheme of Leitner," he said; "it leads to the powder magazine. The latter has a secret entry and exit; follow me closely and watch each footstep you take." The Moor held the lantern so that its light fell upon the floor of the rock-hewn passage, and well it was he did so, for countless abysmal traps for unwary feet were visible at each few yards we advanced.

More cautiously than ever my guide advanced, until we came to where the rocky path had an abrupt end. The Moor held the lantern aloft.

"See," he whispered, as if afraid of the gloom through which the rays of the lantern struggled; "there is the basket by which the powder is raised from the magazine." I glanced up and saw a great wheel fixed in the rock above our heads; a basket with a long rope was attached to it.

At my guide's request, I lowered him into the depths below, the light from the lantern gleaming like a firefly in the dark, as the basket to which it was attached descended lower and lower.

A sudden jerk told me that the basket had reached its destination. I let down the great length of rope; my guide caught it from beneath. The basket was raised and I entered it, to be lowered down, down, into the darkness below.

As I stood once more upon the solid rock, I held up the lantern and glanced round. Barrels of powder were ranged in rows that seemed endless, while heaps of cartridges and cannon-shot showed from alcoves in the walls.

"I will show you the way of exit," said my guide; "then you must raise me by means of the basket to the passage above. Returning, you can easily make your escape. Allah bless you, and grant that you may become a Moslem and kiss the Holy Kaaba before you die."

I pressed his hand fervently as we went on towards the exit I sought. We had reached it, and were digging our fingers into the crevices to remove a stone which blocked its small orifice, when I chanced to hear a slight sound. I looked up, and as I held up the lantern, its rays fell upon the brigand's face!

"El Hamam," I gasped, in astonishment.

"You are lost!" cried my guide. "Lost! While I—I——"

"You are a traitor, and shall be hanged likewise!" answered the brigand.

I glanced round to see if there were others to face. I could see no more. Before El Hamam suspected what I would do, I flung myself upon him, and we rolled upon the floor struggling for the mastery. He was strong beyond the strength of a man, it seemed to me; his hands gripped me like the claws of a pair of steel pincers, so that my struggle to overmaster him was in vain.

Then the overwhelming coolness of the man brought him victory over us both. He pinned me down with one knee, and, seizing the lantern which was lying close by, he broke its thin sheet of horn, and held the flare right over an open barrel of powder.

"Traitor," he cried to the Moor who had conducted me there, "take off my turban and bind this fellow!"

The Moor hesitated.

"I will blow the three of us to perdition if you hesitate another second," the brigand insisted.

My guide uttered a cry of fear. Coming forward, he unwound the brigand's turban and bound me fast with it. El Hamam then removed the stone covering the orifice, and I was forced through. My guide, too terrified to escape, followed, the brigand coming last.

Once we were in the open air, the brigand fired a pistol-shot, the sound of which brought half-a-dozen of his followers upon us. El Hamam explained to the excited knot of listeners what had happened.

"What is your will?" asked one of the fellows, a half-naked muleteer, who carried a rifle like the rest of the brigand's outposts.

"Hang them both to the nearest tree!" answered El Hamam. I saw there was no hope of escape for me. My guide apparently had not known how rigidly the retreat was surrounded day and night by outposts. He had led me into certain capture.

"El Hamam," I said, when I stood beneath the tree, with the rope adjusted about my neck, as was also the case with my companion: "for myself I ask nothing, but this Moor who guided me is a mere youth: set him free at least."

"Nay, I do not desire it," cried the Moor: "El Hamam, who has always been called The Just, means to hang a fellow-countryman, as you are, innocently!"

Something in the Moor's voice startled the brigand.

"Fellow, who are you?" El Hamam asked, roughly. The Moor did not reply.

"Take off his turban!" cried the brigand. He stared incredulously as the turban was removed. "Fatima!" he cried, blankly. It was the brigand's wife! She had failed to induce anyone to assist me, and so had disguised herself and personated a Moorish soldier in order to help me herself.

"Take the rope from her neck!" said El Hamam, eagerly, for he loved the woman beyond measure, and her reproof for his unfairness towards me unnerved him.

"From both or neither!" insisted Fatima.

The brigand finally agreed, but with no good will. The next day my camel was given back to me, and one of El Hamam's followers accompanied me part of the way to Kairouin, which I reached in safety after so prolonged an absence.

"SOMETHING IN THE MOOR'S VOICE STARTLED THE BRIGAND."

Ladies of the Households of the Princesses of England.

THE Princesses naturally have smaller Courts than that of Her Majesty, whose Ladies formed the subject of an article in our last August number, and there are other differences. The most noteworthy of these differences is that no Princess has a Maid of Honour. The Princess of Wales has, like the Queen, Ladies of the Bedchamber and Bedchamber Women, but the other Princesses have "Ladies-in-Waiting" who are not necessarily possessed of the prefix of Lady or even Honourable. These Ladies-in-Waiting combine the duties of Ladies of the Bedchamber and Bedchamber Women. The Princess of Wales has an "Extra Bedchamber Woman"; several of the other Princesses have "Honorary Ladies-in-Waiting," the Duchess of Connaught has two Honorary Ladies-in-Waiting, and the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) one. The Princess Christian has, in addition to three Ladies-in-Waiting, one being "Extra," three Honorary Bedchamber Women.

The following are the various ladies who have kindly allowed us to reproduce their portraits.

The Countess of Macclesfield.

Lady Mary Frances Grosvenor, second daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster, by his wife Elizabeth Mary, daughter of the first Duke of Sutherland, was born in 1821. In 1842 she married, as his second wife, the sixth Earl of Macclesfield. The first Earl of Macclesfield was a celebrated lawyer, who was created Lord High Chancellor in 1718. Lady Macclesfield was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales on the marriage of the latter in 1863, and has held that office ever since. Lady Macclesfield is sister to the present Duke of Westminster, and great aunt of the present Duke of Sutherland.

Miss Knollys.

Elizabeth Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late General the Right Honourable Sir William Thomas Knollys, K.C.B., Privy Councillor, Colonel of the Scots Guards, and Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was appointed Bedchamber Woman to Her Royal

COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.
(Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales.)
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

MISS ELIZABETH KNOLLYS.
(Bedchamber Woman to the Princess of Wales.)
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

THE DUCHESSE D'OTRANTE.
(Extra Bedchamber Woman to the Princess of Wales.)
From a Photo by Selma Jacobsson, Stockholm.

Highness the Princess of Wales about twenty years ago, and still holds that office. Her brother is Sir Francis Knollys, Private Secretary and Groom-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales. There is a coincidence of some historical interest in the connection of two members of this family with the Court of the Princes of Wales. Only two Princes of Wales have been married at Windsor. The first of these was Edward the Black Prince, at the head of whose household was Sir Robert Knollys; the second Prince of Wales married at Windsor, after an interval of more than six centuries, was the present Prince, at the head of whose household was Miss Knollys' father, the late Sir William Knollys.

The Duchesse d'Otrante.

The Honourable Mrs. William Grey (Hélène Theresa Catherine), daughter of Major-General Count Stedingk, Inspector-General of Cavalry in Sweden, married in 1858 the Hon. William George Grey, son of the second Earl Grey, who died as an Attaché to the British Embassy at Paris in 1865. Mrs. Grey, who had been appointed Bedchamber Woman to the Princess of Wales in 1863, married in 1873 the Duc d'Otrante, when she resigned her post as Bedchamber Woman, but was appointed Extra Bedchamber Woman. The Duc d'Otrante is the grandson of the notorious Joseph Fouché, Napoleon's Minister of Police, who was created by him Duc d'Otrante. His son settled in Sweden when Bernadotte, the favourite of the French army, ascended the throne of that country, and the second wife of this son was also a lady of the house of Stedingk. The present Duke is a retired captain of Swedish cavalry, and was at one time Equerry to Charles XV., son of Bernadotte.

Lady Mary Wentworth Fitz-William.

Lady Mary Grace Louisa Butler, born in 1846, is the daughter of John, second Marquis

LADY MARY WENTWORTH FITZ-WILLIAM.
(Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Saxe Coburg-Gotha.)
From a Photo. by E. Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

of Ormonde, by his wife Frances Jane, daughter of the late General the Hon. Sir Edward Paget, G.C.B., of Peninsular fame. The Marquises of Ormonde are descended from Theobald Fitz-Walter, who accompanied Henry II. to Ireland. He was created by that King Chief Butler (sometimes called Le Boteler) in Ireland, and his son assumed in consequence the surname of Butler. The sixth of the race was created Earl of Carrick in 1315. Among the other ancestors of the Marquis of Ormonde was the great Duke of Ormonde, who played so conspicuous a part in Irish history during the seventeenth century. Lady Mary married in 1877 the Hon. Henry Wentworth Fitz-William, son of the sixth Earl Fitz-William. He was M.P. for Wicklow 1868–74, for the Southern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire 1880–1885, and for the Doncaster Division 1888–92; and has just been elected for it for the present Parliament. The family of Fitz-William date back to the eleventh century. One of the early heads of the family erected, in the High Street of Sprotborough, a cross bearing the following quaint and hospitable inscription:—

MRS. COLIN KEPPEL.
(Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.)
From a Photo. by Debenham, Southsea.

Who so is hungry and likes to eate
Let him come to Sprotborough to his meate,
And for a night and for a day
His horse shall have both corn and hay,
And no man shall ask him when he goeth away.

Lady Mary was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh on her marriage in 1874. Lady Mary resigned in 1876, when she was appointed Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Imperial Highness.

MRS. COLIN KEPPEL.

Henrietta, daughter of Major-General Richard Blundell, married, in 1889, Lieutenant Colin Richard Keppel, R.N., Equerry to His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She is Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Lieutenant Colin Richard Keppel is the son of Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B.

LADY EVA DUGDALE.
(Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York.)
From a Photo. by Alice Hughes.

LADY EVA DUGDALE

is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Warwick by his wife Anne, eldest daughter of the eighth Earl of Wemyss. The Grevilles—the family name of the Earls of Warwick—trace their ancestry back to the reign of Edward III. and the Barony of Brooke to 1620. The first

Baron Brooke caused to be inscribed on his monument in the great church of Warwick :—

> Servant to Queen Elizabeth,
> Councillor to King James,
> And friend to Sir Philip Sidney.

The Grevilles ought to be an opulent family, for they have four times married heiresses or co-heiresses. Indeed, the first Lord Brooke married a lady who was supposed to be one of the richest heiresses in England. Lady Eva was an intimate friend of the Duchess of York, and when the latter married, Lady Eva was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness. On the 20th July last year she married Frank Dugdale, Esq., second son of the late James Dugdale, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Wroxall Abbey, Warwickshire.

Lady Adela Maria Larking.

Lady Adela is the daughter of the second Earl of Listowel, by his wife Maria Augusta, second daughter of Vice-Admiral William Windham, of Felbrigge Hall, Norfolk, and widow of Thomas Wyndham, Esq., of Cromer Hall, in the same county. Lady Adela married, in 1864, Lieut.-Col. Cuthbert Larking, D.L., J.P., who was formerly an officer of the 13th Light Infantry and 15th Hussars, and in 1877 appointed Lieut.-Col. of the West Kent Militia and Equerry to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn. He is the eldest son of John Wingfield Larking, D.L., J.P., of The Firs, Lee, Kent. Colonel Larking is, in addition to being Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, also Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber to Her Majesty. In 1879 Lady Adela was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, which post she still holds.

LADY A. LARKING.
(Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Connaught.)
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

LADY COLLINS.
(Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany.)
From a Photo. by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

Lady Collins.

Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Wightwich, Rector of Codford St. Peters, Wilts, married in 1875 Sir Robert Hawthorn Collins, K.C.B. Sir Robert, who was born in 1841, is the fourth son of the Rev. John Ferdinando Collins, of Betterton House, Wantage, Berks. Sir Robert, a B.A. of Oxford, was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1865. In the following year he was appointed Private Tutor to the Duke of Albany, and on His Royal Highness becoming of age in 1874, Comptroller of his household. On His Royal Highness's death in 1884 Sir Robert—he was created K.C.B. in that year—became Comptroller of the Household to the Duchess of Albany, a post which he

LADY KNIGHTLEY.
(Extra Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany.)
From a Photo. by Fred. Kingsbury, Knightsbridge.

has held ever since. Lady Collins is Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness.

Lady Knightley.

Louisa Mary is the only daughter of the late General Sir Edward Bowater, K.C.H., a most distinguished officer, who served with the 3rd (now Scots) Guards in the Peninsula and Waterloo, and was wounded at Talavera and Waterloo. Soon after the marriage of the late Prince Consort Sir Edward was appointed Equerry to His Royal Highness, and in 1846 a Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen. In December, 1861, Sir Edward died at Cannes, where he had been sent in charge of His Royal Highness Prince Leopold. In 1869 Miss Bowater married Sir Rainald Knightley, third baronet, born in 1819, and M.P. for South Northamptonshire from 1852–1892. In the latter year he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Knightley. Lady Knightley is and has been for many years an Extra Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany.

Lady Agneta Montagu.

Lady Agneta Harriet Montagu is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Sandwich by his wife Susan, sixth daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth. In 1867 she married Captain the Hon. Victor Alexander Montagu, R.N., retired—now a retired Rear-Admiral—son of the seventh Earl of Sandwich by his wife, Lady Mary Paget, daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey. The first Earl of Sandwich was killed in the sea fight off Southwold Bay in 1672, and the fourth Earl, known by his contemporaries by the nickname of "Jemmy Twitcher," was First Lord of the Admiralty in the early part of the reign of George III. Lady Agneta has been for many years an Extra Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian. Lady Agneta's elder sister, Lady Elizabeth Philippa Biddulph, is an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen; her elder brother, the late Hon. Eliot Constantine Yorke, was Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh; and

LADY AGNETA MONTAGU.
(Extra Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian.)
From a Photograph.

BARONESS VON EGLOFFSTEIN.
(Woman of the Bedchamber to Princess Christian.)
From a Photo. by Aurig.

MISS LOCK.
(Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian.)
From a Photo. by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.

another brother, the Hon. Alexander Grantham Yorke, was Equerry to the late Duke of Albany, and afterwards appointed Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen. It will thus be observed that Lady Agneta's connection with the Court is very great.

Baroness von und zer Egloffstein.

Elizabeth, Baroness von und zer Egloffstein was, in July, 1891, appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian.

Miss Emily Loch.

Emily Elizabeth Loch is the daughter of the late George Loch, Esq., Q.C., Attorney-General for several years to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In January, 1883, Miss Loch was appointed a Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, which post she occupies at the present time.

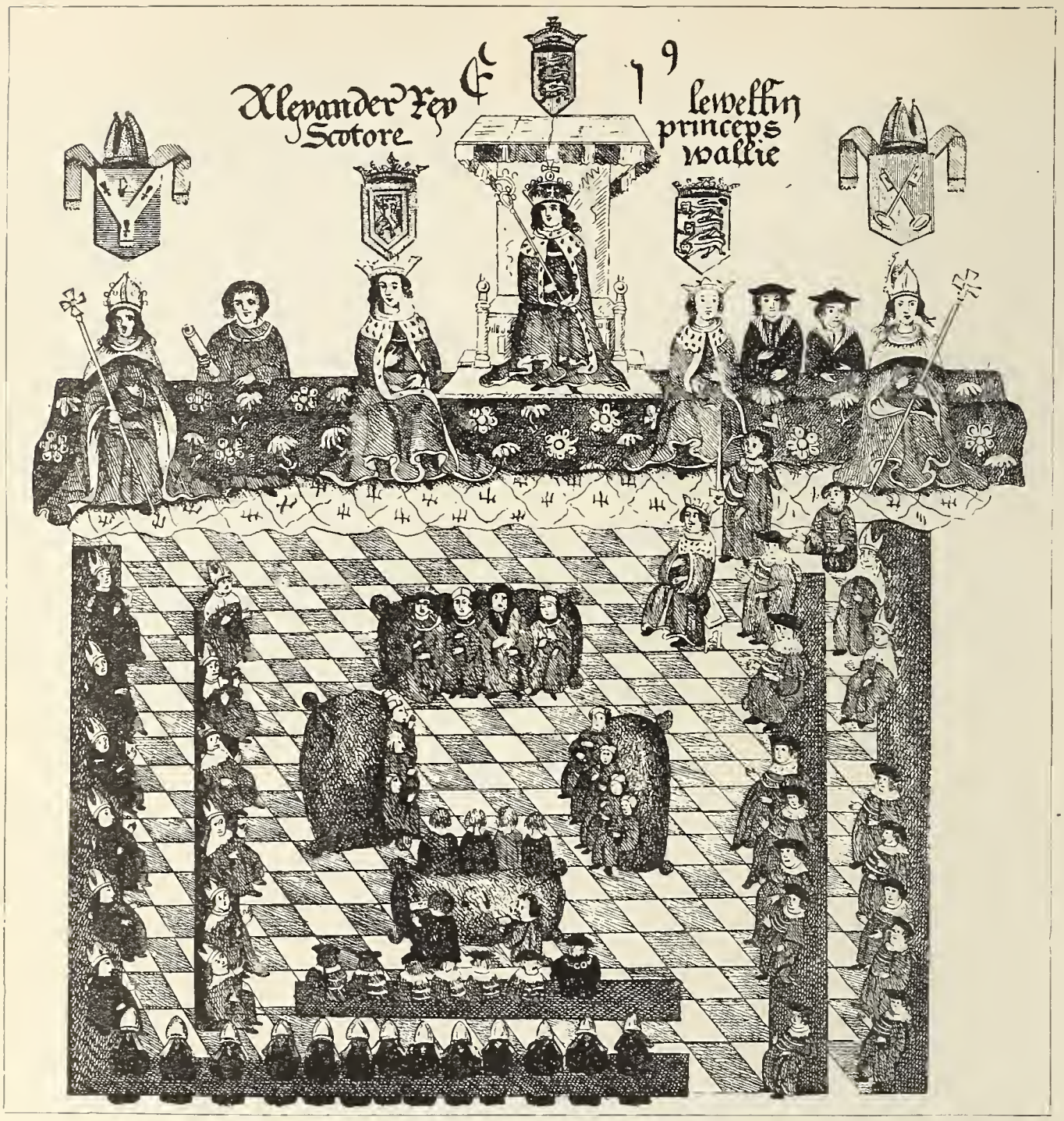
Miss Anne Annette Minna Cochrane

is the second daughter of the late Sir Thomas Cochrane, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet, grandson of the eighth Earl of Dundonald, by his second wife, who was the third daughter of Sir J. D. Wheeler-Cuffe, first baronet. Miss Cochrane's eldest brother is the first Lord Lamington. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice in 1885.

MISS MINNA COCHRANE.
(Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Beatrice.)
From a Photo. by Mullins, Ryde.

The Evolution of Parliament.

By S. J. Housley.



HOUSE OF PEERS, ABOUT 1274.

ON the 27th of November, 1895, our Parliament completed its six hundredth year. It has at any rate escaped the doom pronounced upon all those of whom the world in general speaks smooth things. Mr. Froude himself has not hesitated to pour sarcasm on the poor Englishman's adoration of the British Constitution, and to compare it to the Spanish peasant's infatuation for his *bambino*. With due respect to the great historian, our veneration for the principles of our government is too sanely deep-seated to be dislodged by ridicule. And, in spite of all blemishes in practice, we may subscribe to the words of another great writer, who places the tendency of our form of government among the highest influences of civilization, when he says: "It is the predominant yet wisely tempered influence of public opinion in England that gives an intellectual and a moral value to English liberty, which, though we may mention it last, we assuredly rank not as least among the blessings of our Constitution. Our country is the peculiar domicile of mental authority."

Edward I.'s finances were at low-water mark. Now, like other generous folk, the English nation has always resisted encroachments upon its liberty—"I don't mind giving a shilling, but I refuse to be swindled out of a halfpenny." Wise rulers have been far-sighted enough to take advantage of this characteristic; they have asked nicely for their shilling, and prudently refrained from the forcible exaction of the humbler coin.

Sir Edward Creasy has maintained that the English Constitution is as old as the English people. There is, however, a point at which we can say that our present form of government was almost exactly anticipated. The Parliament which assembled on Nov. 27th, 1295, to consider the King's requirements, was as representative of the various

classes of the kingdom, practically speaking, as the present Houses of Lords and Commons. Industry and commerce had attained a position of such importance that the King thought it advisable to ask the consent of their representatives to the imposition of taxes. Hence the appearance of the "two knights from each shire, two citizens from each city, and two burgesses from each borough" in this Parliament. The arrangement was not without precedent. Edward had the wit to appropriate the political as well as the military schemes of Earl Simon de Montfort. It would be a mistake to suppose that the representatives of the constituencies of those early days looked upon their political duties in the light in which historians and moralists of this century regard them. The M.P. of the Middle Ages knew little of civic enthusiasm; he expected wages; he shirked attendance when possible; his constituency, too, not infrequently petitioned to be allowed to remain unrepresented, and keep its representative's wages secure in its own pocket. Truly, the mighty plant of the Constitution grew out of an earthy soil.

SIR THOMAS HUNGERFORD, THE EARLIEST SPEAKER KNOWN (1376).

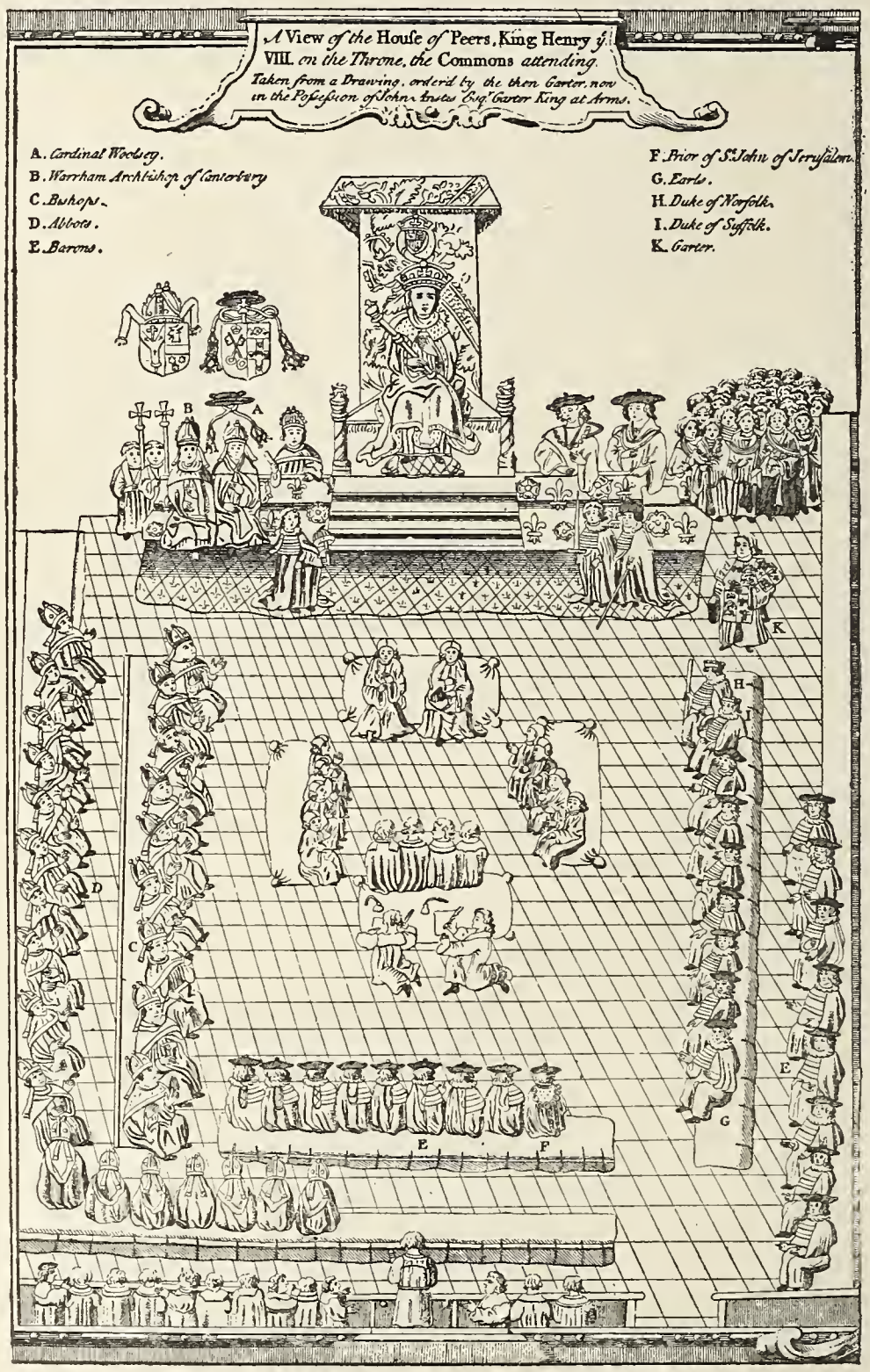
One result of this callousness was that the more important events of history—as we regard them—did not receive their due share of contemporary attention; and consequently no representation of the complete and model Parliament of 1295 is forthcoming. The drawing reproduced at the head of this article shows a "Parliament," as almost any assembly at Royal command was then called; it was made in the fifteenth century, and represents the House of Peers, with Edward on the throne, supported by Alexander of Scotland and Llewellyn of Wales, as it was supposed to have sat on some comparatively obscure occasion in the year 1274.

The first Speaker whose name appears in the Rolls of Parliament was Sir Thomas Hungerford. It is said that Peter de la Mare had filled the office previously. De la Mare is recorded as filling the post in 1377, while Sir Thomas as certainly was elected to the office in the preceding year.

The English seems to have been the most precocious of all growing peoples. We early developed a strong capacity for regulating our rulers. One of those momentous passages in the life of Parliament, though by no means a solitary instance, the deposition of one King and the popular election of another, is recorded in the accompanying illustration. Of the full significance of their act the people were probably ignorant. No historical explanation, such as we are accustomed to, was forthcoming. On the contrary, the high Tories of the day, supporters of Richard II., did not scruple to write down the assembly at "Westmonstre" as "evil-minded," while his opponents confused the issue with recollections of ancient prophecies and saws of the most absurd nature, the greater number being, of course, ascribed to Merlin. Among the regalia, for instance, were the golden eagle and the cup said to have been dis-

THE PARLIAMENT WHICH DETHRONED RICHARD II. (1394-5).

covered during the last reign. According to the current fable, these treasures had been presented by the Virgin Mary to that worldly saint, Thomas of Canterbury, during his exile from England. A scrip found with them affirmed that "with the oil of this vessel good Kings of the English will be anointed, and one of them will recover without violence the lands lost by his parents, and he will be great among Kings, and will build many churches in the Holy Land, and will drive all Pagans out of Babylon, where he will build more churches," and so on. The ecclesiastical imagination of that day revelled in flights of fancy, unrestricted by geography, international diplomacy, and Board schools. And the chronicler asserts that Henry wore the golden eagle tied round his neck, to insure victory.


A View of the House of Peers, King Henry 8. VIII. on the Throne, the Commons attending.
Taken from a Drawing, orderd by the then Garter, now in the Possession of John Anstis Esq. Garter King at Arms.
A. Cardinal Wolsey.
B. Warrham Archbishop of Canterbury
C. Bishops.
D. Abbots.
E. Barons.
F. Prior of St. John of Jerusalem.
G. Earls.
H. Duke of Norfolk.
I. Duke of Suffolk.
K. Garter.
PARLIAMENT OF HENRY VIII. (1509-1546).

Some of the costumes in the original picture are truly gorgeous. Henry of Lancaster stands at the back, in that wondrous, tall, black hat. The Earl of Northumberland, the figure standing on the right, is in blue and gold, lined with white, and red sleeves. Immediately to his left is a truculent-looking nobleman, in purple and gold, with a green cap and red hose. Others are arrayed in similar taste, even the Church permitting her servants the vanity of a crimson cowl.

It appears from several entries in the Rolls of Parliament during the early part of the reign of Edward III., that after the opening of Parliament in the presence of Barons, clergy, and Commons collectively, these three estates frequently sate each separately, and afterwards delivered a joint answer to the King. The eventual separation of Parliament into the two Houses, with which we are familiar, was the result of a gradual process, the stages of which we are unable satisfactorily to trace. It seems that the instances referred to above were the lingering remnants of an older custom which had disappeared before the end of the reign.

Parliament is assembled on a day fixed by Royal Proclamation. The Commons are then called to the House of Lords to hear the cause of summons, and are directed to proceed to the election of their Speaker; a time is also appointed when they will be required to attend and present their Speaker for the Royal approval. This drawing represents the first Parliament of Henry VIII. upon that occasion. The Speaker presented was Sir Robert Sheffield. Money was wanted to conduct the war with France; Parliament assembled on the 4th of February, 1512, and eagerly granted the desired supplies. A sermon formed part of the opening ceremony, and was delivered by Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Curiously enough, he chose as his text, "Justitia et pax osculatae sunt," "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

From the reign of Edward IV., through this period, down to the time of the Restora-

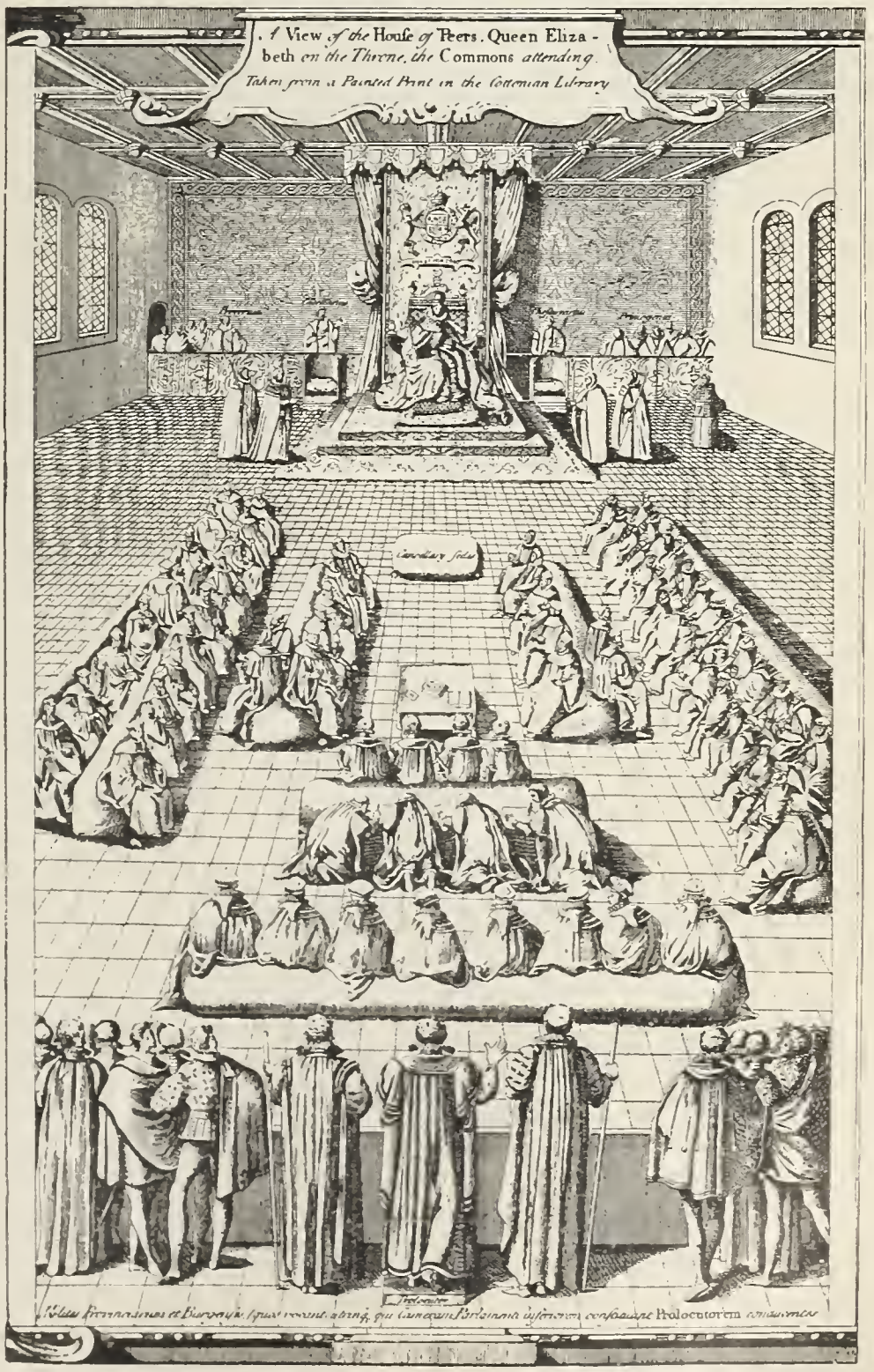
PARLIAMENT OF EDWARD VI. (1549).

tion, our Constitutional Parliament was somewhat under a cloud. Much of the work of government was carried on by the King in Council. And one of the greatest struggles of the people with the Crown was directed to the attainment of power to regulate the constitution of this Council. Its lineal descendant, the Privy Council, "has ceased to exist as a constitutional factor in the government." Its living and active offshoot is the Cabinet Ministry of to-day, which the people has succeeded in making completely responsible to the country for its acts. This sketch was affixed to the title of the "Book of Common Prayer," published in 1549, the precursor of that at present in use. It gives the young King a prominence which is, perhaps, more than his due, for, at this time, he was still linked to the apron-strings of the sixteen executors appointed by his father. Indeed, he was not yet twelve years of age. The accounts of the debates in Parliament on the institution of this prayer-book are interesting, as being the earliest reported speeches extant of those delivered in that assembly.

Here is yet another representation of the Commons presenting their Speaker-elect for the approval of the Crown. One very noticeable difference between this picture and that of the Parliament of 1512 is in the costume of the clergy. On the right sit the peers, in robes not much different to those of earlier or later years; opposite to them sit the representatives of the Church; the mitre of Rome has been exchanged for the severer head-gear of the New Religion.

The modern procedure of the presentation of the Speaker is of almost immemorial tradition, and is as follows:—

At the hour appointed the Houses as-


A View of the House of Peers. Queen Elizabeth on the Throne, the Commons attending.
Taken from a Painted Print in the Cottonian Library

PARLIAMENT OF ELIZABETH (1558-1603).

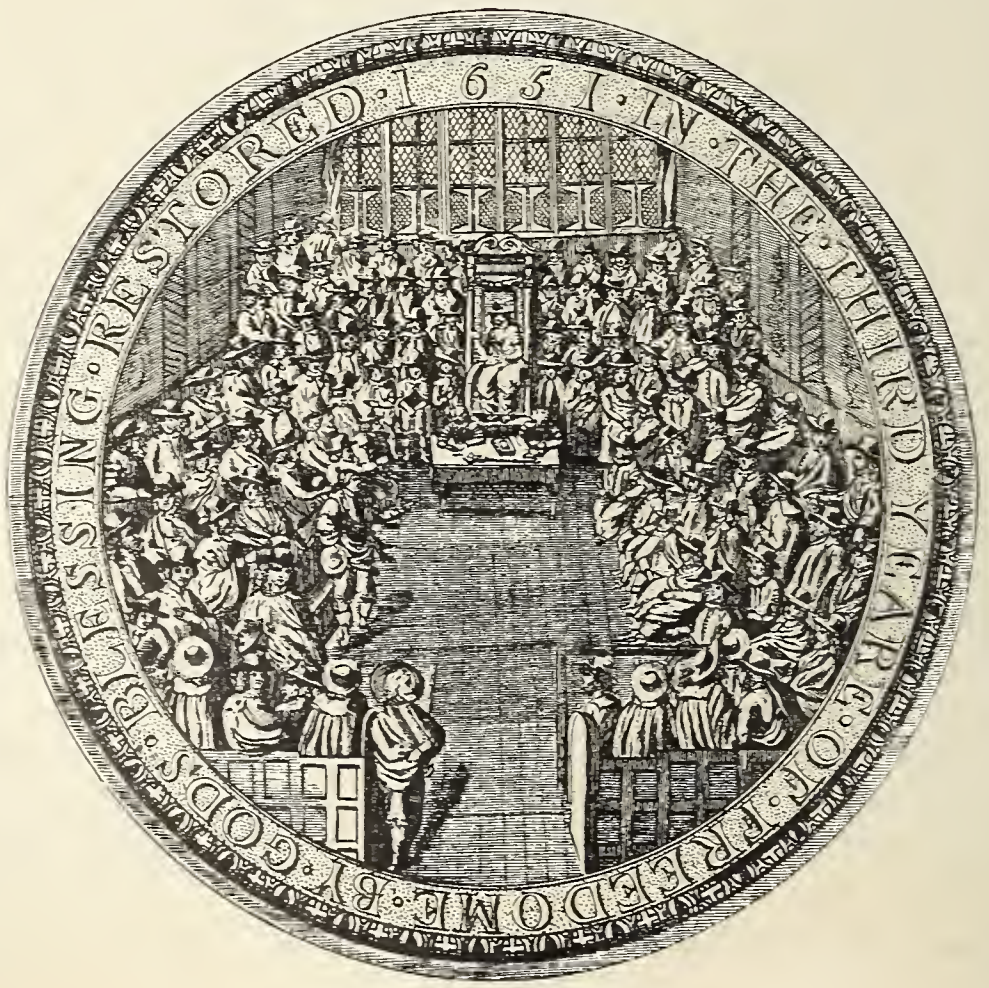
semble in their respective chambers, and the Speaker-elect takes the chair in the Commons. Presently appears the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who conducts the Speaker-elect to the House of Lords. The Speaker then informs the Crown—usually represented by the Lords Commissioners—that, "in obedience to Her Majesty's commands"—in Elizabeth's time it was "your Highness's commands"—"Her Majesty's faithful Commons, in the exercise of their undoubted right and privilege, have proceeded to the election of a Speaker, and as the object of their choice he now presents himself at your bar, and submits himself with all humility to Her Majesty's gracious approbation." On two occasions only has the "gracious approbation" been withheld. Usually the Lord Chancellor assures him that "Her Majesty most fully approves and confirms him as the Speaker." Having received the Royal assent, the Speaker proceeds to lay claim to all the "ancient and undoubted rights and privileges" of the Commons, which it is part of his duty to maintain. The claim having been granted, the Speaker retires from the House of Lords, and holds the post throughout the Parliament for which he was chosen.

One almost needs to be reminded that newspapers are not one of the breakfast-table blessings conferred upon us by the science of the nineteenth century, nor even of the eighteenth. Papers containing accounts of the deeds of Parliament sprang into being in considerable numbers during the stirring times of our Civil War. In November, 1641, for instance, the month of the Grand Remonstrance, there appeared a weekly paper styling itself "Diurnal Occurrences; or, the Heads of Several Proceedings in Both Houses of Parliament." The period was exceedingly fertile, and produced many "Diurnals," possibly also ornamented with headings as quaint

HEAD OF A NEWSPAPER, TIME OF CHARLES I.

as this. These "rags" hardly deserve the title of newspapers; their news was very meagre, and their paucity of comment was hardly compensated by the virulence of its scurrility.

When Charles I. had exhausted the pockets and the patience of England, the Commons resolved, on December 6th, 1648, that whatever was enacted by them had the force of law, without the consent of the King or the House of Lords. On February 6th, 1649—not a month after the King's execution—they declared that the House of Lords was "useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." The next day a similar fate befell the system of monarchy. Finally, on May 19th, the Commons, by a solemn Act, declared and constituted the people of England a Commonwealth and free State. A great seal, the reverse of which is here reproduced, was struck by order of the Commons alone. Act and seal are equally significant of the temper of the Commons. The obverse was a map of England and Ireland, with the legend, "The Great Seale of England." The reverse tells its own tale here; it has no place for a King or a House of Lords.



THE GREAT SEAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH (1652-57).

Our next illustration brings us to an era of Ministers. The people has gained two

great points. James II.'s folly afforded Parliament an opportunity to reassert and act upon its ancient right to choose its King, while the inability of George I. to speak the language of the country he came to rule gave birth to the office—or call it what you will—of Prime Minister. In fact, during the reign of the two first Georges, the Crown ceased absolutely to be an active factor in the government. Not only did the Kings do no wrong, but they did nothing at all. "Both were honest and straightforward men, who frankly accepted the irksome position of constitutional Kings. As political figures, the two Georges are almost absent from our history." The year 1755 was that in which the Duke of Newcastle came into controversy with the genius of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. Pitt was then Paymaster of the Forces; and, having refused on technical grounds to pay certain subsidies, he was dismissed. The next year the Seven Years' War broke out,

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS (1755).

THE HOUSE OF PEERS—GEORGE II. ON THE THRONE (1755).

and Pitt became Secretary of State nominally, though actually the first Minister in the kingdom.

At the prorogation of Parliament, the Commons are called to the bar of the Upper House, just as at its opening. The Speaker addresses the Crown, presents the Bills of Supply, and adverts to the most important measures that have been passed in the Session. After giving the necessary sanction to such Bills as still await it, the King reads his speech to the Houses, either personally or through the Lord Chancellor. Finally, the Lord Chancellor, instructed by His Majesty, declares Parliament prorogued.

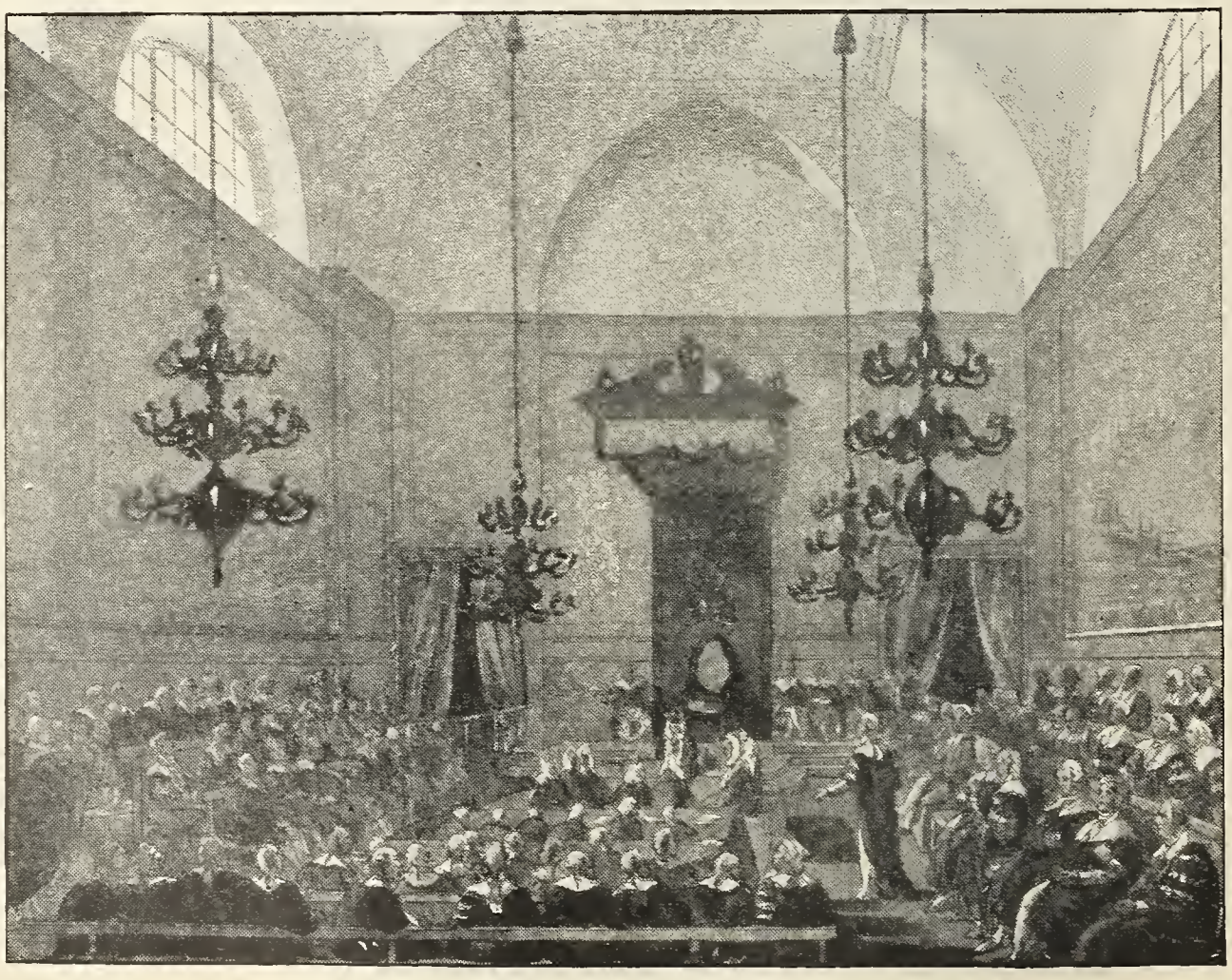
From the days of the Earl of Chatham we pass to the year in which his second son, the younger William Pitt, undertook the task of government, which proved the last of his brief but glorious life. Trouble was brewing across the Channel, and England, resolved to strike the first blow, had declared war against Napoleon in May,

HOUSE OF COMMONS (1804)—REIGN OF GEORGE III.

1803. Those were anxious times. In the following year 100,000 men were gathered at Boulogne, within sight of England's white cliffs; a fleet of boats was in readiness to convey them across the water. "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours," said the great Napoleon, "and we are masters of the world." Englishmen hastened to join the new force of volunteers, and prepared to defend their country. Pitt literally wore himself to death in the execution of the military duties he undertook. All danger, however, of an invasion disappeared when it was known that the French and Spanish fleets had been defeated at Trafalgar. The orator speaking in the House of Commons may well be intended for William Pitt. The long, angular figure, the curious gesticulation, are characteristic of the great statesman. "His action as a speaker was vehement and ungraceful, sawing the air with windmill arms, sometimes almost touching the ground."

For many years, until that scourge of Europe, "the Little Corporal," was safely lodged in St. Helena, England had a thorny path to tread. But the work which Pitt died in doing was brought to a worthy issue. "When the last shot had been fired at Waterloo, Great Britain was indisputably the first Power in the world." Pitt's beloved country had entered upon an era of unprecedented power and prosperity; which permits us to return to the story of the Houses of Parliament.

The old Houses, says the *Courier*, were not "valuable in an architectural sense, for a less sightly and more inconvenient place for



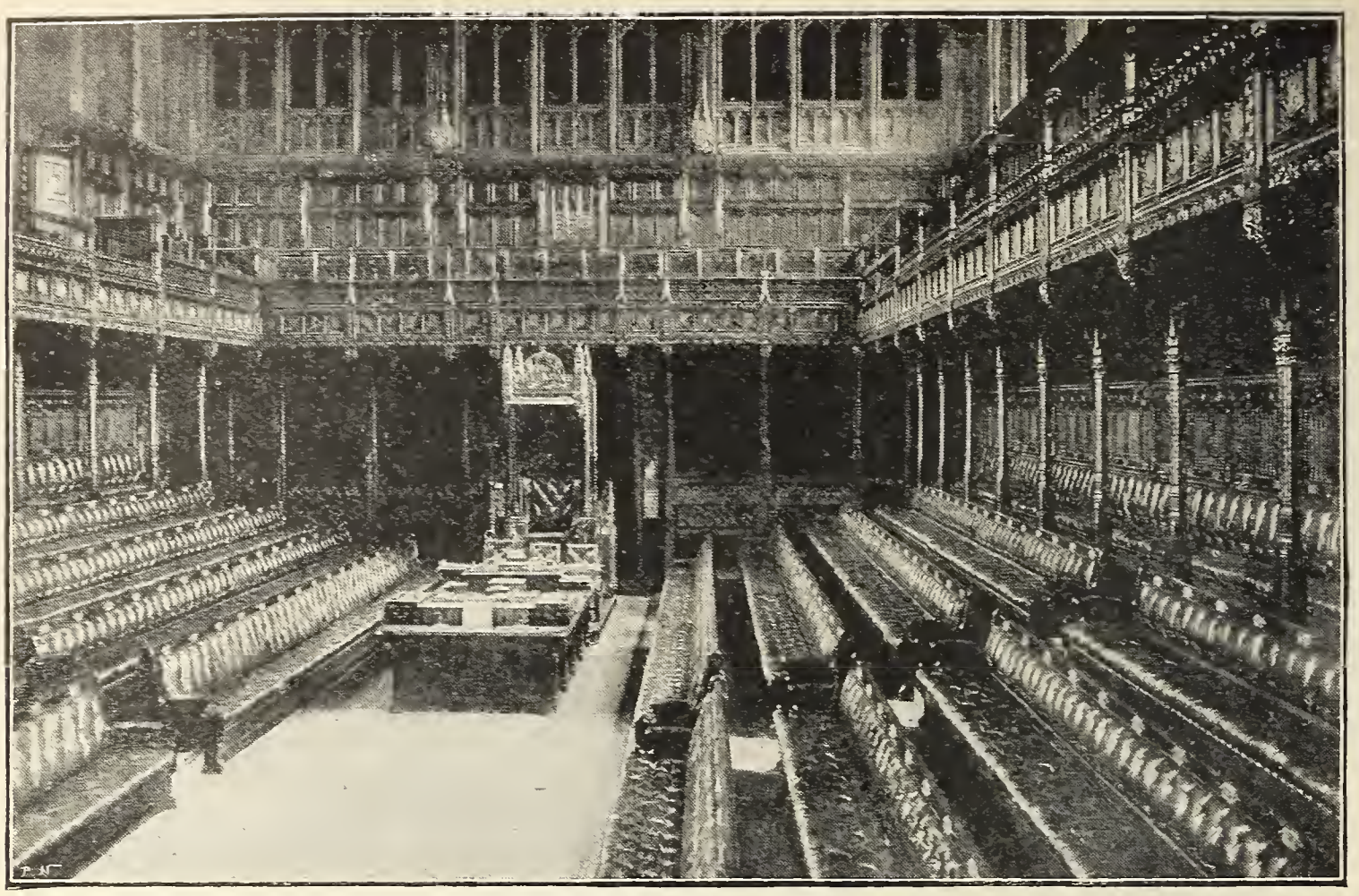
HOUSE OF PEERS (1804).

BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (1834).

business could scarcely be conceived." Consequently it received with qualified grief the news that both Houses were almost entirely destroyed by fire on October 16th, 1834. How the fire really originated remains doubtful. It is said that the heating apparatus became red-hot through the quick burning of the old wooden "tallies," on which accounts were formerly kept in the Exchequer. If that were so, the "tallies" exacted a sufficient revenge for the indignity heaped upon their ancient heads. The fire broke out at twenty minutes to six in the evening and was not totally extinguished until two or three in the morning. There was the usual crowd, whose levity seems to have shocked the reporters of that day. "There goes a bit of the Poor Law Act," they cried; "there is the Reform Bill," and so forth. They were wrong; the Acts of Parliament were not kept in the Parliament office: they enjoyed an *alibi*. That the contents of the library had escaped was made known in the following poster: "St. Margaret's, Westminster. Notice is hereby given, that in consequence of the dreadful calamity which has befallen the Houses of Lords and Commons, a great portion of the books, records, etc., having been placed in this church for safety, Divine service cannot be performed in this church on Sunday next (tomorrow)."

The Library of the House of Peers, which had the fortune to escape, was fitted up as a temporary House; and here the Lords and Commons attended for the prorogation of Parliament—the Lords seated on one side, the Commons on the other; an unusual arrangement. Temporary accommodation was soon provided, and in March, 1835, a Select Committee was appointed to take the necessary steps for the rebuilding of the Houses. In 1840, out of many competitive drawings, the design of Mr. Charles Barry was adopted. The new Houses, complete, excepting the Victoria Tower—which a sarcastic journalist

QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING PARLIAMENT.
TEMPORARY APARTMENT OF HOUSE OF LORDS (1845).

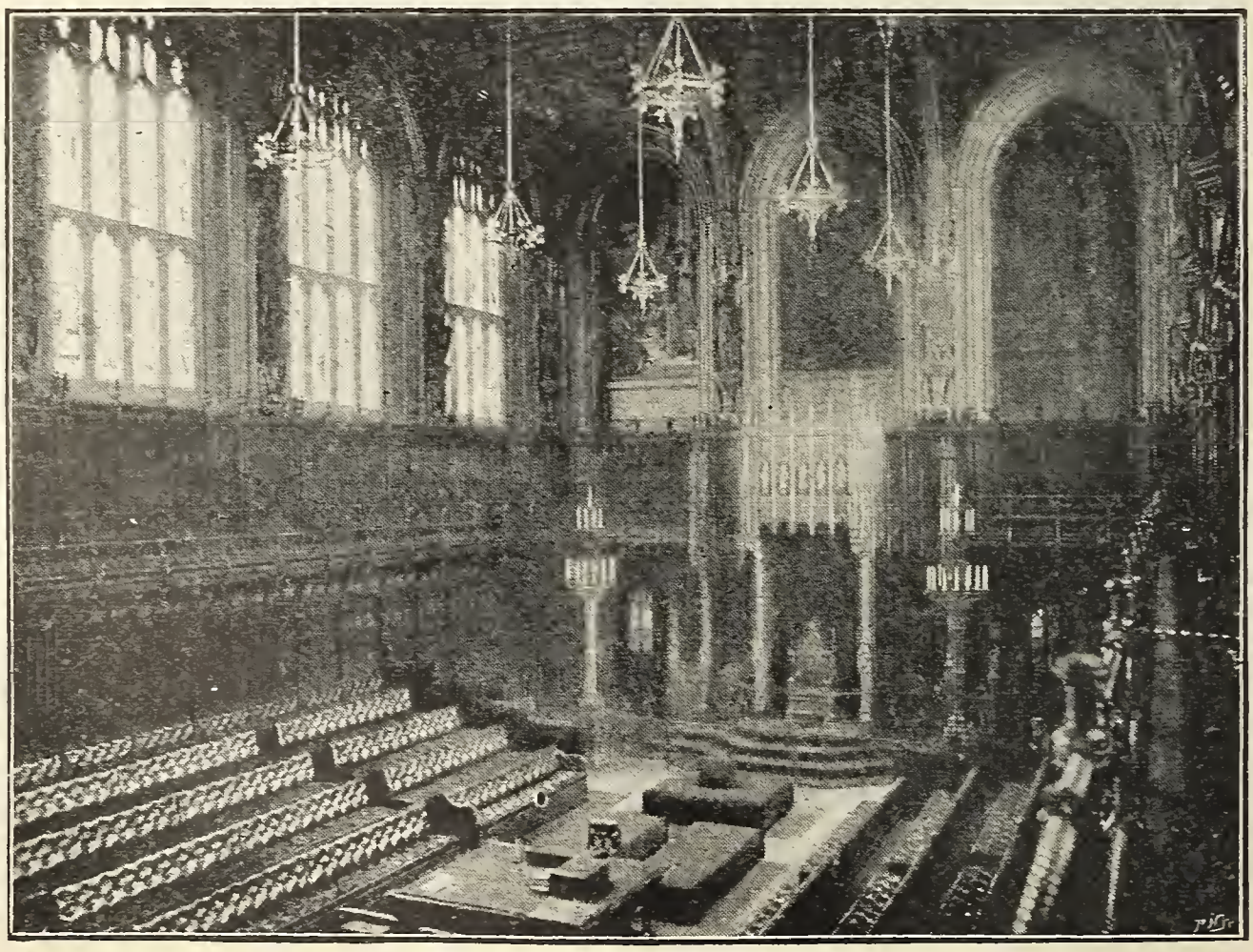


From a Photo. by] THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—PRESENT DAY. *[Frith & Co.*

of the day hoped to see at its full height "in some dozen years or so"—were opened by Her Majesty the Queen on February 3rd, 1852, on which occasion also the architect received the honour of knighthood.

Since that date the House of Commons has met with a serious mishap. A more successful attempt than that of the notorious Guy Fawkes was made to blow it up. This time dynamite was used, and damage to the extent of £10,000 was effected. The outrage was perpetrated in January, 1885, so that the annual investigation of the offices, which occupy the place of the old cellar, on the eve of the Fifth of November proved a fruitless precaution.

The present appearance of the two Houses is shown in the accompanying illustrations.



From a Photo. by] THE HOUSE OF LORDS—PRESENT DAY. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

A Mysterious Experience

By the Countess of Munster.

HAVING been much gratified at the notice which has been taken of my short story, entitled "A True Ghost Story," which was published in the last July Number of The Strand Magazine, and even more so at the many letters I have received concerning it, from unknown friends, who, one and all, seemed struck by the stamp of truth which they kindly assert is impressed upon the narrative, I have ventured to offer to the public another curious experience, which, though shorter and less sensational than the "True Ghost Story," is, I beg to assert, equally true and, to my mind, equally mysterious.

In the year 1847, we—that is, my mother, my step-father, myself, and my younger sister—were living in Dresden. We had come to that quaint and picturesque town a year before, for German masters, and with the object of generally finishing our education—that is, my sister's and mine; for we were very young then—I being just sixteen, and my sister a year younger.

We lived at the Hôtel d'Europe, in the Alt-Markt—an hotel which, I am told, still exists. We occupied the first floor, and my sister and I slept together in a room at the back of the hotel, which looked into a court-yard, round which all the bedrooms were built.

It was a great amusement to my sister and myself at that time to sit at our sitting-room windows and watch the country-people, in curious costumes, who, twice a week, tramped miles and miles to the market, carrying thither all kinds of commodities, and incommodities, too, one would think—for one day we saw a peasant woman carrying a dead bear (!) in her *chiffonnier*-basket on her back, while her husband walked, quietly smoking, by her side!

The articles for sale in the market were not always very pleasing to the olfactory organs, for *saûer-kraût* (in pails!) and roe-deer *fleisch* were there! Mercifully, both articles were very popular among the peasants, and were soon sold out, in fact, quite early in the day.

One night I had a dream. I did not remember the next morning (nor could I ever remember afterwards!) *what* I dreamt. I could only bring to mind, with a shudder, a *Man's Face*, and do what I would, I *could not* forget it! When I rose from my bed in the morning, my sister (we were most tenderly attached) remarked I looked very pale; and she asked, was I ill? I answered no, but that I had had a bad dream.

"What did you dream about?" asked my sister.

"I don't know! I can only remember a *Man's Face!*"

"What was it like, to frighten you so?"

"Well! It was like—a *Man's Face*.' A nasty, wicked, malicious face!"

"But, bless me! Child! *Who* was it like? Come! Tell me, darling! *What* did you dream about it?"

"I can't recollect!"

"Oh!" quoth my sister, impatiently, "what a dull, stupid, uninteresting dream!"

Nothing more was said about it then, and the day's avocations put it out of my head for the time; but that night, and two or three following nights, I dreamt again and again of the *Man's Face*—and told my sister so.

Soon afterwards we left Dresden. There were few railroads in Germany at that time, so we travelled in our own carriage, accompanied by a *fourgon* for the luggage, in which vehicle the servants rode.

On one never-to-be-forgotten day we crossed the beautiful Stelvio and entered smiling Italy!

That *was* a pleasant time, and calculated, one would have thought, to charm away all grisly fancies. We visited most of the principal Italian towns—Milan, Venice, Florence, in which latter place we remained for a month before settling in Naples, to which enchanting spot we travelled by sea from Leghorn.

At Naples we lived on the *Chiaja*, our abode there (No. 127) being known as the "*Casa* Corby," it being the property of an English lady, a Mrs. Corby. We lived on the *Primo Piano*, and we had a charming balcony, looking out upon the *Chiaja* (with the *Villa Reale* Gardens beyond), whence we could (after the approved *dolce far niente* fashion) watch the Neapolitan *élite* driving, riding, and otherwise disporting itself.

In those days, everything English was much the fashion among the Neapolitan aristocracy; the carriages, horses, and even the coachmen were generally English; and one afternoon, as I was sitting working on the balcony, I beheld the greatest novelty I had yet seen, in the form of an English four-in-hand. It was coming at a great pace towards us. My sister chanced at that moment to have gone, for some reason, into the drawing-room, so, calling her hastily, I said: "Make haste, dear, or it will have passed, and you won't see it!"

"See what?" from within.

"A four-in-hand! Do come!"

She dashed into the balcony, and we both stood eagerly watching, as the vehicle came clattering by.

"WE BOTH STOOD EAGERLY WATCHING."

As we leant over the balcony, the driver, evidently a gentleman, leant forward in a marked manner, and looked steadily at us.

"What a horrible face!" exclaimed my sister, and as she spoke she looked round at me.

"Darling!" she said, tenderly, "what is the matter?"

But I had nearly fainted, and a cold, sick shudder came over me. "Oh! M——," I ejaculated, "that is the *Man's Face* in my dream!"

I was so terrified that we both left the balcony, and for the rest of the day I was cold, and deadly sick. I did not, however,

dream of the face that night, nor did I see it again in Naples, although I sat every afternoon in the balcony, conscious of a shrinking fascination in the thought that I *might* do so!

After stopping some months in Naples we went to Paris, where I was permitted (being by that time seventeen years of age) to mix a little in society.

Amongst the English residents in Paris that year, who were very hospitable, and entertained largely, were Mr. and Mrs. Tudor. The Tudors were rich and very kindly, and even now the memory of their hospitalities is kept green in the French capital.

One night they gave a ball, and as I was standing by my mother, waiting and looking eagerly for my partner amid the crowd, I saw — at the other end of the room— *the Face* which had so strangely haunted me! The eyes were watching me, and the man approached me, as though *I* were his one aim and object! I felt faint and very cold, and I saw Mr. Tudor coming towards me.

"The *Duca di* —— is anxious to know you."

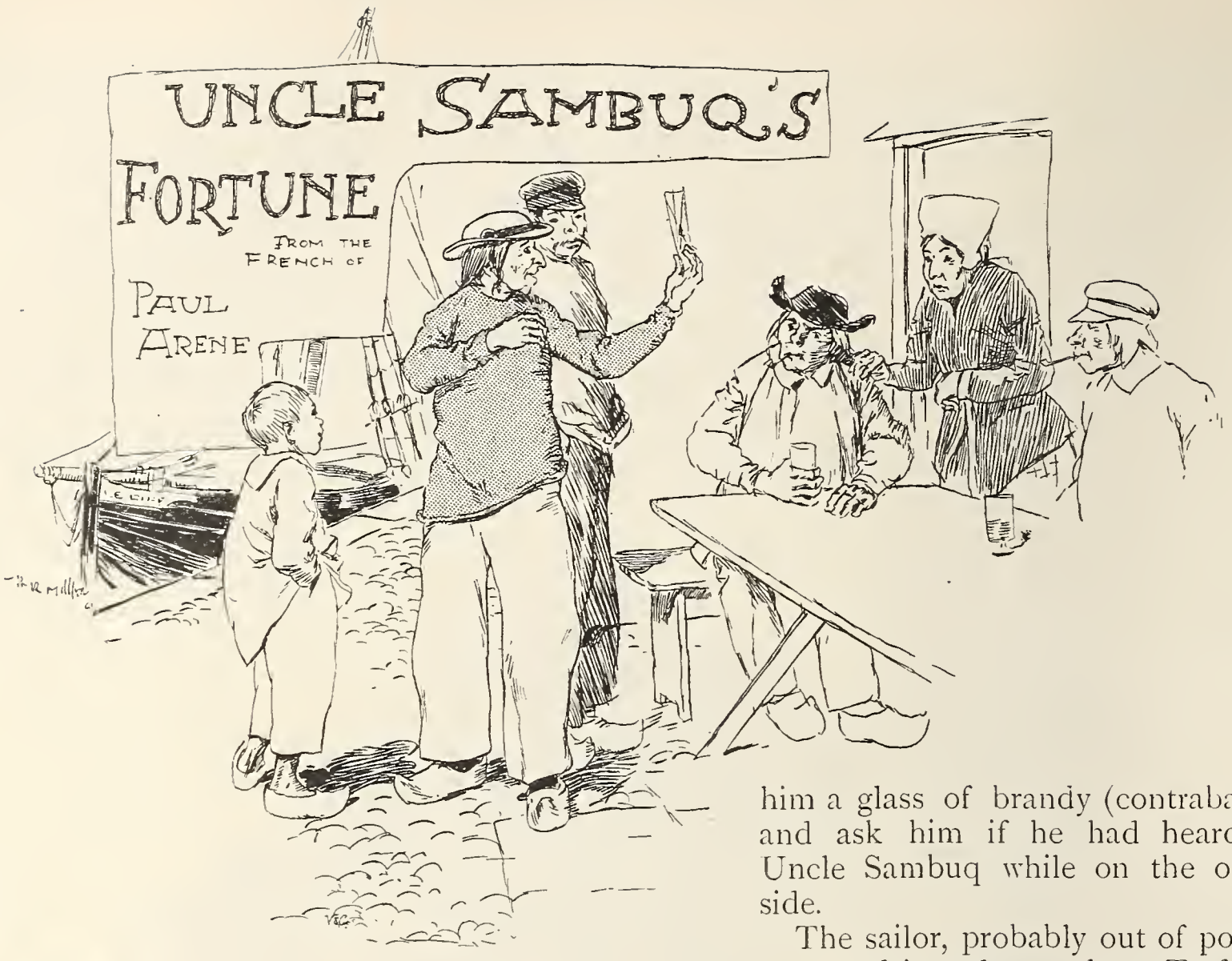
I scarcely had the presence of mind to bow. I heard the man say something about a dance, but I turned to my mother and said:—

"Mamma, take me away! I am ill!"

I could not walk unassisted out of the room, but Mr. Tudor gave me his arm, and as we were waiting for the carriage, I saw the man still looking at me with evident amusement; and I heard Mr. Tudor tell my mother that it was a pity I would not dance with the Duke—that he was the head of one of the oldest Italian families—that he had been much struck by me, and that he was very anxious to obtain an English wife.

But I never saw the man again, either in dreamland or in everyday life; we were told, however, that he started for England the next day, and soon afterwards we heard of his death. He was succeeded by his son, who also, eventually, developed a wish for, and obtained, a beautiful English wife, whom he treated, we were told, with but scant kindness.

"I SAW THE FACE WHICH HAD SO STRANGELY HAUNTED ME."



TROPHIME COGOLIN, generally known in the district as Master Trefume, had so often related the story of Uncle Sambuq and his fortune that he had finally come to believe it himself. The simple truth of the matter was that Peter Sambuq, a ne'er-do-well who had given his parents no end of trouble, had shipped as an ordinary seaman on a three-master one fine day in the year of grace 1848, and had never been seen or heard of since. These hard facts were too ridiculously simple for the worthy friends and relations of the vanished Peter; they could not understand how anyone could set out for America without reaching that continent and making his fortune; so the worthy people gradually evolved the idea that Uncle Sambuq had gone and done likewise, and would one day return rolling in riches—of course, to die in due time and leave his fortune to them.

So the years rolled by, and Uncle Sambuq's fortune grew bigger in the imagination of his people. The older relatives died, and Master Trefume became heir to his uncle. Now, it happened one day that Trefume met a sailor whose acquaintance he had made a year or so previously. This man had just returned from a voyage to the States, and Trefume seized the opportunity to offer him a glass of brandy (contraband) and ask him if he had heard of Uncle Sambuq while on the other side.

The sailor, probably out of politeness, and in order to please Trefume and his wife, informed them that he had a distinct recollection of having on several occasions met an individual (on the quays of New York) who was undoubtedly very wealthy indeed, and was the exact image of Sambuq. That settled the matter; there could no longer be any doubt that Uncle Sambuq had reached America and made his pile, as any other reasonable person would do.

On the following day Trefume again met the sailor—or perhaps it was the sailor who made a point of meeting Trefume; be that as it may, the result of the meeting was another glass of brandy for the sailor, further questions about Uncle Sambuq, and a confidential communication to the effect that the stranger in New York was really the long-lost Peter, for he had spoken to the mariner concerning his relatives, and had dropped mysterious hints as to his intentions towards them.

The Trefumes became the envied ones of the neighbourhood. Uncle Sambuq and his fortune—especially his fortune—were the chief topic of conversation for many a day among the inhabitants of the whole district. The Trefumes lived happy and contented, patiently awaiting the time when they would have their share of the millions amassed by Peter Sambuq.

A few months passed away. One morning, when he was least expecting it, he

received a letter from New York. The letter bore the seal of the French Embassy. Trefume carried that precious letter about with him all day, without breaking the seal, in order to show it to his friends. Not till the evening, in the presence of his wife and children, his hands trembling with excitement, did he venture to open it. It was somewhat bulky—probably it contained bank-notes. The papers were carefully taken from the envelope and proved to be—Sambuq's death certificate and a brief note from the Embassy.

"So he is dead?" said his wife.

"Of course he is," replied Trefume; "doesn't the Ambassador say so?"

There was silence. None of them had known the dead man, but they had thought so much about him that it seemed as though they had been on intimate terms with him, and they were able to squeeze out a tear.

"The Ambassador doesn't say anything about the fortune," observed Trefume's better half, wiping her eyes.

"I suppose you want him to tell us all about it straight off before the man is fairly dead," replied Trefume, sarcastically. "We can wait, and he knows it. He'll write again in a day or two."

He looked again at the envelope and noticed that it was addressed to "Monsieur Sambuq or Monsieur Cogolin." As all the Sambuqs were dead and he was the only Cogolin, it was natural that the letter should have been delivered to him, and the vagueness of the address did not inspire in the simple man any misgivings as to the fortune any more than did the brief note from the Embassy.

But, strange to say, the Ambassador omitted to write that other letter. As the time went on surprise deepened into anxiety; a veritable fever—a gold fever—took possession of them; they lost interest in everything, they could think of nothing but Sambuq's millions, and wonder what had become of them. At length their anxiety reached such a pitch that Trefume announced his intention of undertaking a journey to New York—a decision which met with the full approval of all concerned.

"I sha'n't be away more than a month—or two," said Trefume, "and the boy can look after the boat. A few hundred francs won't break us; besides, I know I shall be ill if I don't go and see what's going on over there."

I have said that everyone approved the decision. I may add that had it been otherwise it would have made no difference. When Trefume got an idea into his head it wanted some getting out.

He travelled to Havre and embarked on a vessel bound for New York. He knew absolutely nothing of the great city which he was approaching; he could not speak the language—he was as helpless as a child in a

"HE EMBARKED ON A VESSEL BOUND FOR NEW YORK."

wood. He began to get very anxious, and looked around for somebody to confide in and obtain assistance from. He tried the understeward, a fellow-countryman, but the latter was too busy to be bothered. Trefume, however, refused to be shaken off, and the understeward, in desperation, glanced about for somebody to whom he could refer the persistent fisherman, and so get rid of him.

"Here!" he said, pointing to two of the passengers; "those are the men to help you. They know New York so well that they could find their way blindfold anywhere in the city. Try them!"

Trefume looked at the men and thanked his compatriot heartily. He was delighted at the thought of meeting two people who were so well acquainted with New York. They were two shifty-looking Yankees, who had been left very severely alone on the voyage. He went towards the two passengers, who, after exchanging a word or two between themselves, walked away before he could reach them. Trefume walked after them, but

they still avoided him and began conversing earnestly together. The fisherman hesitated; he thought they had something private on, and he did not wish to intrude. It never entered his head that they were avoiding him. He did not intend to lose his chance, so he continued to walk after them at a respectable distance. Two or three times, when he thought the moment opportune, he approached them hat in hand and attempted to speak to them in his best French, but was met with a scowl and a growl which made him retire. He put it down to American—or English—manners, and with a sigh he withdrew for a few minutes.

The two Americans were evidently much perplexed at the strange conduct of their fellow-passenger; they were worried about it, too; so, finally, they spoke to the under-steward concerning Trefume. The official was more busy than ever, but he was fond of a joke, and thought he might as well enliven the routine of the day by a little fun.

"You know that there has been a big robbery in Paris?" he said, in a confidential whisper. "Well, I wouldn't mind betting that this man is Jean Ernest, the cleverest detective in France, who is on the track of the thieves and has disguised himself as a fisherman from the South."

The two men looked at each other, thanked the under-steward, and dived into their cabin, from which they only emerged when the ship was actually alongside the quay. Poor Trefume looked for them in vain; they got off the steamer unobserved by him, and he was left to find his way about New York as best he could.

How he went through the rest of that day, where he lodged at night, he never knew. He began again on the following day, looking for the Embassy, asking the way in his provincial French, and being laughed at and treated with contempt as an impostor, until, sick at heart, and thoroughly discouraged, he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. Uncle Sambuq might have journeyed to his native country to die, and thus have made things easier for his heir!

After a few minutes he plucked up courage and determined to try again. He had just reached the end of the street when he saw one of the Americans to whom the under-steward had referred him on the steamer. He had changed his clothes and cut off his beard, but Trefume was positive that it was the same man.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" he cried, running towards the man.

Whether the man heard the words or not, he took to his heels as soon as he saw the Frenchman running.

"What!" said Trefume to himself, in an indignant tone. "This man knows New York as well as I know Endoume, and he won't help me! I'll see about that."

Away they went, the American and Trefume. In vain the former doubled this corner and that; his pursuer stuck to him until, thoroughly exhausted, the American took refuge in a bar and awaited the arrival of his pursuer.

"So I have you at last!" exclaimed the

"THE TWO MEN DIVED INTO THE CABIN."

Frenchman. "Why did you run away and give me all this trouble? Now you must——"

"Hush!" interrupted the American, turning pale in spite of the violent exercise. "Don't make a fuss," he continued, in excellent French; "that will be of no use. Come and sit down in this corner."

"Ah! that's better," thought Trefume. But he simply looked knowingly at the man and took a seat.

"I know what you have come to New York for," said the man.

"Good again!" thought the fisherman; but before he could speak, the American continued:—

"We can arrange this little affair, can't we, without further bother?"

"Of course we can!" exclaimed Trefume, thinking still that the man was talking about Uncle Sambuq's fortune.

"That's agreed. Now, how much do you want?"

"My fair share, of course!" replied the Frenchman.

"I'll give you this pocket-book—it has one hundred thousand francs in French notes—I have not had time to exchange them for American money. They are good, you need not be afraid that they are bad or stopped. Will that satisfy you?"

One hundred thousand francs! It was an immense sum; but was it a fair share? How much was Uncle Sambuq worth?

"Is that my fair share?" asked Trefume, doubtfully.

"How much do you expect?" asked the other, irritably. "It was a good thing, but it wasn't a gold-mine, and there are several to share it. It's either that or nothing!"

"Well! I'll take it!" said Trefume, beginning to fear that he might lose all.

"Very well! Now, you have this on condition that you go back in the *Bretagne*, and the *Bretagne* starts in two hours. And remember, you have never seen me!"

"Done!" exclaimed Trefume.

The pocket-book was handed to him, and he scrutinized the notes. They were all right. He tried to explain it all to himself; he was not clear on some points; but the more he tried to think it out, the more confused he became. Only one thing was clear: he had succeeded in getting a good slice of Uncle Sambuq's fortune and was now a rich man.

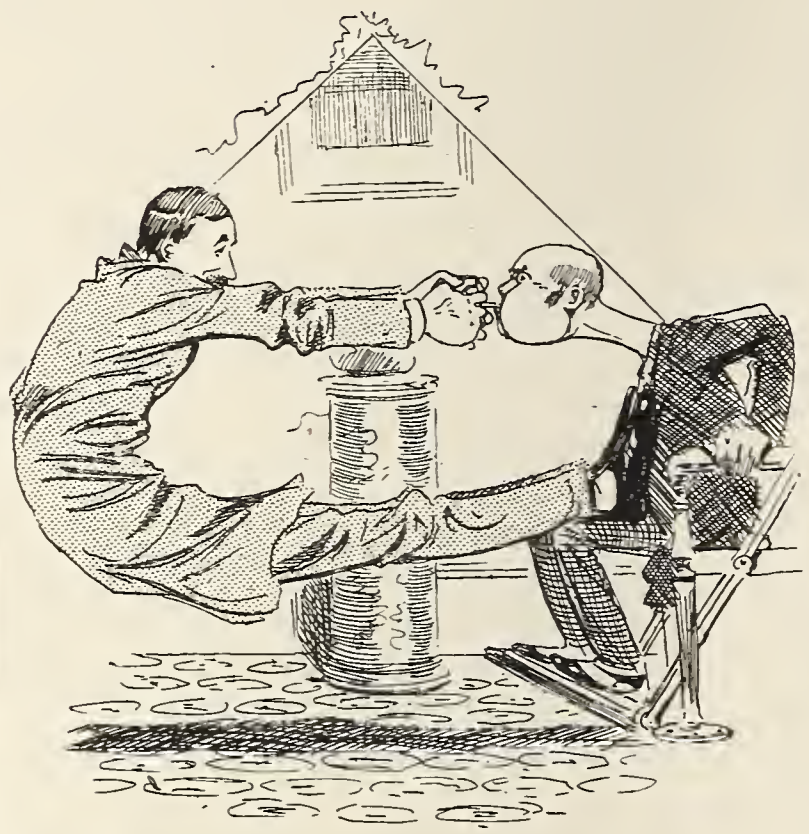
They remained where they were for an hour, then the American went with him to procure a ticket, saw him safely on board, and watched him until the ship started on its voyage across the Atlantic.

Thus it came about that Master Trefume, having had the good fortune to be taken for a detective, became the heir of Uncle Sambuq, who had died penniless in a hospital a few weeks before!

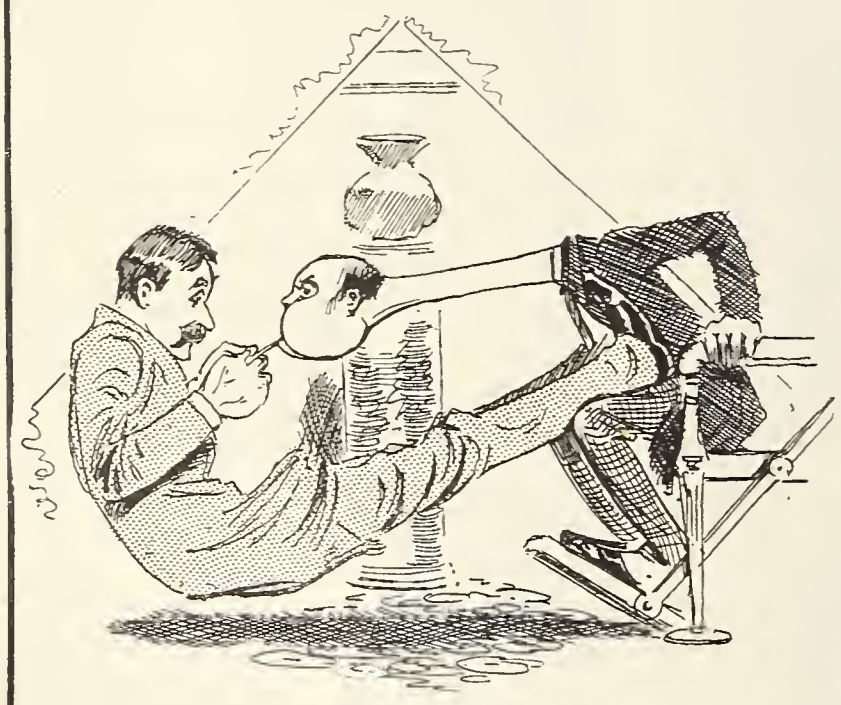
As to Trefume, he was never able to arrive at any proper understanding of the affair, but he did not worry himself much on that head. Later on, when he had given up work and donned a frock-coat, he used to shake his head and declare, with much gravity, that in business matters those American fellows were far ahead of any other people. See how quickly they settled that little matter of Uncle Sambuq's Fortune.

"HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?"

1.—"BAD TOOTHACHE; NOBODY CAN TAKE IT OUT—WILL YOU TRY?"



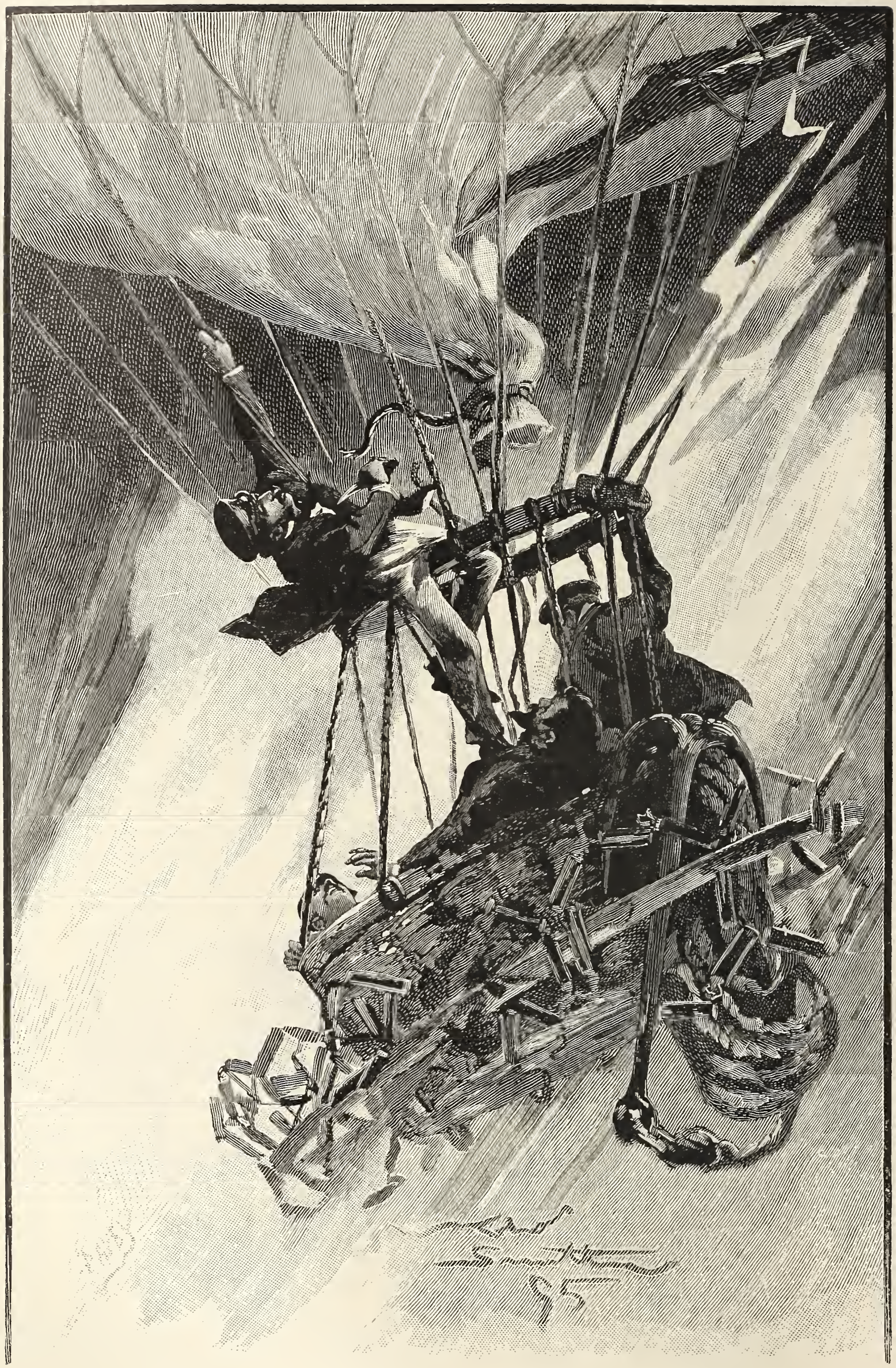
2.—"A LONG, LONG PULL—AND—"



3.—"A STRONG, STRONG PULL!!"

4.—"PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE?—WELL, I PULLED STROKE IN A 'VARSITY CREW THREE YEARS!!"

A STROKE OF BUSINESS.



"I CUT THE LINE."

(*See page* 127.)

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XLVII.—MR. HENRY COXWELL.

By Harry How.

SEAFORD is a charmingly quiet little seaside resort on the south coast. It is almost an ideal spot for a rest. I had left the train at Newhaven and walked along the somewhat rough beach for about an hour when the little village came into sight. It was my first visit to Seaford, and I had come down with the anticipation of spending a few hours with the veteran balloonist, Henry Coxwell. The only address I had was that of "Henry Coxwell, Seaford." Just as I was leaving the beach, I beckoned a little girl and inquired of her whether she knew where a gentleman of the name of Coxwell lived. She looked up, and, without answering my question, she pointed her finger in the direction of a house, where stood a tall, well-knit figure—an old man with grey beard, and a skull cap on his head; a black velvet waistcoat—such a black velvet waistcoat!—and a frock-coat. He seemed to know that I was asking for him. He waved his hand towards me, beckoning me to come on, and in a very few seconds that hand was holding mine. It was Mr. Coxwell himself, who had been watching for my arrival.

"It blows cold over the Downs, eh?" he said. "Come in. This is a lovely spot; just suits me. Why, do you know, from my window on a bright day, I can see the grand stand on the race-course over the Downs." Then, tapping me on the shoulder, the veteran made that always welcome and suggestive remark, "Now, what about lunch?"

And what a charming little lunch it was! No servant—it was her day out, and I was glad to learn that, although I was coming, a thoughtful master had not upset the arrangements for her occasional visit to Newhaven.

But we had somebody to wait upon us. It was an old ex-coastguardsman, and a very good and kind fellow he was. It was he who cooked the delicious Southdown mutton, and watched the saucepan to see that the potatoes did not get watery; it was he who laid the table and looked after our wants. A fine, stalwart, strapping man, though he must be fifty if a day, was Mr. Pride, with his pea-jacket and top-boots, his ruddy face and twinkling eyes. Mr. Coxwell told me what a willing help Mr. Pride was; and the old coastguardsman sang out: "Oh, yes; I always heave to and help a ship in distress."

The table was cleared. The Southdown mutton disappeared, and the fresh-pulled celery was a thing of the past; and then the old coastguardsman came in with the glasses. "You see, sir," he said, turning to me by way of explanation, "directly we have finished dinner on board ship we pipe the grog."

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Coxwell.

So we lit up our pipes, and we "piped the grog," and we chatted together till the sun set over the Downs.

I have seldom listened to a more delightful story of child-life than that told to me by Mr. Coxwell that wintry afternoon. He was born at Wouldham Castle, near Rochester, on March 2nd, 1819.

The little fellow's father was a naval officer; and he was only two years old when he left the parsonage where he was

MR. HENRY COXWELL.
(Taken at the time of his last ascent.)
From a Photo. by Negretti & Zambra.

born, and went with his father on board H.M.S. *Colossus;* and the veteran, as he puffs away at his pipe, almost remembers with a shiver how he used to be ducked into the water from the stage alongside the old "74."

One has not been sitting and chatting long with Mr. Coxwell before one is impressed with his marvellous memory for detail, especially in respect to matters associated with his schooldays. He drew a vivid picture of the manner in which they used to lash the soldiers with the cat in those old times, when the drums and the fifes used to play in order to drown the cries of the unfortunate fellow, who was secured to the red-painted triangle.

"A LITTLE FELLOW WITH A HUGE SPY-GLASS."

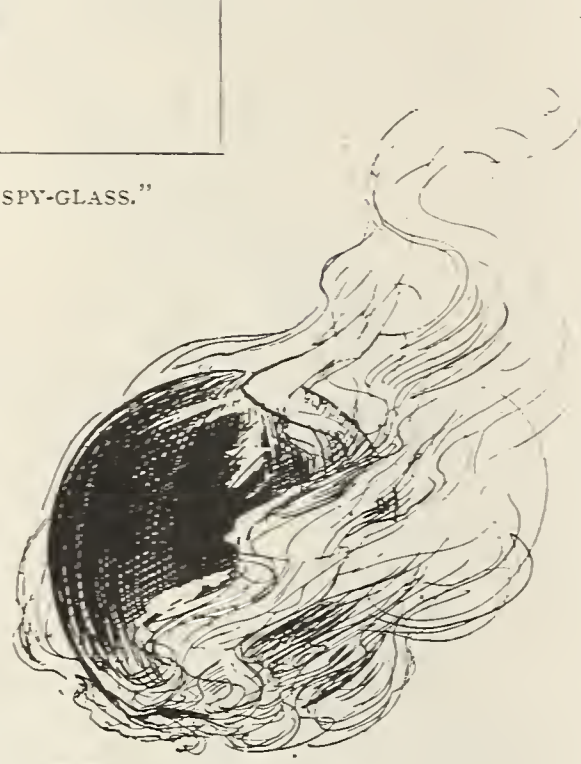
Little Coxwell was a plucky lad. He and his brother once stood up before a big bully, three times their united size, and fought him to the bitter end, because he had said an unkind word against their father.

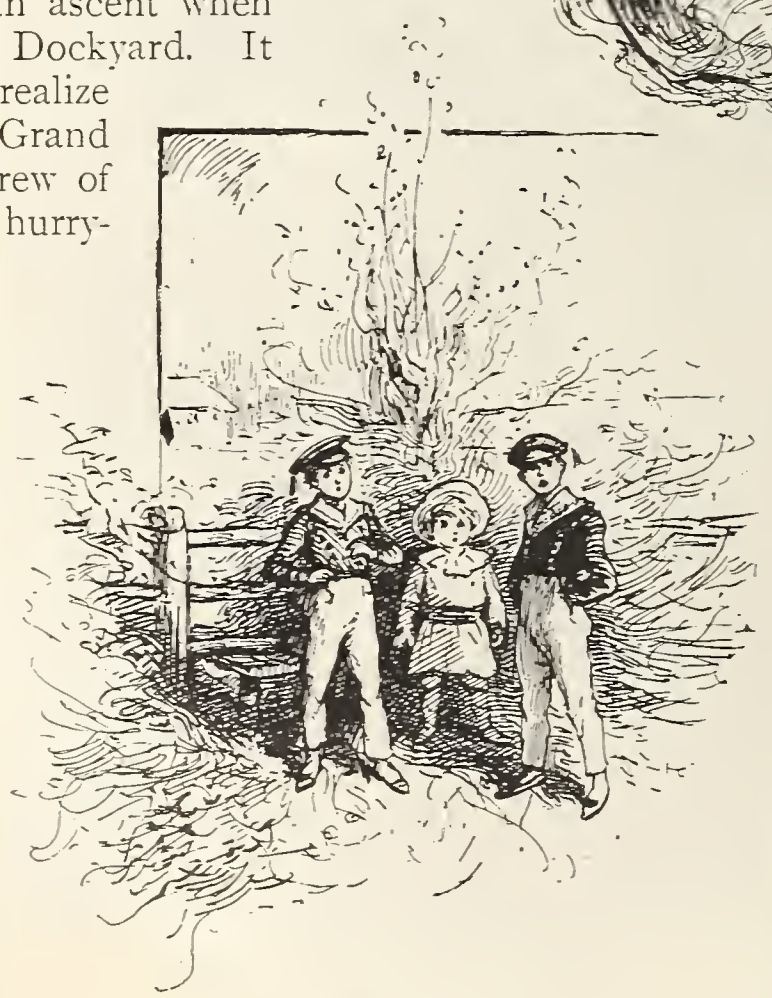
The first balloon he ever saw was that used by Mr. Green in an ascent when he passed over Chatham Dockyard. It was no difficult matter to realize the picture which the Grand Old Man of ballooning drew of himself, as a little fellow hurrying along over the fields, with a huge spy-glass, some 16in. round by 2½ft. long, almost as big as himself, under his arm, anxious to get a good view. This was in 1828, and it was not long after that he made his first balloon himself. He started by making little parachutes.

"You know," said Mr. Coxwell, "they used to go up in a strong wind, instead of coming down in one; we used to work them by contrary effect in those days.

"I may just mention that since the descents of Professor Baldwin a few years ago at the Alexandra Palace, it has generally been supposed that parachuting is practically new. Of course this is not so, as descents by parachute were made early in the present century.

"My little parachutes used to take me half an hour to make, and I have





"MY FIRST BALLOON."

known them go up a thousand feet. Then, from parachutes I got to making paper balloons. My first one was a fire balloon; it caught alight. My second attempt, however, was all right. I sent it up from a sheltered spot at the back of our stable. This balloon was about three or four feet in diameter, made of paper and varnished to hold gas.

"On leaving Chatham I went to school

at Camberwell, and I used to watch Green make his ascents from the Surrey Zoological Gardens. I used to get up in a big tree, and deliver a sort of little lecture from it to my schoolfellows below as to exactly what was happening to the balloon; and as I used to sit on one of the branches my feelings even then were that I wished some day to take up this study myself, though I never had any idea of taking to it professionally.

"I had a great ambition to go up with Green. Curiously enough, although I knew him well, he would never take me. I think he used to regard me as rather a dangerous young man. He once said, 'There is something about that young Coxwell's eyes which tells me that he wants to get all the information from me that he can, and then turn his knowledge to ulterior motives. I would not take him up for love or money.' He used to charge £5 for an ascent; and I have known occasions when, rather than take me when his car was not full, he would carry up a milkman or a policeman.

"I USED TO WATCH GREEN MAKE HIS ASCENTS."

"My father died when I was thirteen. He had broken three ribs in boarding a Spanish ship in the time of Nelson, and I do not think he ever really recovered from this. By this time, I had changed a blue jacket for a black coat, and the question arose as to what I should become. One of my sisters suggested I would make a good clergyman, but I fear this did not meet with my approval. All that time I was endeavouring to find out what I could about ballooning. I talked of nothing else but balloons, and I think I may say that even at this age I was fairly well up in the science of aerostation.

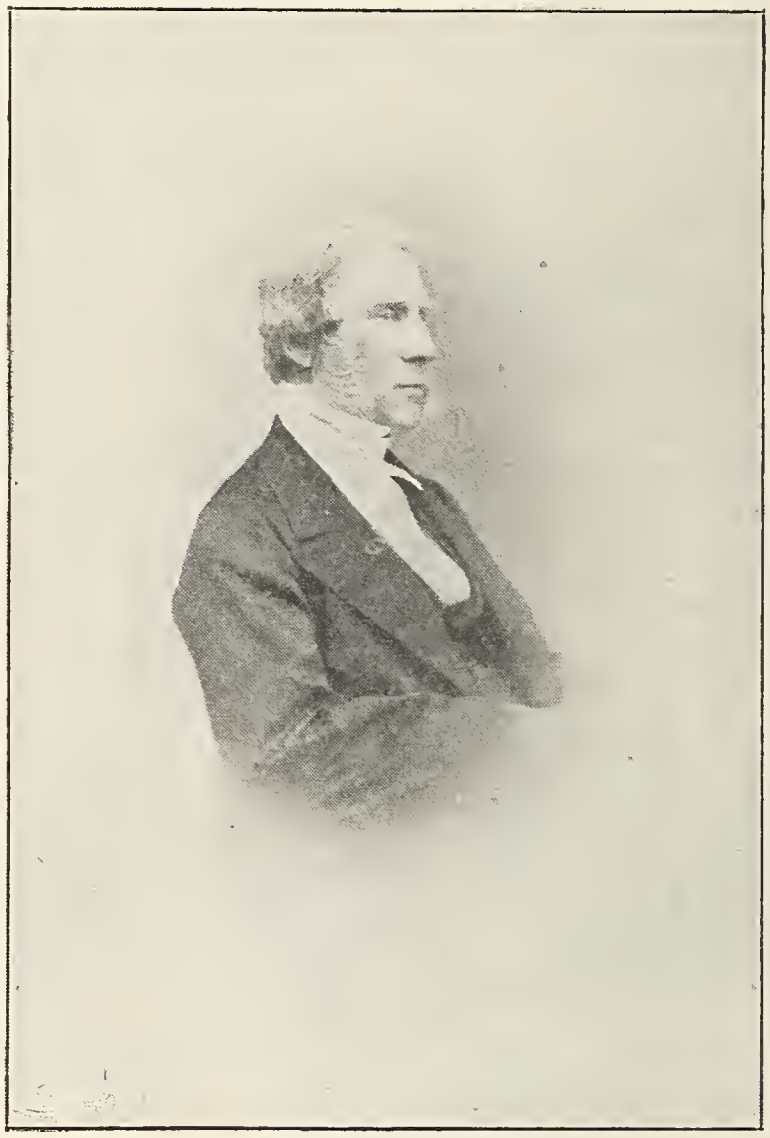
"It was about this time that a remarkably large balloon was built by Messrs. Gye and Hughes, after the plans of Mr. Green. I was to have started for Amsterdam to take up a position as a merchant's clerk, but I made up my mind to see the ascent of this balloon first. You may imagine what it was like, when I tell you that thirty-six policemen were placed around the balloon during its inflation; forty-one iron staves of 56lb. each were attached to the cordage; and even after the policemen had been compelled to put their staves through the meshes to save their hands being cut by the cords, other persons had to be called in to assist. It was a magnificent sight when that balloon went up, and I was anything but content the next morning, after having seen it, to trip off to Amsterdam to try my hand at clerking."

Mr. Coxwell went to Amsterdam, still suffering from balloon fever. The counting-house, however, did not agree with him, and when his brother one day put into his hand a paper containing the account of Mr. Green's trip across the Channel in a balloon from Vauxhall, his enthusiasm was again stirred up.

He only remained a short time in Holland, after which he returned to London and began to study dentistry. "You know," said Mr. Coxwell, "that I am a dentist still,

and it was sometimes very amusing, when I used to make my ascents from the Crystal Palace, to have a patient call on me at my house in Tottenham to have a tooth drawn, and ask if I were in; and then, on my arrival, staring at me with amazement and astonishment: 'Why, I saw you go up in the sky last night! Are you really Mr. Coxwell?' And I can assure you that it frequently took me some time to convince my visitors that I was really one and the same man.

"My first trip in a balloon was made with Mr. Hampton from the White Conduit Gardens, Pentonville, on Monday, August 19th, 1844. I assumed the name of 'Wells,' in order that I might not give too much anxiety to my friends. This was my first real ascent, and we descended in a meadow belonging to Mr. Augustin Rust, at East Ham Hall. And what a sensation it was. You are up, up, up, almost before you can realize it! You do not appear to move, but seem to remain perfectly stationary; and as you are seated in the air, the panorama of Nature which is opened out to you is positively indescribable. You watch the green fields, and the church spires, and the houses all becoming smaller and smaller. They seem to be going away from you while you sit and gaze at them, lost in wonderment.



MR. JAMES GLAISHER.
(Companion of Mr. Coxwell in his high ascent.)
From a Photo. by A. J. Melhuish.

"Here, just look at this!" and the veteran shouts out to the old coastguardsman, "Pride, heave to with the atlas!" "Aye! Aye! Mr. Coxwell!" "Now, there is no getting away from that!" says the veteran, pointing to the map. "There you have the highest mountains in the world; there is Everest, 29,002ft.! But see that little balloon above the topmost peak; look at it, sir—37,000ft.—that was the biggest ascent I ever made, and the greatest height ever attained by any balloonist!" "That is what I call rising a bit in the world, eh, sir!" said the old coastguardsman. "Ah," said Mr. Coxwell, "but unfortunately in this case you have to come down in the world again."

Mr. Coxwell assured me that he had so studied the matter before making this great ascent that he was almost prepared for each phase of the many great changes involved in passing from a dense to a lighter atmosphere, up to an elevation where the pressure is so extremely reduced that, even at such a height as this, the clouds were so few that he and his companion, Mr. Glaisher, had magnificent views of villages and towns—in fact, a little world seemed to lie beneath them. "Indeed," he remarked, "once in passing over Birmingham at a height of six miles, the atmosphere was so clear that the smoke was to be seen coming out of the chimney-pots."

He told me a somewhat interesting story of how the balloonist is regarded by a spectator on *terra-firma*. "We were coming back from an ascent near Birmingham," he said, "when we descended near a railway station. The station-master came up to us. 'Are you the gent who went up a few hours ago, sir?' he asked. 'Yes,' I answered. 'Well,' he said, 'it is very curious, but a toy balloon passed over here about the size of my hat about half a mile high soon after you left.' 'Oh, that was not a toy balloon,' I assured him, 'it was myself and Mr. Glaisher, and at the moment you saw us we were six miles high!' It seemed rather curious to me, because the balloon which appeared a toy one to the station-master contained from 90,000 to 100,000 cubic feet of gas, and was 85ft. in height and 56ft. in diameter.

"Pride, heave to with the cigars!" The old man puffed away contemplatively for a few moments, then, suddenly turning to me, said:—

"I will tell you about the most perilous ascent I ever made. It was in 1847, when

we went up from the Vauxhall Gardens in a balloon with over 60lb. weight of fireworks. Albert Smith, who at that time had started *The Man in the Moon* as a rival to *Punch*, for which periodical the late George Augustus Sala was busily engaged in making engravings, accompanied me with two other gentlemen. Yes; July 7th, 1847. Just before the ascent was made a storm was brewing, and the manager of the gardens queried as to whether it would be safe to make the voyage. I had never made a night ascent before, but on being appealed to, I decided to go. Up we went, discharging the rockets and the Roman candles as we ascended. Suddenly the storm burst out in all its fury. We were 4,000ft. above the surface of the earth. The balloon was rising higher and higher, when all at once a flash of lightning disclosed the fact that the balloon had rent fully 16ft., and we were falling headlong right over the West-end of London!

"For a moment I scarcely knew what to do, but soon collecting my thoughts, I flew up to the hoop of the balloon, and cut the line that connects the safety valve to the lower part of the balloon, so that as the gas escaped the lower hemisphere formed a sort of parachute." (See frontispiece.) "I am thankful to say that the balloon fell in the neighbourhood of Pimlico, the network being caught up by some scaffold-poles, which broke the force of the collision. I was the only one hurt, and that by a bystander, from whom I received a cut in the hand when he was trying to extract us from the network.

"Albert Smith, who, by-the-bye, it might interest you to know was a dentist like myself, behaved splendidly—he never uttered a word, never showed a sign of fear. I venture to think he really did not know the danger in which he was placed. Aye, such danger that it was a thousand to one against our ever escaping with our lives."

MR. HENRY COXWELL.
(Taken at the Crystal Palace after a high ascent.)
From a Photo. by Negretti & Zambra.

The mention of the late George Augustus Sala's name by Mr. Coxwell naturally led us both to become reminiscent, as readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will possibly remember that I gave an account of a long talk I had with that great journalist some two and a half years ago. Mr. Coxwell stated that Sala knew more about ballooning than any writer he ever met. He made a study of it when he was a boy, and he had a touch of balloon fever before he was twenty. It is interesting to chronicle the fact that the lectures which the great Gale gave on ballooning were all written by Sala. Sala only went up in a balloon once, and that was in 1851, from Kensington Gore, with a man named Chamberlain. The balloon burst and came down with a run; and ever after that, whenever Sala had the chance, notwithstanding the great love he had for ballooning, he always wrote characterizing that pursuit as dangerous unless skilfully managed.

After Mr. Coxwell's adventure with Mr. Albert Smith, it was suggested that he ought to own a balloon of his own. He refused for some time, saying that his family would strongly object to his becoming a professional. However, in 1848, he became the director of a balloon, which he christened the "Sylph"; and he made his first ascent as a professional on April 10th of that year. I gathered the interesting information from the veteran that the "Sylph," with three other gentlemen and himself, would weigh 1,254lb., comprising balloon, netting and car, 400lb.; the voyagers, 612lb.; grappling and rope gear, 52lb.; coats, instruments, etc., 30lb.; and balloon, 160lb.

It was also in this year that Mr. Coxwell fulfilled numerous engagements in Belgium. He used to illustrate in Brussels the bombardment of a city, and the detonators which he threw out from his balloon made a noise equal to a nine-pounder.

He visited the principal towns in Germany and Bohemia, including a trip to the Field of Waterloo. In a volume of his reminiscences which Mr. Coxwell handed to me, the author gives a very vivid description of his impressions of the Field of Waterloo as seen from a balloon.

A balloon view of Waterloo, with the surrounding country and bold acclivities, fails entirely to convey the martial associations which those noted Belgic plains would be expected to arouse.

We felt hardly reconciled to the fact that on that cluster of fields, which looked so rural and cultivated, the fate of Europe had been decided in so great a sanguinary contest.

As our survey happened to be made in the same month as that on which the memorable battle was fought, the general appearances of Nature could not have been very dissimilar to what they were on June 17th, 1815, just when the British infantry bivouacked on the rising ground near the village, and the cavalry rested in those hollows in the rear.

It is true we gazed upon the landscape which was comparatively tame when unenlivened by the arms of Wellington, Blücher, and Napoleon.

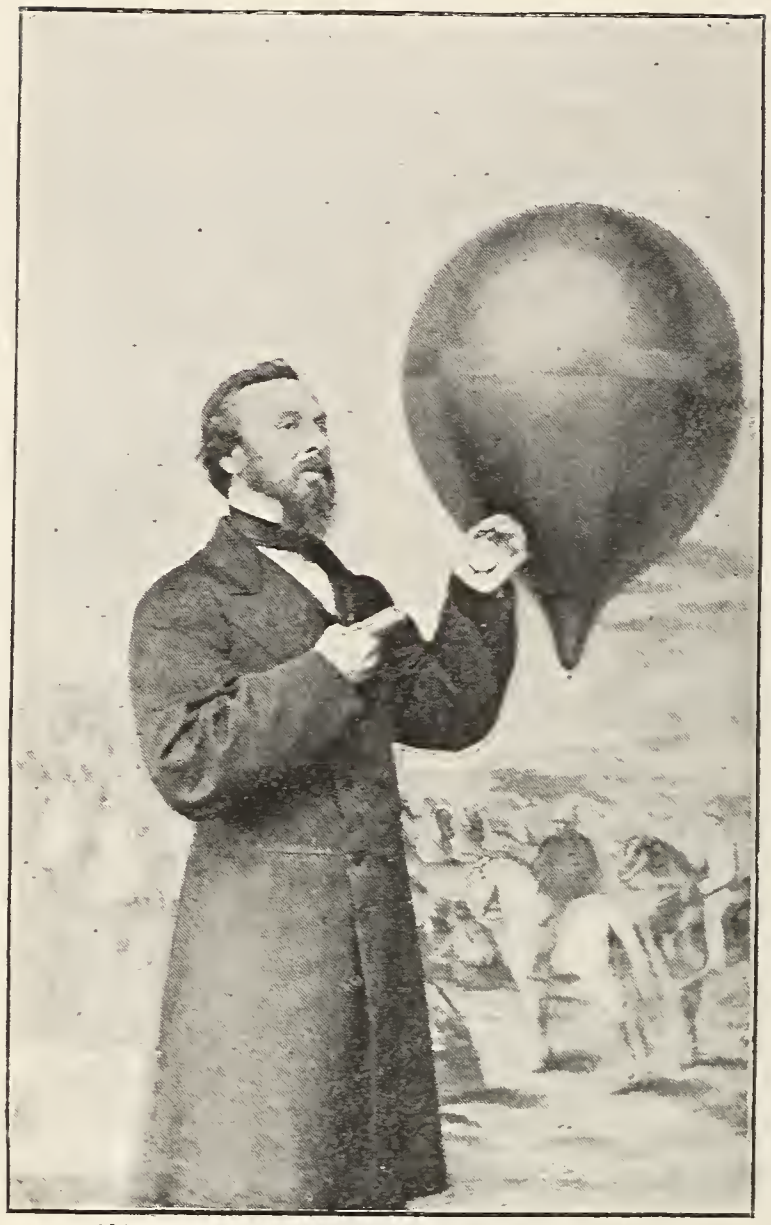
An aerial glance at that great historical picture would have indeed been a sight worth seeing. But the mere bird's-eye view of the sight was somewhat disappointing.

Could we have seen the down-trodden corn and rye, the clouds of smoke, the prancing horses and helmeted riders, the splendid French columns impetuously advancing against the solid squares of red—could we have heard the din and roar of musketry and cannon, and the wild hurrah of the last grand charge, then indeed the scene would have appeared fresh and imposing. Our bird's-eye view of Waterloo, so far from being lively and soul-stirring, was rather of a philosophical and contemplative character.

One could not pass over the ruins of Hougomont, or the farm-house of La Haye Saint, without thinking of the dust and ashes of countrymen and foes which were there scattered in profusion; when we recollected that on the small surface of two square miles 50,000 men and horses were ascertained to be lying, we can form some idea of the mouldering remains which lie beneath the ripening crops which presented themselves to our view.

The sun had just set on the peaceful plains in rosy and majestic grandeur. The glorious King of Day declined also on June 18th, thirty-three years before we passed over in a balloon. But how different the scene!

On that evening after the battle, when the cries of the wounded filled the air, as the roar of artillery ceased, and as night approached, the earth was red-dyed and sodden; but on this, inviting cheers of welcome came to us on all sides, and at Waterloo we met with a most friendly reception.



MR. COXWELL LECTURING ON BALLOONING.
From a Photo. by H. N. King, Bath.

It was delightful to hear the veteran reading out his account of this unique visit to Waterloo. It was an impressive little picture—the sun setting over the sea, and casting its dying beams upon the face of the grand old balloonist, and the coastguardsman standing there close at hand. The old guardsman could only shout out an enthusiastic "Hear! hear," and bring his fist down upon the table, which made the seashells rattle in a corner near the window.

Then the veteran, after he had once more reviewed the hour he had spent over that ever-famous battlefield, crossed the room, and opened the door and looked out quietly upon the sea, as though watching it all again. "Now, then," he said, "heave to, we must not get sentimental. Pass the tobacco-box, Pride." "Aye, aye, sir," and the tobacco-box was piped, or rather the tobacco that was in it.

"I returned to England," continued Mr. Coxwell, "from Germany, in 1851, at the end of the Great Exhibition. They told me the Exhibition was over, and I had come too late. 'Have I?' I said; 'you shall see my name going up three times a week next year'; and I can assure you my promise came true. Early in the season, about Whitsuntide, Mr. Goulston had made a very fine new silk balloon, but he was unfortunately killed in the first ascent of it. This ascent occurred from Cremorne Gardens. The proprietor telegraphed to me to know if I would go up in Goulston's balloon in the very car in which he lost his life. I went down to inspect the balloon, and said: 'I shall have no objection whatever.' But I had a shock, too. I remember just at this moment that when I looked into that car I saw some of

poor Goulston's brains which they had failed to take away. I took up one of Goulston's men to take charge of the necessary property. I went up about a mile. This was noised abroad, and engagements quickly followed.

"One of the four places I used to go up from was the 'Eagle,' in the City Road. I remember an ascent I once made with old Conquest, the father of the present George Conquest. It was his birthday, and so we determined to commemorate it in the air—Mr. Conquest, myself, and Mr. John Allan. We took up some champagne with us. We had so arranged our trip that we should return to the 'Eagle', and appear on the stage of a theatre before the audience after our aerial flight. We descended at a spot near Barnet. The grappling-gear lodged in a hedge, and a number of people were standing near. A tall, gaunt Yorkshireman, with a long, heavy stick, rushed up to us with a number of his fellow-labourers, and demanded £2 for the damage we had done. We had a long argument with him, and I offered him a glass of wine, which he refused. Of course, we had not done a shilling's-worth of damage to his hedge. He made a tremendous row, and while he was noising, I quietly asked a bystander to bring in the grappling-iron out of the hedge, and, to their utter astonishment, sailed merrily away!"

"I OFFERED HIM A GLASS OF WINE."

Mr. Coxwell made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace in 1859, whilst his last ascent took place in 1885, when his balloon sailed round the city and suburbs of York.

So many ascents has this born balloonist made that he is practically unable to chronicle them all. His line, holding the grappling-iron, has been caught in a fog by a passing fishing-boat, swaying the balloon to and fro to the extreme danger of its occupant. He has ascended before Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort in a balloon which for this occasion he christened "Queen" at Leamington.

"CAUGHT BY A FISHING-BOAT."

Mr. Coxwell is not likely to forget the somewhat sensational experiences connected with this ascent. He had arranged to make captive ascents as the Queen and Prince Consort came past in their carriage during their progress through Warwickshire. This was done, and afterwards the balloon was held down to have a fresh supply of gas to enable it to make a final ascent in the evening. During that time a fresh breeze had sprung up, and the ascending power of the balloon was so much less than he had expected, that he had to ascend alone. The balloon struck against the spire of a church about 100yds. from the gardens whence the ascent was made. He flew to the hoop in order to look up the neck of the balloon to make sure the silk was not torn. It seemed all right. He sailed away for twenty miles, coming down in a most remote district in the neighbourhood of Chesterton.

"The point is this," said Mr. Coxwell, when speaking of this incident, "that the weather-cock of that church had been taken off a day or two previous for regilding. Had it not been taken down, my balloon would have struck the steeple in such a position that it would have been rent by the weather-cock from top to bottom."

Mr. Coxwell made many important surveys for the British Association; and he merrily referred to the notions of a late Professor, who had an idea of his own for ascending six miles in an old balloon, which he had picked up at Cremorne Gardens. Mr. Coxwell, at his own expense, built a balloon and materially assisted the British Association in their scientific work.

As far back as 1854 Mr. Coxwell demonstrated in public a new plan of signalling in the air for use in time of war. One of the newspapers of that time, after describing the aeronaut's venture, goes on to explain as follows: "The aeronaut, who set in operation once more his signals, was well understood in the working of these by those who were in possession of the key to them; and they resemble somewhat those which were formerly used on the roof of the Admiralty. When he had reached a considerable altitude he liberated a number of pigeons which, he said, were usually auxiliaries for warfare. The idea is ingenious, and we must admit that the signals were worked with much dexterity."

His first real ascent in a military balloon was made in 1863, and, curiously enough, a canvas of the picture of this ascent forms the blind of the principal room of the veteran's cottage at Seaford. This room is on a level with the highway, and for some time Mr. Coxwell was annoyed by people coming and looking into his room, knowing

that it was the famous balloonist who lived there. The window is a large one, and the canvas just covers it up entirely, so at night Mr. Coxwell sits quietly within doors, and chatting away with a friend, always having before him a view of his ascent from Thornhill, at Aldershot.

Before leaving Mr. Coxwell I asked if he considered ballooning would ever become popular or a fashionable pastime. "Well," he said, "ballooning is remarkably popular to-day to a certain extent, as it is now more used for acrobatic purposes and fancy acts. A balloon is a costly affair. When I was a young man they used to be made of expensive silk, and a good balloon would cost £500; now you can make them of muslin at a cost of from £150 to £200. I do not think it will ever become fashionable. Ballooning is really an art. People look up at a balloon and think how easy it must be to sail along at the rate of eighty miles an hour, which I have done in my day. Then the great risk has always to be considered; and although people nowadays will risk anything to be fashionable, I do not think they will go as far as ballooning. But here is a curious fact: ballooning is of value for some pulmonary complaints—people who suffer from asthma. You see, you get into such pure air, and I know I always felt better after an ascent!"

"THE BALLOON STRUCK AGAINST THE SPIRE OF A CHURCH."

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLAY-ACTRESS OF ANSTEY CROSS.

I HAVE told you something about Friar's Oak, and about the life that we led there. Now that my memory goes back to the old place it would gladly linger, for every thread which I draw from the skein of the past brings out half-a-dozen others that were entangled with it. I was in two minds when I began whether I had enough in me to make a book of, and now I know that I could write one about Friar's Oak alone, and the folk whom I knew in my childhood. They were hard and uncouth, some of them, I doubt not; and yet, seen through the golden haze of time, they all seem sweet and lovable. There was our good vicar, Mr. Jefferson, who loved the whole world save only Mr. Slack, the Baptist minister of Clayton, and there was kindly Mr. Slack, who was all men's brother save only of Mr. Jefferson, the vicar of Friar's Oak. Then there was Monsieur Rudin, the French Royalist refugee who lived over on the Pangdean road, and who, when the news of a victory came in, was convulsed with joy because we had beaten Buonaparte, and shaken with rage because we had beaten the French, so that after the Nile he wept for a whole day out of delight and then for another one out of fury, alternately clapping his hands and stamping his feet. Well I remember his thin, upright figure and the way in which he jauntily twirled his little cane, for cold and hunger could not cast him down, though we knew that he had his share of both. Yet he was so proud and had such a grand manner of talking, that no one dared to offer him a cloak or a meal. I can see his face now, with a flush over each craggy cheek-bone when the butcher made him the present of some ribs of beef. He could not but take it, and yet whilst he was stalking off he threw a proud glance over his shoulder at the butcher, and he said, "Monsieur, I have a dog!" Yet it was Monsieur Rudin and not his dog who looked plumper for a week to come.

Then I remember Mr. Paterson, the farmer, who was what you would now call a Radical, though at that time some called him a Priestley-ite, and some a Fox-ite, and nearly everybody a traitor. It certainly seemed to me at the time to be very wicked that a man should look glum when he heard of a British victory; and when they burned his straw image at the gate of his farm, Boy Jim and I were among those who lent a hand. But we were bound to confess that he was game, though he might be a traitor, for down he came, striding into the midst of us with his brown coat and his buckled shoes, and the fire beating upon his grim, schoolmaster face. My word, how he rated us, and how glad we were at last to sneak quietly away.

"You livers of a lie!" said he. "You and those like you have been preaching peace for nigh two thousand years, and cutting throats the whole time. If the money that is lost in taking French lives were spent in saving English ones, you would have more right to burn candles in your windows. Who are you that dare to come here to insult a law-abiding man?"

"We are the people of England!" cried young Master Ovington, the son of the Tory Squire.

"You! you horse-racing, cock-fighting ne'er-do-weel! Do you presume to talk for the people of England? They are a deep, strong, silent stream, and you are the scum, the bubbles, the poor, silly froth that floats upon the surface."

We thought him very wicked then, but, looking back, I am not sure that we were not very wicked ourselves.

And then there were the smugglers! The Downs swarmed with them, for since there might be no lawful trade betwixt France and England, it had all to run in that channel. I have been up on St. John's Common upon a dark night, and, lying among the bracken, I have seen as many as seventy mules and a man at the head of each go flitting past me as silently as fish in a stream. Not one of them but bore its two ankers of the right French cognac, or its bale of silk of Lyons and lace of Valenciennes. I knew Dan

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"MY WORD, HOW HE RATED US."

Scales, the head of them, and I knew Tom Hislop, the riding officer, and I remember the night they met.

"Do you fight, Dan?" asked Tom.

"Yes, Tom; thou must fight for it."

On which Tom drew his pistol, and blew Dan's brains out.

"It was a sad thing to do," he said afterwards, "but I knew Dan was too good a man for me, for we tried it out before."

It was Tom who paid a poet from Brighton to write the lines for the tombstone, which we all thought were very true and good, beginning:—

> Alas! Swift flew the fatal lead
> Which piercéd through the young man's head.
> He instant fell, resigned his breath,
> And closed his languid eyes in death.

There was more of it, and I daresay it is all still to be read in Patcham Churchyard.

One day, about the time of our Cliffe Royal adventure, I was seated in the cottage looking round at the curios which my father had fastened on to the walls, and wishing, like the lazy lad that I was, that Mr. Lilly had died before ever he wrote his Latin grammar, when my mother, who was sitting knitting in the window, gave a little cry of surprise.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "What a vulgar-looking woman!"

It was so rare to hear my mother say a hard word against anybody (unless it were General Buonaparte) that I was across the room and at the window in a jump. A pony-chaise was coming slowly down the village street, and in it was the queerest-looking person that I had ever seen. She was very stout, with a face that was of so dark a red that it shaded away into purple over the nose and cheeks. She wore a great hat with a white curling ostrich feather, and from under its brim her two bold, black eyes stared out with a look of anger and defiance as if to tell the folk that she thought less of them than they could do of her. She had some sort of scarlet pelisse with white swansdown about her neck, and she held the reins slack in her hands, while the pony wandered from side to side of the road as the fancy took him. Each time the chaise swayed, her head with the great hat swayed also, so that sometimes we saw the crown of it and sometimes the brim.

"What a dreadful sight!" cried my mother.

"What is amiss with her, mother?"

"Heaven forgive me if I misjudge her, Rodney, but I think that the unfortunate woman has been drinking."

"Why," I cried, "she has pulled the chaise

up at the smithy. I'll find out all the news for you"; and, catching up my cap, away I scampered.

Champion Harrison had been shoeing a horse at the forge door, and when I got into the street I could see him with the creature's hoof still under his arm, and the rasp in his hand, kneeling down amid the white parings. The woman was beckoning him from the chaise, and he staring up at her with the queerest expression upon his face. Presently he threw down his rasp and went across to her, standing by the wheel and shaking his head as he talked to her. For my part, I slipped into the smithy, where Boy Jim was finishing the shoe, and I watched the neatness of his work and the deft way in which he turned up the caulkens. When he had done with it he carried it out, and there was the strange woman still talking with his uncle.

"Is that he?" I heard her ask.

Champion Harrison nodded.

She looked at Jim, and I never saw such eyes in a human head, so large, and black, and wonderful. Boy as I was, I knew that, in spite of that bloated face, this woman had once been very beautiful. She put out a hand, with all the fingers going as if she were playing on the harpsichord, and she touched Jim on the shoulder.

"I hope — I hope you're well," she stammered.

"Very well, ma'am," said Jim, staring from her to his uncle.

"'I HOPE YOU'RE WELL,' SHE STAMMERED."

"And happy too?"

"Yes, ma'am, I thank you."

"Nothing that you crave for?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I have all that I lack."

"That will do, Jim," said his uncle, in a stern voice. "Blow up the forge again, for that shoe wants reheating."

But it seemed as if the woman had something else that she would say, for she was angry that he should be sent away. Her

eyes gleamed, and her head tossed, while the smith with his two big hands outspread seemed to be soothing her as best he could. For a long time they whispered until at last she seemed to be satisfied.

"To-morrow, then?" she cried loud out.

"To-morrow," he answered.

"You keep your word and I'll keep mine," said she, and dropped the lash on the pony's back. The smith stood with the rasp in his hand, looking after her until she was just a little red spot on the white road. Then he turned, and I never saw his face so grave.

"Jim," said he, "that's Miss Hinton, who has come to live at The Maples, out Anstey Cross way. She's taken a kind of a fancy to you, Jim, and maybe she can help you on a bit. I promised her that you would go over and see her to-morrow."

"I don't want her help, uncle, and I don't want to see her."

"But I've promised, Jim, and you wouldn't make me out a liar. She does but want to talk with you, for it is a lonely life she leads."

"What would she want to talk with such as me about?"

"Why, I cannot say that, but she seemed very set upon it, and women have their fancies. There's young Master Stone here who wouldn't refuse to go and see a good lady, I'll warrant, if he thought he might better his fortune by doing so."

"Well, uncle, I'll go if Roddy Stone will go with me," said Jim.

"Of course he'll go. Won't you, Master Rodney?"

So it ended in my saying "yes," and back I went with all my news to my mother, who dearly loved a little bit of gossip. She shook her head when she heard where I was going, but she did not say nay, and so it was settled.

It was a good four miles of a walk, but when we reached it you would not wish to see a more cosy little house: all honeysuckle and creepers, with a wooden porch and lattice windows. A common-looking woman opened the door for us.

"Miss Hinton cannot see you," said she.

"But she asked us to come," said Jim.

"I can't help that," cried the woman, in a rude voice. "I tell you that she can't see you."

We stood irresolute for a minute.

"Maybe you would just tell her I am here," said Jim, at last.

"Tell her! How am I to tell her when she couldn't so much as hear a pistol in her ears? Try and tell her yourself, if you have a mind to."

She threw open a door as she spoke, and there, in a reclining chair at the further end of the room, we caught a glimpse of a figure all lumped together, huge and shapeless, with tails of black hair hanging down. The sound of dreadful, swine-like breathing fell upon our ears. It was but a glance, and then we were off hot-foot for home. As for me, I was so young that I was not sure whether this was funny or terrible; but when I looked at Jim to see how he took it, he was looking quite white and ill.

"You'll not tell anyone, Roddy," said he.

"Not unless it's my mother."

"I won't even tell my uncle. I'll say she was ill, the poor lady! It's enough that we should have seen her in her shame, without its being the gossip of the village. It makes me feel sick and heavy at heart."

"She was so yesterday, Jim."

"Was she? I never marked it. But I know that she has kind eyes and a kind heart, for I saw the one in the other when she looked at me. Maybe it's the want of a friend that has driven her to this."

It blighted his spirits for days, and when it had all gone from my mind it was brought back to me by his manner. But it was not to be our last memory of the lady with the scarlet pelisse, for before the week was out Jim came round to ask me if I would again go up with him.

"My uncle has had a letter," said he. "She would speak with me, and I would be easier if you came with me, Rod."

For me it was only a pleasure outing, but I could see, as we drew near the house, that Jim was troubling in his mind lest we should find that things were amiss. His fears were soon set at rest, however, for we had scarce clicked the garden gate before the woman was out of the door of the cottage and running down the path to meet us. She was so strange a figure, with some sort of purple wrapper on, and her big, flushed face smiling out of it, that I might, if I had been alone, have taken to my heels at the sight of her. Even Jim stopped for a moment as if he were not very sure of himself, but her hearty ways soon set us at our ease.

"It is indeed good of you to come and see an old, lonely woman," said she, "and I owe you an apology that I should give you a fruitless journey on Tuesday, but in a sense you were yourselves the cause of it, since the thought of your coming had excited me, and any excitement throws me into a nervous

fever. My poor nerves! You can see yourselves how they serve me."

She held out her twitching hands as she spoke. Then she passed one of them through Jim's arm, and walked with him up the path.

"You must let me know you, and know you well," said she. "Your uncle and aunt are quite old acquaintances of mine, and though you cannot remember me, I have held you in my arms when you were an infant. Tell me, little man," she added, turning to me, "what do you call your friend?"

"Boy Jim, ma'am," said I.

"Then if you will not think me forward, I will call you Boy Jim also. We elderly people have our privileges, you know. And now you shall come in with me, and we will take a dish of tea together."

She led the way into a cosy room—the same which we had caught a glimpse of when last we came—and there, in the middle, was a table with white napery, and shining glass, and gleaming china, and red-cheeked apples piled upon a centre-dish, and a great plateful of smoking muffins which the cross-faced maid had just carried in. You can think that we did justice to all the good things, and Miss Hinton would ever keep pressing us to pass our cup and to fill our plate. Twice during our meal she rose from her chair and withdrew into a cupboard at the end of the room, and each time I saw Jim's face cloud, for we heard a gentle clink of glass against glass.

"Come now, little man," said she to me, when the table had been cleared. "Why are you looking round so much?"

"Because there are so many pretty things upon the walls."

"And which do you think the prettiest of them?"

"Why, that!" said I, pointing to a picture which hung opposite to me. It was of a tall and slender girl, with the rosiest cheeks and the tenderest eyes—so daintily dressed, too, that I had never seen anything more perfect. She had a posy of flowers in her hand and another one was lying upon the planks of wood upon which she was standing.

"Oh, that's the prettiest, is it?" said she, laughing. "Well, now, walk up to it, and let us hear what is writ beneath it."

"'IT'S A PLAY-ACTRESS,' SAID I."

I did as she asked, and read out: "Miss Polly Hinton, as *Peggy*, in 'The Country Wife,' played for her benefit at the Haymarket Theatre, September 14th, 1782."

"It's a play-actress," said I.

"Oh, you rude little boy, to say it in such a tone," said she, "as if a play-actress wasn't as good as anyone else. Why, 'twas but the other day that the Duke of Clarence, who may come to call himself King of England, married Mrs. Jordan, who was herself only a play-actress. And whom think you that this one is?"

She stood under the picture with her arms folded across her great body, and her big, black eyes looking from one to the other of us.

"Why, where are your eyes?" she cried at last. "*I* was Miss Polly Hinton of the Haymarket Theatre. And perhaps you never heard the name before?"

We were compelled to confess that we never had. And the very name of play-actress had filled us both with a kind of vague horror, like the country-bred folk that we were. To us they were a class apart, to be hinted at rather than named, with the

wrath of the Almighty hanging over them like a thundercloud. Indeed, His judgments seemed to be in visible operation before us when we looked upon what this woman was, and what she had been.

"Well," said she, laughing like one who is hurt, "you have no cause to say anything, for I read on your faces what you have been taught to think of me. So this is the upbringing that you have had, Jim, to think evil of that which you do not understand! I wish you had been in the theatre that very night with Prince Florizel and four Dukes in the boxes, and all the wits and macaronis of London rising at me in the pit. If Lord Avon had not given me a cast in his carriage, I had never got my flowers back to my lodgings in York Street, Westminster. And now two little country lads are sitting in judgment upon me!"

Jim's pride brought a flush on to his cheeks, for he did not like to be called a country lad or to have it supposed that he was so far behind the grand folk in London.

"I have never been inside a play-house," said he; "I know nothing of them."

"Nor I either."

"Well," said she, "I am not in voice, and it is ill to play in a little room with but two to listen, but you must conceive me to be the Queen of the Peruvians, who is exhorting her countrymen to rise up against the Spaniards who are oppressing them."

And straightway that coarse, swollen woman became a queen, the grandest, haughtiest queen that you could dream of, and she turned upon us with such words of fire, such lightning eyes and sweeping of her white hand, that she held us spellbound in our chairs. Her voice was soft, and sweet, and persuasive at the first, but louder it rang and louder as it spoke of wrongs and freedom and the joys of death in a good cause, until it thrilled into my every nerve, and I asked nothing more than to run out of the cottage and to die then and there in the cause of my country. And then in an instant she changed. She was a poor woman now, who had lost her only child and who was bewailing it. Her voice was full of tears, and what she said was so simple, so true, that we both seemed to see the dead babe stretched there on the carpet before us, and we could have joined in with words of pity and of grief. And then, before our cheeks were dry, she was back into her old self again.

"How like you that, then?" she cried. "That was my way in the days when Sally Siddons would turn green at the name of Polly Hinton. It's a fine play, is 'Pizarro.'"

"And who wrote it, ma'am?"

"Who wrote it? I never heard. What matter who did the writing of it! But there are some great lines for one who knows how they should be spoken."

"And you play no longer, ma'am?"

"No, Jim, I left the boards when—when I was weary of them. But my heart goes back to them sometimes. It seems to me there is no smell like that of the hot oil in the footlights and of the oranges in the pit. But you are sad, Jim."

"It was but the thought of that poor woman and her child."

"Tut, never think about her! I will soon wipe her from your mind. This is *Miss Priscilla Tomboy*, from 'The Romp.' You must conceive that the mother is speaking, and that the forward young minx is answering."

And she began a scene between the two of them, so exact in voice and manner that it seemed to us as if there were really two folk before us: the stern old mother with her hand up like an ear-trumpet, and her flouncing, bouncing daughter. Her great figure danced about with a wonderful lightness, and she tossed her head and pouted her lips as she answered back to the old, bent figure that addressed her. Jim and I had forgotten our tears, and were holding our ribs before she came to the end of it.

"That is better," said she, smiling at our laughter. "I would not have you go back to Friar's Oak with long faces, or maybe they would not let you come to me again."

She vanished into her cupboard, and came out with a bottle and glass which she placed upon the table.

"You are too young for strong waters," she said, "but this talking gives one a dryness, and——"

Then it was that Boy Jim did a wonderful thing. He rose from his chair and he laid his hand upon the bottle.

"Don't!" said he.

She looked him in the face, and I can still see those black eyes of hers softening before his gaze.

"Am I to have none?"

"Please, don't."

With a quick movement she wrested the bottle out of his hand and raised it up so that for a moment it entered my head that she was about to drink it off. Then she flung it through the open lattice, and we heard the crash of it on the path outside.

"There, Jim!" said she; "does that satisfy you? It's long since anyone cared whether I drank or no."

"SHE LOOKED HIM IN THE FACE."

"You are too good and kind for that," said he.

"Good!" she cried. "Well, I love that you should think me so. And it would make you happier if I kept from the brandy, Jim? Well, then, I'll make you a promise, if you'll make me one in return."

"What's that, miss?"

"No drop shall pass my lips, Jim, if you will swear, wet or shine, blow or snow, to come up here twice in every week that I may see you and speak with you, for, indeed, there are times when I am very lonesome."

So the promise was made, and very faithfully did Jim keep it, for many a time when I have wanted him to go fishing or rabbit-snaring, he has remembered that it was his day for Miss Hinton, and has tramped off to Anstey Cross. At first I think that she found her share of the bargain hard to keep, and I have seen Jim come back with a black face on him as if things were going amiss. But after a time the fight was won, as all fights are won if one does but fight long enough, and in the year before my father came back Miss Hinton had become another woman. And it was not her ways only, but herself as well, for from being the person that I have described, she became in one twelvemonth as fine a looking lady as there was in the whole country-side. Jim was prouder of it by far than of anything he had had a hand in in his life, but it was only to me that he ever spoke about it, for he had that tenderness towards her that one has for those whom one has helped. And she helped him also, for by her talk of the world and of what she had seen, she took his mind away from the Sussex country-side and prepared it for a broader life beyond. So matters stood between them at the time when peace was made and my father came home from the sea.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PEACE OF AMIENS.

MANY a woman's knee was on the ground, and many a woman's soul spent itself in joy and thankfulness when the news came with the fall of the leaf in 1801 that the preliminaries of peace had been settled. All England waved her gladness by day and twinkled it by night. Even in little Friar's Oak we had our flags flying bravely, and a candle in

every window, with a big G.R. guttering in the wind over the door of the inn. Folk were weary of the war, for we had been at it for eight years, taking Holland, and Spain, and France each in turn and all together. All that we had learned during that time was that our little army was no match for the French on land, and that our large navy was more than a match for them upon the water. We had gained some credit, which we were sorely in need of after the American business; and a few Colonies, which were welcome also for the same reason: but our debt had gone on rising and our consols sinking, until even Pitt stood aghast. Still, if we had known that there never could be peace between Napoleon and ourselves, and that this was only the end of a round and not of the battle, we should have been better advised had we fought it out without a break. As it was, the French got back the 20,000 good seamen whom we had captured, and a fine dance they led us with their Boulogne flotillas and fleets of invasion before we were able to catch them again.

"MY FATHER."

My father, as I remember him best, was a tough, strong little man, of no great breadth, but solid and well put together. His face was burned of a reddish colour, as bright as a flower-pot, and in spite of his age (for he was only forty at the time of which I speak) it was shot with lines which deepened if he were in any way perturbed, so that I have seen him turn on the instant from a youngish man to an elderly. His eyes especially were meshed round with wrinkles, as is natural for one who had puckered them all his life in facing foul wind and bitter weather. These eyes were, perhaps, his strangest feature, for they were of a very clear and beautiful blue, which shone the brighter out of that ruddy setting. By nature he must have been a fair-skinned man, for his upper brow, where his hat came over it, was as white as mine, and his close-cropped hair was tawny.

He had served, as he was proud to say, in the last of our ships which had been chased out of the Mediterranean in '97, and in the first which had re-entered it in '98. He was under Miller, as third lieutenant of the *Theseus*, when our fleet, like a pack of eager fox-hounds in a covert, was dashing from Sicily to Syria and back again to Naples, trying to pick up the lost scent. With the same good fighting man he served at the Nile, where the men of his command sponged and rammed and trained until, when the last tricolour had come down, they hove up the sheet anchor and fell dead asleep upon the top of each other under the capstan bars. Then, as a second lieutenant, he was in one of those grim three-deckers with powder-blackened hulls and crimson scupper-holes, their spare cables tied round their keels and over their bulwarks to hold them together, which carried the news into the Bay of Naples. From thence, as a reward for his services, he was transferred as first lieutenant to the *Aurora* frigate, engaged in cutting off supplies from Genoa, and in her he still remained until long after peace was declared.

How well I can remember his home-coming! Though it is now eight-and-forty years ago, it is clearer to me than the doings of last week, for the memory of an old man is like one of those glasses which shows out

what is at a distance and blurs all that is near.

My mother had been in a tremble ever since the first rumour of the preliminaries came to our ears, for she knew that he might come as soon as his message. She said little, but she saddened my life by insisting that I should be for ever clean and tidy. With every rumble of wheels, too, her eyes would glance towards the door and her hands steal up to smooth her pretty black hair. She had embroidered a white "Welcome" upon a blue ground, with an anchor in red upon each side, and a border of laurel leaves; and this was to hang upon the two lilac bushes which flanked the cottage door. He could not have left the Mediterranean before we had this finished, and every morning she looked to see if it were in its place and ready to be hanged.

But it was a weary time before the peace was ratified, and it was April of next year before our great day came round to us. It had been raining all morning, I remember—a soft spring rain, which sent up a rich smell from the brown earth and pattered pleasantly upon the budding chestnuts behind our cottage. The sun had shone out in the evening, and I had come down with my fishing-rod (for I had promised Boy Jim to go with him to the mill-stream), when what should I see but a post-chaise with two smoking horses at the gate, and there in the open door of it were my mother's black skirt and her little feet jutting out, with two blue arms for a waist-belt, and all the rest of her buried in the chaise. Away I ran for the motto, and I pinned it up on the bushes as we had agreed, but when I had finished there were the skirts and the feet and the blue arms just the same as before.

"Here's Rod," said my mother at last, struggling down on to the ground again. "Roddy, darling, here's your father!"

I saw the red face and the kindly, light-blue eyes looking out at me.

"Why, Roddy, lad, you were but a child and we kissed good-bye when last we met, but I suppose we must put you on a different rating now. I'm right glad from my heart to see you, dear lad, and as to you, sweetheart——" The blue arms flew out and there were the skirt and the two feet fixed in the door again.

"Here are the folk coming, Anson," said my mother, blushing. "Won't you get out and come in with us?"

And then suddenly it came home to us both that for all his cheery face he had never moved more than his arms, and that his leg was resting on the opposite seat of the chaise.

"Oh, Anson, Anson!" she cried.

"Tut, 'tis but the bone of my leg," said he, taking his knee between his hands, and lifting it round. "I got it broke in the Bay, but the surgeon has fished it and spliced it, though it's a bit crank yet. Why, bless her kindly heart, if I haven't turned her from pink to white. You can see for yourself that it's nothing."

He sprang out as he spoke, and with one leg and a staff he hopped swiftly up the path, and under the laurel-bordered motto, and so over his own threshold for the first time for five years. When the postboy and I had carried up the sea-chest and the two canvas bags, there he was sitting in his arm-chair by the window in his old, weather-stained blue coat. My mother was weeping over his poor leg, and he patting her hair with one brown hand. His other he threw round my waist, and drew me to the side of his chair.

"Now that we have peace, I can lie up and refit until King George needs me again," said he. "'Twas a carronade that came adrift in the Bay when it was blowing a top-gallant breeze with a beam sea. Ere we could make it fast it had me jammed against the mast. Well, well," he added, looking round at the walls of the room, "here are all my old curios, the same as ever: the narwhal's horn from the Arctic, and the blow-fish from the Moluccas, and the paddles from Fiji, and the picture of the *Ça Ira* with Lord Hotham in chase. And here you are, Mary, and you also, Roddy, and good luck to the carronade which has sent me into so snug a harbour without fear of sailing orders."

My mother had his long pipe and his tobacco all ready for him, so that he was able now to light it and to sit looking from one of us to the other and then back again, as if he could never see enough of us. Young as I was, I could still understand that this was the moment which he had thought of during many a lonely watch, and that the expectation of it had cheered his heart in many a dark hour. Sometimes he would touch one of us with his hand, and sometimes the other, and so he sat, with his soul too satiated for words, whilst the shadows gathered in the little room and the lights of the inn windows glimmered through the gloom. And then, after my mother had lit our own lamp, she slipped suddenly down upon her knees, and he got one knee to the ground also, so that, hand-in-hand, they joined their thanks to Heaven for manifold

"THEY JOINED THEIR THANKS TO HEAVEN."

mercies. When I look back at my parents as they were in those days, it is at that very moment that I can picture them most clearly: her sweet face with the wet shining upon her cheeks, and his blue eyes upturned to the smoke-blackened ceiling. I remember that he swayed his reeking pipe in the earnestness of his prayer, so that I was half tears and half smiles as I watched him.

"Roddy, lad," said he, after supper was over, "you're getting a man now, and I suppose you will go afloat like the rest of us. You're old enough to strap a dirk to your thigh."

"And leave me without a child as well as without a husband!" cried my mother.

"Well, there's time enough yet," said he, "for they are more inclined to empty berths than to fill them, now that peace has come. But I've never tried what all this schooling has done for you, Rodney. You have had a great deal more than ever I had, but I dare-say I can make shift to test it. Have you learned history?"

"Yes, father," said I, with some confidence.

"Then how many sail of the line were at the Battle of Camperdown?"

He shook his head gravely when he found that I could not answer him.

"Why, there are men in the fleet who never had any schooling at all who could tell you that we had seven 74's, seven 64's, and two 50-gun ships in the action. There's a picture on the wall of the chase of the *Ça Ira*. Which were the ships that laid her aboard?"

Again I had to confess that he had beaten me.

"Well, your dad can teach you something in history yet," he cried, looking in triumph at my mother. "Have you learned geography?"

"Yes, father," said I, though with less confidence than before.

"Well, how far is it from Port Mahon to Algeciras?"

I could only shake my head.

"If Ushant lay three leagues upon your starboard quarter, what would be your nearest English port?"

Again I had to give it up.

"Well, I don't see that your geography is much better than your history," said he. "You'd never get your certificate at this rate. Can you do addition? Well, then, let us see if you can tot up my prize-money."

He shot a mischievous glance at my mother as he spoke, and she laid down her knitting on her lap and looked very earnestly at him.

"You never asked me about that, Mary," said he.

"The Mediterranean is not the station for it, Anson. I have heard you say that it is the Atlantic for prize-money and the Mediterranean for honour."

"I had a share of both last cruise, which comes from changing a line-of-battleship for a frigate. Now, Rodney, there are two pounds in every hundred due to me when the prize-courts have done with them. When we were watching Massena, off Genoa, we got a

matter of seventy schooners, brigs, and tartans, with wine, food, and powder. Lord Keith will want his finger in the pie, but that's for the Courts to settle. Put them at four pounds apiece to me, and what will the seventy bring?"

"Two hundred and eighty pounds," I answered.

"Why, Anson, it is a fortune," cried my mother, clapping her hands.

"Try you again, Roddy!" said he, shaking his pipe at me. "There was the *Xebec* frigate out of Barcelona with twenty thousand Spanish dollars aboard, which make four thousand of our pounds. Her hull should be worth another thousand. What's my share of that?"

"A hundred pounds."

"Why, the purser couldn't work it out quicker," he cried in his delight. "Here's for you again! We passed the Straits and worked up to the Azores, where we fell in with the *La Sabina* from the Mauritius with sugar and spices. Twelve hundred pounds she's worth to me, Mary, my darling, and never again shall you soil your pretty fingers or pinch upon my beggarly pay."

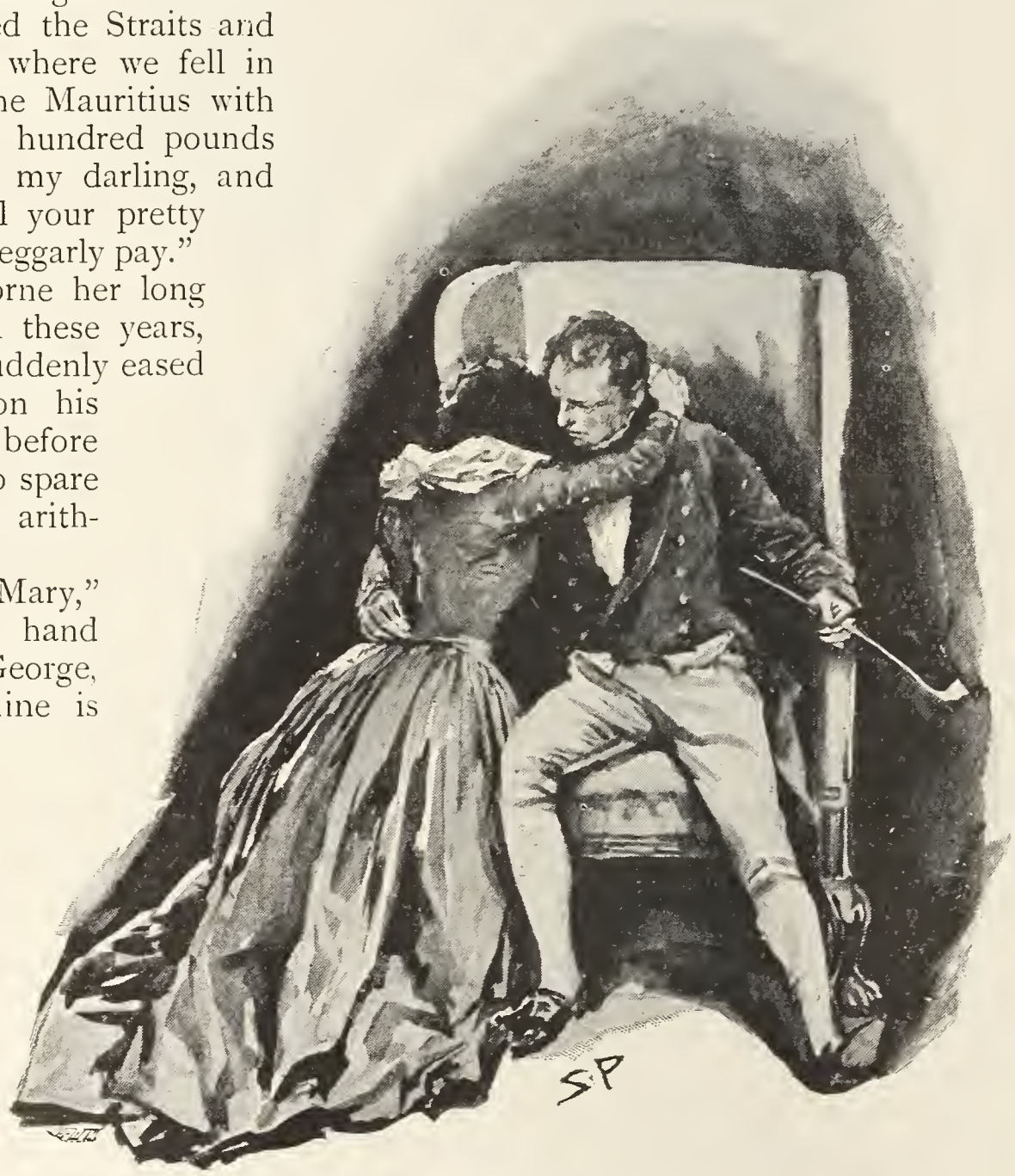
My dear mother had borne her long struggle without a sign all these years, but now that she was so suddenly eased of it she fell sobbing upon his neck. It was a long time before my father had a thought to spare upon my examination in arithmetic.

"It's all in your lap, Mary," said he, dashing his own hand across his eyes. "By George, lass, when this leg of mine is sound we'll bear down for a spell to Brighton, and if there is a smarter frock than yours upon the Steyne, may I never tread a poop again. But how is it that you are so quick at figures, Rodney, when you know nothing of history or geography?"

I tried to explain that addition was the same upon sea or land, but that history and geography were not.

"Well," he concluded, "you need figures to take a reckoning, and you need nothing else save what your mother wit will teach you. There never was one of our breed who did not take to salt water like a young gull. Lord Nelson has promised me a vacancy for you, and he'll be as good as his word."

So it was that my father came home to us, and a better or kinder no lad could wish for. Though my parents had been married so long, they had really seen very little of each other, and their affection was as warm and as fresh as if they were two newly-wedded lovers. I have learned since that sailors can be coarse and foul, but never did I know it from my father; for, although he had seen as much rough work as the wildest could wish for, he was always the same patient, good-humoured man, with a smile and a jolly word for all the village. He could suit himself to his company, too, for on the one hand he could take his wine with the vicar or with Sir James Ovington, the squire of the parish;



"SHE FELL SOBBING UPON HIS NECK."

while on the other he would sit by the hour amongst my humble friends down in the smithy, with Champion Harrison, Boy Jim, and the rest of them, telling them such stories of Nelson and his men that I have seen the Champion knot his great hands together,

while Jim's eyes have smouldered like the forge embers as he listened.

My father had been placed on half-pay, like so many others of the old war officers, and so, for nearly two years, he was able to remain with us. During all this time I can only once remember that there was the slightest disagreement between him and my mother. It chanced that I was the cause of it, and as great events sprang out of it, I must tell you how it came about. It was indeed the first of a series of events which affected not only my fortunes but those of very much more important people.

"Whom think you that it is from, Anson?" she asked.

"I had hoped that it was from Lord Nelson," answered my father. "It is time the boy had his commission. But if it be for you, then it cannot be from anyone of much importance."

"Can it not!" she cried, pretending to be offended. "You will ask my pardon for that speech, sir, for it is from no less a person than Sir Charles Tregellis, my own brother."

My mother seemed to speak with a hushed voice when she mentioned this wonderful

"THE LETTER."

The spring of 1803 was an early one, and the middle of April saw the leaves thick upon the chestnut trees. One evening we were all seated together over a dish of tea when we heard the scrunch of steps outside our door, and there was the postman with a letter in his hand.

"I think it is for me," said my mother, and sure enough it was addressed in the most beautiful writing to Mrs. Mary Stone, of Friar's Oak, and there was a red seal the size of a half-crown upon the outside of it with a flying dragon in the middle.

brother of hers, and always had done so as long as I can remember, so that I had learned also to have a subdued and reverent feeling when I heard his name. And indeed it was no wonder, for that name was never mentioned unless it were in connection with something brilliant and extraordinary. Once we heard that he was at Windsor with the King. Often he was at Brighton with the Prince. Sometimes it was as a sportsman that his reputation reached us, as when his Meteor beat the Duke of Queensberry's Egham, at Newmarket, or when he brought Jim Belcher

up from Bristol, and sprang him upon the London fancy. But usually it was as the friend of the great, the arbiter of fashions, the king of bucks, and the best-dressed man in town that his reputation reached us. My father, however, did not appear to be elated at my mother's triumphant rejoinder.

"Aye, and what does he want?" asked he, in no very amiable voice.

"I wrote to him, Anson, and told him that Rodney was growing a man now, thinking, since he had no wife or child of his own, he might be disposed to advance him."

"We can do very well without him," growled my father. "He sheered off from us when the weather was foul, and we have no need of him now that the sun is shining."

"Nay, you misjudge him, Anson," said my mother, warmly. "There is no one with a better heart than Charles; but his own life moves so smoothly that he cannot understand that others may have trouble. During all these years I have known that I had but to say the word to receive as much as I wished from him."

"Thank God that you never had to stoop to it, Mary. I want none of his help."

"But we must think of Rodney."

"Rodney has enough for his sea-chest and kit. He needs no more."

"But Charles has great power and influence in London. He could make Rodney known to all the great people. Surely you would not stand in the way of his advancement."

"Let us hear what he says, then," said my father, and this was the letter which she read to him:—

"14, Jermyn Street, St. James's,
"April 15th, 1803.

"My dear Sister Mary,—In answer to your letter, I can assure you that you must not conceive me to be wanting in those finer feelings which are the chief adornment of humanity. It is true that for some years, absorbed as I have been in affairs of the highest importance, I have seldom taken a pen in hand, for which I can assure you that I have been reproached by many *des plus charmantes* of your charming sex. At the present moment I lie abed (having stayed late in order to pay a compliment to the Marchioness of Dover at her ball last night), and this is writ to my dictation by Ambrose, my clever rascal of a valet. I am interested to hear of my nephew Rodney *(Mon dieu, quel nom!)*, and as I shall be on my way to visit the Prince at Brighton next week, I shall break my journey at Friar's Oak for the sake of seeing both you and him. Make my compliments to your husband.

"I am ever, my dear sister Mary,
"Your brother,
"Charles Tregellis."

"What do think of that?" cried my mother in triumph when she had finished.

"I think it is the letter of a fop," said my father, bluntly.

"You are too hard on him, Anson. You will think better of him when you know him. But he says that he will be here next week, and this is Thursday, and the best curtains unhung, and no lavender in the sheets!" Away she bustled, half distracted, while my father sat moody, with his chin upon his hands, and I remained lost in wonder at the thought of this grand new relative from London, and of all that his coming might mean to us.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

NEW MEN IN OLD PLACES.

LOOKING round the House of Commons in the short Session of the new Parliament, following on the General Election, no one familiar with the place would be disposed to believe that there has been established in recent times a more complete or wider-spread change of faces as between one Parliament and its successor. Yet the Parliament elected in 1892 substituted 217 members for those who had sat in its predecessor, against 191 new members sent to the Parliament elected last July. The reason for the prevailing sense of novelty in the situation is, doubtless, largely due to its recent birth, but primarily to the fact that, as compared with the *bouleversement* of 1892, the General Election of 1895 sent to the right-about a much larger proportion of prominent members.

The Treasury Bench alone had considerably more than a tenth of its members submerged. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, the President of the Local Government Board, the Post-master-General, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Office, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and three well-known members of the Whips' Department — Mr. Brand, Mr. C. R. Spencer, and Mr. Leveson-Gower — disappeared from the scene. In such a *débâcle* the falling here and there of a particular man in the serried ranks would hardly be noticed. But it is small exaggeration to say the House of Commons shrieked when "Bobby" Spencer fell. How in the coming years the business of Parliament is to be carried on, and the more delicate wheels of State policy are to revolve in the absence of the statesman who in the last Parliament represented Mid-Northamptonshire, is one of those unfathomable problems from which the vexed mind gratefully turns aside.

"THE REAPER AND SOME OF THE FLOWERS."

OLD STAGERS.

Apart from the fatal accidents of the General Election, the close of the brief but memorable Parliament of 1892 was seized by several old Parliamentary stagers as opportunity for withdrawing from the familiar road. Mr. Gladstone's retirement would of itself suffice to mark an epoch. With him passed beyond range of the Speaker's eye men like Sir Henry James, Sir James Stansfeld, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. T. B. Potter, Mr. Caleb Wright, Mr. W. Rathbone, Mr. Illingworth, and Mr. Cobb, occasionally contumacious but inflexibly honest, unsparingly industrious, the type of the private member who has done much to elevate the House of Commons to the unique position it holds amongst the Parliaments of the world.

With Mr. Bright went his nephew, John Albert, thus breaking a family connection with the House of Commons dating back to July, 1843, when John Bright entered it as member for the City of Durham. At one time during the life of John Bright, there were no fewer than seven members of his family with seats in the House of Commons. To-day it is solely represented by his nephew, Charles McLaren, member for the Bosworth Division of Leicestershire.

SOME COMPENSATIONS.

Whilst the electoral scythe swept off some of the tallest poppies in the Parliamentary field, it also swooped down on what fractious persons might call the weeds. Nothing was more remarkable amid the phenomena of this startling movement than the clearance made of a particular class of private member who flourished in rank abundance in the Parliament of 1892. Mr. Seymour Keay, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Conybeare, Alpheus

Cleophas—all these pretty chickens (with their indiscriminate dams) at one fell swoop. In their enforced absence the House of Commons will hardly seem itself. But long experience testifies that Nature's constitutional abhorrence of a vacuum is particularly marked in this direction. The House of Commons has from time immemorial had its "cranks" of various temperaments and tendencies. Glancing over the still unfamiliar faces and figures that crowd the benches of the new House, successors to Mr. Conybeare, Alpheus Cleophas, and Mr. Keir Hardie are not recognisable. But unless, in addition to the Government of the day, the General Election of 1895 upset the laws of Nature they are there, and will, before the new Session is far advanced, make themselves known.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

Considering the comparatively small number of its members, the House of Commons has ever been peculiarly subject to change. When the last House met for its second Session I counted, out of its 670 members, only fifty-two who had sat in the House when, twenty years ago, I began to make its intimate acquaintance. One need not go back twenty years to point this moral. I chance to have turned up a division list, dated the 17th March, 1885. It refers to an episode in the passing of the Reform Act of that year, interesting in itself, at a time when we have fresh with us memories of a Session that saw the introduction of a Bill, one of whose provisions was the taking on a single day of polls at the General Election.

Sir William Agnew, at that time member for South-East Lancashire, brought up a new clause, embodying the stipulation which formed a plank in the measure of the late Liberal Government. Sir William was, in a political sense, ten years ahead of his time. His proposal was negatived by 155 against 62, the majority being composed of Liberals and Conservatives. Several members of the late Ministry voted against the amendment, Lord Richard Grosvenor and Lord Kensington, the Government Whips of the day, telling in the "No" lobby. Amongst the majority were Mr. J. B. Balfour, who in the Government that in 1895 brought in a Bill embodying the principle of one man one vote served as Lord Advocate; Mr. Henry Fowler, then Secretary of State for India; Mr. Herbert Gladstone, First Commissioner of Works; Mr. Shaw Lefevre, President of the Local Government Board; Mr. Mellor, Chairman of Committees; Sir George Trevelyan, Minister for Scotland; and Sir Farrer Herschell, now a peer of the realm, of late surveying mankind from the height of the Woolsack.

MR. J. B. BALFOUR, EX-LORD ADVOCATE FOR SCOTLAND.

SIR WILLIAM AGNEW.

In the minority there voted some members who, outside the Ministerial pale at that time, were later admitted within the fold, leavening the lump with impulse of Radicalism. They include Mr. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland in the late Government; Mr. Bryce, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Burt, his first lieutenant; Mr. Woodall, Financial Secretary to the War Office; Mr. Causton and Mr. Munro Ferguson, Whips.

FALLEN OUT OF THE RANKS.

Of members who voted in this division ten years ago, I note among those still living, but no longer in the House, Mr. Arthur Arnold, now Chairman of the London County Council; Mr. Reginald Brett, who occasionally instructs the world from the platform and the Press, and looks after the Board of Works; Mr. Joseph Cowen, who, to the irreparable loss of the House, long ago withdrew from it his picturesque presence and his rare flashes of stately eloquence; Mr. Passmore Edwards, who has transferred his name from the division list to the charitable subscription list; Mr. Arthur Elliot, who stood at the General Election under the "Unionist" flag and was beaten by a majority of one; Mr. Cyril Flower, who without attempting, as the present Lord Selborne did, to uproot the Constitution, has quietly taken his seat in the House of Lords; Mr. Inderwick, who ought long ago to have been a judge; Captain O'Shea, a leading actor in the most painful drama of modern times; Mr. Eustace Smith; Mr. Lyulph

Stanley, busy at other boards; Mr. Willis, Q.C., now practising in a court where there are no hats to knock off the heads of absorbed listeners; Mr. Armitstead, whose pleasure in caring for the welfare of Mr. Gladstone in foreign parts is occasionally clouded by the persistency of the natives in taking him for the Grand Old Man; Mr. Evelyn Ashley, who is something in the City; Mr. Henry Brand, now Lord Hampden; Sir Thomas Brassey, who, having come into a peerage, has undertaken to govern New South Wales; Mr. Philip Callan, whom Dublin can no longer spare to Westminster; Colonel Carington, now right-hand man of the Lord Chamberlain; Mr. Cecil Cotes, looking after his estates in Shropshire; Lord Crichton, gone to the House of Lords, where he finds the Sir Richard Cross of this historic division; Mr. Thomas Duckham, talking of coming back after long withdrawal; Lord Elcho, now Earl Wemyss; Mr. Elton, like Mr. Willis, Q.C., though in another court, devoting himself to law; Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, who more than once has been beaten back in attempting to regain admission to the House in which at the date of this division he sat as Minister; Lord Folkestone, now Earl of Radnor; Mr. Gibson, again Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Sir Hardinge Giffard, to-day Lord Chancellor; Sir Gabriel Goldney, living to green old age in quiet resting-place; Mr. Grantham, now a judge; Lord Claude Hamilton, like Mr. Evelyn Ashley and Mr. Ernest Noel, something in the City; Lord Hartington, now Duke of Devonshire, with a moving history lying between to-day and that March night ten years ago; Mr. Sydney Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; Colonel Milne Home, on active service; Mr. Peter M'Lagan, out of the hunt; Mr. C. S. Parker, wrecked in the General Election of 1892; Mr. Albert Pell, and Mr. C. S. Read, forsaken by the ungrateful agriculturist; Sir H. Selwyn Ibbetson and Colonel Stanley, peers of the realm; Sir Thomas Thornhill, out of sight; and Mr. Wharton, who carried his pocket-handkerchief and snuff-box to the Antipodes, returned with a pension, and is now understood to have given himself up to the pursuit of poesy.

As for the tellers in the division, three of the four—Sir William Agnew, Lord Richard Grosvenor, and Lord Kensington—are out of the House, the two latter having changed their status for the other House. Mr. Sydney Buxton, the fourth teller, then a free lance below the gangway, once more a private member, has no longer on his mind the care of all the Colonies and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.

LORD BRASSEY.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON.

JOINED THE MAJORITY.

Here are forty-two members of the 221 who took part in the division no longer in the House of Commons. Of those who have joined the majority, the number

is not much less. Looking down the list there flits across the memory the vanished figures of Sir George Campbell, David Davies, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Firth, Mr. Morgan Lloyd, W. H. O'Sullivan, Dick Peddie, Henry Richard, John Roberts, Thorold Rogers, Thomas Shaw, poor Willie Summers, J. P. Thomasson, Cavendish Bentinck, Eugene Collins, J. K. Cross, "Bob" Duff, who went out to govern New South Wales and found a grave at Sydney; Sir Charles Foster; R. N. Fowler, thrice Lord Mayor of London; Edward Hicks, Beresford Hope, Lord Henry Lennox, Chas. Lewis, Sir James McGarel Hogg, who passed through the peerage to his rest; Cecil Raikes, Sclater-Booth, who died Lord Basing; W. H. Smith, whose memory as "Old Morality" still lingers in the House; Hussey Vivian and Rowland Winn, before their deaths promoted to the peerage; and Eardley Wilmot.

This death-roll numbers thirty, and it might, I fear, with fuller knowledge, be extended. I speak only of those of whose fate I have personal knowledge. Without exhausting the list, this proportion of seventy-two out of two hundred and twenty-one who have from death or disaster at the polls retired from the House of Commons in the space of ten years shows how rapidly and with what regularity the Assembly suffers sea change.

COURT DRESS.

Shortly after Mr. Gully was elected to the Speaker's Chair he received a memorial, signed by 138 members, praying him to abolish the regulation which requires members attending the State dinners given through the Session to appear in uniform or levée dress. The situation was, in the circumstances, one of peculiar difficulty. Here was an uncompromising Liberal, called to the Chair by the unanimous Liberal vote. Already there were signs of proximity of another election. The gentlemen who signed the memorial were of that not unfamiliar type in politics which is nobly resolved to sacrifice even great causes for minor matters of conscience. If Mr. Gully refused to lend a favourable ear to their prayer, there were amongst them some stubborn puritans of politics who would not hesitate, when the time came, to punish him by voting against his re-election. On the other hand, if he meddled with a time-honoured institution, he would draw upon himself the resentment of the Tory party.

The Speaker's escape from the dilemma happily indicated that wisdom did not die with Solomon. He pointed out, in blandest manner, that at the time he was approached the series of Sessional dinners at Speaker's Court was closed. No immediately useful object would be served by forthwith deciding on the matter. It would be well, therefore, to let it stand over for the spring of the year.

The spring is almost at hand. The new Parliament has just met for its second Session. But of the 138 members who signed the memorial of June last, few, few shall meet where many parted. It was in this particular section of the Liberal host that heaviest havoc was wrought, and for a while what was growing into a threatening question will quietly sleep.

THE LATE LORD SWANSEA.
(Sir Hussey Vivian.)

"BLACK ROD!"

It is probable that in the coming Session there will be raised again the question of the reasonableness of the incursion of Black Rod on the ordered business of the House of Commons. Whilst Mr. Peel was yet in the Speaker's Chair, steps were taken moderating the arbitrariness of the ancient custom. As is well known, when the farce of giving assent to Bills by Royal Commission is to the fore in the House of Lords, Black Rod is dispatched upon a mission summoning the Commons to stand at the Bar and hear the Commission read. At the approach of the emissary from the other House, the watchful wardens on duty in the lobby of the Commons promptly close the door in Black Rod's face. But it is only their fun. He, entering into the joke, raps three times. The Serjeant-at-Arms, warned of the approach of a stranger, leaves his chair and stands on the inner side

of the closed door. In response to the three raps, he withdraws a small trap-door and peers forth. To his manifest surprise he finds, standing outside, Black Rod, in full dress! The door is straightway opened, and the senior doorkeeper, going on first, stands at the Bar, and at the top of a trained, stentorian voice cries aloud, "Black Rod!"

The peculiarity of the situation is that, once admitted within the jealously guarded doors, Black Rod brooks no further delay. Whatever business the House of Commons may be engaged upon, whosoever may be on his legs addressing it, the cry of "Black Rod!" must break in, and his summons when delivered at the Table must immediately be obeyed. In the Parliament of 1886–92 two occasions happened in speedy succession, when this little by-play became quite unbearable. Early in the Session of 1888, whilst Mr. Balfour was on his legs at the Table answering an important question touching the conduct of business in Ireland, he was abruptly interrupted by the cry of "Black Rod!" Midway in a sentence the Chief Secretary resumed his seat, whilst Black Rod, for the nonce in high favour with the Irish members, made his progress to the Table.

Two years later a similar misadventure befell Mr. Gladstone, who was addressing a question to the Ministerial Bench when Black Rod arrived. The doorkeeper was simply doing his duty in pursuance of orders when he shouted the Leader of the Opposition down with cry of "Black Rod!" But the absurdity of the situation and its gross unmannerliness struck members with such force, that they literally howled at the hapless messenger, who beat a hasty retreat. The Speaker's attention being formally called to the matter, he undertook to confer with the House of Lords' authorities in order to avoid repetition of the unseemly procedure. Arrangements were made whereby Black Rod should deliver his message at a more convenient time. He usually arrives within the hour of private business. But, as experience shows, there is no safeguard against his irruption at a later period when the House is engaged upon public business.

THE YEOMAN USHER OF THE BLACK ROD.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

Strictly regarded, the whole process of giving by Commission the Royal Assent to Bills is a useless waste of time. When, as was originally the case, the Sovereign in person signified assent to Bills, it was well enough that the Speaker of the House of Commons should proceed in state to the other chamber accompanied by a throng of members. But since, in these utilitarian days, the high prerogative is thought so little of by Royalty that its exercise is habitually delegated to Commissioners, the maimed ceremony might just as well be performed in the Lord Chancellor's private room, letting the Commons go on with that business for which the ordinary limits of a Session yearly prove inadequate.

Failing this, Black Rod should certainly be precluded from bouncing in on the House of Commons at the convenience of the Lords. A simple and effective means of meeting the difficulty would be for an intimation to be privily conveyed to the Speaker from the House of Lords, stating that Black Rod is presently coming with a message. At a suitable stage of current proceedings, as early as possible after receipt of the notification, the Speaker might rise and direct Black Rod (meanwhile in attendance in the lobby) to be admitted. This would at least minimize the inconvenience of the anachronism and abolish the absurdity of the situation.

THE SPEAKER'S CORRESPONDENTS.

I mentioned in a former number how Lord Playfair, whilst acting as Chairman of Committees, received a communication from a grower of champagne, asking him to insert a commendatory notice of his vintage "in your highly-respectable Journal of Ways and Means." The Speaker—a more prominent personage than the Chairman of Ways and Means—has a still wider circle of eccentric correspondents. There is a noble lord who believes he has been privily made a duke, who is accustomed from time to time to consult the Speaker as to how the veil of secrecy may be withdrawn and he take his proper place in the peerage. Incidentally

he mentions that he is descendant in the direct line from George IV.

"If my friends do not deceive me," he loftily adds, "my face, figure, and general bearing justify the family tradition."

The immediate and pressing occasion of his lordship's last communication with Speaker's Court is the fact brought to his knowledge that "Tim Healy intercepts my correspondence." He calls upon the Speaker to protect him against this outrage, and, if possible, to obtain him redress.

GENIAL GEORGE.

Oddly enough, the late George IV., himself not free from delusions in the matter of his exploits at Waterloo, is responsible for another active correspondent of the Speaker. "George IV., Emperor of India," is the signature of a letter announcing that the writer has sixteen Bills to bring in. He begs the Speaker will set apart a day for introducing them. "Any day will suit me," he airily adds, anxious above all things that the Speaker shall not put himself about. Nothing indeed could exceed the almost regal courtesy of this gentleman. He expresses his profound regret that he has not been able to approach the Speaker on the subject at an earlier date. The fact is, he has been detained in the country by affairs of State. He is coming up next week to Buckingham Palace with his daughters, and trusts the Speaker will drop in some afternoon and take a cup of tea with them.

"HE THINKS HE IS A DUKE!"

LORD WOLSELEY'S UNDER-STUDY.

A third letter-writer familiar to successive Speakers is (or was) in the Army. He believes that he could best serve his country in the post of Commander-in-Chief. He is aware that special qualities, and a certain amount of experience, are necessary for success in this high position. All he wants the Speaker to do is to "take the sense of the House" on the question of his fitness. In the meantime, he is ready at any moment to review the troops in Hyde Park.

No answer being received to this communication, there appeared in the lobby of the House of Commons one Wednesday afternoon towards the close of last Session a military gentleman, who sharply demanded to see the Speaker. He was told that the Speaker was in the Chair, and could not be approached.

"What!" cried the military gentleman, twirling his cane, "you mean to tell me the Speaker can't leave the Chair for five minutes to see me on business of this importance?"

Being answered in the negative, he disclosed his mission. It was simply to arrange with the Speaker for his reviewing the troops in Hyde Park on the Saturday following, as a preliminary to taking the sense of the House upon his fitness for the Commandership-in-Chief. He fixed Saturday because he understood that, as a rule, the House did not sit on that day, and members on both sides would be at liberty to repair to the Park and form a judgment on the important issue submitted to them.

By a strategic movement the military gentleman was quietly got off the premises, and instructions given to the police that he should not be allowed to re-enter.

A CURSORY CORRESPONDENT.

A grimmer form of madness is displayed by another constant letter-writer, whose communications rarely vary. He writes out in catalogue form the name and full title of members of the Royal Family, and adds to each line an imprecation which has all the simplicity and directness of the Athanasian Creed. Why he should select the Speaker as the repository of his amiable desires is not explained. The sheet of letter-paper contains nothing but a cursing in detail of the Royal Family, from the Queen on the throne to the last infant in the cradle. Then comes a commonplace "Yours truly," with a name and address.

BULGER'S REPUTATION.

By Bret Harte.*

WE all remembered very distinctly Bulger's advent in Rattlesnake Camp. It was during the rainy season—a season singularly inducive to settled reflective impressions as we sat and smoked around the stove in Mosby's grocery. Like older and more civilized communities, we had our periodic waves of sentiment and opinion, with the exception that they were more evanescent with us, and as we had just passed through a fortnight of dissipation and extravagance, owing to a visit from some gamblers and speculators, we were now undergoing a severe moral revulsion, partly induced by reduced finances, and partly by the arrival of two families with grown-up daughters on the hill. It was raining, with occasional warm breaths, through the open window, of the south-west trades, redolent of the saturated spices of the woods and springing grasses, which perhaps were slightly inconsistent with the hot stove around which we had congregated. But the stove was only an excuse for our listless, gregarious gathering; warmth and idleness went well together, and it was currently accepted that we had caught from the particular reptile which gave its name to our camp much of its pathetic, life-long search for warmth, and its habits of indolently basking in it.

A few of us still went through the affectation of attempting to dry our damp clothes by the stove, and sizzling our wet boots against it; but as the same individuals calmly permitted the rain to drive in upon them through the open window without moving, and seemed to take infinite delight in the amount of steam they generated, even that pretence dropped. Crotalus himself, with his tail in a muddy ditch, and the sun striking cold fire from his slit eyes as he basked his head on a warm stone beside it, could not have typified us better.

Percy Briggs took his pipe from his mouth at last and said, with reflective severity:—

"Well, gentlemen, if we can't get the waggon road over here, and if we're going to be left out by the stage coach company, we can at least straighten up the camp and not have it look like a cross between a tenement alley and a broken-down circus. I declare I was just sick when these two Baker girls started to make a short cut through the camp. Darned if they didn't turn round and take to the woods and the Rattler's again, afore they got half-way. And that benighted idiot, Tom Rollins, standin' there in the ditch, spattered all over with slumgullion 'til he looked like a spotted tarrypin, wavin' his fins and sashaying backwards and forrards and sayin', 'This way, ladies; this way!'"

"*I* didn't," returned Tom Rollins, quite casually, without looking up from his steaming boots; "*I* didn't start in night afore last to dance 'The Green Corn Dance,' outer 'Hiawatha,' with feathers in my hair and a red blanket on my shoulders, round that family's new potato patch, in order that it

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might 'increase and multiply.' I didn't sing 'Sabbath Morning Bells' with an anvil accompaniment until twelve o'clock at night over at the Crossing, so that they might dream of their Happy Childhood's Home. It seems to me that it wasn't *me* did it. I might be mistaken—it was late—but I have the impression that it wasn't *me*."

From the silence that followed this would seem to have been clearly a recent performance of the previous speaker, who, however, responded, quite cheerfully :—

"An evenin' o' simple, childish gaiety don't count. We've got to start in again *fair*. What we want here is to clear up and encourage decent immigration, and get rid o' gamblers and blatherskites that are makin' this yer camp their happy hunting-ground. We don't want any more permiskus shootin'. We don't want any more paintin' the town red. We don't want any more swaggerin' galloots ridin' up to this grocery and emptyin' their six-shooters in the air afore they 'light. We want to put a stop to it peacefully and without a row—and we kin. We ain't got no bullies of our own to fight back, and they know it, so they know they won't get no credit bullyin' us ; they'll leave, if we're only firm. It's all along of our cussed fool good-nature ; they see it amuses us, and they'll keep it up as long as the whisky's free. What we want to do is, when the next man comes waltzin' along——"

A distant clatter from the rocky hillside here mingled with the puff of damp air through the window.

"Looks as ef we might hev a show even now," said Tom Rollins, removing his feet from the stove as we all instinctively faced towards the window.

"I reckon you're in with us in this, Mosby?" said Briggs, turning towards the proprietor of

"WE'VE GOT TO START IN AGAIN FAIR."

the grocery, who had been leaning listlessly against the wall behind his bar.

"Arter the man's had a fair show," said Mosby, cautiously. He deprecated the prevailing condition of things, but it was still an open question whether the families would prove as valuable customers as his present clients. "Everything in moderation, gentlemen."

The sound of galloping hoofs came nearer, now swishing in the soft mud of the highway, until the unseen rider pulled up before the door. There was no shouting, however, nor did he announce himself with the usual salvo

of fire-arms. But when, after a singularly heavy tread and the jingle of spurs on the platform, the door flew open to the new-comer, he seemed a realization of our worst expectations. Tall, broad, and muscular, he carried in one hand a shot-gun, while from his hip dangled a heavy navy revolver. His long hair, unkempt but oiled, swept a greasy circle around his shoulders; his enormous moustache dripping with wet completely concealed his mouth. His costume of fringed buckskin was wild and *outré* even for our frontier camp. But what was more confirmative of our suspicions was that he was evidently in the habit of making an impression, and after a distinct pause at the doorway, with only a side glance at us, he strode towards the bar.

"BULGER."

"As there don't seem to be no hotel hereabouts, I reckon I kin put up my mustang here and have a shake-down somewhere behind that counter," he said. His voice seemed to have added to its natural depth the hoarseness of frequent overstraining.

"Ye ain't got no bunk to spare, you boys, hev ye?" asked Mosby, evasively, glancing at Percy Briggs, without looking at the stranger. We all looked at Briggs also; it was *his* affair after all—*he* had originated this opposition. To our surprise he said nothing.

The stranger leaned heavily on the counter.

"I was speakin' to *you*," he said, with his eyes on Mosby, and slightly accenting the pronoun with a tap of his revolver-butt on the bar. "Ye don't seem to catch on."

Mosby smiled feebly, and again cast an imploring glance at Briggs. To our greater astonishment, Briggs said, quietly: "Why don't you answer the stranger, Mosby?"

"Yes, yes," said Mosby, suavely, to the new-comer, while an angry flush crossed his cheek as he recognised the position in which Briggs had placed him. "Of course, you're welcome to what doings *I* hev here, but I reckoned these gentlemen over there," with a vicious glance at Briggs, "might fix ye up suthin' better; they're so pow'ful kind to your sort."

The stranger threw down a gold piece on the counter and said: "Fork out your whisky, then," waited until his glass was filled, took it in his hand and then, drawing an empty chair to the stove, sat down beside Briggs. "Seein' as you're that kind," he said, placing his heavy hand on Briggs's knee, "mebbe ye kin tell me ef thar's a shanty or a cabin at Rattlesnake that I kin get for a couple o' weeks. I saw an empty one at the head o' the hill. You see, gennelmen," he added, confidentially, as he swept the drops of whisky from his long moustache with his fingers and glanced around our group, "I've got some business over at Bigwood" (our nearest town), "but ez a place to *stay at* it ain't my style."

"What's the matter with Bigwood?" said Briggs, abruptly.

"It's too howlin', too festive, too rough; thar's too much yellin' and shootin' goin' day and night. Thar's too many card sharps and gay gamboleirs cavortin' about the town to please me. Too much permiskus soakin' at the bar and free jim-jams. What I want is a quiet place whar a man kin give his mind and elbow a rest from betwixt grippin' his shootin'-irons and crookin' in his whisky. A sort o' slow, quiet, easy place *like this*."

We all stared at him, Percy Briggs as fixedly as any. But there was not the slightest trace of irony, sarcasm, or peculiar significance in his manner. He went on slowly:

"When I struck this yer camp a minit ago; when I seed that thar ditch meanderin' peaceful like through the street, without a hotel or free saloon or express office on either side; with the smoke just a curlin' over the chimbley of that log shanty, and the bresh just set fire to and a smoulderin' in that potato patch with a kind o' old-time stingin' in your eyes and nose, and a few women's duds just a flutterin' on a line by the fence, I says to myself: 'Bulger — this is peace! This is wot you're lookin' for, Bulger—this is wot you're wantin'—this is wot *you'll hev*.'"

"You say you've business over at Bigwood. What business?" said Briggs.

"It's a peculiar business, young fellow," returned the stranger, gravely. "Thar's different men ez has different opinions about it. Some allows it's an easy business, some allows it's a rough business; some says it's a sad business, others says it's gay and festive. Some wonders ez how I've got into it, and others wonder how I'll ever get out of it. It's a payin' business—it's a peaceful sort o' business when left to itself. It's a peculiar business—a business that sort o' b'longs to me, though I ain't got no patent from Washington for it. It's a business that's *my own*." He rose, and saying: "Let's meander over and take a look at that empty cabin, and ef she suits me, why, I'll plank down a slug for her on the spot, and move in to-morrow," walked towards the door. "I'll pick up suthin' in the way o' boxes and blankets from the grocery," he added, looking at Mosby, "and ef thar's a corner whar I kin stand my gun and a nail to hang up my revolver—why, I'm all thar!"

By this time we were no longer astonished when Briggs rose also, and not only accompanied the sinister-looking stranger to the empty cabin, but assisted him in negotiating with its owner for a fortnight's occupancy. Nevertheless, we eagerly assailed Briggs on his return for some explanation of this singular change in his attitude towards the stranger. He coolly reminded us, however, that while his intention of excluding ruffianly adventurers from the camp remained the same, he had no right to go back on the stranger's sentiments, which were evidently in accord with our own, and although Mr. Bulger's appearance was inconsistent with them, that was only an additional reason why we should substitute a mild firmness for that violence which we all deprecated, but which might attend his abrupt dismissal. We were all satisfied except Mosby, who had not yet recovered from Briggs's change of front, which he was pleased to call "craw-fishing." "Seemed to me his account of his business was extraordinary satisfactory. Sorter filled the bill all round—no mistake thar"—he suggested, with a malicious irony. "I like a man that's outspoken."

"I understand him very well," said Briggs, quietly.

"In course you did. Only when you've settled in *your* mind whether he was describing horse-stealing or tract-distributing, mebbe you'll let *me* know."

It would seem, however, that Briggs did not interrogate the stranger again regarding it, nor did we, who were quite content to leave matters in Briggs's hands. Enough that Mr. Bulger moved into the empty cabin the next day, and with the aid of a few old boxes from the grocery, which he quickly extemporized into tables and chairs, and the purchase of some necessary cooking utensils, soon made himself at home. The rest of the camp, now thoroughly aroused, made a point of leaving their work in the ditches, whenever they could, to stroll carelessly around Bulger's tenement in the vague hope of satisfying a curiosity that had become tormenting. But they could not find that he was doing anything of a suspicious character—except, perhaps, from the fact that it was not *outwardly* suspicious, which I grieve to say did not lull them to security. He seemed to be either fixing up his cabin or smoking in his doorway. On the second day he checked this itinerant curiosity by taking the initiative himself, and quietly walking from claim to claim and from cabin to cabin with a pacific, but by no means a satisfying, interest. The shadow of his tall figure carrying his inseparable gun, which had not yet apparently "stood in the corner," falling upon an excavated bank beside the delving miners, gave them a sense of uneasiness they could not explain; a few characteristic yells of boisterous hilarity from their noontide gathering under a cottonwood somehow ceased when Mr. Bulger was seen gravely approaching, and his casual stopping before a poker party in the gulch actually caused one of the most reckless gamblers to weakly recede from "a bluff" and allow his adversary to sweep the board. After this, it was felt that matters were becoming serious. There was no subsequent patrolling of the camp before the stranger's cabin. Their curiosity was singularly abated. A general feeling of repulsion, kept within bounds partly by the absence of any overt act from Bulger, and partly by an inconsistent over-conscious-

"WALKING FROM CLAIM TO CLAIM."

ness of his shot-gun, took its place. But an unexpected occurrence revived it.

One evening as the usual social circle were drawn around Mosby's stove, the lazy silence was broken by the familiar sounds of pistol-shots and a series of more familiar shrieks and yells from the rocky hill road. The circle quickly recognised the voices of their old friends the roysterers and gamblers from Sawyer's Dam; they as quickly recognised the returning shouts here and there from a few companions who were welcoming them. I grieve to say that in spite of their previous attitude of reformation a smile of gratified expectancy lit up the faces of the younger members, and even the older ones glanced dubiously at Briggs. Mosby made no attempt to conceal a sigh of relief as he carefully laid out an extra supply of glasses in his bar. Suddenly the oncoming yells ceased, the wild gallop of hoofs slackened into a trot and finally halted, and even the responsive shouts of the camp stopped also. We all looked vacantly at each other: Mosby leaped over his counter and went to the door; Briggs followed with the rest of us. The night was dark, and it was a few minutes before we could distinguish a straggling, vague, but silent procession moving through the moist, heavy air on the hill. But to our surprise it was moving *away* from us — absolutely *leaving* the camp! We were still staring in expectancy, when out of the darkness slowly emerged a figure which we recognised at once as Captain Jim, one of the most reckless members of our camp. Pushing us back into the grocery he entered without a word, closed the door behind him, and threw himself vacantly into a chair. We at once pressed around him. He looked up at us dazedly, drew a long breath, and said, slowly:—

"It's no use, gentlemen! Suthin's *got* to be done with that Bulger; and mighty quick."

"What's the matter?" we asked, eagerly.

"Matter!" he repeated, passing his hand across his forehead. "Matter! Look yere! Ye all of you heard them boys from Sawyer's Dam coming over the hill? Ye heard their music — mebbe ye heard *us* join in the chorus? Well, on they come waltzing down the hill, like old times, and we waitin' for 'em. Then—jest as they passed the old cabin, who do you think they ran right into

"SUTHIN'S GOT TO BE DONE WITH THAT BULGER."

—shooting-iron, long hair and moustache, and all that—standing thar plump in the road?—why, Bulger!"

"Well?"

"Well!—Whatever it was—don't ask *me*—but, dern my skin, ef after a word or two from *him*—them boys just stopped yellin', turned round like lambs and rode away peaceful-like, along with him. We ran after them, a spell, still yellin', when that thar Bulger faced around, said to us that he'd 'come down here for quiet,' and ef he couldn't hev it, he'd have to leave with those gentlemen *who wanted it* too! And I'm gosh darned ef those *gentlemen*—you know 'em all—Patsey Carpenter, Snap-shot Harry, and the others—ever said a darned word but kinder nodded 'So long' and went away!"

Our astonishment and mystification were complete; and I regret to say, the indignation of Captain Jim and Mosby equally so. "If we're going to be bossed by the first new-comer," said the former, gloomily, "I reckon we might as well take our chances with the Sawyer's Dam boys whom we know."

"Ef we are goin' to hev the legitimate trade of Rattlesnake interfered with by the cranks of some hidin' horse-thief or retired road agent," said Mosby, "we might as well invite the hull of Joaquim Murietta's gang here, at once! But I suppose this is part o' Bulger's particular 'business,'" he added, with a withering glance at Briggs.

"I understand it all," said Briggs, quietly. "You know I told you that bullies couldn't live in the same camp together. That's human nature—and that's how plain men like you and me manage to scud along without getting plugged. You see, Bulger wasn't going to hev any of his own kind jumpin' his claim here. And I reckon he was pow'ful enough to back down Sawyer's Dam. Anyhow, the bluff told—and here we are in peace and quietness."

"Until he lets us know what *is* his little game," sneered Mosby.

Nevertheless, such is the force of mysterious power, that although it was exercised against what we firmly believed was the independence of the camp, it extorted a certain respect from us. A few thought it was not a bad thing to have a professional bully, and even took care to relate the discomfiture of the wicked youth of Sawyer's Dam, for the benefit of a certain adjacent and powerful camp who had looked down upon us. He, himself, returning the same evening from his self-imposed escort, vouchsafed no other reason than the one he had already given. Preposterous as it seemed, we were obliged to accept it, and the still more preposterous inference that he had sought Rattlesnake Camp solely for the purpose of acquiring and securing its peace and quietness. Certainly, he had no other occupation; the little work he did upon the tailings or the abandoned claim which went with his little cabin was scarcely a pretence. He rode over on certain days to Bigwood on account of his business, but no one had ever seen him there, nor could the description of his manner and appearance evoke any information from the Bigwoodians. It remained a mystery.

It had also been feared that the advent of Bulger would intensify that fear and dislike of riotous Rattlesnake which the two families had shown, and which was the origin of Briggs's futile attempt at reformation. But it was discovered that since his arrival the young girls had shown less timidity in entering the camp, and had even exchanged some polite conversation and good-humoured badinage with its younger and more impressible members. Perhaps this tended to make these youths more observant, for a few days later, when the vexed question of Bulger's business was again under discussion, one of them remarked, gloomily:—

"I reckon there ain't no doubt *what* he's here for!"

The youthful prophet was instantly sat upon after the fashion of all elderly critics since Job's. Nevertheless, after a pause he was permitted to explain.

"Only this morning, when Lance Forester and me were chirping with them gals out on the hill, who should we see hanging around in the bush but that cussed Bulger! We allowed at first that it might be only a new style of his interferin', so we took no notice except to pass a few remarks about listeners and that sort o' thing, and perhaps to joke and bedevil the girls a little more than we'd hev done if we'd been alone. Well, they laughed, and we laughed—and that was the end of it. But this afternoon, as Lance and me were meandering down by their cabin, we sorter turned into the woods to wait till they'd come out. Then all of a suddent Lance stopped as rigid as a pointer that's flushed somethin', and says, 'B'gosh!' And thar, under a big redwood, sat that slimy

"ALONGSIDE O' LITLLE MEELY BAKER."

hypocrite Bulger, twisting his long moustaches and smiling like clockwork alongside o' little Meely Baker—you know her, the pootiest of the two sisters—and she smilin' back on him. Think of it!—that unknown, unwashed, long-haired tramp and bully, who must be forty if a day, and that innocent gal of sixteen. It was simply disgustin'!"

I need not say that the older cynics and critics, already alluded to, at once improved the occasion. What more could be expected? Women, the world over, were noted for this sort of thing! This long-haired, swaggering bully, with his air of mystery, had captivated them, as he always had done since the days of Homer. Simple merit, which sat lowly in bar-rooms, and conceived projects for the public good around the humble, unostentatious stove, was nowhere! Youth could not too soon learn this bitter lesson. And in this case youth, too, perhaps was right in its conjecture, for this *was*, no doubt, the little game of the perfidious Bulger. We recalled the fact that his unhallowed appearance in camp was almost coincident with the arrival of the two families. We glanced at Briggs; to our amazement, for the first time, he looked seriously concerned. But Mosby in the meantime leaned his elbows lazily over the counter and, in a slow voice, added fuel to the flame.

"I wouldn't hev spoken of it before," he said, with a side-long glance at Briggs, "for it might be all in the line o' Bulger's 'business,' but suthin' happened the other night that, for a minit', got me! I was passin' the Bakers' shanty, and I heard one of them gals a-singing a camp-meeting hymn. I don't calkilate to run agin you young fellers in any sparkin' or canoodlin' that's goin' on, but her voice sounded so pow'ful soothin' and pretty thet I jest stood there and listened. Then the old woman—old Mother Baker—*she* joined in, and I listened too. And then—dern my skin!—but a man's voice joined in—jest belching outer that cabin!—and I sorter lifted myself up and kem away. Thet voice, gentlemen," said Mosby, lingering artistically as he took up a glass and professionally eyed it before wiping it with his towel, "that voice, cumf'bly fixed thar in thet cabin among them wimen folks, was Bulger's!"

Briggs got up with his eyes looking the darker for his flushed face. "Gentlemen," he said, huskily, "thar's only one thing to be done. A lot of us have got to ride over to Sawyer's Dam to-morrow morning, and pick up as many square men as we can muster: there's a big camp meeting goin' on there, and there won't be no difficulty in that. When we've got a big enough crowd to show we mean business, we must march back here and ride Bulger out of this camp! I don't hanker arter Vigilance Committees, as a rule—it's a rough remedy—it's like drinkin' a quart o' whisky agin rattlesnake poison—but it's got to be done! We don't mind being *sold* ourselves—but when it comes to our standin' by and seein' the only innocent people in Rattlesnake given away—we kick! Bulger's got to be fired outer this camp! And he will be!"

But he was not.

For when, the next morning, a determined and thoughtful procession of the best and most characteristic citizens of Rattlesnake Camp filed into Sawyer's Dam, they found that their mysterious friends had disappeared, although they met with a fraternal, but subdued, welcome from the general camp. But any approach to the subject of their visit, however, was received with a chilling disapproval. Did they not know that lawlessness of any kind, even under the rude mantle of frontier justice, was to be deprecated and scouted when a "means of salvation, a power of regeneration," such as was now sweeping over Sawyer's Dam, was at hand? Could they not induce this man who was to be violently deported to accompany them willingly to Sawyer's Dam, and subject himself to the powerful influence of the "revival" then in full swing?

The Rattlesnake boys laughed bitterly, and described the man of whom they talked so lightly; but in vain. "It's no use, gentlemen," said a more worldly bystander, in a lower voice, "the camp meetin's got a strong grip here, and betwixt you and me there ain't no wonder. For the man that runs it—the big preacher—has got new ways and methods that fetches the boys every time. He don't preach no cut-and-dried gospel; he don't carry around no slop-shop robes and clap 'em on you whether they fit or not; but he samples and measures the camp, afore he wades into it. He scouts and examines; he ain't no mere Sunday preacher with a comfortable house and once-a-week church, but he gives up his days and nights to it, and makes his family work with him, and even sends 'em forward to explore the field. And he ain't no white choker shadbelly either, but fits himself like his gospel to the men he works among. Ye ought to hear him afore you go. His tent is just on your way. I'll go with you."

Too dejected to offer any opposition, and

perhaps a little curious to see this man who had unwittingly frustrated their design of lynching Bulger, they halted at the outer fringe of worshippers who packed the huge inclosure. They had not time to indulge their cynicisms over this swaying mass of emotional, half-thinking, and almost irresponsible beings, nor to detect any similarity between *their* extreme methods and the scheme of redemption they themselves were seeking, for in a few moments, apparently lifted to his feet on a wave of religious exultation, the famous preacher arose. The men of Rattlesnake gasped for breath.

"IT WAS BULGER."

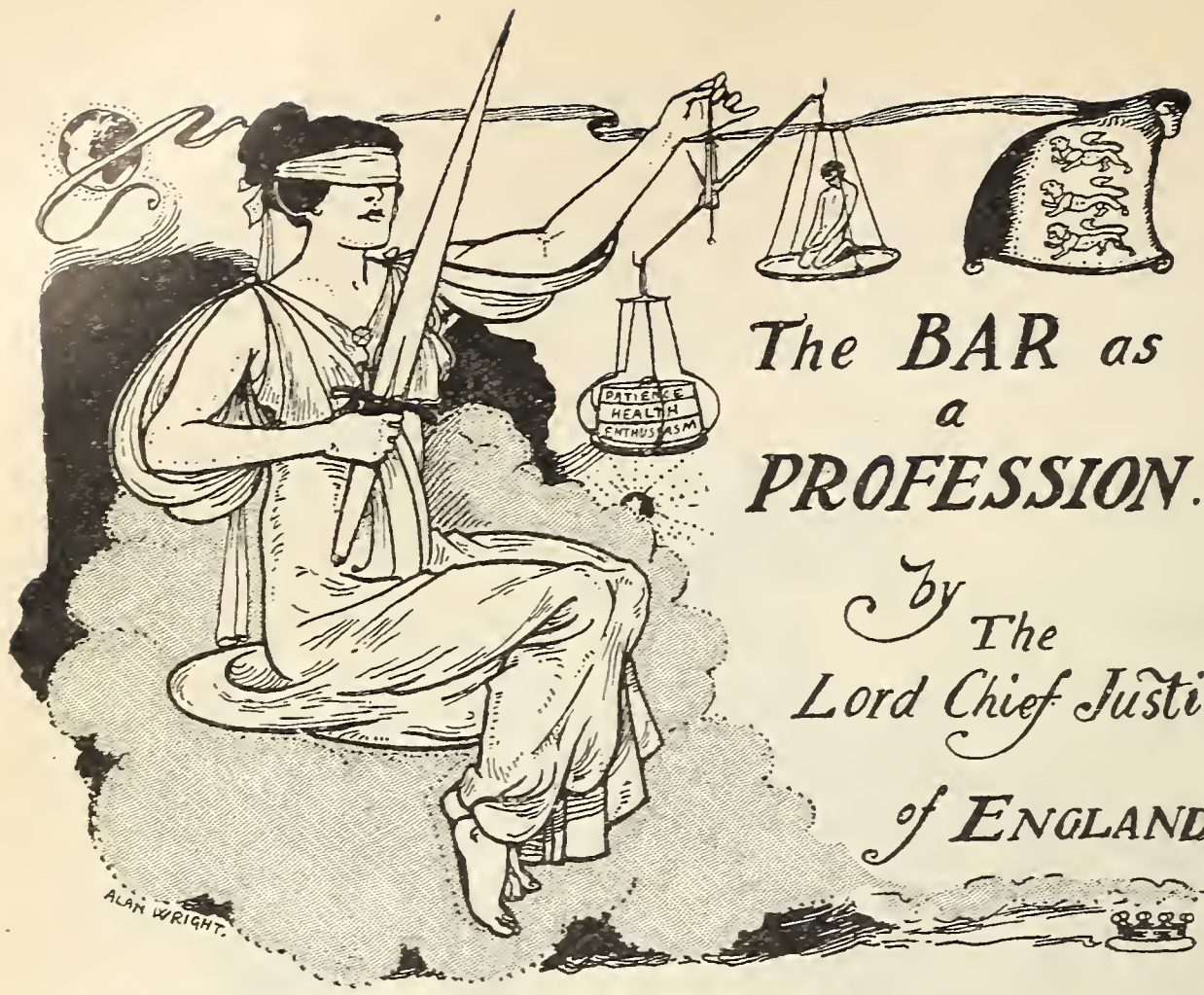
It was Bulger!

But Briggs quickly recovered himself. "By what name," said he, turning passionately towards his guide, "does this man——this impostor—call himself here?"

"Baker."

"Baker?" echoed the Rattlesnake continent. "Baker?" repeated Lance Forester, with a ghastly smile.

"Yes," returned their guide. "You oughter know it too! For he sent his wife and daughters over, after his usual style, to sample your camp, a week ago! Come, now, what are you givin' us?"



The BAR as a PROFESSION.

By The Lord Chief Justice of ENGLAND.

SWIFT, the witty Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, has said that, in his day, every gentleman's son who was not good looking enough for the Army and not clever enough for the Bar was sent to the Church. It remained true long after the Dean's time to say that a gentleman's son who gave indications of talent was (in the absence of other controlling circumstances) generally sent to the Bar. In the days of which I speak, the absurd idea was prevalent that trade was hardly a fit pursuit for a gentleman of education, and there did not then exist those avenues to fame and fortune which are now open to educated youth in the world of applied science. The prejudice against trade has almost wholly disappeared, although it is said still to linger in some of the older and less populous cathedral cities, where a member of one of the so-called "learned" professions is rather inclined to look down upon his unlearned business neighbour. Nowadays it is no uncommon thing for men who have passed, and with distinction, through a University career to devote themselves to mercantile affairs, and from the successful members of this class the House of Commons, and the House of Lords also, are largely recruited.

The Bar still has, and must always continue to have, great attractions. "The law," said Edmund Burke, in his great speech on the taxation of America, "is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences; one which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together. But," he adds, "it is not apt, except in those who are happily born, to open and liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion."

The Bar does not indeed hold out promise of great wealth, but it has distinctions and adequate means in store for those who bring to its pursuit the necessary qualities of mind and of character. What are those qualities? It is still to a large extent true to say that if a youth exhibits talent, and especially if that talent shows itself in smartness and facility of speech, such a youth is destined for the Bar. Herein grievous mistakes are often made. All talent is not necessarily talent adapted for success at the Bar, nor is glibness of speech any guarantee of success at it. No more common mistake is made than to confound facility of speech with capacity to speak. The world is full of men who have nothing to say and say it with ease and even with grace, and even with what, sometimes, passes for eloquence; but I have never known any man who had something to say which was worth saying who, whatever his difficulties of utterance or natural poverty of language may have been, has not been able to say that something forcibly and well. After all, the desirable thing is to have something to say, and as to the manner of saying it, Daniel Webster spoke truly in his celebrated oration in honour of John Adams when he said, "Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction."

The result of the errors to which I have adverted is that there is at the Bar, as I know it, a greater amount of talent unfitted for that profession than in any other calling of life. I have known—I know now—at the Bar men who would probably, under different circumstances, have made their mark in journalism, in music, in science, in business, who have been lamentable failures at the Bar. On the other hand, I have never known a man with suitable natural gifts accompanied by industrious patience who has not had his opportunity at the Bar and his success. He may,

indeed, have to wait, but he will not wait in vain.

What, then, are the considerations which ought to determine the choice of the Bar as a profession? I answer, the love of it in the first place. If a man has not the love of the profession for its own sake, he will find it hard to bear up during the years—the necessary years—of watching and waiting—years dreary and drudging. Success is rarely, and still more rarely safely, reached at a bound, and it requires no mean effort of will to continue (year after year, it may be) striving to store up knowledge and acquire experience for the use of which no immediate or proximate opportunity seems to present itself. I name, then, love of the profession as the first consideration. I name physical health and energy as the second. No man of weak health ought to be advised to go to the Bar. Its pursuit involves long hours of close confinement, often under unhealthy conditions; and the instances of long-continued success at the Bar, and of lengthened usefulness on the Bench in the case of men of weak physique, are few and far between.

The only two men of weak physique within my own experience (extending considerably beyond a quarter of a century) who achieved marked success, were the late Sir George Mellish and the late Lord Cairns. Both were exceptionally able men, but each laboured under the disadvantage of a weak constitution; and premature death in the case of both of them deprived the world of the prolonged advantage of two minds of the highest judicial character. In Follet's case, amongst many, early disease cut short, when he was yet a young man, a career which promised to be one of the most brilliant the Bar of England had ever known.

Love of the profession and health to follow it are, then, the first two considerations. What are the mental qualities to be considered? I answer in a word: clear-headed common sense. I place this far above grace of imagination, humour, subtlety, even commanding power of expression, although these have their due value. This is essentially a business, a practical, age; eloquence in its proper place always commands a high premium, but the occasions for its use do not occur every day; and the taste of this age (like the taste for dry rather than for sweet champagne) is not for florid declamation, but for clear, terse, pointed, and practical speech.

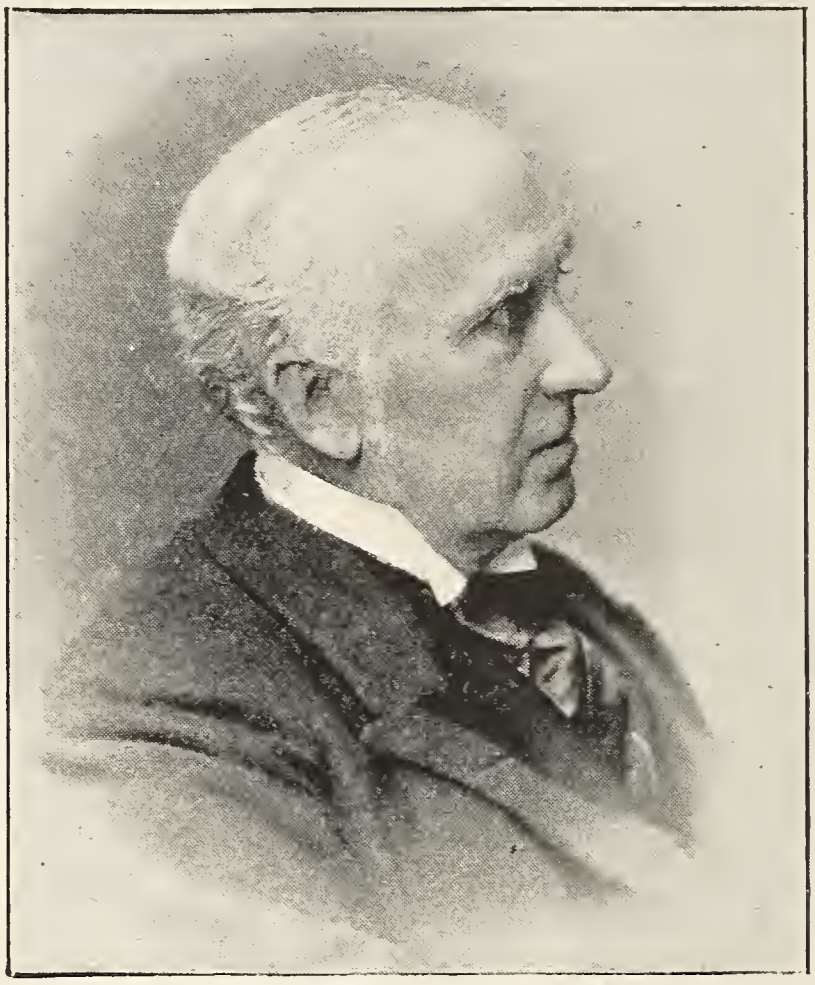
Common sense and clear-headedness must be the foundation, and upon these may safely be reared a superstructure where imagination and eloquence may fitly play their part. In fine, business qualities, added to competent legal knowledge, form the best foundation of an enduring legal fame. The circumstances of the age—the circumstances, social and political—the "environment," as it is called, largely affect men in all callings, and in none more than in that of Law. When great political and constitutional questions are being agitated and are unsolved, these find their way at times into the legal forum, and the world then becomes the richer by the impassioned speech of an Erskine or a Brougham, a Curran or an O'Connell, a Berryer or a Gambetta.

But in these Islands few of these great questions are unsettled, and as, according to the British Constitution, the will of Parliament is supreme, there is but little opportunity in these days for discussing the constitutional problems which necessarily recur, for example, in the United States, governed as they are by a written Constitution where the judicial power is called upon to interpret, and if necessary to control, the acts of legislatures. It is largely to this fact that we owe the masterly judgments of, amongst others, the great Chief Justice of the United States (Chief Justice Marshall) and the granite-like arguments of Daniel Webster, perhaps the greatest forensic figure the world has ever seen.

There remains only one of the main considerations to be taken into account in the choice of the Bar as a profession, namely, ability to wait. Unless a man has the means to maintain himself living frugally for some years, or the means of earning enough to maintain himself in this fashion, say, by his pen or otherwise, he ought to hesitate before resolving to go to the Bar. I have already said success, even moderate success, rarely comes at once, and indeed the youthful wearer of the forensic toga may consider himself fairly lucky if after three or four years at the Bar he is making enough to keep body and soul decently together. Sometimes it happens that men meet with immediate and brilliant success, as in the case of Erskine, who, having abandoned his early career in the Navy, speedily became eminent at the Bar, and ultimately sat on the Woolsack; such cases are indeed rare. On the other hand, I have known more than one instance of melancholy failure in the case of men of fair mental gifts who, feeling the pinch of poverty, have got involved in debt and difficulty early in their career, from which, in some instances, they have never emerged.

But I do not desire to take too gloomy a view. If a man really has the love of his work in his heart, and has the spirit of a worthy ambition within him, he will find it possible to live on little during his years of waiting and watching, and will find it possible to acquire that little by the exercise, in some direction, of his energy and ability—be it by tuition, by reporting, by leader-writing, or in some cognate fashion. It is well known that Lord Eldon, after a romantic runaway marriage, was many years at the Bar before his opportunity came; but come it did, in a celebrated and highly technical case, involving the doctrine of "equitable conversion," and, as the world knows, he, in the end, achieved a great reputation, and was, for many years, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

I myself recollect, when I was a struggling junior of four years' standing on the Northern Circuit, dining in frugal fashion as the guest of two able young men of my own age, members of my Circuit, in one of our assize towns. They were almost in the depths of despair, and one of them was seriously considering the question of migration to the Straits Settlements; the other was thinking of going to the Indian Bar. Where are they now? One of them, as I write, fills, and for the second time, the highest judicial office in the land; the other is the leader of his Circuit, and may any day don the ermine of the judicial Bench.*



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

To sum up, therefore, love of the profession for its own sake, physical health to endure its trials, clear-headed common sense, and ability to wait, are the main considerations to be taken into account in determining the choice of the Bar as a profession. If the youthful aspirant possesses these, success is, humanly speaking, certain.

Having then considered what ought to determine the choice of the Bar as a profession, something may now usefully be said as to the necessary preparation for the Bar. In considering the character of such preparation, regard ought, I think, to be had to the legitimate outcome of success, viz., a career in Parliament and on the Bench. All who can ought to have University training and a University degree, and those who are not able to obtain these advantages will find the want of them in a greater or less degree throughout their public lives.

But here a word of warning. A University career is not an end, but a means only to an end. It is but the beginning of the struggle of life. It is not the battle of life, but only the equipment for it. The young man who will, as the phrase runs, "go far," must have a wide perspective, and while he must not neglect, but on the contrary must make good use of, his University opportunities, he ought never to be allowed to regard success at the University as the *summum bonum*—as the end of all things.

I have known many men of brilliant careers at their University who came to the Bar pumped out, and who, having been too lavish of their energy in earlier years, have not had enough left to insure success in the life-struggle of their profession. It is true they were, for the most part, men not endowed with robust constitutions. But while throughout the whole period of education and preparation special regard ought to be had to the intended career of the student, it is to be observed that the profession of the law has one peculiarity in which it differs from all others. It is this: That there is no such thing as knowledge which is useless in this profession. A man may not be a better engineer because he is a good classic, or a more successful merchant because he is a good mathematician; but, at the Bar, the wider the field of knowledge the better. There is there no such thing as knowledge going to waste. Indeed, I undertake to say that it rarely or never happens that a barrister does not find useful to his hand information which he has stored up

* Of these, one is Lord Herschell, now an ex-Lord Chancellor, and the other the Speaker, Mr. W. C. Gully, Q.C.

even upon subjects wholly remote from a knowledge of the law itself.

What is called the special training for the Bar usually begins when the University career has ended, and although we have not in these Islands any school of jurisprudence (a thing much to be desired), yet both by the Universities and by the Inns of Court, means of strictly legal education, by lectures and by examinations, are placed within the reach of those who desire to avail themselves of them. But the real work of education in law, as, indeed, in other fields of knowledge, is the work of self-education, pursued conscientiously and laboriously by the man who endeavours to get at the principles of law and who does not content himself merely with skimming the surface. *Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos.*

Reading in the chambers of a barrister is most desirable, even in these days, in which simplicity of statement has happily supplanted the bygone perplexities and absurdities of the system which formerly prevailed, known as "special pleading." In the United States, the distinction between solicitor and barrister is, of course, unknown, and I do not propose to discuss here whether that distinction and division do or do not work for utility; but it is a notable feature of recent years in the career of students for the Bar in England, that a year spent in a solicitor's office, during which they may acquire an intimate knowledge of the practical work of legal procedure, is now considered almost indispensable, and it is certainly most useful.

One special subject in reading for the Bar I would name, because, in my experience, I have found it invaluable, and that is a study of the "Corpus Juris," or the body of the Civil Law. I had the signal advantage of being a student in the days when the late Sir Henry Maine was Professor of Civil Law to the Inns of Court, and under him, as in University class-rooms, we read noinconsiderable part of the Civil Law. After all, a great body of our law finds its source in the Roman law; and in the "Corpus Juris" law is systematized in a way for which our English law has no parallel. Its reading gives to the attentive student a knowledge and a grasp of principle, hardly otherwise attainable, which he will always find useful throughout his life.

Here, then, I may leave the youthful barrister. We have considered together the conditions which ought to determine his choice, and he has chosen. We have talked with him over his career at the University, and he has left the University with honour and advantage, if not with the highest distinction. He has worked hard to acquire an adequate knowledge of his profession, at lectures, in chambers, and, above all, in the silence of his own rooms, and now he puts on the gown of the barrister, and stands upon the threshold of what may be a great and useful career.

Beyond this I do not propose to follow him. He has joined a profession which has given many noble men to the world—men who have done noble work for the world. He has to maintain the great traditions of that profession. He has to bear himself worthily, that no dishonour shall come upon him or upon his profession by him. He has to recollect that he belongs to a profession which, beyond any other, has given to the world not merely great advocates and great judges, but great statesmen, great writers, and distinguished legislators. He has to remember that, while he is fighting for the interests of his client, there are greater interests even than these: the interests of truth and of honour; and he must never forget, as Sir Alexander Cockburn well expressed it, that in the battle his weapon must always be the sword of the soldier and never the dagger of the assassin. Lastly, he must remember that he is engaged in a profession which may well engage the noblest faculties of heart and of mind—that he is engaged in the practical administration of that law whose voice is the "Harmony of the World."

Gleams from the Dark Continent.

By Charles J. Mansford.

VIII.—THE CITY OF THE SCARLET SCARABÆUS.

I.

"I FANCY our guide has got us into a scrape from which not even his ingenuity can extricate us," I said to Denviers, disconsolately. "Both the people and the two Queens of this district were well disposed towards us at first: I wish we had left the Arab behind; I don't believe we shall be alive in twenty-four hours' time."

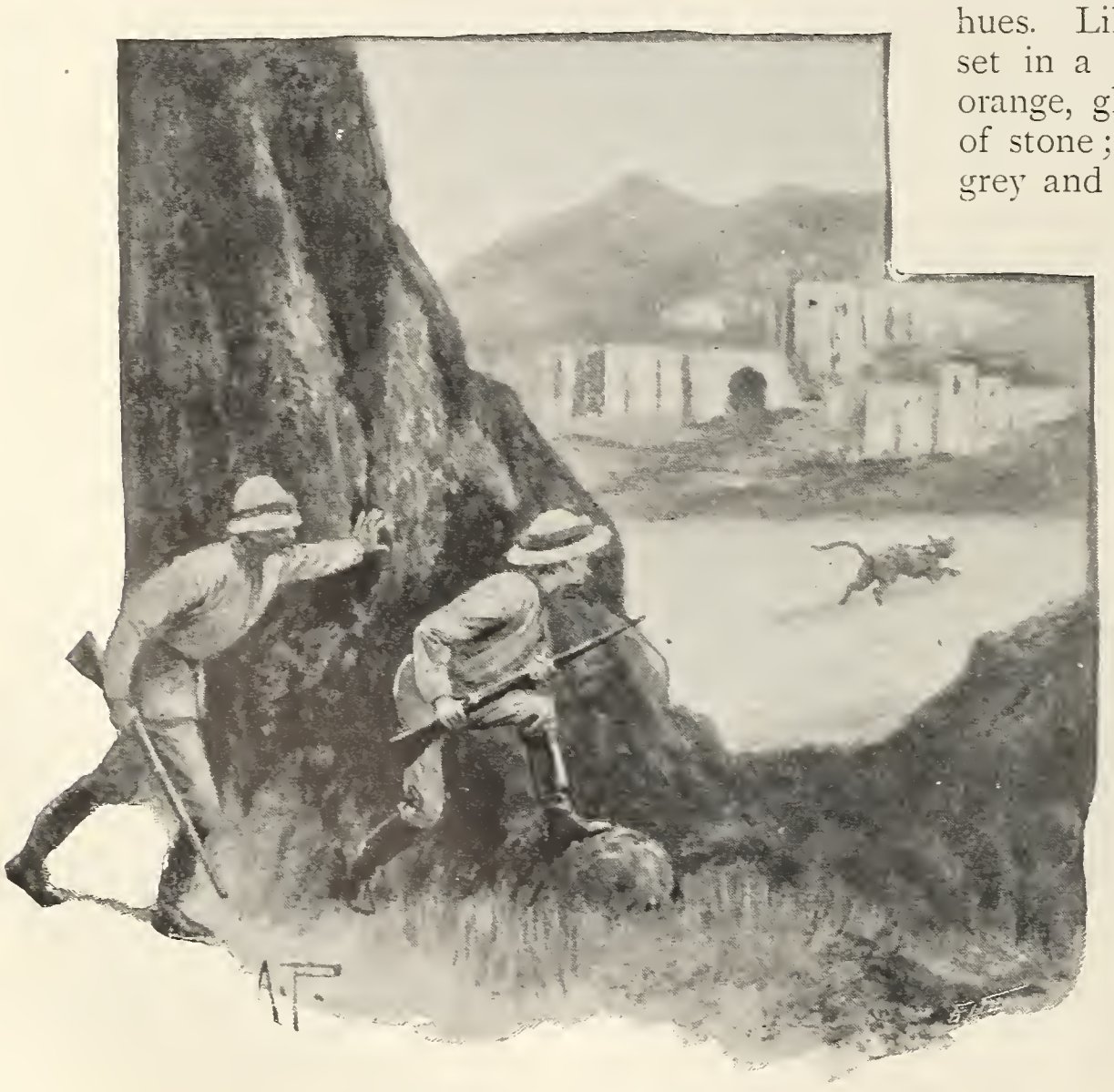
"Matters are going very badly with us, I must confess," acquiesced my companion. "Certainly, if Hassan thinks we are all to shuffle off this mortal coil shortly, he has determined to make the most of the few hours of life that remain."

As he spoke, Denviers pointed to where the Arab was standing in close conversation with the younger of the two Queens in whose chief city we then were.

On leaving Tripoli, we had turned in a south-westerly direction, and, after an uneventful march of thirty days, had made our way to this city, incited by the curiosity which an Arab slaver, with whom we had come in contact, had aroused within us.

Two days after parting with the slaver, Abu Teleck by name, we had entered a deep ravine, which appeared to have once been the bed of a river-course, for the huge boulders, overgrown or interspersed with rank vegetation, had a rounded appearance and lay scattered between the two high, perpendicular sides of the ravine.

Passing along this ravine in pursuit of a jaguar which we had wounded, we suddenly found the animal bounding across the level, stone-flagged square of a city, of which we were later on to learn the history. The two sides of the ravine there widened out in graceful curves, the utter bareness of the rocky declivities being amply compensated for by the wondrous tints of the sandstone of which they were composed. As the rays of the sun glinted into the ravine, or valley, the waving streaks of stone seemed as if they were composed of countless glittering gems of varied hues. Like a broad silver crescent, set in a purple sheath, shot with orange, glittered one of these belts of stone; of green and saffron, of grey and crimson, were the others that hemmed it about. Towards the base of the sandstone the sides sloped somewhat, and were carved into caves, serving as burial-places for the dead, and it was in one of these that we four had now found a temporary place of refuge, two weeks after our appearance in the city.



"WE SUDDENLY FOUND THE ANIMAL."

Below, the city spread out: its meanest dwelling rich with sculptured cornices and pilasters, while balustraded staircases, carved in the solid rock, led from the bottom of the valley to the caves. In the centre of the city

stood a magnificent palace, built of various-hued limestone which, although raised centuries before, had resisted the ravages of Time. Beyond the palace was a great open amphitheatre, with circle on circle of ascending seats, while in the centre of this stood the strangest erection of this extraordinary city. It was a column constructed of perfectly-fitting blocks of grey granite, the top of which was shaped like a vast urn. The base of this column measured some eighty paces on each of its four sides, the faces themselves being perfectly smooth and perpendicular, the mass of granite rising to a considerable height in the air. Some attempt had doubtless been made to climb one of the faces of the square column so as to reach the great vase at the top, for some rudely cut niches were visible up to a considerable height. There the rough steps ended abruptly, the daring climber having either lost courage or, becoming dizzy, fallen headlong from the scanty foothold which his hands had carved in the granite.

We found that the city was ruled over by the two daughters of its late Sultan, who were bound, under pain of death, to be loyal to each other. No sooner had we been welcomed in the city than the two Queens seemed to forget our presence in their palace, or at most only tolerated it, while Hassan, our guide, received every mark of approval that could be bestowed upon him.

It was the custom in this city to hold contests in the open amphitheatre between man and man, and even between man and beast. To celebrate such a rare occurrence as the arrival of strangers, a pageant had been arranged in our honour. During its progress, Hassan had challenged the favourite wrestler to a trial of his skill, and our guide, by sheer persistence and pluck, had thrown the fellow. From that hour Hassan ingratiated himself into the favour of the two Queens, as we plainly saw, while the chief Arabs of the city at once began to form plots for his destruction and ours with him.

It soon became evident that our discriminating guide selected the younger of the two Queens to whom to pay marked attentions. Hour after hour he passed in her presence, telling of the adventures which he had jointly encountered with us. Furious at this, the other Queen lent a ready ear to her wily counsellors, who declared that the Arab, with our help, was arranging a plot by which he might obtain the rule of the city, taking the younger Queen as his bride, while the other was to be deposed and driven from the city.

One night, while Hassan was recounting an adventure to Ahillah, the younger Queen, and we were resting upon cushions near, a number of armed attendants broke into the palace and, in spite of our struggles, Hassan and the Queen, together with Denviers and myself, were thrust into the streets. Annoyed at this indignity, we prepared to defend ourselves, and at once our weapons were taken

"A NUMBER OF ARMED ATTENDANTS BROKE INTO THE PALACE."

from us. We next attempted to leave the city, but the two entrances, those at each end of the valley, were too strongly held for us to succeed. To scale the perpendicular cliffs was impossible, so that we were securely imprisoned in the city until some definite decision had been made concerning us. None of the inhabitants dared either to shelter or even to speak to us, so that, with Ahillah, we were perforce driven to take shelter in the cave I have mentioned.

The cave itself was extremely lofty, and was partly uncovered, so that the light entered it freely from above. Denviers was about to call Hassan to where we two lay idly stretched upon the stone flooring of the cave, when we heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Going hastily to the entrance, we saw the rival Queen approaching in state the winding stairway leading to where we were. Before her slaves ran, strewing flowers in her path, while other slaves screened her head from the rays of the sun with palm-leaves held high. Behind the Queen came several stalwart and swarthy Arabs, the chief of which was the one Hassan had overthrown at the wrestle; his face was strikingly Hebraic in mould, the long earrings in his ears glittering against his swarthy skin and hanging, black hair. The Arab wore gems that shone lustrous in his tunic, spotlessly white turban, and sleeveless cloak: in one hand he carried a wide, curved sword, upon his left arm rested a shield.

No sooner had Ahillah set her glances upon those who were approaching than she cried out that our doom had been pronounced, and ran shrieking to the farthest part of the cave, where our guide followed her.

Up the stairway the procession came and, a few minutes after, we stood before Sargona, Ahillah's sister, waiting her will. The chief Arab came forward, and bowing low before Sargona, he cried :—

"The Queen has been injured; the wrongdoers are before her; say, O Sargona, what is the penalty thou hast decreed?"

Sargona glanced angrily at our guide, and her dark eyes flashed as she answered :—

"Death to the Arab who has plotted against us, death to him and those who plot with him: I have said!"

Before either Denviers or myself could speak, Ahillah had thrown herself at her sister's feet :—

"Spare all, or spare none!" she cried. "What fate is mine?" Sargona raised Ahillah roughly from the ground.

"Thou shalt live, girl, but thou art deposed. The Council has decreed that thou shalt be a vestal of the temple. Go!"

The Queen clapped her hands, and immediately Ahillah was seized and dragged away, in spite of our guide's efforts to prevent it.

"'SPARE ALL, OR SPARE NONE,' SHE CRIED."

"Slaves," she continued: "two days shall ye live, on the third shall ye die! Yet, if ye will carve a way to the great treasure urn, your lives shall be spared on condition that the gems there, which are as the grains of sand of the Sahara in number, be placed in

our hands, and ye depart from the city. Many have tried to reach the great urn : none have succeeded. Ye are subtle as snakes ; by to-morrow's dawn say if ye will try the task, or if ye prefer to die without attempting it."

Out from the cave Sargona went with her attendants, while we were left behind, strongly guarded, and feeling that the Queen's words concerning the great urn were only intended to rouse, in Hassan's mind especially, a hope of escape which was futile.

II.

DENVIERS and I lay for some time discussing our unfortunate plight, but without any possible plan of escape occurring to either of us. At last my companion called the Arab, who was disconsolately lamenting the loss of Ahillah, and, when he came over to us, asked him :—

"Do you think we have any chance of escape, Hassan? Can you suggest one?"

"Allah and Mahomet preserve the sahibs ; the dust of their feet has been the cause of their misfortune! He knows of no way at present ; if the slightest idea occur, their slave will at once speak of it. At present, Hassan can only wish their fate had been different—but water runs out at last, and the biggest sack of dates comes to an end. The sahibs have met with their last adventure—their slave will lament it to his death."

"Which won't be particularly long in coming, Hassan," I said, gloomily. "What was it that Sargona said about the great urn? Does she expect us to cut a way up to it when no one else has ever been able to do so? If so, we would rather be excused ; if treasures *are* there, I hope she may get them, that's all."

"Sahib Derwent," the Arab replied, "to cut a way up there in the allotted time would be impossible ; indeed, with all time at their disposal, no one has ever reached the vase. Ahillah has told the latchet of the sahibs' shoes the strange story of the urn. Shall their slave repeat it?"

"Spin us the yarn by all means," said Denviers, as he threw a stone idly at a huge scarlet beetle that had just fallen from the wall fronting us, and which was again making its way up the hard surface. "We may as well listen to you as not, while we are cooped up here."

Hassan sank down at our feet and began :—

"Sahibs, of all the strange cities scattered throughout this dark continent, none had a stranger origin or a stranger history than this. Far back in the misty ages some Edomites are said to have wandered into this continent. Near here they had grassy lands in common, but, as all men do, they quarrelled. The strong oppressed the weak, and drove them forth to find other lands. Wandering here they entered the ravine, and finding in it many caves, dwelt therein, tilling the land to the south. Now, all things prospered with them, and they grew rich in herds, while misfortune fell upon those who had persecuted them. So at last messengers came from the tribesmen saying that they would forget their quarrel, and asking to have once more all in common. Those dwelling in the caves refused the bargain, whereupon their outnumbering tribesmen determined to be revenged for being set at naught. They drew a great ring round the pasture, circling the valley, and when all the rich flocks were out, the tribesmen fired the lands.

"The darting tongues of flame flashed up the dry bark of the trees and the great stems blazed, then grew red-hot, while the verdure beneath, in wave upon wave of fire, rolled its flames and smoke nearer to the steep sides of the ravine. Burning leaves and showers of sparks were flung into the air, while the flocks ran towards the ravine, nearer and still nearer. Huddled together they kept till the very grass beneath was aflame, and then, in inextricable confusion, the animals leaped headlong into the sheer ravine, their herdsmen with them, only to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, or to be drowned in a great river which then hurled its waters along through the ravine.

"Still, in spite of all they suffered, the inhabitants of the valley refused the terms offered them, and posted men, who, for a time, successfully defended the entrances of the ravine. The persecuting tribesmen turned aside the river's course, and then first the people of the valley began to despair. Through traffic with another tribe they had obtained ornaments wrought in gold, with many an uncut gem adorned, and, convinced that they were reduced to their last desperate strait, the people of the valley determined to prevent this treasure from falling into the foe's hands. To hide it in the rock they thought useless, so they consulted how to dispose of the treasure.

"In the course of the stream there stood a wide block of stone, and upon this eager hands raised a mighty column, building it of blocks of granite. A stairway was left to the top where is a great urn, which ye have seen, and the women, passing up the stairs, flung

in their greatest treasures. When everything was safely protected, the stairway was carefully blocked in while those of the tribe once more returned to the caves in which their dwellings were. So the rival tribesmen, still failing to take the city, consulted together and agreed to win over another tribe to their assistance. This they succeeded in doing by promising to their allies all the loot taken in the city. So the defenders were overthrown, the women and children being afterwards sold as slaves, while the men were slain.

"When, however, the captors of the city explored its every recess, they could find none of the women's treasures. At this the allies, thinking they had been deceived, fell upon the victorious tribesmen, slew them in turn, and took possession of the city. They kept it for centuries, till Trojan the Emperor overcame them and made it a Roman city. Long after that the Arabs took it and kept it, as they have even unto this day. Each century has seen efforts made to reach the great urn, but none have succeeded. The last Sultan, before he died, made a law that anyone condemned to die might choose to attempt to reach the urn; if he succeeded in getting its treasures for the city, then his life must be spared. It was of this decree that Sargona spoke, but Hassan, the sahibs' slave, counts at little that chance to escape death."

Hassan ceased; both Denviers and I doubted the truth of the legend. Treasures might be hidden in the vast urn, we thought, but upon the base of the column we had seen part of an inscription which read: TRAJANUS AEDIFICAVIT. Indeed, our idea of the reason of the building of the column, surmounted by the great urn, was quite a different one to that which Hassan gave, and proved to be correct. Our discovery of this was made in a singular and unexpected way.

III.

JUST before daybreak I was awakened by Hassan, who cautiously roused me. Raising myself to a sitting posture I found Denviers near, while Ahillah stood before us.

"Hist!" Ahillah cried: "I could not rest, knowing that I have been the unhappy means of bringing this trouble upon you all."

I glanced at the deposed Queen. She was clad in a robe of white silk, as I perceived by the light of some half-spent torches thrust in grippers of the wall. Down almost to her waist her dishevelled black hair fell; her dress was heavily embroidered with pearls, the straps of her sandals being similarly adorned. Surpassingly beautiful I thought the maiden, as I saw the expression of pity which our unhappy position wrought upon her olive countenance and inspired the troubled look in her dark eyes.

"To reach the urn is impossible for ye, yet that is the only barrier between ye and death! Long hours have I racked my brain for some way of escape for ye, and Allah has filled me with a strange thought. Here, when I waited for Sargona to decide with her Ministers whether she would slay or spare, I saw, climbing and falling, yet ever climbing again, upon yonder wall, the rare scarlet scarabæus. Not once in years is it seen in this city, and then the foolish and ignorant declare it comes at the bidding of Allah for some strange purpose. They say that if once a scarabæus reaches the urn, then a human being will do so that very day. The superstition I believe not, but the sight of the scarabæus set me thinking. What my plan is I will tell to Hassan, even the one who has favoured me, though death be his for so doing. The guards I found asleep, but ye cannot escape that way, so test it not. Hear from the illustrious Arab, he who is the prince of wrestlers, and my adored, what I have devised. If it fail, ye can be no worse off than ye are now: if it succeed, your lives will be spared."

Ahillah drew Hassan aside, and, after a few minutes' conversation, left the Arab, giving him meantime a package which she had brought. Before departing from the cave, the Queen pointed to the scarabæus, which, from its scarlet colour, could plainly be seen a few yards from one of the torches, the pleasant warmth of which had doubtless caused it to cease its efforts to reach the top of the wall of the cave.

In safety the Queen passed by the sleeping sentries, while we drew together, discussing her plan with Hassan. At first we almost ridiculed it, then, after we had grown more accustomed to the strange notion, we began to be impatient for the hour when we could test its possibility.

When dawn had fully come, the chief Arab of the city again visited us and asked, in derision, if we wished to attempt to get the long-lost treasure from the urn. To his great surprise, Hassan answered:—

"Allah has given us his promise to aid us. See! This has he sent—lo! the Scarlet Scarabæus!"

We were certainly surprised at the effect of Hassan's words upon the Arab. He

seemed disconcerted at first, then asked, assuming indifference :—

"Slaves, what will ye?"

"We would be led to the column of the great urn," Hassan responded.

"Come, then!" cried the chief Arab, and, without delay, we followed him down the great stairway, through the streets, past the assembling citizens, into the great amphitheatre, until we stood before the column supporting the strange urn.

The people, quickly learning what our intention was, thronged into the seats of the amphitheatre, and as we glanced about we saw the faces of thousands of excited spectators.

If Hassan should fail in the strange task he had undertaken! I glanced at the frenzied faces of the fanatics — if we had raised a false hope we should be torn to pieces.

Even as we stood there, with our foes filling every tier of the vast amphitheatre, Sargona entered and seated herself, surrounded by her chief men, where she could clearly see what we attempted. I saw her sister, Ahillah, enter and place herself in one of the seats in the lowest tier, whence she glanced eagerly at us. Hassan, turning his gaze upon Ahillah, saw that she pointed to a large grating and, following the direction indicated, saw something that startled him.

"Sahibs!" he whispered. "See! If Ahillah's plan fail, our fate will not long be in doubt. Allah send us a quick death!"

Looking at the grating, we saw several forms pacing restlessly behind its bars: it lay in shadow, but we understood. If the urn were not reached, then the grating would open and, defenceless as we were, we should be matched against the captive lions, already impatient for their human spoil.

Hassan unfastened the package and laid a quantity of cordage exposed to view. To one end of this he attached a silk thread of very considerable length, and while both Denviers and I were eagerly watching his preparations, we saw the Arab unroll his turban and disclose the huge scarlet scarabæus which we had seen endeavouring to climb the wall of the cave. The scarabæus was, like its genus, very strong and tenacious, for when Hassan raised it deftly with his thumb and forefinger, it carried the turban in its prehensile, claw-like feet.

"OUR FATE WILL NOT BE LONG IN DOUBT."

The Arab quickly attached the free end of the silken thread to the body of the scarabæus, and then placed the scarlet beetle upon the polished granite pillar.

A strange hush came over those in the amphitheatre as they saw what the Arab planned to do; moreover, as the whisper went round that the scarabæus was scarlet, the Arabs recalled their tradition and became almost breathless with excitement, as they

watched Hassan's endeavours to guide the beetle upward.

At first the scarabæus, finding some strange burden attached to its body, dropped from the granite pillar and ran along the ground. Hassan caught it, and time after time, as the scarabæus tried the same manœuvre, did the Arab replace it on the pillar. At last the scarlet beetle ceased to fall, and ran heedlessly about the pillar. Hassan, with his hand, checked it in every direction but one, and then, with a frantic effort for liberty as it seemed, the scarlet scarabæus ran perpendicularly up the wall!

So large was the scarabæus and so distinct its colour, that we could see it plainly as it crawled higher and higher. Half-way up the pillar the scarabæus lost its hold, for the blocks of granite were highly polished, and it fell.

My glance turned from the excited throng to where the lions were. Looking again at the pillar I saw that the Arab had placed the scarabæus upon it once more.

Six times did the scarabæus fall, only to be placed upon the pillar again, but the seventh time it ran right up the granite blocks and reached the circular base of the urn.

Denviers and I grew pale with excitement; Sargona's face grew dark with wrath; Ahillah clapped her hands—Hassan gave no sign that aught disturbed him. Calmly, true believer in fate that he was, our Arab watched patiently the movements of the scarabæus as it reached the urn.

The thread of silk waved in the air as the scarabæus ran about the circular base of the urn.

"Allah! If the scarabæus twines the thread *too* tightly round the urn, our deaths are near," said Hassan, as he watched the scarlet beetle, which made a complete circuit of the urn and then was about to go round a second time.

Hassan stooped down, and selecting several pieces of granite, flung them in a shower at the scarabæus, which he missed. His second attempt succeeded, however, for we saw the scarabæus dangling helplessly in the air at the end of the silken thread.

The weight of the thread was more than overcome by that of the scarabæus, which slipped slowly down, down to the ground, where Hassan seized it eagerly and snapped the thread. Ahillah, who saw the scarabæus crawling away, left her seat and seized it, holding it high before her sister Sargona.

"Lo!" she cried; "the ancient rune reads right! By the scarlet scarabæus, I swear the treasures of the urn shall be ours this day!"

At this, many of those about Sargona glanced darkly at her—already they repented that her sister had been so harshly treated, for it was Ahillah's plan they understood that Hassan was carrying out.

The Arab carefully hauled in the silken thread, and as he did so, the light, strong cord attached to it gradually reached the urn, wound round its base, and then came down until the nearer end was in Hassan's hand. To hoist a rope sufficient to bear his weight was an easy matter for the Arab.

A few minutes afterwards, Denviers and I were pulling hard at the rope as we hoisted the Arab high up the polished pillar of stone. He reached the urn, and, clambering up one

"THE ARAB LEANT OVER AND DREW HER UP."

of its huge handles, disappeared within it. When Hassan reappeared he held high a string of pearls.

"Ahillah! she must come, and then the sahibs!" cried Hassan. No one questioned why that should be, and accordingly, when Denviers and I had raised Ahillah to where the Arab leant over and drew her up, we were hoisted in turn by the ready hands of three men of the city.

"Draw up the rope, sahibs!" said the Arab, and at once we did so.

We found ourselves upon a curving platform of granite, which ran down in a winding way right into the granite pillar, which proved to be hollow. The path we traversed was more like the thread of a gigantic screw, and led us down until we were below the surface of the earth.

We went on wonderingly, following Hassan, who had improvished a torch from a portion of the rope which we had brought, until we came to a rough-hewn chamber. There, in the light of the flaring torch, we looked upon a strange scene.

The rock had been roughly hollowed into a great gallery, for from floor to ceiling rose great pillars of granite, while, at the end furthest from where we stood, could be seen a half-raised portcullis, beyond which was a rocky vestibule.

It was not the strange, uncouth carving of the gallery, however, which drew our attention, for, lying there, in confused heaps, were hundreds of mummies. Denviers had suggested to me before that the urn itself, by means of which we had entered that strange place, had been the tomb of some illustrious rulers of the city upon which we had come. We agreed then, that it was a more likely theory than that such a huge structure had been raised for the mere purpose of containing treasure. Whichever view was right, one thing was evident: the gallery in which we were had been looted by impious hands. Save for the string of pearls which Hassan had held temptingly up, we found no other treasure in the abode of the dead.

From great niches in the walls, from chambers running out of the galleries, from sarcophagi lying broken and ransacked, the mummies had been dragged into the centre of the gallery and there despoiled. Mummy cloths had been unwound; limbs wrenched off ruthlessly: a horde of barbarians alone could have wrought such ruin.

"There are no treasures!" cried Ahillah. Then raising her hand she cried: "Listen! The people grow impatient!"

So engrossed had we been that we had forgotten those watching for our re-appearance from the urn.

"I don't believe Trajan ever wrote that inscription on the pillar," commented Denviers: "it was some traveller's trick, merely. But what are we to do? If we go back we may be torn to pieces."

"We had better explore this gallery and see if there is any way of escape by it," I responded, as I caught the sounds of clamorous voices, and understood that if we went back and acknowledged our failure to find the gems, we should have to bear the fury of the disappointed throng.

So we went on, on till the portcullis and portico were passed, and we found ourselves in a stranger part still of the underground way. The great orifice widened out until we traversed a vast stretch of marsh, where rank, white verdure grew, for there no rays of light seemed to enter. Deeper we sank in the swamp at each step we took almost; a hundred yards were scarcely passed over when the fetid slush was breast high.

Hassan passed the torch to me; Denviers cut off a length from the rope and, kindling it, we two went on before, lighting the way for Hassan, who bore Ahillah in his arms. We pushed doggedly on—on to where fantastic shapes of mist rose about us on every side, and seemed to mock our attempts to find a way out of that sickening, underground marsh.

For fully three hours we advanced, slowly and painfully, the foul odours nearly stifling us—then we became aware that there was a current flowing in the dark waters. We tried to avoid it, but in our efforts to do so ran right into the danger we wished to escape. The bed of the marsh suddenly deepened, we lost our footing, and the next minute we were all struggling for life in the engulfing waters. The torches were extinguished, and save for a strange, phosphorescent gleam which lit up the marsh at fitful intervals, we were in profound darkness.

In spite of our struggles, the current bore us away, away to where we could hear the roar of waters tumbling over a precipice, it seemed. Faster the current bore us on, faster and faster still; I caught sight of Ahillah's and Hassan's face as they were swept past me.

The roar of the waters increased; the current swept on with appalling rapidity; I was sucked over a mass of rock and then went down, sheer down into a vortex of foamy, grinding waters.

When next I came to my senses I was lying on the bank of a river at some considerable distance from the cataract. Denviers had suffered a similar experience to my own, but had escaped with much less bruising than I had. He found me lying senseless on a little stretch of sand on the shelving shore of the river, where the waters flowed in comparative calm.

Hassan and Ahillah were nowhere to be found!

For two days we searched diligently for the bodies of the deposed Queen, Ahillah, and that of our faithful guide. At last we gave up the quest, and struck for our camp, guided by the sun. We were a considerable distance from the camp; indeed, it was ten days after our escape from the waters before we reached it.

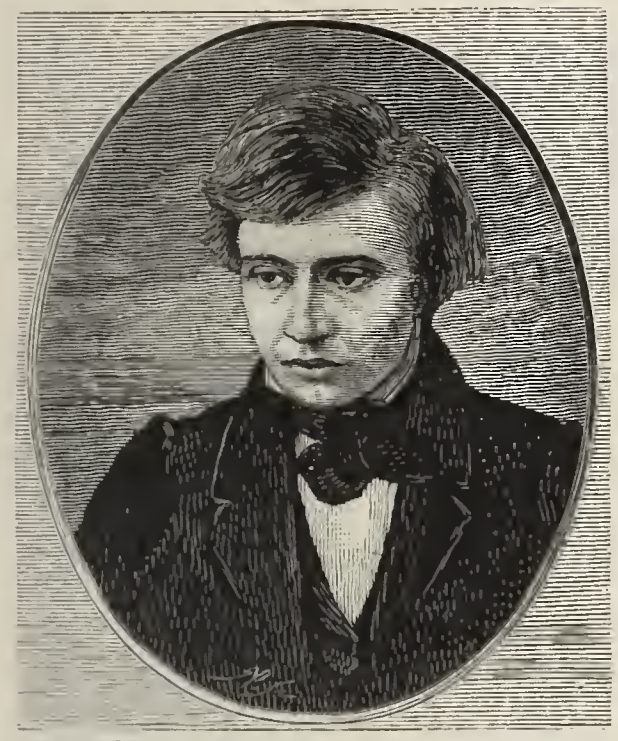
"I WAS SUCKED OVER A MASS OF ROCK."

On arriving at the camp, the first of those who came out to meet us was Hassan. We started at the sight of the Arab, for we had conclusively argued that he was dead.

"Sahibs," said Hassan, as he bent before us, "fate has been unkind, for Ahillah was drowned; it has also been kind, for the sahibs still live to be the light of their unworthy servant's countenance," and the Arab bowed to the very dust.

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers to our Arab, when the latter had told of his own escape and how it came about that he reached the camp before us; "I don't think any of us are born to be drowned."

"It is hard to say, sahib," Hassan replied, gravely; "yet surely is it easier for a blind camel to find the distant oasis than for man to unravel the twisted skein of his fate."



From a] AGE 19. *[Daguerreotype.*

PROFESSOR DAVID MASSON.

BORN 1822.

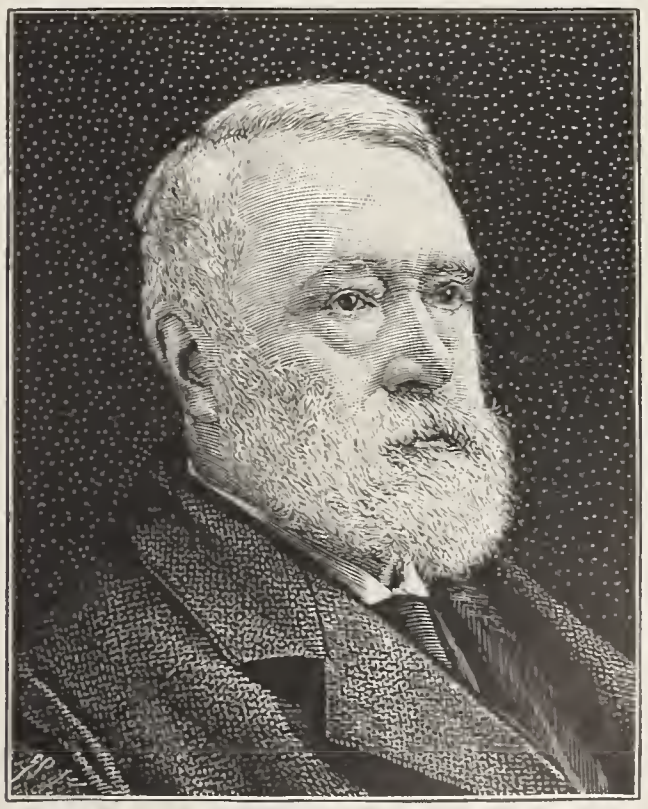
DAVID MASSON, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, who began his literary career at the age of nineteen, as editor of a Scotch provincial newspaper, was appointed

AGE 29.
From a Photo. by Dr. Diamond, Edinburgh.

to the Chair of English Language and Literature at the University College, London, in 1852. He retired from his post in October, 1865, having been appointed Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. He contributed numerous articles to the *Quarterly*, *National*, *British Quarterly*, and *North British Reviews*, and to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and his papers on Carlyle's "Latter-day Pamphlets," "Dickens and Thackeray," "Rabelais," etc., are the best known. His other works are so numerous that several pages of this Magazine

From a Photo. by] AGE 43. *[John Watkins.*

would be required to give them in anything like detail, and we regret that space will not permit us to do so. A committee, headed by Lord Robertson, is preparing a suitable testimonial to Dr. Masson, in recognition of his important services to English literature.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by J. Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

From a] AGE 12. *[Photograph.*

DR. PARRY, M.A., MUS. DOC.

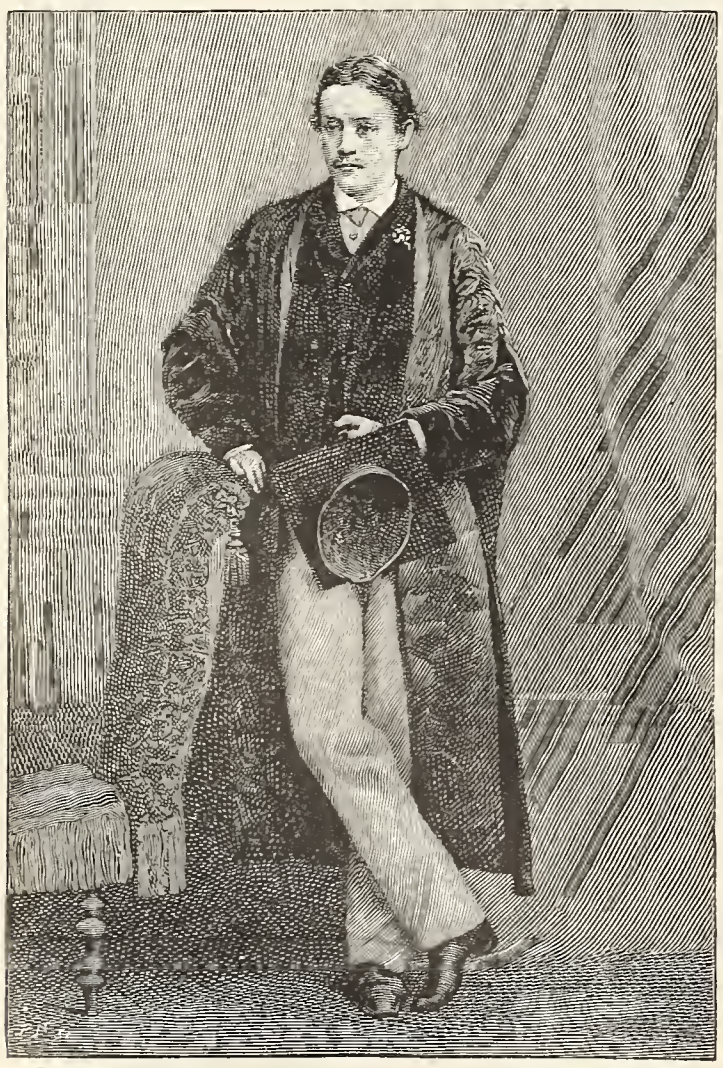
BORN 1848.

CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY, Professor of Musical History and Composition at the Royal College of Music, went to Eton in 1861, working at harmony, and proceeded to Oxford in 1866, taking a second class in Law and History in 1870. At intervals he worked at music, with Sir William Sterndale Bennett and Sir G. A. Macfarren, and began to contribute to Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music." Amongst Dr. Parry's well-known compositions the most important are:

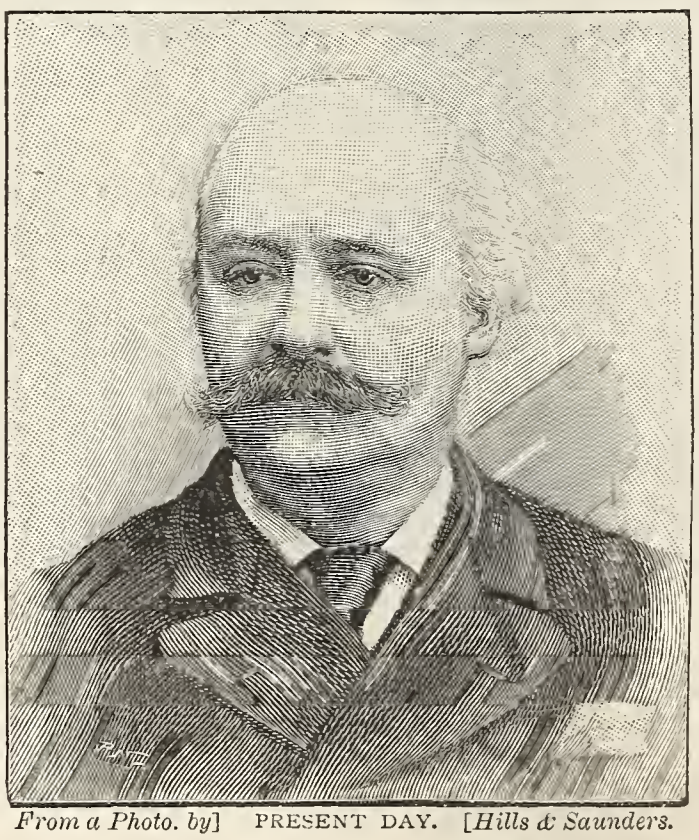
AGE 25.
From a Photograph.

From a Photo. by] AGE 36. *[H. J. Whitlock.*

Ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens"; Oratorio, "Judith"; Ode for St. Cecilia's Day; and a fine setting of "De Profundis."



From a Photo. by] AGE 20. *[J. Guggenheim.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Hills & Saunders.*

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE, our Sarah Bernhardt of the future, made her first public appearance with Mr. Charles Hawtrey, at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, as *Lettice Vane*, in Henry Hamilton's play, "Harvest." Her next engagement was

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

when she appeared in Herman Merivale's comedy-drama, "Our Joan," Charles Reade's play, "The Double Marriage," etc. With fifteen months' provincial experience, Miss Nethersole made her London *début* at the Adelphi, in "The Union Jack," and after a short absence, rejoined the Garrick Theatre and played *Mrs. Selwyn* in Sydney Grundy's play, "A Fool's Paradise," produced in January, 1892. Later in the year, she returned to the Criterion Theatre, and played for some months her then masterpiece, *Mercede da Vigno.* Miss Nethersole now attempted a task of extreme difficulty. Selecting a play by a young author,

From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Macnab, Glasgow.*

AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Barraud, Oxford Street.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus.

Mr. A. W. Gattie, she produced, on her own responsibility, at the Royal Court Theatre, in January, 1894, "The Transgressor," which was received with acclamation. She is now touring with her own company in the United States.

COLONEL SIR EDWARD BRADFORD.

BORN 1836.

From a] AGE 17. *[Miniature.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 53. *[Elliott & Fry*

COL. SIR EDWARD RIDLEY COLBOURNE BRADFORD, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Commissioner of Police, entered the Madras Army in 1853, and became colonel in 1883. Sir Edward has the Persian medal, and served with the 14th Light Dragoons in the Persian campaign from February 21 till June 8, 1857; and afterwards in the North-Western Provinces, with General Michel's force in Mayne's Horse, in 1858. He was present at the general action of Scindwha, at Karai, and served with General Napier's columns in

AGE 29.
From a Photo. by Robert Faulkner, Bayswater.

Mayne's Horse, gaining the medal, and being twice thanked in despatches. He has held the position of General Superintendent of the operations for the suppression of Thuggi and Dacoity, was resident First Class and Governor-General's Agent for Rajpootana, and has been chief Commissioner in Ajmere, and has also been Secretary of the Political and Secret Department of the India Office. Sir Edward, who was appointed A.D.C. to the Queen in the year 1889, accompanied H.R.H. the late Duke of Clarence on his visit to India. He has lost his left arm, the result of an encounter with a tiger some years ago.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Maull & Fox.*

The Romance of the Museums.

II.

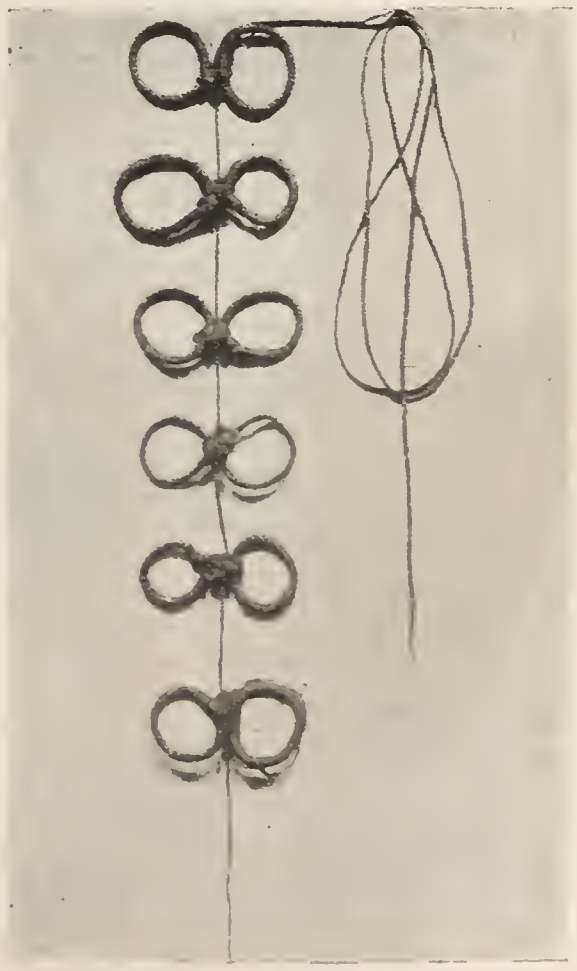
By William G. FitzGerald.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA'S missal, which is now in the South Kensington Museum, is a capital specimen of those articles which find their way into the possession of our museum authorities in a very peculiar manner. One day a certain titled lady came into the directors' office and abruptly pulled a little book out of her pocket, requesting that the expert might value it for her. Her ladyship explained (1) that she was not in want of money; (2) that the book was not an heirloom, but had been left to her family by will; and (3) that she wanted to help a certain institution with the proceeds of the sale of the little volume.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA'S MISSAL.

She was told, however, that the museum authorities did not make valuations, but were always open to buy; and, furthermore, that her property was indeed a unique work of art. The lady said she had an inkling of this, a cautious dealer having offered her £70 for the book—the mere value of the gold on the cover. The director, on examining the volume further, declared, rapturously, that it was priceless; probably this is why he offered £500 for it then and there. More discussion followed, and at length the director of the museum begged the lady to wait a moment while he conferred with his colleagues, being himself a little flustered. Presently he came back, and in a burst of fine generosity said that he would give her ladyship another chance. Did she really want to part with the book at once? For, if so, the authorities—who seemingly fell over each other in their excited admiration of the workmanship—were disposed to increase their offer to £700, the cheque to be made out and signed on the spot. The bargain was concluded forthwith, and Queen Henrietta Maria's missal now adorns the hideous building at South Kensington. This is, in every respect, the smartest museum transaction on record; and I am assured that the wonderful book-cover must have been the whole life-work of a marvellous artist. There is no knowing to what fabulous figure this little book—scarce 4in. high—would be run up, were it to figure in the auction-rooms to-morrow.

Most country people and many foreigners are imbued with a wholesome dread of the perils of London; I sincerely trust they will not altogether shun the Metropolis on learning that traps for catching human souls are kept at Bloomsbury. Anyone interested in the fearsome articles can see a good specimen at the

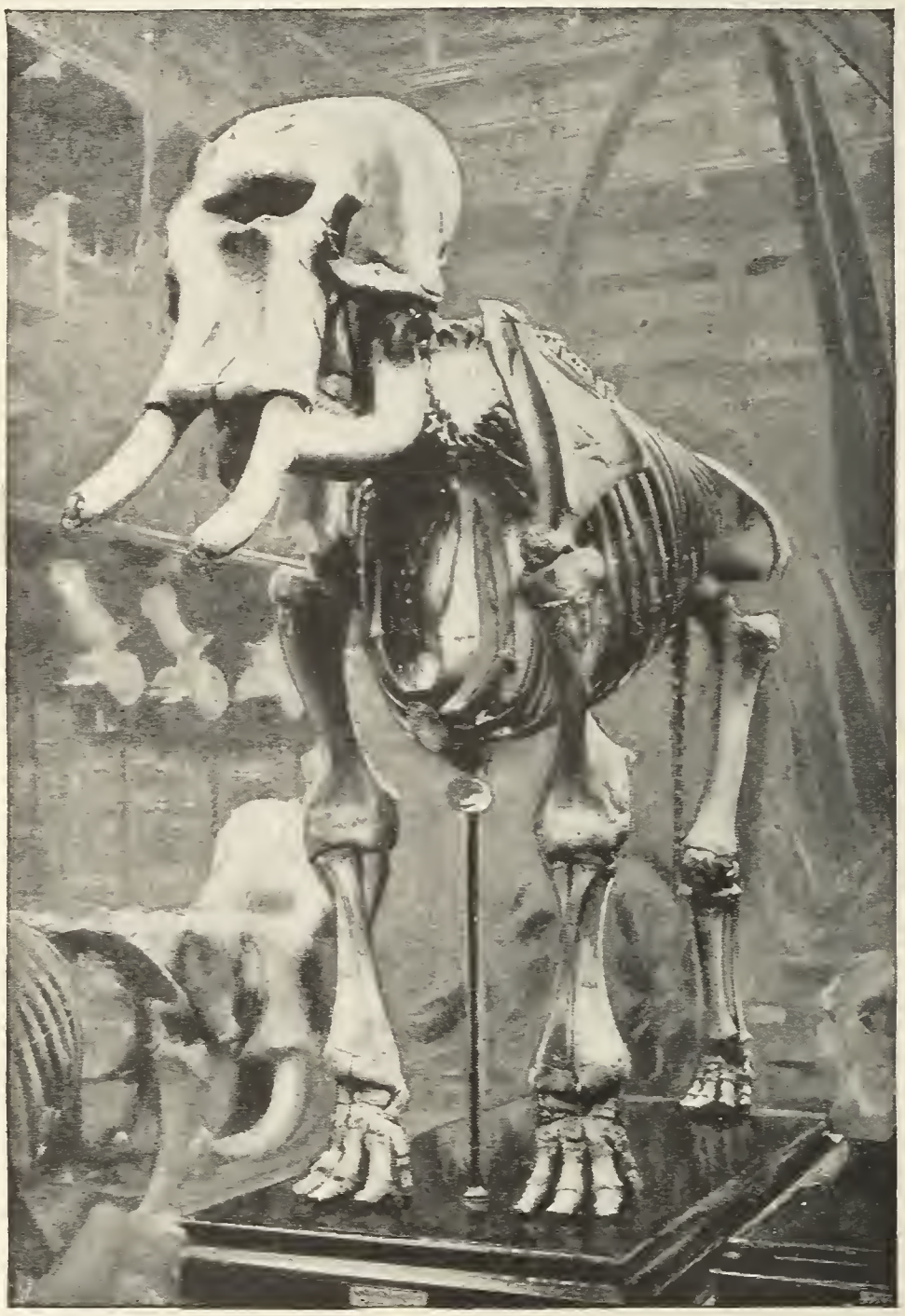


TRAP FOR CATCHING HUMAN SOULS.

British Museum — Ethnographical Gallery, Wall Case 120. This particular soul-catcher

is of no more supernatural material than plaited cocoa-nut fibre, with a string attached. There are six double loops, and the whole measures 41½in. in length.

The trap shown here comes with peculiar appropriateness from Danger Island, in the Indian Ocean, where these articles range in length up to 28ft., and have loops of different sizes, the latter intended variously for adults and children, the aristocracy and the *canaille*. I am unable to say whether the islanders can now see through these soul-traps (the loops are arranged spectacle-fashion), but their effect was at one time disastrous in the extreme. If a person had the misfortune to offend the "sacred men," or were very ill, a soul-trap would be suspended by night from a branch of one of the gigantic laurel trees that overshadowed his dwelling. On the family inquiring what sin had been committed that their souls should be treated as pestilential rodents, some ceremonial offence against the gods would be assigned. A priest watched near the trap; and if an insect or a small bird flew through one of the loops it was asserted the soul of the culprit, assuming this form, had passed into the trap. It would then be spread abroad that poor So-and-so had lost his soul, and lamentation and bitter weeping would result. The friends of the unhappy man would then intercede for him, offering presents and miscellaneous property to the sorcerer, sometimes with success. If the bribe were not large enough, and an unfavourable answer received, the victim would simply pine away and die—even though, before the trap was set, he was in full possession of health and strength.



SKELETON OF CHUNEE, THE MAD ELEPHANT.

The next story I have to tell is so interesting, that were I to do it justice I should need many pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE; therefore must I be brief. My story is about poor Chunee, the far-famed elephant, who was destroyed at Exeter Change in March, 1826, under circumstances that—to borrow a convenient phrase of journalese—"positively baffle description." The skeleton of Chunee is here shown; it is now a conspicuous object in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. According to Mr. Cross, to whose menagerie the elephant belonged, Chunee's first owner was Mr. Harris, then proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, who purchased the young animal for 900 guineas on its arrival in England in the *Astel*, which vessel was commanded by a Captain Hay.

After a little preliminary training, Chunee appeared in the Covent Garden pantomime, and he continued in Mr. Harris's possession for many years, until his weight increased to such an extent as to endanger the stability of the stage. In 1814 Mr. Cross bought Chunee—and I should remark here that this gentleman had for twenty years been superintendent of the Royal Menagerie, Exeter Change, a site now occupied by Exeter Hall; from which it will be seen that this spot has been a place of entertainment from time immemorial.

When the animal arrived from India, there

were two keepers with it, and these accompanied their charge to Exeter Change. Now, Chunee was a model of elephantine decorum until one of these men died: then he became troublesome and required a bigger den. One day in 1822 the keeper went into this new den to put the elephant through his performance, but found that he was, so to say, on strike: he simply refused to do anything, whereupon the keeper struck him with a little cane. Chunee could not have been hurt, but he nearly killed that keeper, who was only rescued by a veritable miracle in the concrete form of Mr. Cross himself.

After this Chunee began to have dangerous annual paroxysms; and later on it was pointed out to the proprietor of the show that in India, under similar circumstances, the elephants were let run loose in the forest, and presently came back cured. This sort of thing, however, was not advisable in the Strand, so Mr. Cross resorted to physic. After fifty-two hours' coaxing, Chunee was induced to swallow his first dose, which consisted of 24lb. of salts, 24lb. of treacle, 6oz. of calomel, 1½oz. of tartar emetic, 6 drachms of powder of gamboge, and a bottle of croton oil. This produced no more appreciable results than the tendering of one of the buns of commerce. Next followed 6lb. of beef marrow and, later, 4oz. of calomel—all of which had absolutely no effect on Chunee, who at this time was devoting all his energies to the demolition of his den. One Wednesday morning, the great beast made a terrific onslaught on his own massive front gate, which he all but dislodged. Medicine of another sort was then tried—firstly, 4oz. of arsenic, then ½oz. of corrosive sublimate, and lastly a lot of strychnine, mixed with sugar and conserve of roses and things, the whole tastefully done up in a little bladder, and left about in the den, "promiskus": for the monumental cussedness of the animal was such that he would devour greedily any scrap of food that happened to be on the floor, while he would reject scornfully a decent square meal tendered him by his keeper.

Let me be clearly understood. Chunee was not "immune": he simply swallowed no part of the second course of "medicine," refusing everything—even food. His appearance now indicated that trouble was at hand; his eyes glared like glass lenses, reflecting a red and burning light. Chunee had declared war. He had, so to speak, given the human ambassadors accredited to him their exequaturs, and would, doubtless, have given them their quietus if he had had a chance. *Quem Deus vult perdere*, etc. I cannot say whether the elephant was predestined to an awful death, but he certainly was very mad at this time.

The excitement quickened. Chunee was about 10ft. high and weighed four or five tons; consequently his gratuitous performance threatened to bring down the house — in a literal sense — menagerie and all, upon the respectable shop-keepers below. Mr. Cross at length sent in hot haste for his brother-in-law—one, Herring — who was something of a shot, but who, nevertheless, arrived upon the spot with no more formidable weapon than a monstrous opinion of himself. The two instantly repaired to Holborn for guns and things. On their way back they looked in at the College of Surgeons, with the charitable intention of getting a few hints from Professor Stewart's predecessor as to where they could most advantageously smite the enemy. Mr. Cross also burst in upon the eminent anatomist, Mr. Joshua Brookes, who was in his theatre lecturing, and who, therefore, resented this violent intrusion, which could not fail, he said, to scandalize his pupils.

He, however, also contributed his quota of advice as to where to hit Chunee, and he also sent along a pupil to direct the marksmen in the way they should shoot. On returning to Exeter Change, poor Mr. Cross was implored to run off to Somerset House for the "millingtary," as the rampageousness of Chunee was fast overcoming all assaults, and indeed forcing his would-be assassins to defend their own lives.

The "army of occupation" at Somerset House consisted of one sentry, who with touching heroism defied the distraught showman, saying he could not leave his post; and two privates and a corporal. These warriors, like the gentry in the parable, began to make excuses, saying they could not come; they *did* eventually turn up in the battle, however, fired a conscientious three rounds of ball through Chunee's tough hide, and then remained impotent, having no more ammunition.

Is this not an amazing story? And yet the newspapers of the day relate the facts with sublime unconsciousness of the tragi-comic character of the episode. The unhappy Cross rushed hither and thither after arms; and he would actually have removed the old howitzers that lay in the quadrangle of Somerset House, if the guns could have been safely fired. At last he

borrowed a swivel gun from Hawes's Soap Factory, on the Surrey side of the river, near Blackfriars Bridge, and with this and a few balls, *and the head of a poker*, he darted back to open fire on poor Chunee—who was then dead. The unequal combat was ended, and for the first time in the annals of natural history a Herring had killed an elephant.

SECTION OF CHUNEE'S TUSK SHOWING DECAYED PORTION.

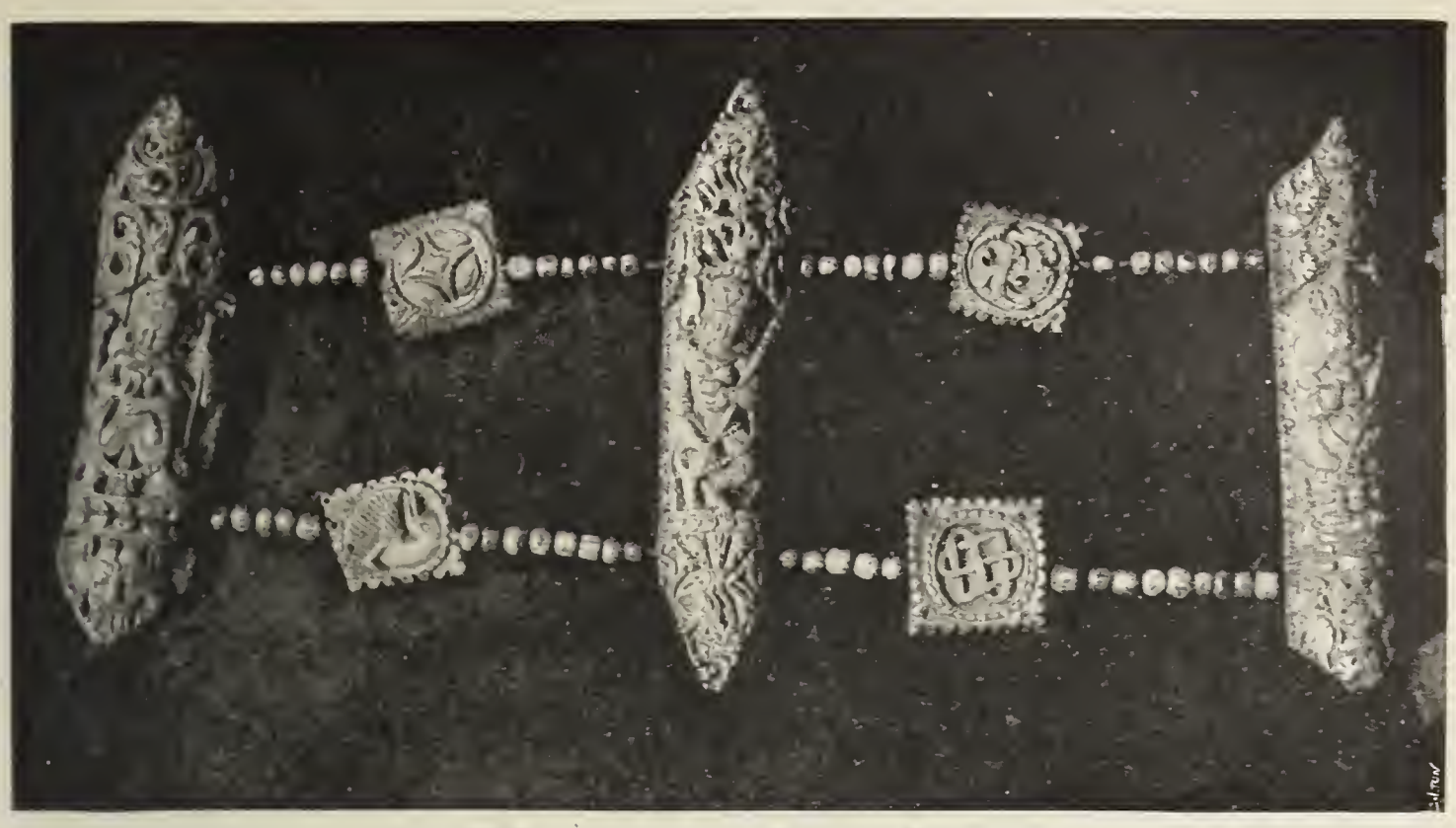
The fight had lasted more than two hours; during which time Chunee was exposed to rifle fire from every side, not to mention pitchforks and swords fastened on poles. But 260 shots had been fired before Chunee was killed.

The elephant's skin was sold to a tanner for £50, and £35 was taken at the door for permission to view the body. In addition to this, the receipts on subsequent days were at the rate of £250 a day—which, let us hope, compensated the unfortunate Cross for the loss of Chunee, whose value was about £1,000. The dissection of the carcass was quite a great function. Pulleys were fixed for the purpose of raising it for the anatomist; and the operation took place in the exhibition-room, lined for the purpose with nice green baize, and, of course, packed with spectators. Then, and not till then, was it found that *Chunee had been driven mad with toothache*. The principal portion of the diseased tusk is here shown; and it is evident that this was a case of *mal aux dents* on a very large scale.

There remains an amazing sequel, related to me by Sir William Flower—most courteous and delightful of men, and director of the Natural History Museum. In 1861 Sir William took charge of the museum at the College of Surgeons; and exactly fifty years after the tragedy of Exeter Change—namely, in 1876—a man called upon my informant at his office and produced an ivory splinter, saying that his father had told him it was knocked off Chunee's tusk by a shot during the great battle. Sir William immediately took the man into the museum, applied the bit of ivory to Chunee's tusk, and, behold, it fitted exactly!

One often hears of worldlings who, if they pray at all, pray mechanically and without devotion. Now, the Tibetans are devout enough, yet they pray mostly by machines, such as are shown in the next illustration, which depicts a few praying-mills. The cylinders contain copies of the Sacred Writings, and revolve upon the spindle that passes through the centre of each. The instrument is held in the hand, and whirled round by means of the weight hanging at the side. The mere revolutions of the Sacred Writings are held to be efficacious prayers. As a fact, the Lamaism of Tibet is a religion *pour rire*—at any rate, from our point of view. I am assured that in the Buddhist temples in that remote region, grotesque articles—such as "Old Tom" bottles with gaudy labels, and tailors' pattern-books—have been found

PRAYING-MILLS FROM TIBET.



NECROMANCER'S GIRDLE OF CARVED HUMAN BONES.

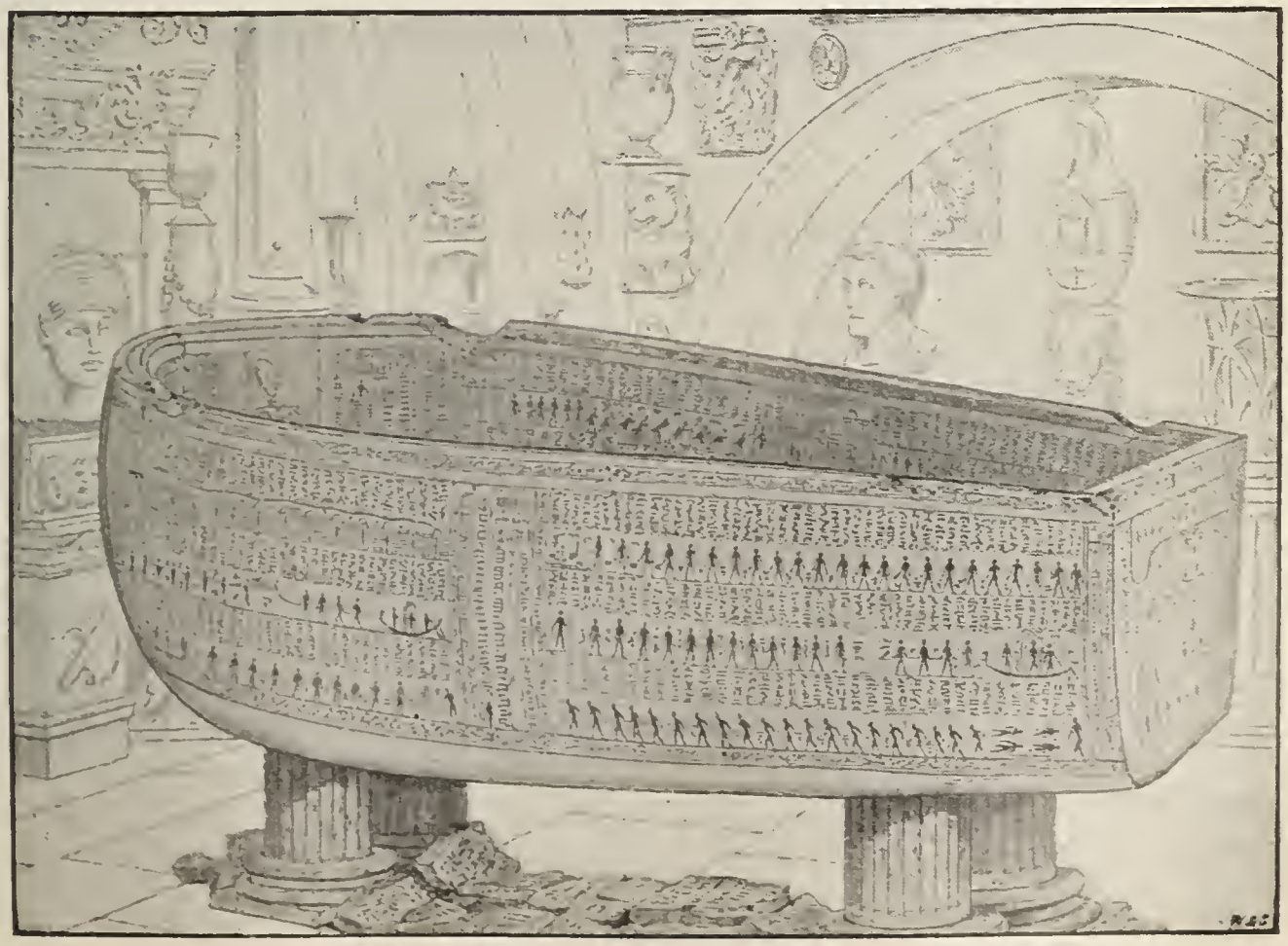
doing duty as decorative objects. One of the last-mentioned bore the cash prices of coats and trousers, and was hung lengthwise on the wall.

Apart from hand praying-mills, there are others on a larger scale worked by wind and hydraulic power; and in some of these the Lamaistic formula, "Om-ma-ni pad-me Hum," is printed hundreds of millions of times. I next show a sash or girdle of richly-carved human bones, also from Tibet, and forming an indispensable part of the outfit of a necromancer. The latter is called Nag-pa, probably because he is objectionable and a nuisance. This is, however, a generic designation given to the rest of all his numerous tribe, who are as a rule illiterate, fearfully and wonderfully dressed, and closely allied to the original type of Tibetan devil dancer. Besides this girdle, Nagpa also carries some weapon wherewith to stab the demons against whom it is necessary to operate.

In the next illustration is shown the sarcophagus of Seti I., which was discovered by Belzoni in 1819.

The career of Giovanni Batista Belzoni, by the way, is one long romance. A poor barber's son, born in Padua in 1778, he came to England in 1803, and became a street mountebank, performing feats of strength, for he was 6ft. 7in. in height. Later on, Belzoni was engaged at Astley's; but he is far better known for his important discoveries in Egypt than for his performances in itinerant shows.

Let us return, however, to the sarcophagus of Seti I. In October, 1819, Belzoni was exploring the ruins at Thebes with a party of labourers, when he came upon an important tomb at Biban-el-Moluk. This tomb was 18ft. below the surface of the ground, and was



SARCOPHAGUS OF SETI I.

wonderfully intricate. In it was found this beautiful stone coffin, which was formed of two parts, namely, the chest and the lid, each hollowed out of a single white translucent block, dug from the quarries of Alabastron, on the east bank of the Nile. The lid, or cover, had been broken into numerous pieces, of which there are seventeen in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where also is the sarcophagus itself. It is 9ft. 4in. long, and 3ft. 8in. at the widest part, the thickness of the stone varying from 2½in. to 4in. Both the sarcophagus and the remains of the lid are covered inside and out with small figures and hieroglyphics.

With infinite difficulty, Belzoni conveyed the sarcophagus down the Nile and shipped it to London. When it arrived in this country it was offered to the British Museum for £2,000, but the authorities thought it much too dear. Now, as both Russia and France were anxious to possess this magnificent sarcophagus, it would probably have left the country, had it not been for Sir John Soane, who promptly bought it and had it conveyed to his house, much of the wall whereof had to be removed before the great stone coffin could be deposited where it is now to be seen, beneath a glass case that cost £69.

The extraordinary thing is that the mummy was missing. Where was Seti I.? and who removed him from his sarcophagus? No one knows. Anyhow, he turned up in 1881 in the tomb of Queen Hat-a-su, but, of course, the reason of his mysterious visit can never be ascertained.

About this time the attention of Maspero, the somewhat ferocious curator of the great Egyptian Museum, then at Boulak, was drawn by trippers to certain curios and relics that had been sold to them by the Arabs. Maspero knew a good thing when he saw it, and, accordingly, he set his spies to work, with the result that a couple of Arab chiefs were arrested and asked whence certain relics had come. At first the wily chiefs flatly refused to give the information, because, as a matter of fact, they had a perfect gold mine in the shape of a *caché* of mummies and ancient Egyptian remains. By Maspero's orders, however, the bastinado and the kourbash, or whip of hippopotamus hide, were applied, and then the Arabs confessed. They had discovered a pit at Dahr-el-Baîreeh —a long shaft that went down into the ground about 30ft. At the bottom was a gallery which went off at right angles; and the first thing Maspero and his myrmidons came upon was a magnificent leather canopy which had evidently been used as a sort of pall. Many other chambers were passed through, and at length the search party entered the tomb of Queen Hat-a-su, where, ranged stiffly along the walls, were found quite a number of missing Pharaohs — Seti I., Rameses the Great, and many others—all nicely labelled with their names in hieroglyphics. Maspero had all the mummies removed to Boulak, where they were unrolled and photographed; and Seti I., who is shown in this illustration, may be seen to this day in the great Museum at Ghizeh, while his sarcophagus adorns the more prosaic district of Lincoln's Inn Fields; all this, however, if we are to judge from appearances, is a matter of utter indifference to Seti.

MUMMY OF SETI I.

Next in this wondrous category comes a musical instrument, which is at the same time something of a grave curse. It is called the Juruparis, or Devil, and you will see it in the Ethnographical Gallery (Wall Case No. 88) at the British Museum. This instrument is quite a lady-killer in its way; but not by reason of its dulcet tones. Let me explain. The Juruparis is used by the Indians on the Rio Maupés, a tributary of the Rio Negro, in South America; and it is held in such veneration, that if the mere ordinary squaw but glances furtively at the thing, she is promptly poisoned. Lest the villages should

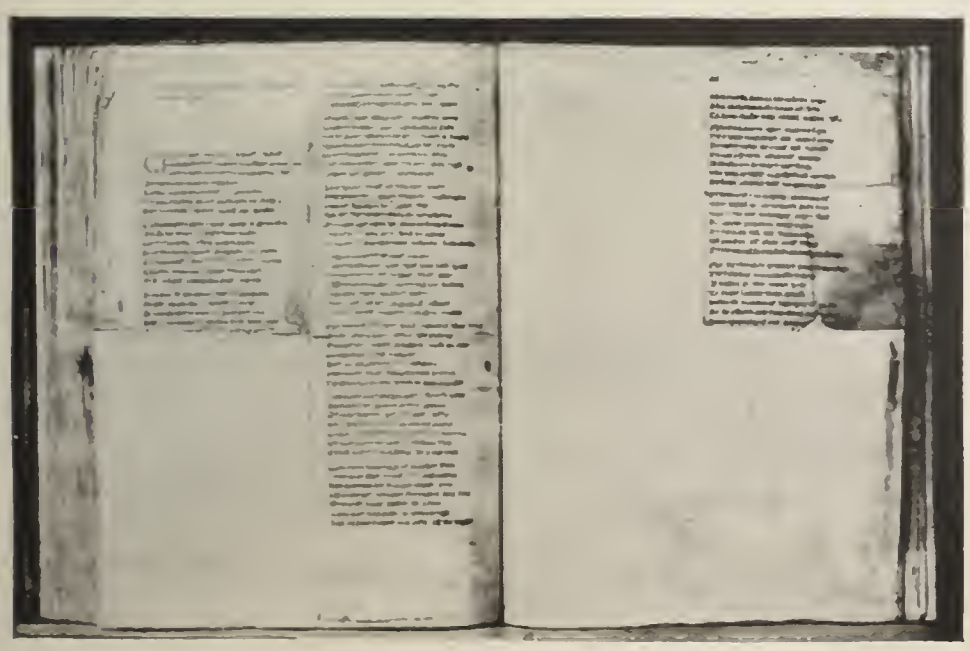
THE JURUPARIS, OR DEVIL.

be altogether depleted of womenfolk, however, the instrument is buried in the bed of a stream, deep in the primeval forest, where no person dares to drink or bathe; and it is only brought forth on great occasions. No young brave, even, is allowed to play upon the Juruparis until he has been severely knocked about by scourgings and fastings.

Much of the romance of the museums lies in the extraordinary way in which articles have been acquired. One day in the year 1874 Mr. Pierce, an intelligent inhabitant of the village of Lamberhurst, in Sussex, called at the local tobacconist's for half an ounce of the common or villainous variety of shag. After tea that night he took from his vest-pocket the paper of tobacco, and noticed that it was wrapped in thick, tough paper, bearing queer, old printed characters. Mr. Pierce at once called round at the shop, and found that the paper had been torn from a priceless old work — Lydgate's Translation of Boccaccio's "Fall of Princes," printed by Prynson in 1494. Unfortunately, many other portions had been torn out to wrap up tobacco and snuff; but the volume was at once rescued, purchased by the authorities of the British Museum, and it may now be seen in the inner Reading Room. The torn leaves were pieced and repaired as far as possible; and this is shown in the illustration.

Here is the unimposing throne of Quaco Acka, King of Appolonia, in Ashantee. When the British were last upon him, with ugly intentions, His Majesty seated himself upon this stool, the pillar of which was stuffed with trade gunpowder, and he resolved to blow himself to pieces rather than submit to our troops. I should not omit to mention that his wives were, *nolens volens*, gathered round him; but these heroics had a very tame ending, the potential martyr surrendering quietly and presenting his captor —Captain W. H. Quin—with a gold ring.

THRONE ON WHICH THE KING OF APPOLONIA WAS ABOUT TO BE BLOWN UP WITH HIS WIVES.



LYDGATE'S TRANSLATION OF BOCCACCIO'S "FALL OF PRINCES," RESCUED FROM A TOBACCONIST'S SHOP.

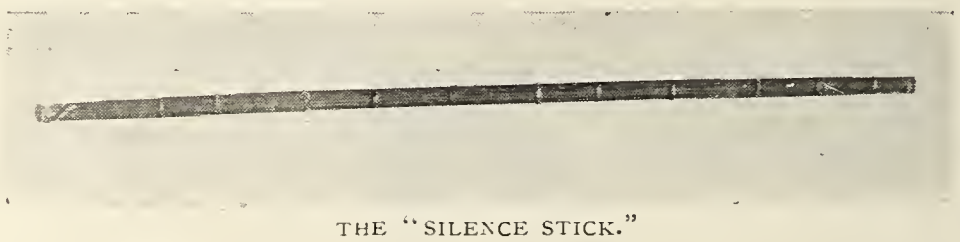
There are four chess pieces of the twelfth century, carved out of walrus tusk, and with a queer history. The illustration shows a knight, king, queen, and bishop, the queen having a look on her face like unto that which comes over one who has inadvertently crashed into a full-length mirror. One morning in the beginning of 1831 a peasant of Uig, in the Isle of Lewis, was digging in a sandbank when he came upon a number of chessmen — altogether about enough to make six sets. The figures were of excellent workman-

ship, and, judging from the costume, certainly of remote antiquity. At first the Scottish antiquaries were of the opinion that, as the pieces had been found near a ruined nunnery, they were originally intended to beguile the tedium of cloistered seclusion; but it was afterwards determined that these chessmen had probably formed part of the merchandise of an Icelandic *kaup-mann*, or trader, who was carrying them to the Hebrides or Iceland when his vessel was wrecked, and the pieces swept on shore by the waves.

LONG-LOST CHESSMEN.

For the sake of distinction, many of these chessmen were coloured red, but the action of the salt water for seven centuries had almost washed this out; the pieces are about four inches high.

In the next picture we see the rattle staff of an African King, brought from the Gaboon (West Coast). This wonderful stick is a sectional tube made of narrow strips of bamboo, bound with rattan and painted with broad bands of dark red; the ends are closed. In the interior, small bits of reed are placed transversely all the way down, forming a perfect network. There are also a lot of seeds inside, so that, when smartly inverted, these trickle gradually down the tube with a curiously loud noise, like unto that of a stream rushing over a rocky bed. The assistants of the British Museum very kindly took this staff from the wall-case in the Ethnographical Gallery, and gave me demonstrations of its singular character; it is 4ft. long and 1¼in. in diameter. I gather that the dusky monarch who owned the "silence stick" would, on occasion, rise up in the midst of his young men, and ask for a hearing, knocking the tube sharply on the ground at the same time. If silence were not observed within a large radius by the time the seeds had ceased falling (about a minute and a quarter), some loquacious brave would certainly suffer death.



THE "SILENCE STICK."

By MISS BRADDON.

I.

BELLA ROLLESTON had made up her mind that her only chance of earning her bread and helping her mother to an occasional crust was by going out into the great unknown world as companion to a lady. She was willing to go to any lady rich enough to pay her a salary and so eccentric as to wish for a hired companion. Five shillings told off reluctantly from one of those sovereigns which were so rare with the mother and daughter, and which melted away so quickly, five solid shillings, had been handed to a smartly-dressed lady in an office in Harbeck Street, W., in the hope that this very Superior Person would find a situation and a salary for Miss Rolleston.

The Superior Person glanced at the two half-crowns as they lay on the table where Bella's hand had placed them, to make sure they were neither of them florins, before she wrote a description of Bella's qualifications and requirements in a formidable-looking ledger.

"Age?" she asked, curtly.

"Eighteen, last July."

"Any accomplishments?"

"No; I am not at all accomplished. If I were I should want to be a governess—a companion seems the lowest stage."

"We have some highly accomplished ladies on our books as companions, or chaperon companions."

"Oh, I know!" babbled Bella, loquacious in her youthful candour. "But that is quite a different thing. Mother hasn't been able to afford a piano since I was twelve years old, so I'm afraid I've forgotten how to play. And I have had to help mother with her needlework, so there hasn't been much time to study."

"Please don't waste time upon explaining what you can't do, but kindly tell me anything you can do," said the Superior Person, crushingly, with her pen poised between delicate fingers waiting to write. "Can you read aloud for two or three hours at a stretch? Are you active and handy, an early riser, a good walker, sweet tempered, and obliging?"

"I can say yes to all those questions except about the sweetness. I think I have a pretty good temper, and I should be anxious to oblige anybody who paid for my services. I should want them to feel that I was really earning my salary."

"The kind of ladies who come to me would not care for a talkative companion," said the Person, severely, having finished writing in her book. "My connection lies chiefly among the aristocracy, and in that class considerable deference is expected."

"Oh, of course," said Bella; "but it's quite different when I'm talking to you. I want to tell you all about myself once and for ever."

"I am glad it is to be only once!" said the Person, with the edges of her lips.

The Person was of uncertain age, tightly laced in a black silk gown. She had a powdery complexion and a handsome clump

of somebody else's hair on the top of her head. It may be that Bella's girlish freshness and vivacity had an irritating effect upon nerves weakened by an eight hours day in that over-heated second floor in Harbeck Street. To Bella the official apartment, with its Brussels carpet, velvet curtains and velvet chairs, and French clock, ticking loud on the marble chimney-piece, suggested the luxury of a palace, as compared with another second floor in Walworth where Mrs. Rolleston and her daughter had managed to exist for the last six years.

"Do you think you have anything on your books that would suit me?" faltered Bella, after a pause.

"Oh, dear, no; I have nothing in view at present," answered the Person, who had swept Bella's half-crowns into a drawer, absent-mindedly, with the tips of her fingers. "You see, you are so very unformed—so much too young to be companion to a lady of position. It is a pity you have not enough education for a nursery governess; that would be more in your line."

"And do you think it will be very long before you can get me a situation?" asked Bella, doubtfully.

being a burden to her. I want a salary that I can share with her."

"There won't be much margin for sharing in the salary you are likely to get at your age—and with your—very—unformed manners," said the Person, who found Bella's peony cheeks, bright eyes, and unbridled vivacity more and more oppressive.

"Perhaps if you'd be kind enough to give me back the fee I could take it to an agency where the connection isn't quite so aristocratic," said Bella, who—as she told her mother in her recital of the interview—was determined not to be sat upon.

"You will find no agency that can do more for you than mine," replied the Person, whose harpy fingers never relinquished coin. "You will have to wait for your opportunity. Yours is an exceptional case: but I will bear you in mind, and if anything suitable offers I will write to you. I cannot say more than that."

The half-contemptuous bend of the stately head, weighted with borrowed hair, indicated the end of the interview. Bella went back to Walworth—tramped sturdily every inch of the way in the September afternoon—and "took off" the Superior Person for the

"NOT A LOVE AFFAIR, I HOPE?"

"I really cannot say. Have you any particular reason for being so impatient—not a love affair, I hope?"

"A love affair!" cried Bella, with flaming cheeks. "What utter nonsense. I want a situation because mother is poor, and I hate

amusement of her mother and the landlady, who lingered in the shabby little sitting-room after bringing in the tea-tray, to applaud Miss Rolleston's "taking off."

"Dear, dear, what a mimic she is!" said the landlady. "You ought to have let her

go on the stage, mum. She might have made her fortune as a hactress."

II.

Bella waited and hoped, and listened for the postman's knocks which brought such store of letters for the parlours and the first floor, and so few for that humble second floor, where mother and daughter sat sewing with hand and with wheel and treadle, for the greater part of the day. Mrs. Rolleston was a lady by birth and education; but it had been her bad fortune to marry a scoundrel; for the last half-dozen years she had been that worst of widows, a wife whose husband had deserted her. Happily, she was courageous, industrious, and a clever needlewoman; and she had been able just to earn a living for herself and her only child, by making mantles and cloaks for a West-end house. It was not a luxurious living. Cheap lodgings in a shabby street off the Walworth Road, scanty dinners, homely food, well-worn raiment, had been the portion of mother and daughter; but they loved each other so dearly, and Nature had made them both so light-hearted, that they had contrived somehow to be happy.

But now this idea of going out into the world as companion to some fine lady had rooted itself into Bella's mind, and although she idolized her mother, and although the parting of mother and daughter must needs tear two loving hearts into shreds, the girl longed for enterprise and change and excitement, as the pages of old longed to be knights, and to start for the Holy Land to break a lance with the infidel.

She grew tired of racing downstairs every time the postman knocked, only to be told "nothing for you, miss," by the smudgy-faced drudge who picked up the letters from the passage floor. "Nothing for you, miss," grinned the lodging-house drudge, till at last Bella took heart of grace and walked up to Harbeck Street, and asked the Superior Person how it was that no situation had been found for her.

"You are too young," said the Person, "and you want a salary."

"Of course I do," answered Bella; "don't other people want salaries?"

"Young ladies of your age generally want a comfortable home."

"I don't," snapped Bella; "I want to help mother."

"You can call again this day week," said the Person; "or, if I hear of anything in the meantime, I will write to you."

No letter came from the Person, and in exactly a week Bella put on her neatest hat, the one that had been seldomest caught in the rain, and trudged off to Harbeck Street.

It was a dull October afternoon, and there was a greyness in the air which might turn to fog before night. The Walworth Road shops gleamed brightly through that grey atmosphere, and though to a young lady reared in Mayfair or Belgravia such shop-windows would have been unworthy of a glance, they were a snare and temptation for Bella. There were so many things that she longed for, and would never be able to buy.

Harbeck Street is apt to be empty at this dead season of the year, a long, long street, an endless perspective of eminently respectable houses. The Person's office was at the further end, and Bella looked down that long, grey vista almost despairingly, more tired than usual with the trudge from Walworth. As she looked, a carriage passed her, an old-fashioned, yellow chariot, on cee springs, drawn by a pair of high grey horses, with the stateliest of coachmen driving them, and a tall footman sitting by his side.

"It looks like the fairy god-mother's coach," thought Bella. "I shouldn't wonder if it began by being a pumpkin."

It was a surprise when she reached the Person's door to find the yellow chariot standing before it, and the tall footman waiting near the doorstep. She was almost afraid to go in and meet the owner of that splendid carriage. She had caught only a glimpse of its occupant as the chariot rolled by, a plumed bonnet, a patch of ermine.

The Person's smart page ushered her upstairs and knocked at the official door. "Miss Rolleston," he announced, apologetically, while Bella waited outside.

"Show her in," said the Person, quickly; and then Bella heard her murmuring something in a low voice to her client.

Bella went in fresh, blooming, a living image of youth and hope, and before she looked at the Person her gaze was riveted by the owner of the chariot.

Never had she seen anyone as old as the old lady sitting by the Person's fire: a little old figure, wrapped from chin to feet in an ermine mantle; a withered, old face under a plumed bonnet—a face so wasted by age that it seemed only a pair of eyes and a peaked chin. The nose was peaked, too, but between the sharply pointed chin and the great, shining eyes, the small, aquiline nose was hardly visible.

"This is Miss Rolleston, Lady Ducayne."

"LADY DUCAYNE."

Claw-like fingers, flashing with jewels, lifted a double eyeglass to Lady Ducayne's shining black eyes, and through the glasses Bella saw those unnaturally bright eyes magnified to a gigantic size, and glaring at her awfully.

"Miss Torpinter has told me all about you," said the old voice that belonged to the eyes. "Have you good health? Are you strong and active, able to eat well, sleep well, walk well, able to enjoy all that there is good in life?"

"I have never known what it is to be ill, or idle," answered Bella.

"Then I think you will do for me."

"Of course, in the event of references being perfectly satisfactory," put in the Person.

"I don't want references. The young woman looks frank and innocent. I'll take her on trust."

"So like you, dear Lady Ducayne," murmured Miss Torpinter.

"I want a strong young woman whose health will give me no trouble."

"You have been so unfortunate in that respect," cooed the Person, whose voice and manner were subdued to a melting sweetness by the old woman's presence.

"Yes, I've been rather unlucky," grunted Lady Ducayne.

"But I am sure Miss Rolleston will not disappoint you, though certainly after your unpleasant experience with Miss Tomson, who looked the picture of health—and Miss Blandy, who said she had never seen a doctor since she was vaccinated——"

"Lies, no doubt," muttered Lady Ducayne, and then turning to Bella, she asked, curtly, "You don't mind spending the winter in Italy, I suppose?"

In Italy! The very word was magical. Bella's fair young face flushed crimson.

"It has been the dream of my life to see Italy," she gasped.

From Walworth to Italy! How far, how impossible such a journey had seemed to that romantic dreamer.

"Well, your dream will be realized. Get yourself ready to leave Charing Cross by the train de luxe this day week at eleven. Be sure you are at the station a quarter before the hour. My people will look after you and your luggage."

Lady Ducayne rose from her chair, assisted by her crutch-stick, and Miss Torpinter escorted her to the door.

"And with regard to salary?" questioned the Person on the way.

"Salary, oh, the same as usual—and if the young woman wants a quarter's pay in advance you can write to me for a cheque," Lady Ducayne answered, carelessly.

Miss Torpinter went all the way downstairs with her client, and waited to see her seated in the yellow chariot. When she came upstairs again she was slightly out of breath, and she had resumed that superior manner which Bella had found so crushing.

"You may think yourself uncommonly lucky, Miss Rolleston," she said. "I have dozens of young ladies on my books whom I might have recommended for this situation—but I remembered having told you to call this afternoon—and I thought I would give you a chance. Old Lady Ducayne is one of the best people on my books. She gives her

companion a hundred a year, and pays all travelling expenses. You will live in the lap of luxury."

"A hundred a year! How too lovely! Shall I have to dress very grandly? Does Lady Ducayne keep much company?"

"At her age! No, she lives in seclusion—in her own apartments—her French maid, her footman, her medical attendant, her courier."

"Why did those other companions leave her?" asked Bella.

"Their health broke down!"

"Poor things, and so they had to leave?"

"Yes, they had to leave. I suppose you would like a quarter's salary in advance?"

"Oh, yes, please. I shall have things to buy."

"Very well, I will write for Lady Ducayne's cheque, and I will send you the balance—after deducting my commission for the year."

"To be sure, I had forgotten the commission."

"You don't suppose I keep this office for pleasure."

"Of course not," murmured Bella, remembering the five shillings entrance fee; but nobody could expect a hundred a year and a winter in Italy for five shillings.

III.

"From Miss Rolleston, at Cap Ferrino, to Mrs. Rolleston, in Beresford Street, Walworth.

"How I wish you could see this place, dearest; the blue sky, the olive woods, the orange and lemon orchards between the cliffs and the sea—sheltering in the hollow of the great hills—and with summer waves dancing up to the narrow ridge of pebbles and weeds which is the Italian idea of a beach! Oh, how I wish you could see it all, mother dear, and bask in this sunshine, that makes it so difficult to believe the date at the head of this paper. November! The air is like an English June—the sun is so hot that I can't walk a few yards without an umbrella. And to think of you at Walworth while I am here! I could cry at the thought that perhaps you will never see this lovely coast, this wonderful sea, these summer flowers that bloom in winter. There is a hedge of pink geraniums under my window, mother—a thick, rank hedge, as if the flowers grew wild—and there are Dijon roses climbing over arches and palisades all along the terrace—a rose garden full of bloom in November! Just picture it all! You could never imagine the luxury of this hotel. It is nearly new, and has been built and decorated regardless of expense. Our rooms are upholstered in pale blue satin, which shows up Lady Ducayne's parchment complexion; but as she sits all day in a corner of the balcony basking in the sun, except when she is in her carriage, and all the evening in her armchair close to the fire, and never sees anyone but her own people, her complexion matters very little.

"She has the handsomest suite of rooms in the hotel. My bedroom is inside hers, the sweetest room—all blue satin and white lace—white enamelled furniture, looking-glasses on every wall, till I know my pert little profile as I never knew it before. The room was really meant for Lady Ducayne's dressing-room, but she ordered one of the blue satin couches to be arranged as a bed for me—the prettiest little bed, which I can wheel near the window on sunny mornings, as it is on castors and easily moved about. I feel as if Lady Ducayne were a funny old grandmother, who had suddenly appeared in my life, very, very rich, and very, very kind.

"She is not at all exacting. I read aloud to her a good deal, and she dozes and nods while I read. Sometimes I hear her moaning in her sleep—as if she had troublesome dreams. When she is tired of my reading she orders Francine, her maid, to read a French novel to her, and I hear her chuckle and groan now and then, as if she were more interested in those books than in Dickens or Scott. My French is not good enough to follow Francine, who reads very quickly. I have a great deal of liberty, for Lady Ducayne often tells me to run away and amuse myself; I roam about the hills for hours. Everything is so lovely. I lose myself in olive woods, always climbing up and up towards the pine woods above—and above the pines there are the snow mountains that just show their white peaks above the dark hills. Oh, you poor dear, how can I ever make you understand what this place is like—you, whose poor, tired eyes have only the opposite side of Beresford Street? Sometimes I go no farther than the terrace in front of the hotel, which is a favourite lounging-place with everybody. The gardens lie below, and the tennis courts where I sometimes play with a very nice girl, the only person in the hotel with whom I have made friends. She is a year older than I, and has come to Cap Ferrino with her brother, a doctor—or a medical student, who is going to be a doctor. He passed his M.B. exam.

at Edinburgh just before they left home, Lotta told me. He came to Italy entirely on his sister's account. She had a troublesome chest attack last summer and was ordered to winter abroad. They are orphans, quite alone in the world, and so fond of each other. It is very nice for me to have such a friend as Lotta. She is so thoroughly respectable. I can't help using that word, for some of the girls in this hotel go on in a way that I know you would shudder at. Lotta was brought up by an aunt, deep down in the country, and knows hardly anything about life. Her brother won't allow her to read a novel, French or English, that he has not read and approved.

"'He treats me like a child,' she told me, 'but I don't mind, for it's nice to know somebody loves me, and cares about what I do, and even about my thoughts.'

"Perhaps this is what makes some girls so eager to marry — the want of someone strong and brave and honest and true to care for them and order them about. I want no one, mother darling, for I have you, and you are all the world to me. No husband could ever come between us two. If I ever were to marry he would have only the second place in my heart. But I don't suppose I ever shall marry, or even know what it is like to have an offer of marriage. No young man can afford to marry a penniless girl nowadays. Life is too expensive.

"Mr. Stafford, Lotta's brother, is very clever, and very kind. He thinks it is rather hard for me to have to live with such an old woman as Lady Ducayne, but then he does not know how poor we are—you and I—and what a wonderful life this seems to me in this lovely place. I feel a selfish wretch for enjoying all my luxuries, while you, who want them so much more than I, have none of them—hardly know what they are like—do you, dearest?—for my scamp of a father began to go to the dogs soon after you were married, and since then life has been all trouble and care and struggle for you."

"IN THE OLIVE WOODS."

This letter was written when Bella had been less than a month at Cap Ferrino, before the novelty had worn off the landscape, and before the pleasure of luxurious surroundings had begun to cloy. She wrote to her mother every week, such long letters as girls who have lived in closest companionship with a mother alone can write; letters that are like a diary of heart and mind. She wrote gaily always; but when the new year began Mrs. Rolleston thought she detected a note of melancholy under all those lively details about the place and the people.

"My poor girl is getting home-sick," she thought. "Her heart is in Beresford Street."

It might be that she missed her new friend and companion, Lotta Stafford, who had gone with her brother for a little tour to Genoa and Spezzia, and as far as Pisa. They were to return before February; but in the meantime Bella might naturally feel very solitary among all those strangers, whose manners and doings she described so well.

The mother's instinct had been true. Bella was not so happy as she had been in that first flush of wonder and delight which followed the change from Walworth to the Riviera. Somehow, she knew not how, lassitude had crept upon her. She no longer loved to climb the hills, no longer flourished her orange stick in sheer gladness of heart as her light feet skipped over the rough ground and the coarse grass on the mountain side. The odour of rosemary and thyme, the fresh breath of the sea, no longer filled her

with rapture. She thought of Beresford Street and her mother's face with a sick longing. They were so far—so far away! And then she thought of Lady Ducayne, sitting by the heaped-up olive logs in the over-heated salon—thought of that wizened-nut-cracker profile, and those gleaming eyes, with an invincible horror.

Visitors at the hotel had told her that the air of Cap Ferrino was relaxing — better suited to age than to youth, to sickness than to health. No doubt it was so. She was not so well as she had been at Walworth; but she told herself that she was suffering only from the pain of separation from the dear companion of her girlhood, the mother who had been nurse, sister, friend, flatterer, all things in this world to her. She had shed many tears over that parting, had spent many a melancholy hour on the marble terrace with yearning eyes looking westward, and with her heart's desire a thousand miles away.

She was sitting in her favourite spot, an angle at the eastern end of the terrace, a quiet little nook sheltered by orange trees, when she heard a couple of Riviera habitués talking in the garden below. They were sitting on a bench against the terrace wall.

She had no idea of listening to their talk, till the sound of Lady Ducayne's name attracted her, and then she listened without any thought of wrong-doing. They were talking no secrets—just casually discussing an hotel acquaintance.

They were two elderly people whom Bella only knew by sight. An English clergyman who had wintered abroad for half his lifetime; a stout, comfortable, well-to-do spinster, whose chronic bronchitis obliged her to migrate annually.

"I have met her about Italy for the last ten years," said the lady; "but have never found out her real age."

"I put her down at a hundred—not a year less," replied the parson. "Her reminiscences all go back to the Regency. She was evidently then in her zenith; and I have heard her say things that showed she was in Parisian society when the First Empire was at its best—before Josephine was divorced."

"She doesn't talk much now."

"No; there's not much life left in her. She is wise in keeping herself secluded. I only wonder that wicked old quack, her Italian doctor, didn't finish her off years ago."

"I should think it must be the other way, and that he keeps her alive."

"My dear Miss Manders, do you think foreign quackery ever kept anybody alive?"

"Well, there she is—and she never goes anywhere without him. He certainly has an unpleasant countenance."

"Unpleasant," echoed the parson, "I don't believe the foul fiend himself can beat him in ugliness. I pity that poor young woman who has to live between old Lady Ducayne and Dr. Parravicini."

"But the old lady is very good to her companions."

"No doubt. She is very free with her cash; the servants call her good Lady Ducayne. She is a withered old female Crœsus, and knows she'll never be able to get through her money, and doesn't relish the idea of other people enjoying it when she's in her coffin. People who live to be as old as she is become slavishly attached to life. I daresay she's generous to those poor girls—but she can't make them happy. They die in her service."

"Don't say they, Mr. Carton; I know that one poor girl died at Mentone last spring."

"Yes, and another poor girl died in Rome three years ago. I was there at the time. Good Lady Ducayne left her there in an English family. The girl had every comfort. The old woman was very liberal to her—but she died. I tell you, Miss Manders, it is not good for any young woman to live with two such horrors as Lady Ducayne and Parravicini."

They talked of other things—but Bella hardly heard them. She sat motionless, and a cold wind seemed to come down upon her from the mountains and to creep up to her from the sea, till she shivered as she sat there in the sunshine, in the shelter of the orange trees in the midst of all that beauty and brightness.

Yes, they were uncanny, certainly, the pair of them—she so like an aristocratic witch in her withered old age; he of no particular age, with a face that was more like a waxen mask than any human countenance Bella had ever seen. What did it matter? Old age is venerable, and worthy of all reverence; and Lady Ducayne had been very kind to her. Dr. Parravicini was a harmless, inoffensive student, who seldom looked up from the book he was reading. He had his private sitting-room, where he made experiments in chemistry and natural science—perhaps in alchemy. What could it matter to Bella? He had always been polite to her, in his far-off way. She could not be more

"WITH YEARNING EYES LOOKING WESTWARD."

happily placed than she was—in this palatial hotel, with this rich old lady.

No doubt she missed the young English girl who had been so friendly, and it might be that she missed the girl's brother, for Mr. Stafford had talked to her a good deal—had interested himself in the books she was reading, and her manner of amusing herself when she was not on duty.

"You must come to our little salon when you are 'off,' as the hospital nurses call it, and we can have some music. No doubt you play and sing?" upon which Bella had to own with a blush of shame that she had forgotten how to play the piano ages ago.

"Mother and I used to sing duets sometimes between the lights, without accompaniment," she said, and the tears came into her eyes as she thought of the humble room, the half-hour's respite from work, the sewing-machine standing where a piano ought to have been, and her mother's plaintive voice, so sweet, so true, so dear.

Sometimes she found herself wondering whether she would ever see that beloved mother again. Strange forebodings came into her mind. She was angry with herself for giving way to melancholy thoughts.

One day she questioned Lady Ducayne's French maid about those two companions who had died within three years.

"They were poor, feeble creatures," Francine told her. "They looked fresh and bright enough when they came to Miladi; but they ate too much, and they were lazy. They died of luxury and idleness. Miladi was too kind to them. They had nothing to do; and so they took to fancying things; fancying the air didn't suit them, that they couldn't sleep."

"I sleep well enough, but I have had a strange dream several times since I have been in Italy."

"Ah, you had better not begin to think about dreams, or you will be like those other girls. They were dreamers —and they dreamt themselves into the cemetery."

The dream troubled her a little, not because it was a ghastly or frightening dream, but on account of sensations which she had never felt before in sleep—a whirring of wheels that went round in her brain, a great noise like a whirlwind, but rhythmical like the ticking of a gigantic clock: and then in the midst of this uproar as of winds and waves she seemed to sink into a gulf of unconsciousness, out of sleep into far deeper sleep—total extinction. And then, after that blank interval, there had come the sound of voices, and then again the whirr of wheels, louder and louder—and again the blank —and then she knew no more till morning, when she awoke, feeling languid and oppressed.

She told Dr. Parravicini of her dream one day, on the only occasion when she wanted his professional advice. She had suffered rather severely from the mosquitoes before Christmas—and had been almost frightened at finding a wound upon her arm which she could only attribute to the venomous sting of one of these torturers. Parravicini put on his glasses, and scrutinized the angry mark on the round, white arm, as Bella stood before

him and Lady Ducayne with her sleeve rolled up above her elbow.

"Yes, that's rather more than a joke," he said; "he has caught you on the top of a vein. What a vampire! But there's no harm done, signorina, nothing that a little dressing of mine won't heal. You must always show me any bite of this nature. It might be dangerous if neglected. These creatures feed on poison and disseminate it."

"And to think that such tiny creatures can bite like this," said Bella; "my arm looks as if it had been cut by a knife."

"If I were to show you a mosquito's sting under my microscope you wouldn't be surprised at that," replied Parravicini.

Bella had to put up with the mosquito bites, even when they came on the top of a vein, and produced that ugly wound. The wound recurred now and then at longish intervals, and Bella found Dr. Parravicini's dressing a speedy cure. If he were the quack his enemies called him, he had at least a light hand and a delicate touch in performing this small operation.

"Bella Rolleston to Mrs. Rolleston.—April 14th.

"EVER DEAREST,—Behold the cheque for my second quarter's salary—five and twenty pounds. There is no one to pinch off a whole tenner for a year's commission as there was last time, so it is all for you, mother, dear. I have plenty of pocket-money in hand from the cash I brought away with me, when you insisted on my keeping more than I wanted. It isn't possible to spend money here—except on occasional tips to servants, or sous to beggars and children—unless one had lots to spend, for everything one would like to buy—tortoise-shell, coral, lace—is so ridiculously dear that only a millionaire ought to look at it. Italy is a dream of beauty: but for shopping, give me Newington Causeway.

"You ask me so earnestly if I am quite well that I fear my letters must have been very dull lately. Yes, dear, I am well—but I am not quite so strong as I was when I used to trudge to the West-end to buy half a pound of tea—just for a constitutional walk—or to Dulwich to look at the pictures. Italy is relaxing; and I feel what the people here call 'slack.' But I fancy I can see your dear face looking worried as you read this. Indeed, and indeed, I am not ill. I am only a little tired of this lovely scene—as I suppose one might get tired of looking at one of Turner's pictures if it hung on a wall that was always opposite one. I think of you every hour in every day—think of you and our homely little room—our dear little shabby parlour, with the arm-chairs from the wreck of your old home, and Dick singing in his cage over the sewing-machine. Dear, shrill, maddening Dick, who, we flattered ourselves, was so passionately fond of us. Do tell me in your next that he is well.

"My friend Lotta and her brother never came back after all. They went from Pisa to Rome. Happy mortals! And they are to be on the Italian lakes in May; which lake was not decided when Lotta last wrote to me. She has been a charming correspondent, and has confided all her little flirtations to me. We are all to go to Bellaggio next week—by Genoa and Milan. Isn't that lovely? Lady Ducayne travels by the easiest stages — except when she is bottled up in the train de luxe. We shall stop two days at Genoa and one at Milan. What a bore I shall be to you with my talk about Italy when I come home.

"Love and love—and ever more love from your adoring, BELLA."

IV.

HERBERT STAFFORD and his sister had often talked of the pretty English girl with her fresh complexion, which made such a pleasant touch of rosy colour among all those sallow faces at the Grand Hotel. The young doctor thought of her with a compassionate tenderness—her utter loneliness in that great hotel where there were so many people, her bondage to that old, old woman, where everybody else was free to think of nothing but enjoying life. It was a hard fate; and the poor child was evidently devoted to her mother, and felt the pain of separation—"only two of them, and very poor, and all the world to each other," he thought.

Lotta told him one morning that they were to meet again at Bellaggio. "The old thing and her court are to be there before we are," she said. "I shall be charmed to have Bella again. She is so bright and gay—in spite of an occasional touch of home-sickness. I never took to a girl on a short acquaintance as I did to her."

"I like her best when she is home-sick," said Herbert; "for then I am sure she has a heart."

"What have you to do with hearts, except for dissection? Don't forget that Bella is an absolute pauper. She told me in confidence that her mother makes mantles for a West-end shop. You can hardly have a lower depth than that."

"I shouldn't think any less of her if her mother made match-boxes."

"WHAT A VAMPIRE!"

"Not in the abstract—of course not. Match-boxes are honest labour. But you couldn't marry a girl whose mother makes mantles."

"We haven't come to the consideration of that question yet," answered Herbert, who liked to provoke his sister.

In two years' hospital practice he had seen too much of the grim realities of life to retain any prejudices about rank. Cancer, phthisis, gangrene, leave a man with little respect for the outward differences which vary the husk of humanity. The kernel is always the same—fearfully and wonderfully made—a subject for pity and terror.

Mr. Stafford and his sister arrived at Bellaggio in a fair May evening. The sun was going down as the steamer approached the pier; and all that glory of purple bloom which curtains every wall at this season of the year flushed and deepened in the glowing light. A group of ladies were standing on the pier watching the arrivals, and among them Herbert saw a pale face that startled him out of his wonted composure.

"There she is," murmured Lotta, at his elbow, "but how dreadfully changed. She looks a wreck."

They were shaking hands with her a few minutes later, and a flush had lighted up her poor pinched face in the pleasure of meeting.

"I thought you might come this evening," she said. "We have been here a week."

She did not add that she had been there every evening to watch the boat in, and a good many times during the day. The Grand Bretagne was close by, and it had been easy for her to creep to the pier when the boat bell rang. She felt a joy in meeting these people again; a sense of being with friends; a confidence which Lady Ducayne's goodness had never inspired in her.

"Oh, you poor darling, how awfully ill you must have been," exclaimed Lotta, as the two girls embraced.

Bella tried to answer, but her voice was choked with tears.

"What has been the matter, dear? That horrid influenza, I suppose?"

"No, no, I have not been ill—I have only felt a little weaker than I used to be. I don't think the air of Cap Ferrino quite agreed with me."

"It must have disagreed with you abominably. I never saw such a change in anyone. Do let Herbert doctor you. He is fully qualified, you know. He prescribed for ever so many influenza patients at the Londres. They were glad to get advice from an English doctor in a friendly way."

"I am sure he must be very clever!" faltered Bella, "but there is really nothing the matter. I am not ill, and if I were ill, Lady Ducayne's physician——"

"That dreadful man with the yellow face? I would as soon one of the Borgias prescribed for me. I hope you haven't been taking any of his medicines."

"No, dear, I have taken nothing. I have never complained of being ill."

This was said while they were all three walking to the hotel. The Staffords' rooms had been secured in advance, pretty ground-floor rooms, opening into the garden. Lady Ducayne's statelier apartments were on the floor above.

"I believe these rooms are just under ours," said Bella.

"Then it will be all the easier for you to run down to us," replied Lotta, which was not really the case, as the grand staircase was in the centre of the hotel.

"Oh, I shall find it easy enough," said Bella. "I'm afraid you'll have too much of

my society. Lady Ducayne sleeps away half the day in this warm weather, so I have a good deal of idle time; and I get awfully moped thinking of mother and home."

Her voice broke upon the last word. She could not have thought of that poor lodging which went by the name of home more tenderly had it been the most beautiful that art and wealth ever created. She moped and pined in this lovely garden, with the sunlit lake and the romantic hills spreading out their beauty before her. She was home-sick and she had dreams: or, rather, an occasional recurrence of that one bad dream with all its strange sensations — it was more like a hallucination than dreaming—the whirring of wheels; the sinking into an abyss; the struggling back to consciousness. She had the dream shortly before she left Cap Ferrino, but not since she had come to Bellaggio, and she began to hope the air in this lake district suited her better, and that those strange sensations would never return.

Mr. Stafford wrote a prescription and had it made up at the chemist's near the hotel. It was a powerful tonic, and after two bottles, and a row or two on the lake, and some rambling over the hills and in the meadows where the spring flowers made earth seem paradise, Bella's spirits and looks improved as if by magic.

"It is a wonderful tonic," she said, but perhaps in her heart of hearts she knew that the doctor's kind voice, and the friendly hand that helped her in and out of the boat, and the watchful care that went with her by land and lake, had something to do with her cure.

"I hope you don't forget that her mother makes mantles," Lotta said, warningly.

"Or match-boxes: it is just the same thing, so far as I am concerned."

"You mean that in no circumstances could you think of marrying her?"

"I mean that if ever I love a woman well enough to think of marrying her, riches or rank will count for nothing with me. But I fear—I fear your poor friend may not live to be any man's wife."

"Do you think her so very ill?"

He sighed, and left the question unanswered.

One day, while they were gathering wild hyacinths in an upland meadow, Bella told Mr. Stafford about her bad dream.

"It is curious only because it is hardly like a dream," she said. "I daresay you could find some common-sense reason for it. The position of my head on my pillow, or the atmosphere, or something."

And then she described her sensations; how in the midst of sleep there came a sudden sense of suffocation; and then those whirring wheels, so loud, so terrible; and then a blank, and then a coming back to waking consciousness.

"Have you ever had chloroform given you —by a dentist, for instance?"

"Never—Dr. Parravicini asked me that question one day."

"Lately?"

"No, long ago, when we were in the train de luxe."

"Has Dr. Parravicini prescribed for you since you began to feel weak and ill?"

"Oh, he has given me a tonic from time to time, but I hate medicine, and took very little of the stuff. And then I am not ill, only weaker than I used to be. I was ridiculously strong and well when I lived at Walworth, and used to take long walks every day. Mother made me take those tramps to Dulwich or Norwood, for fear I should suffer from too much sewing-machine; sometimes—but very seldom—she went with me. She was generally toiling at home while I was enjoying fresh air and exercise. And she was very careful about our food—that, however plain it was, it should be always nourishing and ample. I owe it to her care that I grew up such a great, strong creature."

"You don't look great or strong now, you poor dear," said Lotta.

"I'm afraid Italy doesn't agree with me."

"Perhaps it is not Italy, but being cooped up with Lady Ducayne that has made you ill."

"But I am never cooped up. Lady Ducayne is absurdly kind, and lets me roam about or sit in the balcony all day if I like. I have read more novels since I have been with her than in all the rest of my life."

"Then she is very different from the average old lady, who is usually a slave-driver," said Stafford. "I wonder why she carries a companion about with her if she has so little need of society."

"Oh, I am only part of her state. She is inordinately rich—and the salary she gives me doesn't count. Apropos of Dr. Parravicini, I know he is a clever doctor, for he cures my horrid mosquito bites."

"A little ammonia would do that, in the early stage of the mischief. But there are no mosquitoes to trouble you now."

"Oh, yes, there are; I had a bite just before we left Cap Ferrino."

She pushed up her loose lawn sleeve, and exhibited a scar, which he scrutinized intently, with a surprised and puzzled look.

"This is no mosquito bite," he said.

"Oh, yes it is—unless there are snakes or adders at Cap Ferrino."

"It is not a bite at all. You are trifling with me. Miss Rolleston—you have allowed that wretched Italian quack to bleed you. They killed the greatest man in modern Europe that way, remember. How very foolish of you."

"I was never bled in my life, Mr. Stafford."

"Nonsense! Let me look at your other arm. Are there any more mosquito bites?"

"Yes; Dr. Parravicini says I have a bad skin for healing, and that the poison acts more virulently with me than with most people."

Stafford examined both her arms in the broad sunlight, scars new and old.

"You have been very badly bitten, Miss Rolleston," he said, "and if ever I find the mosquito I shall make him smart. But, now tell me, my dear girl, on your word of honour, tell me as you would tell a friend who is sincerely anxious for your health and happiness—as you would tell your mother if she were here to question you—have you no knowledge of any cause for these scars except mosquito bites—no suspicion even?"

"No, indeed! No, upon my honour! I have never seen a mosquito biting my arm. One never does see the horrid little fiends. But I have heard them trumpeting under the curtains, and I know that I have often had one of the pestilent wretches buzzing about me."

Later in the day Bella and her friends were sitting at tea in the garden, while Lady Ducayne took her afternoon drive with her doctor.

"How long do you mean to stop with Lady Ducayne, Miss Rolleston?" Herbert Stafford asked, after a thoughtful silence, breaking suddenly upon the trivial talk of the two girls.

"As long as she will go on paying me twenty-five pounds a quarter."

"Even if you feel your health breaking down in her service?"

"It is not the service that has injured my health. You can see that I have really nothing to do—to read aloud for an hour or so once or twice a week; to write a letter once in a way to a London tradesman. I shall never have such an easy time with anybody else. And nobody else would give me a hundred a year."

"Then you mean to go on till you break down; to die at your post?"

"Like the other two companions? No! If ever I feel seriously ill—really ill—I shall put myself in a train and go back to Walworth without stopping."

"What about the other two companions?"

"They both died. It was very unlucky for Lady Ducayne. That's why she engaged me; she chose me because I was ruddy and robust. She must feel rather disgusted at my having grown white and weak. By-the-bye, when I told her about the good your tonic had done me, she said she would like to see you and have a little talk with you about her own case."

"And I should like to see Lady Ducayne. When did she say this?"

"The day before yesterday."

"Will you ask her if she will see me this evening?"

"With pleasure! I wonder what you will think of her? She looks rather terrible to a stranger; but Dr. Parravicini says she was once a famous beauty."

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mr. Stafford was summoned by message from Lady Ducayne, whose courier came to conduct him to her ladyship's salon. Bella was reading aloud when the visitor was admitted; and he noticed the languor in the low, sweet tones, the evident effort.

"Shut up the book," said the querulous old voice. "You are beginning to drawl like Miss Blandy."

Stafford saw a small, bent figure crouching over the piled-up olive logs; a shrunken old figure in a gorgeous garment of black and crimson brocade, a skinny throat emerging from a mass of old Venetian lace, clasped with diamonds that flashed like fire-flies as the trembling old head turned towards him.

The eyes that looked at him out of the face were almost as bright as the diamonds—the only living feature in that narrow parchment mask. He had seen terrible faces in the hospital—faces on which disease had set dreadful marks—but he had never seen a face that impressed him so painfully as this withered countenance, with its indescribable horror of death outlived, a face that should have been hidden under a coffin-lid years and years ago.

The Italian physician was standing on the other side of the fireplace, smoking a cigarette, and looking down at the little old woman brooding over the hearth as if he were proud of her.

"Good evening, Mr. Stafford; you can go

to your room, Bella, and write your everlasting letter to your mother at Walworth," said Lady Ducayne. "I believe she writes a page about every wild flower she discovers in the woods and meadows. I don't know what else she can find to write about," she added, as Bella quietly withdrew to the pretty little bedroom opening out of Lady Ducayne's spacious apartment. Here, as at Cap Ferrino, she slept in a room adjoining the old lady's.

"You are a medical man, I understand, Mr. Stafford."

"I am a qualified practitioner, but I have not begun to practise."

"You have begun upon my companion, she tells me."

"I have prescribed for her, certainly, and I am happy to find my prescription has done her good; but I look upon that improvement as temporary. Her case will require more drastic treatment."

"Never mind her case. There is nothing the matter with the girl—absolutely nothing—except girlish nonsense; too much liberty and not enough work."

an impatient jerk, and then at Parravicini, whose yellow complexion had paled a little under Stafford's scrutiny.

"Don't bother me about my companions, sir," said Lady Ducayne. "I sent for you to consult you about myself — not about a parcel of anæmic girls. You are young, and medicine is a progressive science, the newspapers tell me. Where have you studied?"

"In Edinburgh—and in Paris."

"Two good schools. And you know all the new-fangled theories, the modern discoveries—that remind one of the mediæval witchcraft, of Albertus Magnus, and George Ripley; you have studied hypnotism — electricity?"

"And the transfusion of blood," said Stafford, very slowly, looking at Parravicini.

"Have you made any discovery that teaches you to prolong human life—any elixir—any mode of treatment? I want my life prolonged, young man. That man there has been my physician for thirty years. He does all he can to keep me alive—after his lights. He studies all the new theories of all the scientists—but he is old; he gets older every

"HIS BRAIN POWER IS GOING."

"I understand that two of your ladyship's previous companions died of the same disease," said Stafford, looking first at Lady Ducayne, who gave her tremulous old head

day—his brain-power is going—he is bigoted—prejudiced—can't receive new ideas—can't grapple with new systems. He will let me die if I am not on my guard against him."

"You are of an unbelievable ingratitude, Ecclenza," said Parravicini.

"Oh, you needn't complain. I have paid you thousands to keep me alive. Every year of my life has swollen your hoards; you know there is nothing to come to you when I am gone. My whole fortune is left to endow a home for indigent women of quality who have reached their ninetieth year. Come, Mr. Stafford, I am a rich woman. Give me a few years more in the sunshine, a few years more above ground, and I will give you the price of a fashionable London practice—I will set you up at the West-end."

"How old are you, Lady Ducayne?"

"I was born the day Louis XVI. was guillotined."

"Then I think you have had your share of the sunshine and the pleasures of the earth, and that you should spend your few remaining days in repenting your sins and trying to make atonement for the young lives that have been sacrificed to your love of life."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"Oh, Lady Ducayne, need I put your wickedness and your physician's still greater wickedness in plain words? The poor girl who is now in your employment has been reduced from robust health to a condition of absolute danger by Dr. Parravicini's experimental surgery; and I have no doubt those other two young women who broke down in your service were treated by him in the same manner. I could take upon myself to demonstrate—by most convincing evidence, to a jury of medical men—that Dr. Parravicini has been bleeding Miss Rolleston, after putting her under chloroform, at intervals, ever since she has been in your service The deterioration in the girl's health speaks for itself; the lancet marks upon the girl's arms are unmistakable; and her description of a series of sensations, which she calls a dream, points unmistakably to the administration of chloroform while she was sleeping. A practice so nefarious, so murderous, must, if exposed, result in a sentence only less severe than the punishment of murder."

"I laugh," said Parravicini, with an airy motion of his skinny fingers; "I laugh at once at your theories and at your threats. I, Parravicini Leopold, have no fear that the law can question anything I have done."

"Take the girl away, and let me hear no more of her," cried Lady Ducayne, in the thin, old voice, which so poorly matched the energy and fire of the wicked old brain that guided its utterances. "Let her go back to her mother—I want no more girls to die in my service. There are girls enough and to spare in the world, God knows."

"If you ever engage another companion—or take another English girl into your service, Lady Ducayne, I will make all England ring with the story of your wickedness."

"I want no more girls. I don't believe in his experiments. They have been full of danger for me as well as for the girl—an air bubble, and I should be gone. I'll have no more of his dangerous quackery. I'll find some new man—a better man than you, sir, a discoverer like Pasteur, or Virchow, a genius—to keep me alive. Take your girl away, young man. Marry her if you like. I'll write her a cheque for a thousand pounds, and let her go and live on beef and beer, and get strong and plump again. I'll have no more such experiments. Do you hear, Parravicini?" she screamed, vindictively, the yellow, wrinkled face distorted with fury, the eyes glaring at him.

The Staffords carried Bella Rolleston off to Varese next day, she very loth to leave Lady Ducayne, whose liberal salary afforded such help for the dear mother. Herbert Stafford insisted, however, treating Bella as coolly as if he had been the family physician, and she had been given over wholly to his care.

"Do you suppose your mother would let you stop here to die?" he asked. "If Mrs. Rolleston knew how ill you are, she would come post haste to fetch you."

"I shall never be well again till I get back to Walworth," answered Bella, who was low-spirited and inclined to tears this morning, a reaction after her good spirits of yesterday.

"We'll try a week or two at Varese first," said Stafford. "When you can walk half-way up Monte Generoso without palpitation of the heart, you shall go back to Walworth."

"Poor mother, how glad she will be to see me, and how sorry that I've lost such a good place."

This conversation took place on the boat when they were leaving Bellaggio. Lotta had gone to her friend's room at seven o'clock that morning, long before Lady Ducayne's withered eyelids had opened to the daylight, before even Francine, the French maid, was astir, and had helped to pack a Gladstone bag with essentials, and hustled Bella downstairs and out of doors before she could make any strenuous resistance.

"It's all right," Lotta assured her. "Herbert had a good talk with Lady Ducayne last night, and it was settled for you to leave this morning. She doesn't like invalids, you see."

"No," sighed Bella, "she doesn't like invalids. It was very unlucky that I should break down, just like Miss Tomson and Miss Blandy."

"At any rate, you are not dead, like them," answered Lotta, "and my brother says you are not going to die."

It seemed rather a dreadful thing to be dismissed in that off-hand way, without a word of farewell from her employer.

"I wonder what Miss Torpinter will say when I go to her for another situation," Bella speculated, ruefully, while she and her friends were breakfasting on board the steamer.

"Perhaps you may never want another situation," said Stafford.

"You mean that I may never be well enough to be useful to anybody?"

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind."

It was after dinner at Varese, when Bella had been induced to take a whole glass of Chianti, and quite sparkled after that unaccustomed stimulant, that Mr. Stafford produced a letter from his pocket.

"I forgot to give you Lady Ducayne's letter of adieu!" he said.

"What, did she write to me? I am so glad—I hated to leave her in such a cool way; for after all she was very kind to me, and if I didn't like her it was only because she was too dreadfully old."

She tore open the envelope. The letter was short and to the point:—

"Good-bye, child. Go and marry your doctor. I inclose a farewell gift for your trousseau.—ADELINE DUCAYNE."

"A hundred pounds, a whole year's salary—no—why, it's for a—'A cheque for a thousand!'" cried Bella. "What a generous old soul! She really is the dearest old thing."

"A CHEQUE FOR A THOUSAND!"

"She just missed being very dear to you, Bella," said Stafford.

He had dropped into the use of her Christian name while they were on board the boat. It seemed natural now that she was to be in his charge till they all three went back to England.

"I shall take upon myself the privileges of an elder brother till we land at Dover," he said; "after that—well, it must be as you please."

The question of their future relations must have been satisfactorily settled before they crossed the Channel, for Bella's next letter to her mother communicated three startling facts.

First, that the inclosed cheque for £1,000 was to be invested in debenture stock in Mrs. Rolleston's name, and was to be her very own, income and principal, for the rest of her life.

Next, that Bella was going home to Walworth immediately.

And last, that she was going to be married to Mr. Herbert Stafford in the following autumn.

"And I am sure you will adore him, mother, as much as I do," wrote Bella. "It is all good Lady Ducayne's doing. I never could have married if I had not secured that little nest-egg for you. Herbert says we shall be able to add to it as the years go by, and that wherever we live there shall be always a room in our house for you. The word 'mother-in-law' has no terrors for him."

Yarns from Captains' Logs.

II.

By Alfred T. Story.

THE next incident I shall give is of a fire at sea. The narrator is Captain George William Banks, of the *Waikato*, one of the fleet of the New Zealand Shipping Company. At the time referred to, 1883, he was third officer of the *Piako*, which was a sailing vessel of 1,075 tons, engaged in the emigration trade, and had for master, Captain W. B. Boyd, the first and second officers being respectively Mr. Holbeach and Mr. Hazlewood.

"We left London on the 10th of October," said Captain Banks, "and took our emigrants on board at Plymouth. There were 317 of them in all, besides a crew of forty. All went well until we had reached about 4deg. south of the Equator, our west longitude being 30deg. The weather was very calm, and, as you may imagine so near the Equator, exceedingly hot. It was a Sunday — I remember it as though it were but yesterday. We had a clergyman amongst the passengers, and he had been reading service under an awning aft, when one of the crew going for'a'd noticed smoke rising from the fore-hatch. You may imagine the consternation there soon was on board among the passengers. We tried at first to keep the fact of the fire from them, but this could not be done long: for when we raised the hatch to try and get at the fire, the flames leapt out of the hold to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. We poured in water to try to subdue the flames, but in vain, and we were compelled to batten down the hatch again. That was all that we could do to keep the fire under subjection.

"It is impossible for me to give you a consecutive narrative of what occurred. We never knew what caused the fire. We had a general cargo, and from the way it was packed we could not get near the fire. All we could do was to pour in water fore and aft to keep it from spreading as much as possible. By that means we checked the progress of the fire to some extent, but it gradually spread, nevertheless.

"When Captain Boyd perceived that we could not subdue the fire, he had all the boats lowered and as many of the passengers put into them as they would hold, the women and children being sent down first. It was at this point that some of the passengers behaved the worst, and it required all the captain's coolness and determination to prevent a panic. Amongst the emigrants were 160 single men, and a lot of them, when they saw the boats being lowered, tried to rush them. Things looked nasty for a minute or two; but the crew were all staunch and cool to a man, and with the assistance of the married men and the better-behaved of the unmarried, they soon put the unruly ones to the right-about. But while the rush lasted it was pitiful to see the terror of the women—especially the mothers, who would hold out their babies to the captain and the officers, imploring them to save the little ones.

CAPTAIN BANKS, OF THE "WAIKATO."
From a Photo. by G. West & Son, Southsea.

"The boats were towed alongside the ship, which we sailed as quickly as we could in

the direction of the nearest port. An officer was appointed for each boat, and they were given their courses and distance for Pernambuco, in case the *Piako* were destroyed and the boats had to part company. We, at the same time, placed look-outs at the mastheads to see if they could discover another ship to help us. About four o'clock on Monday, the day after the fire broke out, a vessel was reported on the starboard bow, which turned out to be the barque *Loch Doon*. We immediately bore up for her. She was on the lee bow, as we were in the south-east trades.

"THINGS LOOKED NASTY FOR A MINUTE OR TWO."

"All this time the smoke and stench from the burning stores below, together with the paint and oil, were so bad that the crew had to put their heads over the ship's rails to get a breath of fresh air. The smoke came up in volumes through the crevices of the planking—thick, black smoke, that caused the men to vomit a black, slime-like stuff. At the same time the heat was so great that when the vessel made a lurch in sailing, the water seethed from her side. Of course, all the while we had been letting water into the hold, and opening valves—to try to get at the fire—all over the place.

"About three hours after sighting the *Loch Doon*, she came close enough to render assistance. We told them we were on fire, which they had been pretty sure of before, on account of the smoke they saw rising from the *Piako*. We got all the emigrants on board the barque, with the exception of a few single men who volunteered to stand by and help the crew. The *Loch Doon* was loaded with grain, and had several feet of spare room between the upper deck beams and the cargo, so the emigrants

camped out on the top of the grain. After the transfer of the passengers was finished, the *Loch Doon* and the burning ship both made sail for Pernambuco, where they arrived the next day, the *Piako* four hours before the barque. All this time we had had nothing to eat but raw salt pork and biscuits, and the water was black with the smoke.

"But with our arrival at Pernambuco our adventures were by no means over. Small-pox turned out to be raging so violently there that we could have no communication with the town. People were dying at the rate of 400 a day. When Captain Boyd discovered this, he hired an island about seven miles up the river, called Cocoa-nut Island, on account of being thickly covered in the centre with cocoa-nut trees. The ship's doctor and I were sent in charge of the emigrants, who were carried up to the island in barges. When we landed, the thermometer was standing at 92deg. in the shade, and there were four miles to walk over burning sand to reach the camping-ground. The horror of those four miles was something indescribable. Many of the people—especially the poor women—fell down fainting upon the sand.

"When we got to the camping-ground we had to build huts of bamboo canes and leaves There was an old barn there, and that was all, and in it we had to lock up the unmarried women of nights. There were eighty of them, and the 160 unmarried men made love to them all the day, wandering among the beautiful cocoa-nut groves. Here we camped out for nine weeks, food being sent up to us in boats from Pernambuco; and if the life was not altogether idyllic, it was pleasant enough at times.

"While we were stationed on the island, Captain Boyd and the other officers found it necessary to scuttle the ship in order to put the fire out. She went down under water all but the poop deck. When the fire was quite subdued, she was, after several vain attempts, finally successfully floated. We then got out all the burnt cargo, which was sold by auction. Nearly all the emigrants' luggage was burnt, and many of the poor people landed with scarcely anything on. There was little damage done to the *Piako*, however, beyond the destruction of the cargo, the galley, and the donkey engine, so that by the time we had got fresh stores from England, she was ready to proceed on her voyage, and we finally reached New Zealand two months behind time. In spite of all the hardships and adventures the emigrants went through, not a life was lost, except that of a baby, which, however, died from the effects of violet powder, not from the effects of the voyage."

Speaking of the death of a child on the voyage recalls to mind an incident in the experience of Captain R. J. Cringle, of the *Umfuli*, whose sea-monster story was published in a previous number.* "I have carried some hundreds of passengers between Natal and England," said he, "but I never had a death amongst them until last voyage, coming home, when we lost a little boy six years of age. To bury that little fellow was the most trying ordeal that I ever went through. He was a bright little boy, and a favourite with everybody; but he took bronchitis, and though the doctor did everything he could for him, he died when we were about 500 miles south of the Canary Isles. You know, of course, that it is not only a captain's duty to conduct service on board ship on Sundays, but also to read the burial service over anyone who dies during the voyage. As I have said, this was the first time I had been called upon to conduct a funeral service, and I need not say that I sincerely hope it may be the last. It is always a solemn thing to take part in the service over the dead, but away on the ocean it seems doubly impressive. Unlike burial on land, where you can set up a stone by which you can always identify the spot where the beloved one lies buried, at sea you commit the body to the deep in the midst of a world of waters. In an instant it disappears, and there is nothing to mark the spot thenceforth and for ever. This is the trying time. When the reading of the funeral service commenced, the engines slowed down until we came to the point where the body is cast overboard, when the ship stopped.

"Up to this point I got on fairly well, although I heard the sobs of the poor mother; but when the body — wrapped neatly in its canvas covering, and weighted to make it sink—was dropped overboard, her cries were such as to melt the heart of a stone. After that the funeral service was the shortest on record. I could not go on.

"As soon as the body was put overboard the ship began to move again, very slowly at first, then gradually faster, until the engines were going at their usual speed, and the business of the vessel went on as before. But the incident cast a gloom over the ship for days." Captain Cringle added: "Another time I might read the service with less feeling; but I should not like the mother to be there."

* August, 1895.

"THE BURIAL AT SEA."

Amongst the many striking yarns which it has been my good fortune to listen to of late years, few left a deeper impression than one told me by the skipper of a carrier steamer, plying between London and the North Sea fishing fleets. The carrier is the boat that collects the fish from the trawlers and brings it to market. There are a number of boats engaged in this service. As soon as they have discharged their load of fish, they start off back to the fleet. They are usually away six days; but if the weather has been at all rough, the trawlers are liable to get dispersed; it then takes the carriers some time to hunt them up and relieve them of their fish. In these cases they may be out as long as nine days. But as soon as they have got their full complement of fish, they return to London full speed.

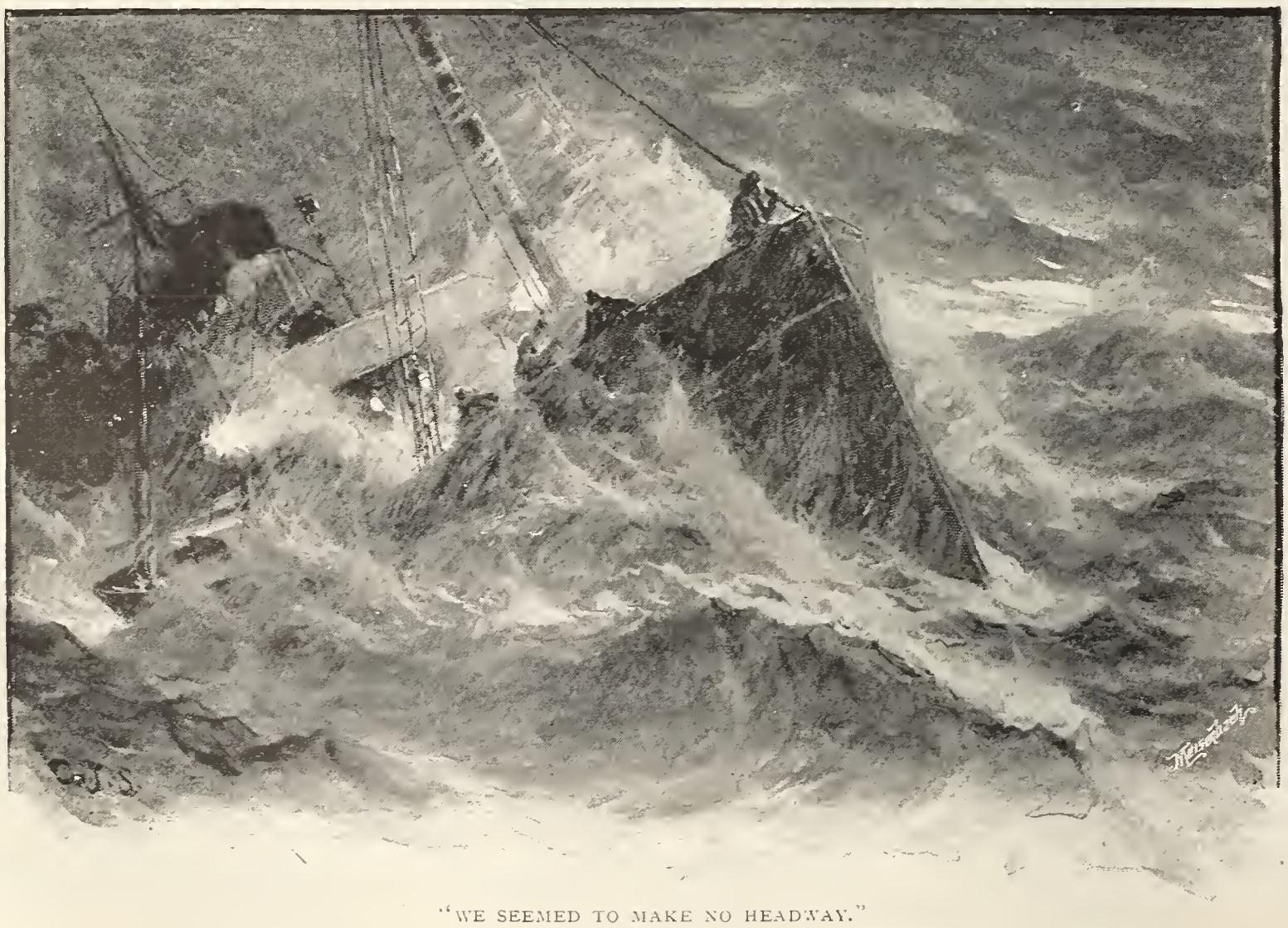
My friend the captain of the carrier was a rough, unsophisticated specimen—a perfect sea-dog in his way. Big, burly, broad-shouldered, his face the picture of rude health and good humour, he seemed to be the chosen nursling of the elements amidst which he had spent most of his time. He was occupying one seat—and that hardly sufficient for his large frame—of a third-class compartment in a night train from Liverpool. After enjoying a pretty long nap, he opened a pair of bright, laughing blue eyes, and manifested a desire to enter into conversation. A word or two brought out a flood of entertaining autobiographical and descriptive talk, as fresh as it was original. He had been engaged for years in connection with one of the North Sea fishing companies, and of late had commanded a carrier bringing the fish to Shadwell. But for some reason or other he had recently decided to have a change, and so had been on a trip to the Mediterranean on a fruit boat. He was now going back to his old job.

"'Taint no blooming m'lasses, that ain't—bringing the fish to market," said he. "It's all very well if th' weather's fine. Then you know pretty well where you'll find the fishing smacks, and you can get their fish, fill up your boxes, crack up steam, and get back to Shadwell as quickly as you can—yer on'y concarn bein' to let nobody get in afore you. Of course, you time yourself to reach London as nearly as possible for the morning market—and the usual run from the fleet home is thirty-six hours. But let it be at all nasty weather, and I don't know anything that will make your hair creep like carrying fish to Shadwell.

"It don't do to be at all narvous," continued the skipper, pulling his hand through his hair; "and you mustn't think about sudden death without burial if you want to get your fish alive to market. I've had some near squeaks afore now, but the narrowest escape from going into the cellar that I ever run was last fall. Bad weather came on just as we were finishing our loading. We started on our journey home in the teeth of a sou'-west gale. It increased as we neared the Thames, and by nightfall it had become a reg'lar hurricane. I didn't think it was possible for us to keep above water through such a night, though our boats are strong and will float in any sea, if they don't get their backs broke. But I never saw such a night as that, and you may bet I never wish to see another.

"It was as black as pitch. You could see nothing, and couldn't have done if you hadn't, besides, been blinded by the spray. It lashed you in the face like whipcord as you stood on the bridge, and tons of water swept over the craft with every plunge she made. More than half the time she was bodily under water, and the beast groaned and screeched and seemed to draw her breath hard with every stroke of the piston—for all the world as though she was dying—and she knew it. I felt the same. I didn't think it possible to live through that night. I made up my mind that I should be dead—drowned—within the hour. You haven't time to think much, except of what you're about. But I remember giving a thought to the old girl at home, and what she would do when I was gone. We make fairly good money in my calling, but we don't think much of saving—leastways, I didn't. I wished then I had. Anyhow, we all have to take our chance; so, thought I, she'd have to do the same, Providence being for us all.

"But, although I thought it was all up with us, I didn't give in. You can't do that; you fight to the end. A man is born a fighter, and when he's in a tussle, whether it's against men or against a storm, it works up all the bulldog in him, an' he thinks of



"WE SEEMED TO MAKE NO HEADWAY."

nothing but his grip. You feel sometimes you could laugh out in the middle of it—an' I've known men do it, spite of the danger. Lord, you do live then !

"The worst of the storm was when we got nearly opposite Southend. We seemed to make no headway, an' the creatur' was groaning and creaking as though she would go to pieces. I knew that couldn't last, so I called down to the engineer, asking him if he couldn't put on more power. 'She won't stand it,' said he. 'Why won't she?' said I. 'She's straining now so bad that, if I put on more steam, I fear she'll go to pieces,' said he. 'At this rate,' said I, 'with every sea striking her like this, she'll break her back in no time.' 'If I put on more she'll go to bits sure,' the engineer shouted back. 'Let her go, then, and be hanged!' cried I. 'Put on steam for all she is worth, and chance the result. We might as well go down one way as another.'

"He put on all the steam he could," continued the skipper, "and the effect was soon apparent. We began to forge ahead. The old boat creaked and laboured like a wheezy old engine up an incline, but she went ahead all the same. Then, as good luck would have it, shortly after we had passed Southend the storm moderated, and we gradually began to think that our time was not yet."

"And you got your fish to market in good time?"

"Yes, we were at Shadwell by nine o'clock. One of our directors was there when we arrived. He could hardly believe his eyes. Said he, 'I would never have believed you could live through it, Bill.' 'Well, I have, thank God,' said I; 'but it has been a stiff-un, and the nearest chance I've ever had.' 'I believe you,' said he, 'and as you are the only one in, and the only one likely to-day, we have the market pretty much to ourselves.' Then he gave me a fiver, and we went to a place near by to have some breakfast, and while we were there he gave me another. That was for saving the market, d'ye see?—and it was worth it.

"Presently, up come the wife t'inquire if there was any news of my boat. An' wasn't she struck of a heap when she see'd me? She couldn't believe her eyes. She had t'wipe 'em two or three times afore she could believe 'twas myself."

"No doubt you gave her a good hug to reassure her?"

"Should think I did!"

The next yarns I shall give are from the private log of Captain J. C. Robinson, commander of the *Tantallon Castle*, whose experience at sea has been long and varied. Captain Robinson is a man of striking presence, but of still more striking character. In speaking of himself, he said, "I am a Westmorland man, my ancestors having been squires of Bongate, and holders of very considerable property in the beautiful vale of Eden for many generations—until a better and more wholesome state of things came in, and their successors, despising the lap of luxury, scattered their enervating influence to the four winds, and joined the ranks of that noble army of soldiers who are employed in the manly struggle for liberty and daily bread. My father was the first to drift away from the old patrimonial scenes, and having passed through Oxford with credit to himself and family and taken holy orders, he joined Bishop Lipscombe in Jamaica for some years, and then, having been driven from the West Indies by repeated attacks of yellow fever, he returned to England and settled down as rector of St. Mary's, Newmarket, where he did good work for six years, when he died, a young man still, from a chill contracted in the performance of the duties of his office. I myself was educated at Appleby, and still look upon and love that place as my particular corner in our beloved country. I first went to sea in the year '68, in the employ of the Blackwall Line, and after making a number of voyages to Australia, New Zealand, India, China, America, and elsewhere, I entered the P. and O. service, finally joining the Castle Line, and taking command of the sailing vessel, the *Carnarvon Castle*, in '74. I remained in command of the *Carnarvon Castle* two years, and was then transferred to the steam service. I have had the honour of commanding in nine of the company's ships, finishing with the *Tantallon Castle*, in which Sir Donald Currie recently carried Mr. Gladstone and a large party of friends to witness the opening of the Emperor William Canal.

"My early days at sea, like those of most other sailors, were chequered with the usual round of amusement and privation, hard work and danger. When I look back upon those days it always seems to me a miracle of Divine Providence how so many boys who go to sea, and remain there to become experienced seamen, get through scatheless, seeing the many perils that surround them. I could give you numberless instances from my own experience, and as you doubtless wish to make your yarns as varied as possible, a few instances

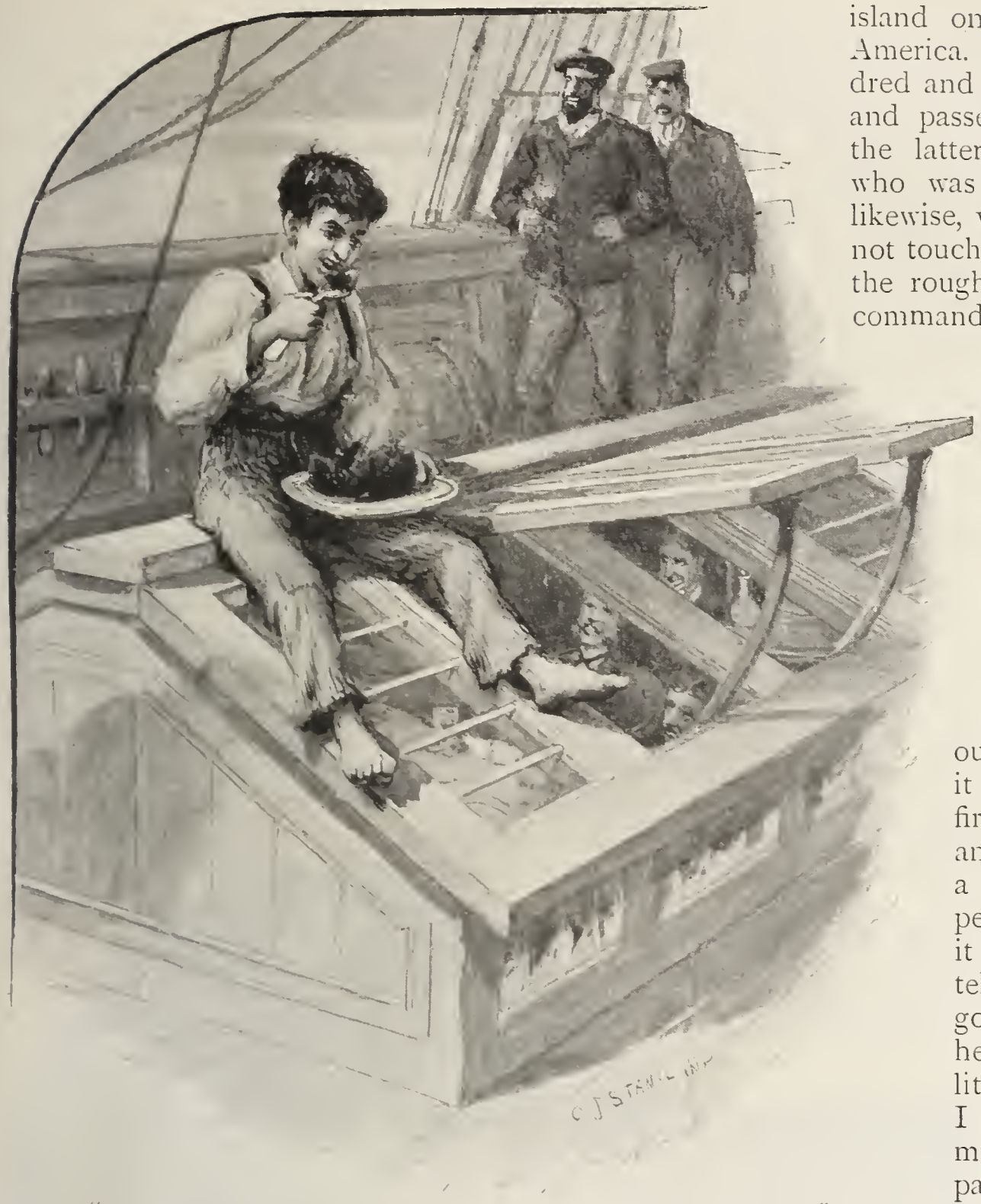
of the way in which Providence preserves youths in the midst of perils will be interesting. When a midshipman in the *La Hogue*, while lying in Sydney Harbour, I was cast away in a dinghey, alone, during what is called by sailors a 'southerly buster'—that is, a squall—and having escaped to the signal ship at anchor, was given up as lost. Early the next morning I frightened all my companions by turning up in the cabin, they thinking it was my ghost. On another occasion, while sailing a ship's boat during a regatta, also in Sydney Harbour, we were run down and smashed up by a brig, and I, along with another, went right under the brig's bottom, and came up astern, much to the surprise of those who witnessed the accident.

"On another occasion we were starved at sea until we were really reduced to skeletons. For three weeks we had no meat of any kind; for a fortnight we had nothing but biscuit and water, and for one week the biscuit was reduced to a pound per man at work, and half a pound to those who were laid up with scurvy—the latter being twenty-five out of thirty-two; and the water was reduced, for that last week, to a teacupful per day. We were all going about watching for showers, and when the showers did come, we would tie our handkerchiefs round anything that would afford an opportunity for the water to trickle down it, for the sake of having something wet in our mouths. When we got into Falmouth, the captain went on shore and sent off provisions, and the men fell to on the raw meat as it came over the side and gnawed it like hungry dogs. We who belonged to the cuddy set a better example by cutting off a hunk of beef and sending it to the cook to fry, with the intimation that he need not take too long over it, as we did not wish it to be overdone. On my arrival at home they had my portrait taken, and they keep it to this day as the best possible visible definition of a line—length without breadth.

"I can give you an instance of the opposite danger of a boy going to sea—though it did not happen to myself. A little gutter-snipe stowed himself away on board a ship I was in, sailing from London, and having been brought to light after we had got to sea, he was carried before the captain. He was a rosy-cheeked, smart-looking little fellow; but his cheek paled and his eye dimmed before the harsh looks and threatening words of the captain. 'Which shall it be,' at length said the skipper—'four dozen with a rope's end, or go up the mast for four hours? Which do you prefer?' The little fellow looked up at the swaying masts and from them into the captain's face; then in a tremulous voice he said he would rather have the four dozen. He got nothing, of course, but was set to work, and became one of the ship's boys. Harry soon developed into a prime favourite with everybody on board; he was smart and active, and as the life agreed with him he became quite fat.

CAPTAIN ROBINSON, OF THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."
From a Photo. by Thos. Fall, Baker Street.

"It is the custom on board ship to have plum-duff—that is, plum-pudding—on Sundays and Thursdays. One Sunday a pudding was placed before the captain. It weighed at least a pound, and as everybody declined to be served with any, he said, 'Somebody has got to eat it,' and told the steward to fetch the boy Harry. He came up, and the captain asked him if he would like some plum-pudding. 'Yes, sir,' said the boy. The skipper told the steward to seat him on the beam in the skylight—over the top of the table. This was done, and the plum-duff and a spoon handed up to him. 'You are not coming down out of that until you have finished the pudding,' said the captain. The dinner went on, and had been nearly completed when, glancing up at the lad in the



"YOU ARE NOT COMING DOWN TILL YOU HAVE FINISHED THE PUDDING."

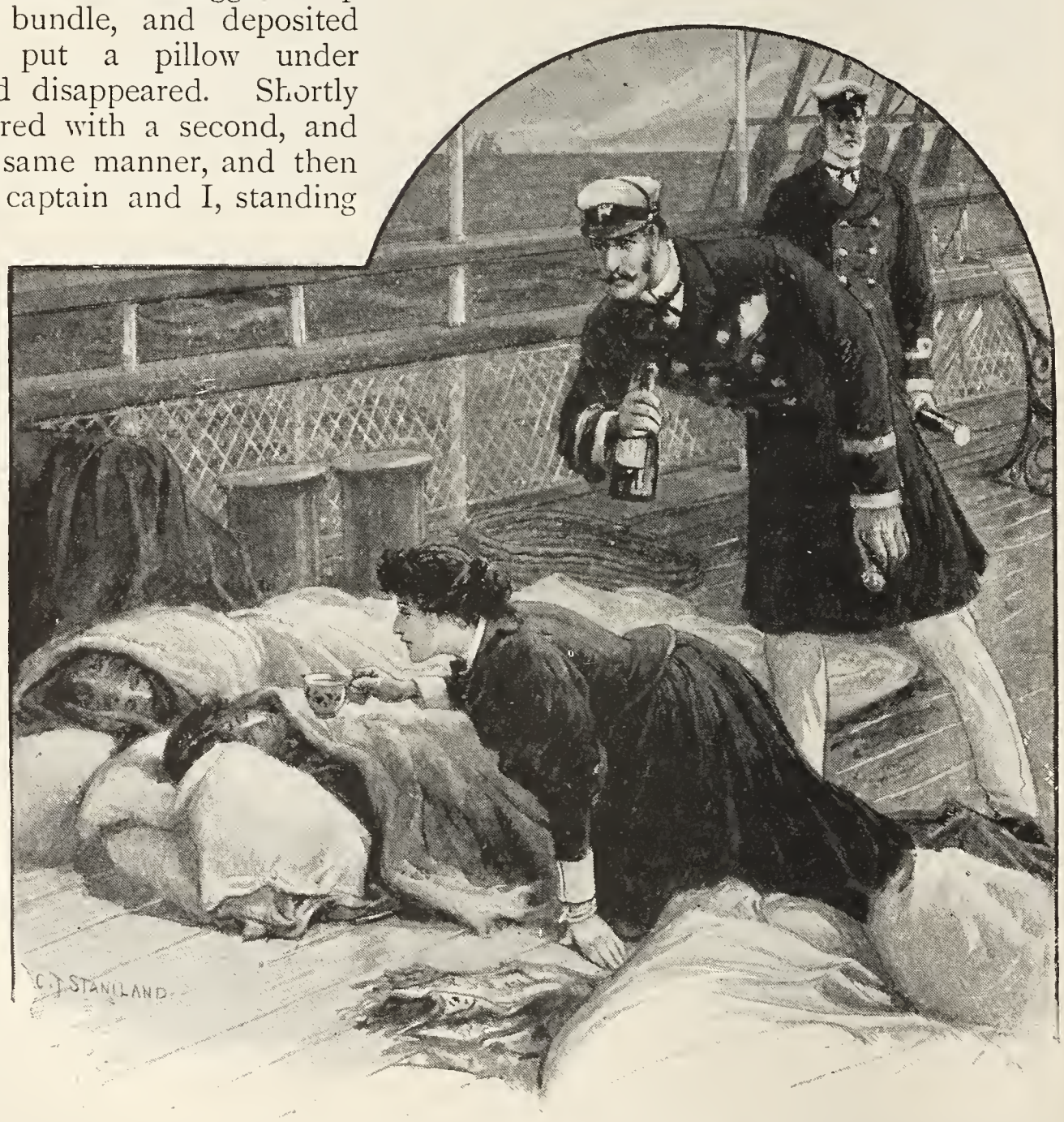
skylight, the captain asked him if he had finished the pudding. Harry said he had. The steward was ordered to lift him down. When this was done the captain said, 'Come here, sir! Did you enjoy that pudding?' 'Yes, sir, please, sir,' said the boy. 'But I should have enjoyed it much better if I had not already had a good dinner'—a reply which elicited a hearty laugh from all present.

"While on the subject of food on board ship, I may as well give you a yarn or two in which I acted as cook. It is a good thing for a lad who intends trying his luck at sea to learn a little about cookery. My education was not attended to in this direction, and on the few occasions when I have turned my hand to the culinary art it has been for the most part with indifferent success. But on one occasion I may pride myself on the result of my labours. We had been wrecked and were living for the time on a desert island on the coast of South America. There were a hundred and ten of us in all, crew and passengers; and amongst the latter was a young lady who was very delicate and, likewise, very pretty, who could not touch the food prepared in the rough way we had at our command. On noticing this, being naturally moved by beauty and suffering, I took a line and hastened to the rocks, and, after a deal of trouble, caught a decent-looking fish, which I prepared in the usual way. I scraped the scales off the skin, took out the entrails, toasted it on a ramrod over the fire, browned it nicely, and then, putting it on a biscuit with a little pepper and salt, I took it to the young lady, telling her that I had got it on purpose for her, and she must eat a little. She did so, and I believe it was the means of so tickling her palate, that from that day she took quite naturally to her food.

"My second experience in the culinary art had a different sort of ending. Having arrived in the Port of London from Australia, the captain sent for his wife from the north of England to live with him while in dock. The next morning after her arrival, having come on board the vessel from my lodgings, the captain heard me moving about, and called out to know if there was no breakfast. I said no, there was no breakfast and no cook. He then begged me to go and buy some meat and cook them something for breakfast. I replied that I was no cook, but that I would get something and see if I could make a stew. Having procured some steak and onions and potatoes, I proceeded to make what I thought was a very nice Irish stew. The smell of it was very appetizing, and when placed in the cuddy, the captain and his wife did not need much pressing to set-to upon it. When he had

had a plate of it the skipper hurried away to dress, in order to go and enter the ship at the Customs, leaving his wife still at table. After he had left, Mrs. Skipper devoured two or three more platefuls of the stew. Indeed, I thought she would never finish, and was not a little disgusted, although she did praise my cooking. After a while, however, she became violently sick, and remained so for several hours, all the while blaming me for having put some deleterious compound in the stew. I could not think what had happened at the time, but have since learned that copper pans should always be carefully cleaned before being used—which I, only a first mate, and no cook, had not done.

"Talking about wives," said Captain Robinson, "reminds me of my own wife, whom I first met at sea." He then proceeded to narrate the following yarn: "We had set out from Plymouth, where we took up passengers for New Zealand, and were bowling along in fine breezy weather across the Bay of Biscay. I being the chief officer, the captain and I were walking up and down the deck yarning, when the steward struggled up the ladder with a bundle, and deposited it on the deck, put a pillow under one end of it, and disappeared. Shortly afterwards he appeared with a second, and deposited it in the same manner, and then with a third. The captain and I, standing at a respectful distance, concluded that he was handling human beings, and from the way in which they were bundled up that they were feminine. Drawing up towards them stealthily, the old man pointed his finger at them, and whispered: 'Ladies — champagne!' I went down below, and got a bottle of champagne; and, as the ship was rolling about, I took a teacup, fearing a glass would come to grief. Having opened the bottle, I handed it to the captain. He approached the first of the bundles, funked it, and came back. He then told me to take the champagne to the ladies. I made an attempt to do so, but being at that time as bashful as the captain, I also shirked the job, and told him it was his business and not mine. Whereupon he ordered me to go and give it them at once. Having approached the first bundle, I knelt down to summon up courage to lift up the rug that covered her, when the old man brought matters to a crisis by giving her a kick. Instantly a pair of black eyes, looking startled and indignant, showed themselves from under the wrappings, and I explained as well as I could that it was not I who had thus called her attention, but the captain, who wished her to have a little champagne, as he thought it would do her good. Having taken a little with the blandest smile, she asked if she might give a little to the other ladies, and sick as she was, she crawled on her hands and knees, and quietly gave a little to the two other girls who were lying on the deck. Then returning to her place, she thanked me for the cham-



HOW CAPTAIN ROBINSON MET HIS WIFE.

pagne, and tumbled once more into a heap, covering her head with a shawl.

"The captain and I retired to a distance to discuss the situation, and after a bit he suggested that they might require a little more champagne. I said: 'Very well, sir, you need not bother, I will go and give it to them.' Upon which he replied, very curtly, 'I can do it myself. You go forward and haul down the jib.'

"This," continued Captain Robinson, "was my first introduction to my wife. Being struck not only by her personal appearance, but also by her consideration for her sisters in adversity, I thought probably she might be equally good to me some day. At all events, one thing led to another, until, at the end of the voyage, we were on speaking terms, and before I left the port we were taking the passengers to, I had given her an engagement ring.

"We sailed to India with horses, and then proceeded to England. I was to write to her from India, and she was to answer my letter to England. I duly wrote, but on my arrival in England I found no reply. I waited for a mail—still no letter. I then concluded that our brief acquaintance had proved like many others of the same nature—too fragile to last, and so I wrote to her to the effect that as I supposed she had repented our engagement, and that that was the reason of her not replying to my letter from India, according to arrangement, I took leave to release her.

"I then sailed for China. In China I received a brief note from her, informing me that, 'having received no letter from India, no reply was possible.' At the same time she returned me the engagement ring and two or three other little mementos. Acknowledging these in due form, I said that I thought she might have dismissed me with a little more ceremony, without the necessity of denying the receipt of the Indian letter. In process of time—and this correspondence occupied in all something like four years—I received a still more curt reply: 'Dear Sir,—I repeat that there was no Indian letter. —Yours truly, ——.' I was now indignant, and replied, 'Dear Madam,—Let it be sufficient, once for all, that, whether you received the letter from India or not, I wrote from India.—Yours truly, ——.'

"Now it appears that on receipt of this note, the lady for the first time began to think that I was telling the truth, and went to the provincial post-office, where she was living with her brother and sister, and made inquiries that resulted in nothing. Not satisfied with this, however, she wrote to the Postmaster-General in Melbourne; but still failing to get any satisfaction, she persuaded her brother to take her to Melbourne—a distance of 130 miles, most of it being done by horse and trap. There she saw the Postmaster-General in person, and succeeded in so interesting him by the story of the lost letter and her concern about it, that he had the post-office turned inside out to try to find it. Still, however, without effect. Then the Postmaster-General asked to know all the dates and circumstances touching this important letter. The young lady told her story—the date I should have arrived in India, the date of my sailing for England, etc. Naturally he came to the conclusion that the letter must have been posted between the dates of my arriving in India and my departure for England. Then the records were looked up, and the Postmaster-General, putting his finger upon a line in the ledger, said: 'On such a date the mail steamer *Rangoon*, carrying the mails from India, sank in Galle Harbour, in the Island of Ceylon. The mails were recovered after being a fortnight at the bottom of the Bay. Having been dried, those letters that were decipherable were sent to their respective addresses; but the major part of the correspondence, being pulped up and illegible, was packed in bales and sent to their destinations. Those that came here,' said the Postmaster-General, 'were put down in the cellar, and there they have remained ever since.'

"The strangest part of this strange yarn," said Captain Robinson, "is still to be told. More and more anxious to help to unravel the young lady's romantic story, the Postmaster-General had these bales brought out of the cellar and opened, and the dried-up paper pulp gone over piece by piece, and everything decipherable laid on one side. The whole of the staff of the post-office was drawn into the work, so interested was everyone in finding the missing letter. The name sought was 'Sayer,' and all bales marked 'S' were ransacked without success. But still the work was not given up yet. They began again at 'A' and worked right through the alphabet until they came to the bale marked 'T,' and as the letters were passed from one to another the lady finally put her hand on one and said, 'That is the letter.' The Postmaster-General and all the rest gathered round said, 'That is not "S"—that is "T" and the name is Taylor.' The

lady said, 'You do not know how badly he writes; that is an "S" and the name is "Sayer."'"

Well, to cut a long story short, this proved to be the missing letter, and Captain Robinson subsequently received a formal note stating how it had been recovered. He replied in the same strain; but before dispatching the letter, memory carrying him back to the time when the dark-eyed beauty was lying sick on the deck of the *Star of India* bound for New Zealand, and the champagne that was a means of introduction to her, he inclosed a second letter in which he allowed his feelings to flow in the old groove. This was marked not to be opened until twenty-four hours after receipt, but the sender afterwards learned that of the two missives this one was opened first—a woman's instinct telling the recipient which letter contained that which would be the most pleasing to her.

"I need not tell you that we were married not long after that," concluded Captain Robinson.

Captain Webster, the commodore of the Castle Line, had an interesting experience in Mauritius in 1862. He was then first officer of the *Ellen Lee*, which was lying at Port Louis in that island. "One Sunday morning," said Captain Webster, "we were told to prepare for a hurricane, and as a hurricane in the Mauritius is no joke, we instantly made ready. As it happened, however, we did not get the wind, but we had instead a perfect deluge of rain. The hurricane was there, but as we were just on the fringe of the disturbance, the wind did but pass over us. As to the rain, I never saw anything like it; it came down in a sheet. It did immense damage in Port Louis, and caused great loss of life too. The streets of the town are very hilly, with deep valleys like ravines between. The rain ran down into these ravines and turned them into roaring water-courses. No fewer than forty persons, caught by the floods in the streets, were washed into these torrents and drowned. One of our men was missing, and on Monday morning, as I was passing the dead-house, I felt that I must go in; and in looking over the bodies, I recognised one of our sailors—the missing man, in short. We got a hearse, brought down some of our men, and gave him a decent funeral. But the poor fellow seems to have been born to occupy a watery grave, and do what we would we could not give him a dry one. As you know, perhaps, Port Louis is a terrible place for fever, and as the climate of Mauritius is very hot, the dead have to be interred very quickly. Hence there are always a lot of graves ready made, so that there need be no delay in getting in the coffins and covering them up. Unfortunately, when we reached the cemetery, we found all the graves full of water, in consequence of the deluge of the previous day. We tried to bale out the one selected for our friend, but in vain, for the water ran into it again from the saturated earth as fast as it was taken out; so we had to bury the poor fellow as though at sea, sinking the coffin in water and putting a weight upon it to keep it down until the grave could be properly filled up with earth."

CAPTAIN WEBSTER, OF THE CASTLE LINE.
From a Photo. by J. Horsburgh & Son, Edinburgh.

How the Queen Travels.

With Photographs by the Author—Reginald H. Cocks.

(By special permission of the Railway Authorities.)

ENTRANCE TO ROYAL WAITING-ROOMS AT PADDINGTON STATION.

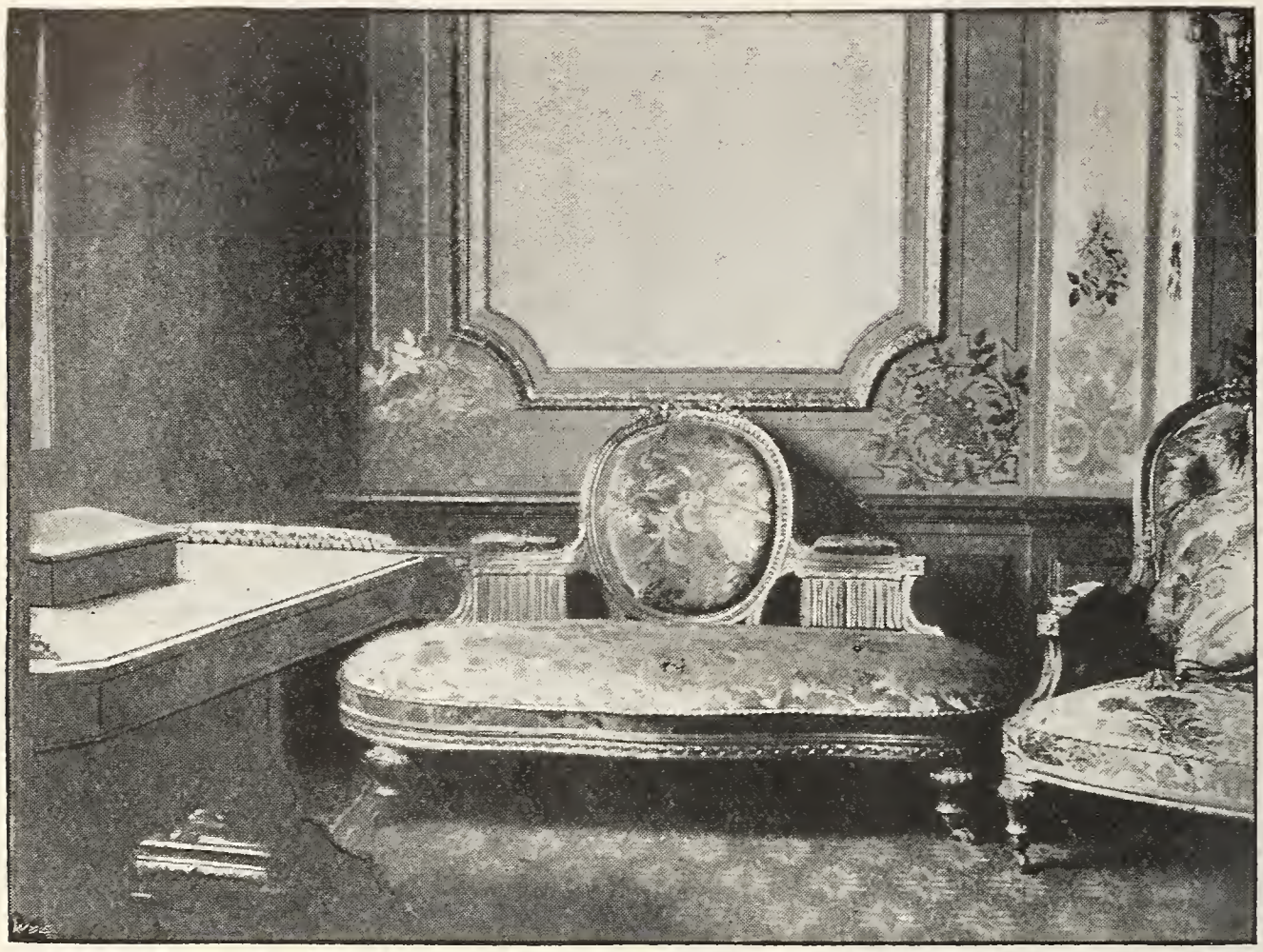
THE winding and seemingly interminable lengths of burnished steel rails which we see extending through city, hamlet, hill and dale, throughout the kingdom, are a medium for the conveyance of many valuable lives, but none more so than that of Our Gracious Sovereign, about whose journeys I propose to narrate a few details.

The two Royal journeys which have the most significance are, firstly, that to Balmoral from Windsor, and, secondly, when the Court adjourns south to Osborne. The first, namely, that to Balmoral, is traversed in the Royal saloons provided by the London and North-Western Company, and being by far the longer journey of the two—some 589 miles—I shall devote more space to an account of it. The journey to Osborne, on the other hand, which is undertaken in saloons the property of the Great Western Company, is, of course, in comparison, a very much shorter distance. There is a popular error that special signalmen, pointsmen, engine-drivers, etc., are employed on these occasions, but such is not the case. Suffice it for the present to say, that all the ordinary officials concerned are at their accustomed posts, but under very stringent regulations.

Let us first, in the case of the journey south to Osborne, make a visit to the Royal waiting-rooms at Paddington Station. Although these magnificent apartments are in the very centre of this immense terminus, they are so located that a casual observer would pass them by without notice.

The entrance is at the front of the station beneath the glass covering on the departure side, and the illustration is taken from this point, giving a view directly through the hall on to the departure platform.

ROYAL WAITING-ROOM, PADDINGTON STATION.

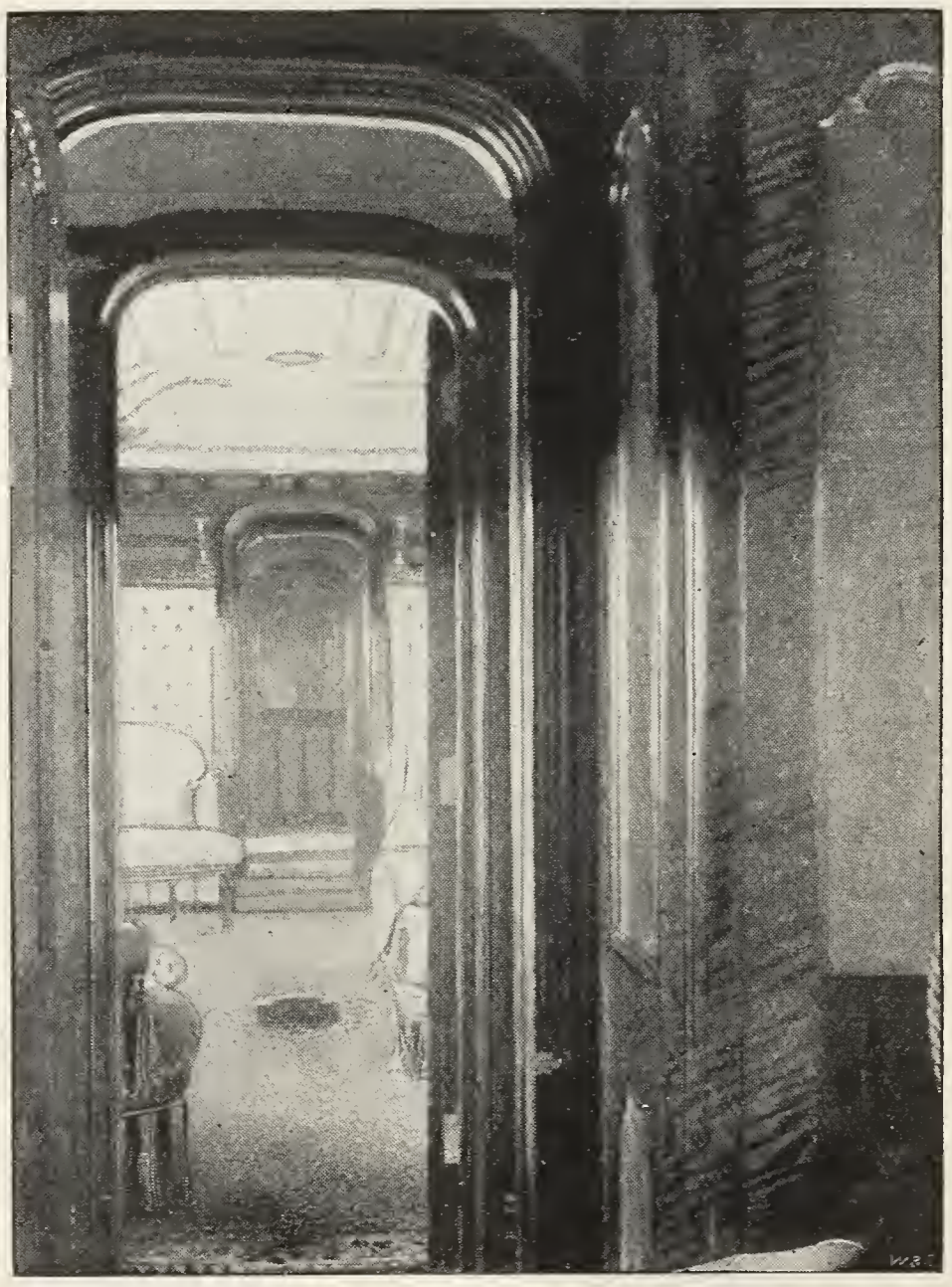


A CORNER OF THE ROYAL WAITING-ROOM, WITH WRITING-TABLE—PADDINGTON.

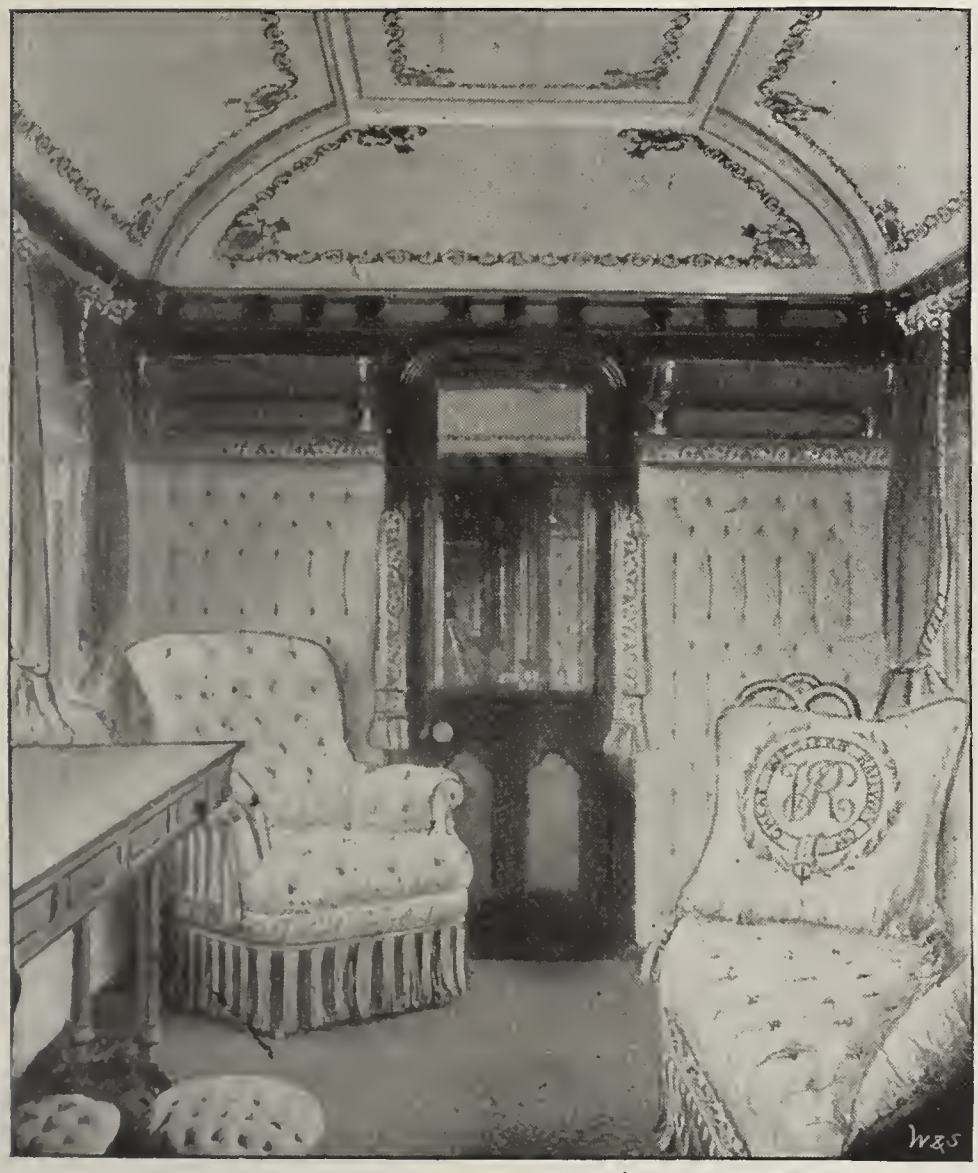
To the left of this hall (as we face it from the entrance) is the waiting-room, luxuriously furnished, and, on entering, we are struck with the loftiness of its proportions, and notice a portrait of the late Prince Consort over the doorway on one side, and that of Her Majesty corresponding on the opposite side. This room is lighted by one window filled with ground glass facing the front, and barred on the outside with artistic iron-work. The upholstering of the furniture is very handsome, and when not in use is carefully protected by covers, which render it impervious to dust or London fog. The walls are panelled with a material of silken texture, surrounded by a hand painted floral border. Then there is the writing-table, situated against the window, which is, for the most part, utilized by Princess Christian, who patronizes this room sometimes as often as twice in the week; the Queen, as a rule, only passing straight through the hall.

The Great Western Company's Royal saloon must next be admired. From the exterior, in contrast to those of the North-Western Company's, it would appear at first glance to have nothing unusual about it differing from an ordinary first-class saloon, but on close inspection there are these points: Firstly, it is 40ft. in length, and at both ends the buffers are covered with thick vulcanized padding to obviate any concussion. Then at each bottom corner there is the carved head of a lion, and the steps leading out from the four doors fold out to twice the breadth of an ordinary carriage footboard.

The whole saloon is supported by laminated springs of bright polished steel, which are sensitive to the slightest oscillation. The cost of making



G.W.R. ROYAL SALOON. LOOKING THROUGH FROM GENTLEMAN'S COMPARTMENT.



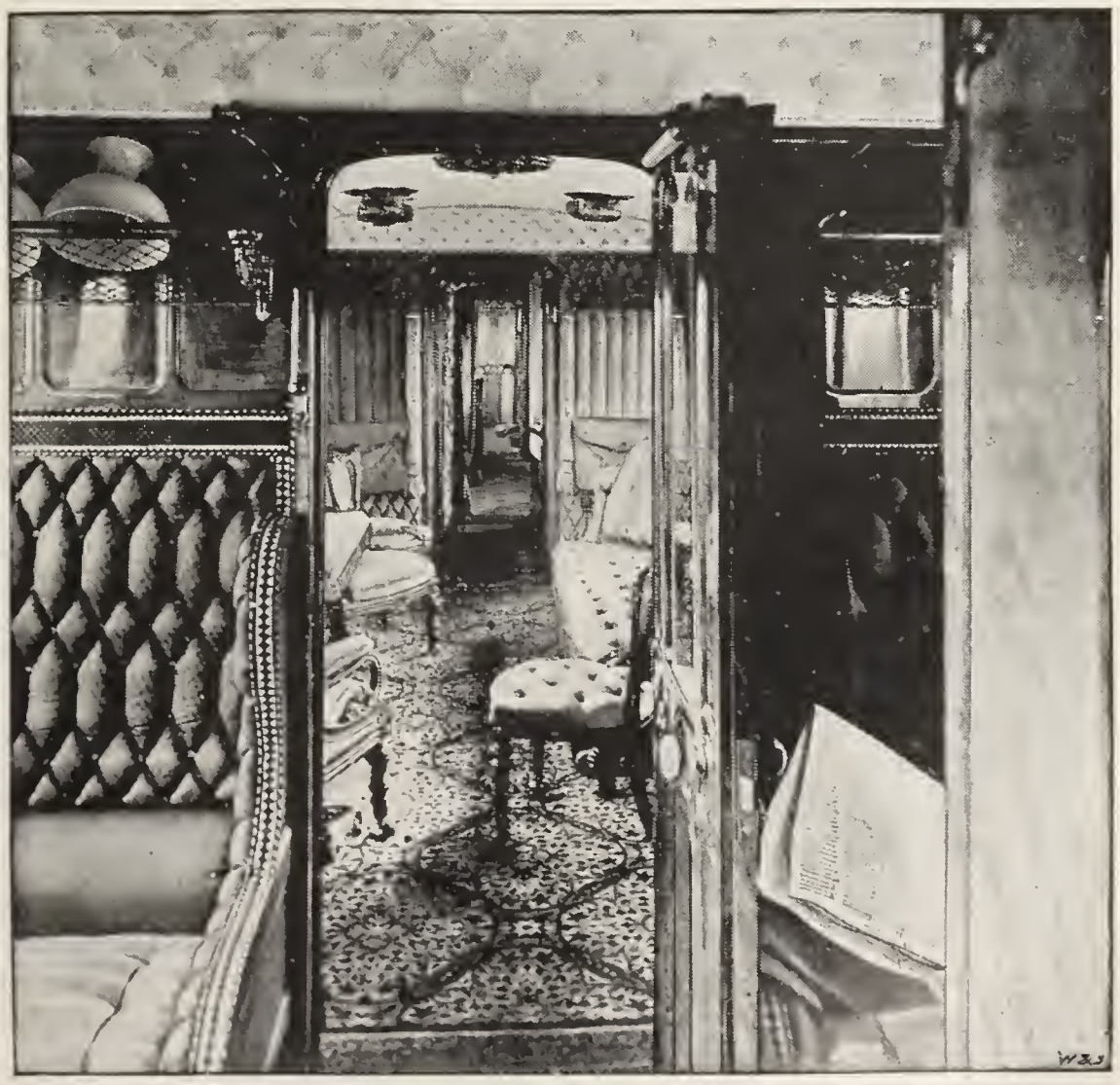
G.W.R. ROYAL SALOON. HER MAJESTY'S COMPARTMENT.

this magnificent coach is estimated at about £5,000—and although it has been running for some seventeen years, it looks as though it had just been turned out from the Swindon works.

We will next glance round the interior, which has three main divisions, Her Majesty's compartment being central, and those of the lady and gentleman attendants are on either side. Electric bells are in the central boudoir, which ring when required continuously until stopped by the attendant.

Entering first Her Majesty's compartment, we notice that it resembles a private drawing-room rather than a travelling saloon. There are easy chairs (that on the left being the one usually occupied by the Queen), and a couch which extends to twice the breadth shown in the photograph. These are covered in English cream-coloured morocco, which matches the sides of the compartment, cushioned with the same material. The doors are made of sycamore, with satin-wood mountings, and the handles, as well as the key latches, are of carved ivory. The border design in silk round the furniture consists of the rose, shamrock, and thistle, which also figure conspicuously on the window-sashes and arm-rests, which again have the crown worked in silk upon them. In the centre of the carpet and on the cushions we notice the Royal Coat of Arms. The roof has a border of hand-painted work, and oil is the artificial illuminant when daylight is shut out by the blinds and curtains made of cream teddy silk.

Let us next view the North-Western Company's Royal saloons. The great length of these several saloons, as seen from end to end, is very striking, together with their handsome fittings throughout. The upholstering in these saloons is for the most part in a darkish blue silk, which my photographic readers will recognise as being represented white in the illustrations.



L.N.-W. ROYAL SALOON. VIEW LOOKING THROUGH FROM THE GENTLEMAN ATTENDANTS' COMPARTMENT.

L.N.W. ROYAL SALOON. HER MAJESTY'S DAY COMPARTMENT.

Her Majesty's day compartment, with its handsome ceiling of cushioned satin partitions covered with the same material, displays much splendour. The lighting of these saloons, as in the others mentioned, is also effected by oil lamps, and electricity is the agent for the bell communication throughout.

Now that we have inspected the Royal saloons, a few details about the Royal journeys will not be out of place. It may be here mentioned that the journey to Osborne is by far the heavier of the two narrated, by way of extra luggage, for which a special train is chartered, taking some twenty-nine truck-loads, including the Royal carriages, horses, etc.

The Royal train from Balmoral to Windsor usually consists of sixteen (L.N.-W.) coaches including the Royal saloons, which always occupy a central position in the train, and is, as far as Wolverhampton, drawn by the company's own engines (the "pilot" engine also belonging to this company); but after this point is reached (where a stay of seven minutes is usually made), the Great Western Company's locomotives take it in hand, but the London and North-Western officials superintend their train throughout the entire journey.

The "pilot" engine, as represented in the photograph on the next page, is running into Windsor Station, and the signals are "down" for the Royal train, of which the "pilot" is fifteen minutes in advance.

The Royal train, which, by the way, runs at an average speed of from forty to forty-five miles an hour, requires the lines cleared of all traffic some thirty minutes before it is due. Every precaution possible is taken to insure a comfortable, safe, and undisturbed journey. At the level crossings nothing is permitted to cross after the pilot has run through, and men have to be on duty at all these points thirty minutes before this. Then all shunting operations on sidings near the main lines must be suspended at least half an hour before the train is due to pass, and all drivers of trains waiting are required to prevent their engines "emitting smoke, making a noise by blowing off steam, or whistling" at this precise moment.

The approach over the viaduct to Windsor is strictly guarded, for beneath every arch men are stationed, and no one is permitted on any pretence whatsoever to be near the line or stations, except, of course, the officials and servants on duty, who are also forbidden to cause any demonstration. These regulations are in force at every point on the journey. To everyone who is in any way employed in connection with the working of this train, a special time-table is given, stating the exact time that the Royal train will pass or stop at each station, along with full particulars for the stoppage of certain trains —and some twenty other regulations.

Every station-master is required to be on duty to see both the "pilot" and train pass through his station, and it is also his business to see that men are stationed wherever there

THE PILOT RUNNING INTO WINDSOR STATION. THE ROYAL TRAIN SIGNALLED.

are points (which in some cases are padlocked). He is, in addition, responsible for the signalman's knowledge of the special block telegraph instructions in use on these occasions; he has to satisfy himself that everyone under his employ is thoroughly acquainted with the full arrangements; and, lastly, to see that goods on luggage trains do not protrude so as to be near the Royal road.

The Royal train, in addition to having electrical communication throughout each saloon and carriage to the two guards (who have, of course, the usual cord attachment to the whistle of the engine), conveys a telegraph instrument superintended by competent officials, who, in case of emergency, are able to establish a communication or connection at any point on the line.

There is no dining-saloon or kitchen on the Royal train, as the distance between stopping points is at no period of the journey sufficiently long to require refreshment other than that supplied at the station buffets: and the customary stay of seven minutes at the prescribed stations *en route* allows an opportunity for the necessary provisions to be conveyed to the train, the refreshment-room authorities having had due notice to prepare all in readiness.

In the "baby" saloon (so-called on account of its being especially adapted for the conveyance of the Royal children) there is a kitchen attached, but the saloon is seldom in use, and, although the pseudonym might suggest a diminutive coach, it is even larger than its *confrère*, the Queen's saloon (of which mention has been made before), and this, too, is the property of the Great Western Company.

An incident may be narrated as showing how, at one time, the idea of building these State railway carriages, and embellishing them, blinded the eyes of their designers to their practical utility. So much attention was paid to magnificence and grandeur that, shortly before the trial trip of the saloon in question, it was discovered that no one had thought of testing the height, and it was then discovered, to the chagrin of the builders, that the saloon would pass under all arches with the exception of one, and on these grounds it was found expedient to reconstruct it, with a low-pitched roof.

In conclusion, I am much indebted to the several authorities by whose kind courtesy and attention I have been enabled to give a few details of the Royal train; and that our Sovereign may long be spared to undertake these journeys in the enjoyment of good health, is the true wish of each and all of her loyal subjects.

A Mountain of Gold.

By C. S. Pelham-Clinton.

"IT'S a mountain of gold," said Mr. Samuel Newhouse as we came in sight of Seaton Mountain, "and I've the key to the treasure!"

Having been in America a good deal, I was somewhat sceptical with regard to the value of this mass of dark grey stone that was the most prominent feature of the landscape for miles; and also to the "open sesame" he spoke of as well; but that we were in a golden region was very plain to anyone, even if I had not known before that Central City, the point for which we were making, was the principal town of the "Little Kingdom of Gilpin," and for years had been an established gold camp.

As the train slowly wound its way up the grade which seemed far too steep for safety, along the banks of the very muddy creek that a boy could jump with ease, at every turn we saw signs of the precious metal.

While the stream itself, at the time of our visit, was not more than a few feet wide, the width of its course in flood-times was very clearly defined, and the bed of the now almost dry creek was now the scene of great activity—hundreds of men of every nationality being busily engaged in washing for gold. It was a "no man's land," the only notice of ejectment from which was a flood, and when that had subsided the results were that fresh gold had been brought down from the mountain sides above by the torrents, and been deposited in the bed of the creek to await discovery at the hands of the diligent crowd of men who, with no capital but their thews and sinews, and with the rudest of implements, were working so busily as we passed by.

Along the banks of the stream higher up were the crushers, where the gold-bearing quartz brought from the mines is ground to powder and the gold extracted. A considerable amount is lost, however, even in the best processes; this is carried down in minute particles by the stream, is deposited in its bed, and eventually becomes the spoil of the herd of toilers down below.

At every turn we came in sight of fresh crushing plants and fresh mines perched on the hill-side in apparently inaccessible places. "Clear Creek," as it is called, had become even more than before the opposite to its name, and had also dwindled down to almost an apology for a stream, and its banks had narrowed considerably, showing we were close to Central City, which stands at the head of the gulch.

Central City is rich in gold, but however alluring that metal may be, the city is by no means attractive itself. However, it has a history, which is a good deal more than many American cities can boast of. In 1859 a prospector of the name of John H. Gregory discovered the Gregory lode, and a mining authority gave me the following information, which shows this part of Colorado—whatever other gold-fields in America may be doing—is more than holding her own:—

"From the first pan of dirt $4 in gold were obtained; the following day, Mr. Gregory and his partner washed over $40 from forty pans of dirt. This was the beginning of the great Pike's Peak craze, which has endured under different forms in various districts of

From a] SEATON MOUNTAIN—THE MOUNTAIN OF GOLD. *[Photograph.*

From a] CENTRAL CITY. *[Photograph.*

the State to the present day. Many thousand people rushed to Central City, Black Hawk, and Nevadaville, a continuous city under three corporations, and along whose gulches have been discovered, and are still being discovered, the greatest mines in the West. Among these are the Bates, Bobtail, Hunter, Gunnel, Clay County, Fisk, and Mammoth. In 1867 the Boston and Colorado Smelting Works were established in Black Hawk by Professor N. P. Hill, and successfully treated ore that could not be treated in a stamp-mill. Central City and its environs remained a typical early mining camp until 1878, the year of the advent of the Colorado Central Railroad, which was extended to Central City from Black Hawk by means of switch-backs, requiring four miles of road to go one mile in distance. Since that date the "Little Kingdom of Gilpin" has been transformed into a modern mining metropolis with tramway systems, electric and hoisting appointments, and all other conveniences of a well-equipped mining centre. The Gilpin Tramway Company commenced hauling ore in 1888 on a two-foot gauge railroad from the principal mines to Black Hawk; it then had one locomotive. They now have three locomotives and over 125 cars, and nearly twenty miles of track, the line running up Clear Creek, Chase Gulch, over Winnebago, Gunnel and Quartz Hills, to Russell and Willis Gulches. In estimating the value of the product of Gilpin County mines up to January 1st, 1879, two systems have been used by statisticians, illustrating the difference between the value in coin and the depreciated currency in circulation during most of the time in which the record was made. The total product to that date is thus given: Coin value of product, $28,077,000; currency value, $35,000,000. Computed at its coin value, this product is thus classified: Gold, $26,917,000; silver, $690,000; copper and lead, $470,000; total to January 1st, 1879, $28,077,000. During the year 1872 the mines of Gilpin County yielded in value to the amount of $2,431,291, exceeding the output of any previous year. The output for 1889 was $3,334,300; that of 1890 was $2,624,925. The total output since January 1st, 1879, aggregates over $30,000,000, so that the coin value of the yield of Gilpin County mines from the year 1859 to 1891 very nearly reaches the enormous sum of $60,000,000, and this has largely increased during the past three years."

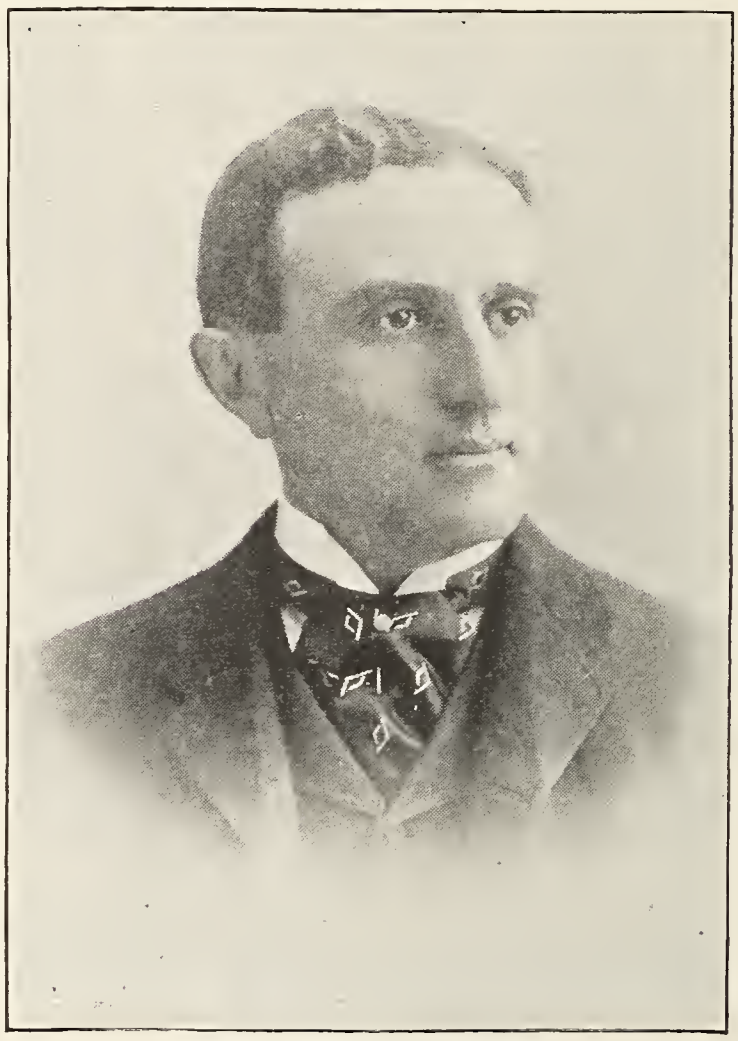
To show the great value of these Colorado mines, I quote from what appeared in the financial columns of a leading London paper:—

"Messrs. Eives and Allen have sent us the Annual Report of Mr. John J. Valentine, the president of Wells, Fargo, and Co., bank and express agency, on the precious metals product of the United States and Mexico in the year 1894. From this it appears that the total production of gold in states and territories west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia, was, roundly, £9,180,000, and of silver £5,740,000. This latter value is arrived at by taking silver at 31½d. per ounce, which is rather high. The largest output of gold was in Colorado, which gave £2,435,000. Next came California with £2,140,000, and then Montana with £1,030,000. Colorado was also the largest producer of silver. Including copper and lead, the total output of the United States, British Columbia, and the West Coast of Mexico, due to mining for the precious metals, is valued at £21,023,000 for the year 1894. Looking back over past years, the production of gold is found to have been much increased, and that of silver to be much reduced, compared with the

average of any series of years since 1874. The highest production of silver in the States was in the year 1889, when the total was valued at almost £13,000,000; but, of course, prices were much higher then and in previous years than now. Last year's output of gold was the highest since 1870, beyond which date Mr. Valentine's tables do not go. The year which came nearest to it was 1877, when the total was returned at £8,976,000. These figures are only put forth as approximately correct, but they are the best obtainable."

So much for statistics; these were necessary but dry, so we took the two-horse buggy that had been "hitched up" and made a start for Idaho Springs, passing over the top of Seaton Mountain.

It was a glorious day, and at the height we were at, over 8,000ft., the air was perfection. Slowly we wound our way up the side of the hill, passing dozens of miners hard at work, bringing out the gold-bearing rock, until Central City seemed a tiny village in the gorge below us. We were over 10,000ft. above sea-level, and had a gorgeous distant panorama around us, though the actual scenery of Seaton Mountain is tame, and not improved by the hundreds of rough buildings that dot the landscape on all sides.



MR. SAMUEL NEWHOUSE.
From a Photo. by Nast, Denver.

Still, we had come to see the golden mountain, and here we were at its summit. Slowly Mr. Newhouse explained the situation and his project, and a map could not have explained as fully in a week as a glance did here. There were the mines, the occupants doing their best to wrest the golden treasure from the mountain under difficulties that are hardly credible, for without seeing the country one could hardly appreciate these difficulties. To begin with, the roads to the various mines are simply tracks worn by the waggon-wheels into some semblance of a road; down these come the waggons with four horses bearing the blocks of quartz. Once on the main road their task is more simple, but the return journey is very different. The main difficulty the miners have to contend with is water, and the deeper they go the worse this trouble seems to be. In fact, they say that in one instance, for every ton of ore taken out, forty tons of water had to be pumped. To pump you must have steam, and steam requires coal, every pound of which has to be hauled up to the mine-mouth. When I say a waggon can bring down six tons of ore and not take up half a ton of coal, the difficulties of making the two ends meet will partly be appreciated. Besides the pumping, hauling gear has to be kept in order, horse-flesh replaced, every bit of fodder being hauled up these inclines; wages are high, and unless the ore is high grade it does not pay to work the mine. Low-grade ores are valueless now, but when the Newhouse tunnel taps the seams, the low-grade seams will be worked as much as the high-grade.

To begin with, the seams, which are numberless, and commence about a mile from Idaho Springs and continue to Central City, are vertical: this is the key to Mr. Newhouse's scheme, and makes it of such value. It has been proved that the lower the seams go the better the ore becomes, but the cost of working is so increased that it does not pay. The question was: how deep did the veins go? Geology can tell us a lot, but it cannot, for certain, tell us what there is 5,000ft. below, in the midst of a mass of granite; but that the seams went down deep had been proved by one of the mines going down over 2,000ft. before the water became too strong.

Mr. Samuel Newhouse knew this part of the country well; he had been over every foot of it when the boom of about twenty years back had brought such crowds to this part of the world. The expenses of mining and the difficulties were a puzzle that he set himself to overcome.

Taking elevations, he found that the

From a] IDAHO SPRINGS. *[Photograph.*

difference between Idaho Springs and Central City was about 3,000ft., and he also saw that the veins, which run very regularly, were at right angles to a line drawn between these two places. The idea of a tunnel then occurred to him, and he mooted the project to some friends, who, while appreciating the idea, laughed at it, as the expenses would be so enormous as to preclude any chance of building it. Not to be deterred, however, Mr. Newhouse quietly bought a piece of land a little distance below Idaho Springs, and started without any flourish of trumpets what is now the talk of every gold-miner in the United States.

Sitting as we were on the top of Seaton Mountain, to get to Idaho Springs to see the tunnel required an adjournment to the "top buggy," as the instrument of torture that was awaiting us is called.

I forget the name of the horses, though the driver kept apostrophizing them by name all the way down the hill "to get up and paddle!" The road was narrow, it was steep, it was also rocky. The buggy had a top and, being a two seated affair, Mr. Newhouse sat beside the driver while I occupied the back seat. The builder of that buggy believed no man was more than 5ft. 6in., or else he meant to build it bigger and ran short of material. I have seldom enjoyed a ride more — my head against the roof, my knees wedged against the seat in front, my backbone rubbing the seat behind: we tore down that hill at a rate that in a good road would have been terrific, but on this hundredth cousin to a macadam road was diabolical. A recent flood had brought out a new vintage of rocks, and carried off the little earth that ever had made that causeway believe itself a road. "Pet," I think that was the name of one of the horses, was almost down once or twice, but the pace saved him. Newhouse lost his spectacles, the driver his voice, the horses their wind, and I a good deal of skin, before, after a wild tear of at least three miles, we swung into Idaho Springs. Truly, if the material of that buggy was scanty it was good, or a handful of remnants on the sides of Seaton Mountain would have been all that was left of us. Peace be to that driver, and may he one day take a party of my

From a] VIEW FROM THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL. *[Photograph.*

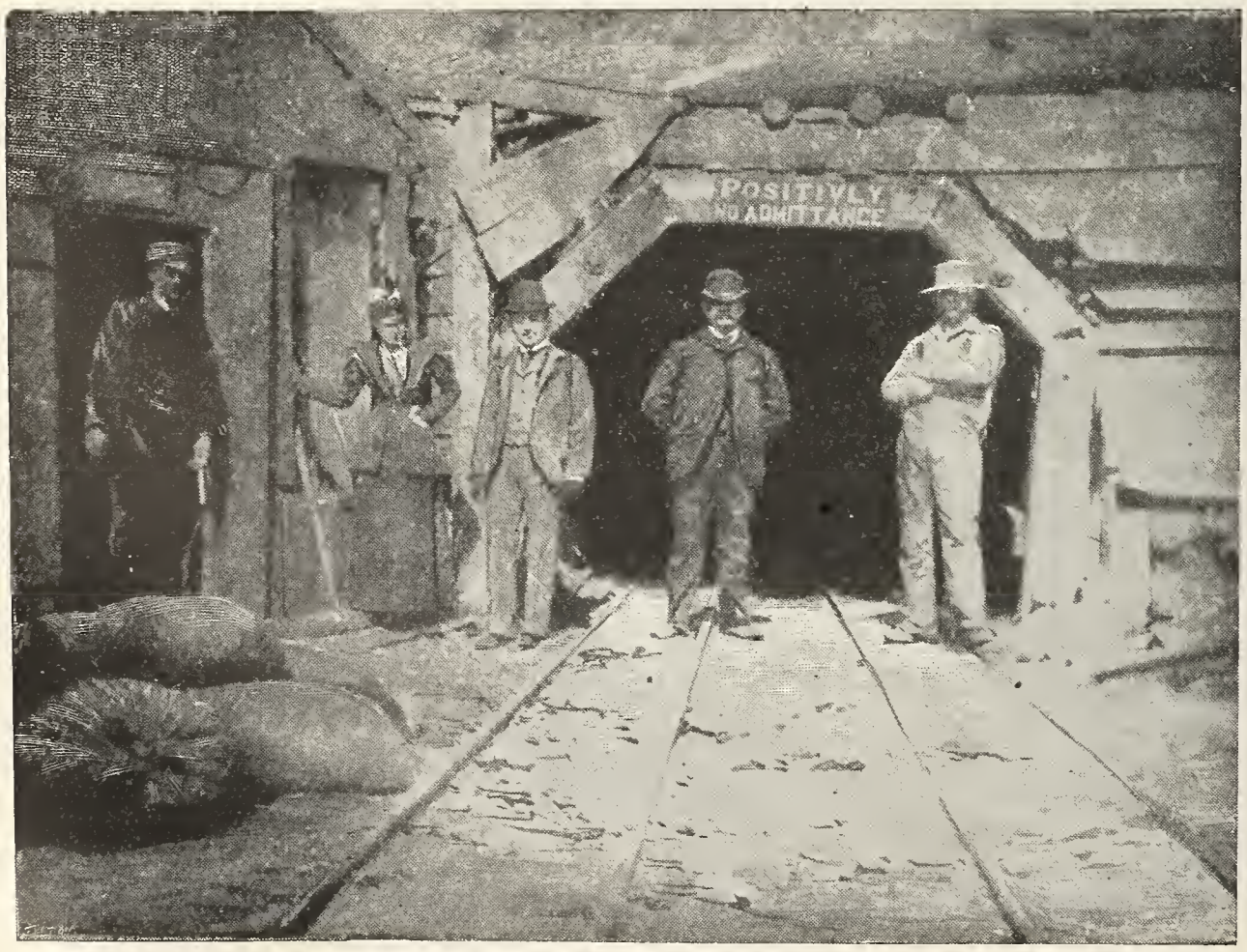
dearest enemies down that descent after a flood.

However our angles had suffered, our appetites were not the worse, and Tom Henahen's, the manager's, excellent luncheon was inward oil and wine to our bruised anatomies; then, after smoking the pipe of peace, a short walk brought us to the tunnel.

From a] THE DRILL. *[Photograph.*

The entrance shows but little of the great scheme, and might be anything of a very ordinary nature, and it is only when the ore begins to come out that it will make a big showing.

The tunnel will, when finished, be four miles long, and its furthest extremity will be almost directly under Central City, but about 2,000ft. below it. It is about 14ft. wide and about 10ft. high. In the centre, between the two lines of railroad, is a waterway cut in the solid rock, about 3ft. wide and 2ft. deep, which carries off all the superfluous water that has in mines to be pumped out, for the rise in the grade of the tunnel is enough to carry out the water, and also facilitates by gravity the exit of the cars laden with ore, while it is not great enough to render much force necessary to push the empty cars into the mine. Thus at only the expense of cutting the watercourse the whole question of water is disposed of. When a vein of ore is reached in the tunnel, cross-cuts will be made and the vein followed until a sufficient distance for proper development is attained. No roofing is required, the rock on either side being of the hardest granite; and, indeed, its hardness, while of benefit in this respect, is such that the boring is of necessity a slow process. It will readily be seen that so cheap a method of mining will, when once the tunnel is made, enable the low-grade ores to be as readily mined as those of better quality, and as each vein is cut, it will be driven on, the ore



From a] THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL. *[Photograph.*

From a] AT WORK WITH THE DRILL 1,800FT. FROM THE MOUTH. *[Photograph.*

being brought out through the tunnel, and thus the whole mining business of this large district will be centred under one administration. The company owns a large number of the veins, which it will work for its own benefit, those belonging to others being operated on a royalty basis.

The company will on the land at the mouth of the tunnel have huge smelters and stamp-mills, and be able to treat every pound of ore that comes out. If the tunnel proves too narrow, Mr. Newhouse says he can enlarge it. There will be ample room inside in the transverse cuttings for sidings for cars, and the tunnel in its present size is capable of handling thousands of tons of ore a day. At the present moment, the tunnel is about three-quarters of a mile into the mountain, and three shifts of five men each are at work with two Leyner drills for eight hours apiece, and are making a progress of over 10ft. a day, the work being continuous day and night, with only a few pauses to blast and clear away the débris, which is carried out in cars to the "dump" at the entrance to the tunnel.

Two hydraulic plants are ready, so, in case anything should happen to the one, the other is at hand, and the progress being made is very rapid for the nature of the work. The rich ore-bed will be reached in about a year's time, and the harvest commenced. The tunnel will take about four years to complete, and experts declare that when finished the vast sum of three hundred millions of dollars worth of gold, or sixty million sterling, will be accessible, so Mr. Newhouse's remark about having the key to the treasure was the truth after all, and that the mountain is one of gold, statistics, geology, and experiment very clearly demonstrate.

From a] IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN OF GOLD. *[Photograph.*

PIROTOU

A BROTHER'S DEVOTION

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES FOLEY.

BY ALYS HALLARD.

PIROTOU was the waiter at the little hotel at Avignon, where I had put up. I think he was the only man-servant they kept, for he appeared to do everything. I have seen him sweeping rooms, polishing the oak floors, dusting, driving the hotel omnibus, loading and unloading the luggage, carrying trunks up and down stairs, with as little apparent effort as though they were made of cork; and then, added to all this, twice a day, with his hair well brushed and pomaded and a serviette over his arm, Pirotou served at table.

One could not help noticing this man, because he had such a happy-looking expression. His whole face laughed, from his bright black eyes, his lips, his trumpet-shaped nose, even to his very hair, which was cropped short, his teeth, and his growing moustache, which he was beginning to train at the corners of his mouth. He was very quick and obliging, and he was not only a favourite with the travellers who put up at the hotel, but everyone in the neighbourhood appeared to know him and like him.

When he was seated on his driver's box on the way to or from the station, he had to nod, smile, touch his hat, or wink to everyone we met. The fact was, he liked everyone and everyone liked him. This popularity gave rise to certain prerogatives and privileges. Pirotou liked talking, and he was decidedly more familiar than one expects a waiter to be; but it all came so naturally to him that, somehow, everyone took it in good part.

When the *table d'hôte* dinner was over, the things all cleared away, and the room nearly empty, Pirotou would glance round, and if anyone that he had taken a fancy to happened to be still there, why, he would make his way across the room and start a conversation at once. It never lasted long, though, for either the hotel proprietor or one of the customers always interrupted him—he was continually in demand for some service or another. In spite of this, the very first day I dined there he found an opportunity of getting a little private conversation with me.

"I've got a brother who is an officer in the army," he informed me; and without waiting for me to express my surprise, he continued: "Queer, isn't it?—me a waiter and him an officer. It's true, though, my brother is an officer in the army——"

"Pirotou, take No. 16's box up-stairs. . . . . Pirotou, coffee for No. 3. . . . . Pirotou, put the horse in at once——"

He would then disappear like a flash of lightning and cheerfully perform all the duties required of him.

He talked about his brother in this way to everyone because he was so proud of him, and although he knew very little of this said brother, yet he adored him all the same. He spoke of him always in the same way without any vanity, but simply that he could not help mentioning him, just as a vine-dresser must speak about the weather and the sun. It was the subject always uppermost in his thoughts, and he would frequently take up his thread again hours after and go on just as though he had never left it.

"I expect you wonder how it is, how it came about?" he said to me, in continuation, during his next interval.

"How what is?" I asked, for I could not imagine what he was driving at.

"Why—my brother being an officer!"

"Ah, yes; how did it come about?"

"Well, it was like this . . . it was a lady that lived near our village, an old lady, very well off, and she had lost her son. Our parents were dead, and she took a fancy to my brother . . . you see, he was a fine-looking lad, and just about the age of her boy. Well, she took to him, and she sent him to college, at Paris, just near to her home. Then he went to the military school, Saint-Cyr . . . She died last year, and I can tell you it put me about a good deal when I got the news, for the sake of my brother——"

"Pirotou, answer the bell—No. 31!"

I had the next instalment of the story the following day.

"Well, the old lady——"

"What old lady?" I asked, absently.

The poor fellow was quite hurt to think that I did not remember.

"Why, my brother's old lady, sir! In her will she left him quite a good income. That put me at my ease at once, for you see I had felt anxious for him, but with this money, why, of course, he could keep up his position."

"But did she not leave you anything, Pirotou?"

"Me!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes wide in his astonishment at my question. "Why, no, sir—it was my brother, you see, that was the same age as her son!"

"Does your brother come to see you?" I asked.

"Yes, he came once about six years ago, when he was on leave. I'd got four days' holiday, and we arranged to go to the village where we used to live. I was vexed to have such a short time with him, but as it happened I did not stay the four days even, for I got back here on the third.

"You see, my brother found he could only stay two days with me, for he'd got invitations to two or three country houses. Then, too, he didn't tell me this, but I guessed it—he found it pretty dull in the little village. Of course, it was very natural he should—just think, sir, an officer!"

"Does he help you?" I asked.

Pirotou burst out laughing at this.

"Him! help me! Why, he couldn't, sir. It isn't the same kind of work we're used to."

"Oh! I did not mean in that sense—I mean, does he ever send you—any money?"

"Oh! I would not have it, sir, upon any account. I'm paid well, you see, sir, and I get a fair amount in tips, and then no expenses, like he has. Why, in my way, I'm as rich as he is."

"Has he never been to see you again?"

Pirotou looked slightly embarrassed this time, as he answered:—

"He'll be coming, sir, soon, because of my wedding. I'm going to get married, you see."

"Ah, you're going to get married?"

"Well, sir, yes; you see, it's getting time. I'm nearly twenty-four—and then *she* is from these parts, and we've known each other three years. We haven't been able to see much of each other, that's true, for you see she's lady's-maid for a lady who lives at Paris, and has a country house near here. They come for three months each summer, and I can only see her on Sundays after church; so, you see, sir, I'm anxious to get married."

"You'll be changing your trade then, I suppose?"

"No, sir, not yet awhile. You see, we haven't got enough money to set up in a little business. In

"AH, YOU'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED?"

five or six years, if we save up, we shall be able to do it. For the present, though, as soon as we are married, the lady's going to take me in her house with Louisette —Louisette, that's her name, sir: the girl I'm going to marry. My brother'll be best man," he went on, in great glee, "and we shall have a very fine wedding, for, you see, sir, I shouldn't like to have anything shabby when he's coming to it—just think, sir, an officer—you know!"

"Pirotou! Pirotou! No. 59 wants his key!"

After leaving Avignon, it was some months before I happened to go there again. On arriving at the hotel, I was struck by the change in Pirotou. He looked quite morose, and it was only with an effort that he managed to smile, as he recognised me. I could see very plainly that he had something to tell me, but there were so many people wanting him, and then the landlord kept calling him for something every minute: "Hurry up, Pirotou, hurry up, my good fellow!"

He did hurry up, but it was not with the same jovial alacrity as formerly. He used to carry the trunks about as though they were as light as air; but now they appeared to be as heavy as lead. I dined when everyone had finished, and I was really quite curious to know what had happened and how Pirotou's wedding had gone off. As soon as he was free he approached me; but he did not come and lean on the table in his old familiar way. He just stood there, looking wretched, and it occurred to me at once what had happened.

"Why, I don't believe your brother the officer came after all, Pirotou, to the wedding?" I said.

"Yes, sir, yes, he came—but—you see, sir, I must tell you how it all was. First of all, I thought he would be sure to put up here—at my hotel, and so I expected to see a good deal of him—all the time I was free. It was a bit rough, sir, when I found he had put up at the Saint Yves Hotel, right at the other side of the town. Well, then he did not come himself to see me, but he sent a messenger to tell me to meet him at a *café*, and he told me in his letter not to forget to take off my apron and to put on a hat. It was just as well he thought to remind me of that, you see, for I should never have remembered myself. I was in such a hurry to see him that I should just have nipped off there and then, without thinking about what I looked like. Well, sir, when I saw him looking so handsome and so finely dressed, I felt that proud of him and that excited—but he just held out his hand to me and asked me whether I'd have sherry or absinth. I said sherry, and then I lost my head, I suppose, for when the glasses came I just picked up his and drank up his absinth. You'll think me pretty foolish, sir, for an hotel waiter and all, but I didn't know what I was doing. My brother spoke so kindly, and just explained a bit about things. Of course, I quite understood that he could not come to see me, but, as he said, I could go there and meet him. He did not want everyone to know he was here, for, you see, sir, I'd been so foolish and talked a good deal too much about him, and, as he said, he did not care about showing himself off like some curiosity. Of course, it was quite right, you see. Just think—an officer! Well, I asked him just to come and see my employer here, for that seemed only natural to me at first. He

"NOW THEY APPEARED AS HEAVY AS LEAD."

explained though that he could not, as that put him in a false position; and when I looked at it in that light, I saw that he was quite right. But you see, sir, it has made things a bit awkward for me, because my master, and then everybody just round that I know—well, they all think that it was my fault he never came; they think I was ashamed of them, and that I did not like my brother to come and shake hands with them——"

"But, how ever did you manage at the wedding, Pirotou?"

"Wait a bit, sir, I'm coming to that. There isn't much to tell you about that, sir. Well—let me see, how far had I got?—oh, yes, it was where I went to the *café*. Well, my brother asked me all about my wedding, and I told him about Louisette and about her mistress and everything. Well, he wanted to see her, of course; and so, as the next day was Sunday, I knew they would be at church, and he agreed to meet me there. Well, when Madame Dalbert came in and Louisette after her, I just nudged him and told him who they were. 'Isn't she pretty?' I said, and he nodded, but he never took his eyes off Madame Dalbert. When we were going out of the church he just got first and stood there watching her, and when I was speaking to Louisette he went off, so that I could not introduce him then.

"HE STOOD THERE WATCHING HER."

"The next day I went to the *café* again to meet him, but I saw he had some friends with him, some officers he had met by chance, old friends of his at Saint-Cyr. When he saw me he left them and came to meet me, for he knew I should feel a bit awkward amongst all his friends.

"'Didn't you say the lady was a Madame Dalbert where your Louisette is?' he asked, as soon as ever he had shaken hands.

"'Yes,' I said; 'Madame Dalbert.'

"'It is very awkward, very awkward indeed,' he went on. 'The idea of your being engaged to her maid! Things turn out so confoundedly embarrassing. My friends are going there to this Madame Dalbert's to a hunting party, and they want me to go. You would not mind that?'

"I laughed at the idea of my minding it, but, of course, I gave him some messages for Louisette. Two days later I saw him again, but he was quite different. When I asked him about Louisette, he said, 'Well, you see, when I was with my friends there I could not very well talk to the maid. I did not mention you, either—you will understand, I'm sure——'

"I certainly did *not* understand at all, but I did not say so, and he went on talking and twirling his moustache.

"'She's a very pretty woman — Madame Dalbert—a charming woman!' he said.

"I did not answer, for, to tell the truth, I had scarcely noticed her even, for my eyes were taken up with Louisette always.

"'Would it really be much of a sacrifice to break off this engagement?' he asked, after a pause.

"That was just a little too much, and I reminded him how we had waited for three

long years, and how we had, both of us, never had a thought of such a thing as not getting married now.

"He bit his moustache impatiently, and soon after I left him to go back to my work. For three days we were so busy at the hotel that I was not able to get off. I could not see him then, for he was neither at the *café* nor yet at his hotel. It was a week after when he sent for me, and this time I was shown up into his room—a large, handsome room on the first floor of the hotel. He seemed very excited, and kept walking up and down the room. Presently he stopped short right in front of me and said :—

"'Can I count on you? Are you pretty brave.'

"'Go on,' I said, 'what is it?' for I felt that something had happened, but I did not want him to be ashamed of me.

"He looked away as he told me the news. 'Well, it is just this : I fell over head and ears in love with Madame Dalbert, and—well, the long and the short of it is, she cares for me too. The only thing is, I am so vexed for you, old fellow,' he said, laying his hand on my shoulder.

"'For me—but why?'

"'Good heavens — can't you see? Well, you cannot exactly marry her maid now! You could not come to us as a servant, could you? It would be too ridiculous —perfectly humiliating, in fact, for me!'

"I felt myself go cold all over, and I suppose my face must have turned pale, for he said :—

"'Well, have patience, and we'll see how it can all be arranged — perhaps something can be done——'"

Pirotou stopped suddenly, and two great tears, which had come into his eyes, would have rolled down his cheeks, but, making a desperate effort, he blinked two or three times and so made them disappear.

"But how about the wedding, then?" I asked, after a brief pause.

"Well, you see, sir, there's been no wedding," he said, looking down on the floor. "Perhaps there never will be now, either. I've waited and tried to be patient, but my brother does not write, and Louisette hasn't written lately either. . . . . I suppose they have talked to her and showed her that it can't be . . . . and I don't know, perhaps, they'll get her to give me up yet altogether. . . . . I don't know how it is. . . . . Anyhow, they're back in Paris. . . . . It was a bit hard, you see, sir, for I'd been in love with her so long, and we'd waited so patiently; and then, you see, sir, with him it was all just a fancy . . . . just a pretty face that took him. But, there, it's all the same, there was nothing left for me to do. I couldn't humiliate him, you see. He's older than I am, and I've got no one else in the world but him. And then

"GOOD HEAVENS! CAN'T YOU SEE?"

too, sir, just think—an officer! I couldn't have stood in his way, sir; but it *is* a bit hard."

And this time, as blinking was of no use, poor Pirotou moved away and busied himself shutting the window.

A Forgotten Genius.

By C. Van Noorden.

NICHOLAS GROLLIER DE SERVIERE was born at Lyons in 1596, and on reaching the age of fourteen, followed the example of his ancestors and took up the profession of arms. He was sent to serve in Italy, where, at the Siege of Verceil, his daring cost him an eye, which was carried away by a splinter from a gun. A first experience so dearly bought, far from daunting him, did not prevent his taking part in all the other engagements of this war. On its conclusion he went to serve for some time in Flanders, in the troops of the Dutch States, at that time the finest school of military discipline.

From here he entered into the service of the Emperor Ferdinand of Germany, where he acquired a great reputation, above all at the Battle of Prague. After this he was obliged to accompany Ferdinand's Ambassador to Constantinople, where he remained six months; but war having broken out again in France, he immediately returned to give to his King and country the tokens of his zeal, and to consecrate to them the happy talents with which he was gifted, and the experience he had gained in the service of foreign Princes. He did so with much distinction, especially at the sieges of Montauban, Tonnins, Briteste, St. Foy, Négrepelisse, Nîmes, and Privat, winning high praise from the King.

Among a great number of brilliant actions we will content ourselves with one, which will suffice to show both his genius and courage. He was at the time senior captain of the regiment of Infantry of Aigue-Bonne, and commanded on the banks of the Rhone on the Tarascon side, when the necessity arose of helping the town of Beaucaire, then besieged by Montmorency.

Great difficulties presented themselves to be surmounted: the town was blockaded on the land side, the bridges between Tarascon and Beaucaire had been broken down, the river had to be crossed in sight of the enemy, and, to crown all, the citadel was in the power of the besiegers.

So many obstacles seemed to make the enterprise impossible when M. de Servière, who had orders to essay the relief, profiting by a few boats which fell in his way, combined them very skilfully into a kind of flying bridge with protective parapets of thick beams. By means of this contrivance, which he invented on the spot, and constructed with great rapidity, he transferred the whole of his regiment to the further bank; and, in spite of a heavy fire and the strenuous efforts of the enemy, threw himself with but slight loss into the besieged town, and was the cause of the raising of the siege a few days later.

The renown of this feat having spread to the enemy's army, Montmorency spared no efforts to attach to himself so brilliant an officer, using as an argument "that he had been left without reward," and offering him employ and appointments much more considerable than those he held in the King's army—but all without effect. Some time afterwards, having been made Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment of Aigue-Bonne, he assisted at the battles of Vellane and Tesin, at the retreat of Guiers, at the sieges of Turin, Casal, and Pignerol, and on many other occasions.

His superior genius for mathematics, especially for fortifications, and the great experience he had acquired were so universally recognised, that he was intrusted with the control of works in most of the later sieges just mentioned.

Finally, after so many labours, covered with glory and seamed with scars, he retired from service, to taste the sweets of repose, occupying the rest of his life in many ingenious inventions, comprising, amongst others, turnings, hydraulic machines, hand and wind-mills, boats with paddle-wheels, and especially clocks. M. de Servière died at Lyons, October, 1689, aged ninety-three.

The machines which M. de Servière has invented for clocks are very curious; and

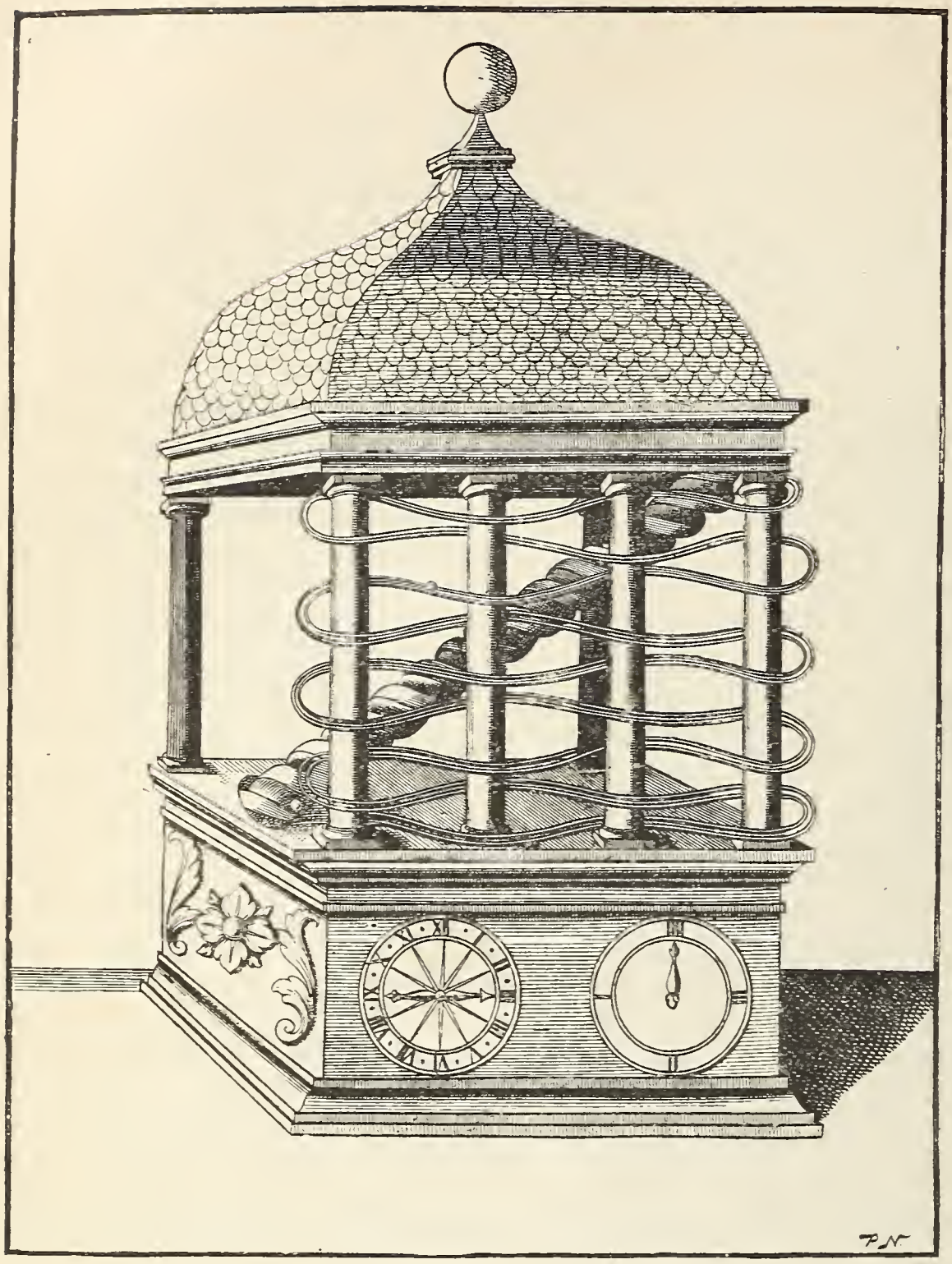


FIG. 1.

although the greater part have for their principle the elasticity of springs, the heaviness of weights, or the flowing of water or sand, they were, for their time, so different from any that existed of this kind, and they produced such surprising effects, that they were regarded as veritable prodigies of art, and, as will be seen from the following examples, not without justice.

Fig. 1 represents a clock with an oblong square dome, raised on six columns upon a base of the same shape. Around four columns forming one side there ran double wires of copper placed parallel to each other in a spiral coil from the dome to the base. These wires were fixed to the columns by little brackets, in such a way that they formed a canal to a ball of the same metal, which, by its own weight, descended all their length, arriving at the base, where it then enters on the thread of an archimedean screw placed between the six pillars, and which divides diagonally the space between the dome and the base. As soon as the screw has received the ball it turns, and by this means raises the ball to the dome, where it retakes the road traced by the copper wires. In this machine the ball is not lost to sight; you perceive it mount by the archimedean screw and descend by the canal, and by these continued movements it causes the wheels to revolve. The dials for hour and minute are on the faces of the base.

Another clock (Fig. 2) is a desk about 18in. long, the back being raised 12in. On the inclined plane is cut a canal, which

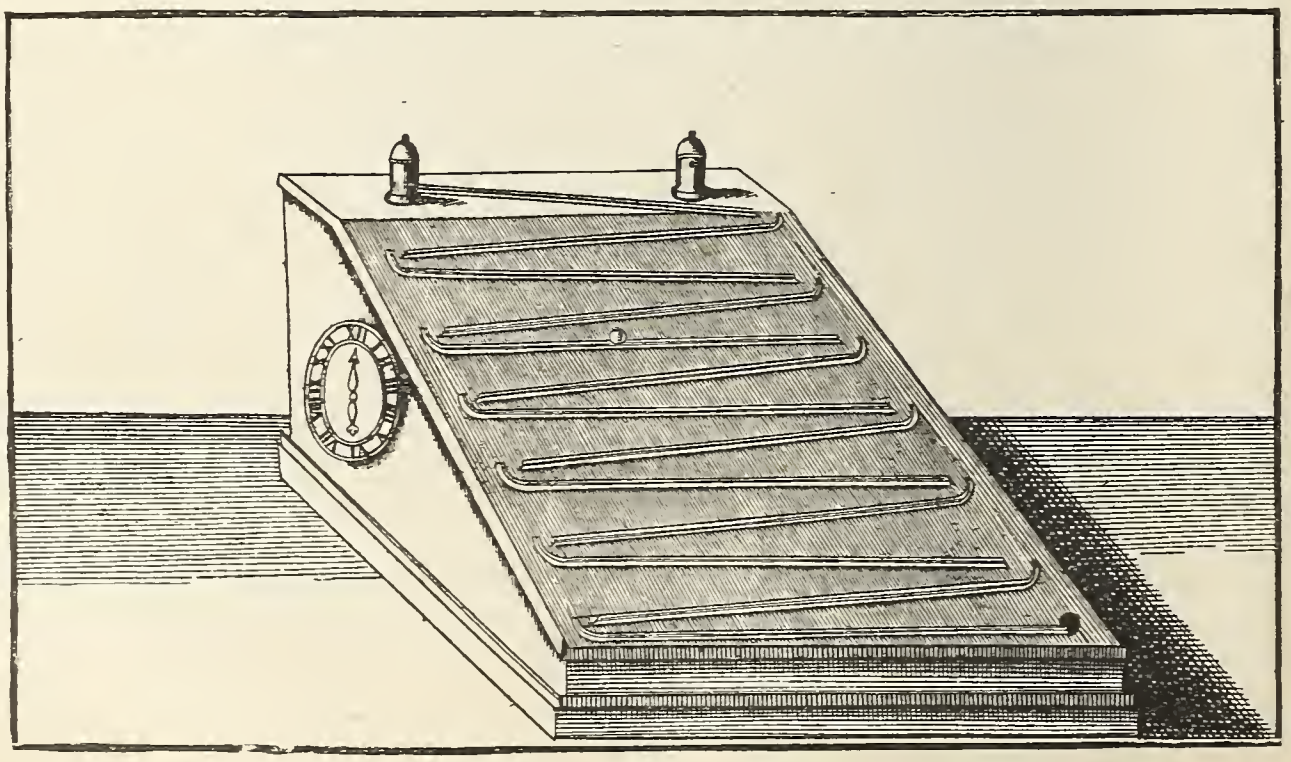


FIG. 2.

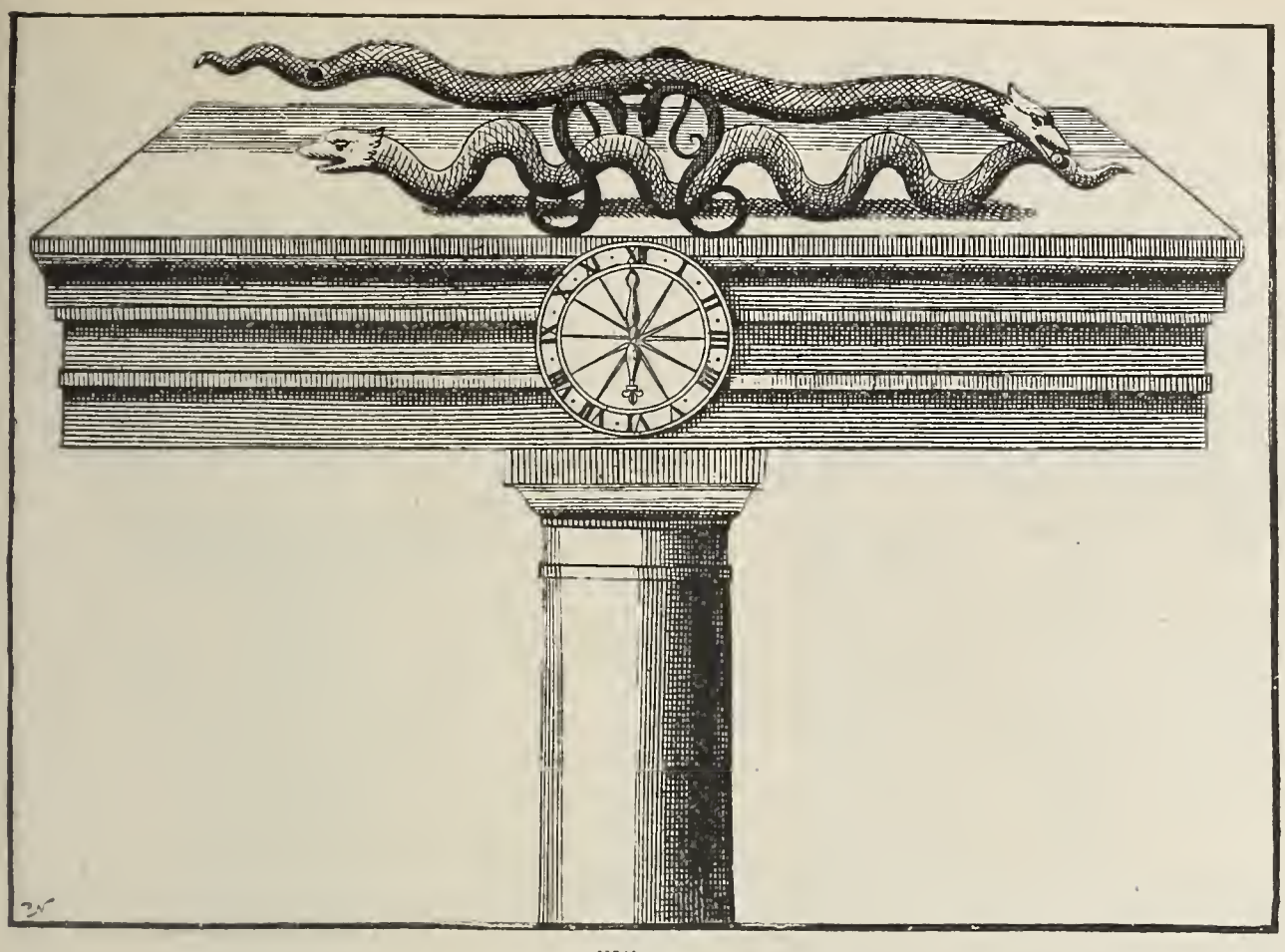


FIG. 3.

conducts a ball in the same way as the former clock to the lower end of the plane, where it enters the body of the machine. Immediately it enters, a second ball appears at the top of the canal, which takes the route of the first, and these two balls serve for movement to the clock, which has its dials on one of the faces of the desk. To show that the works of this machine occupy but little space, the plane can be raised like a desk-lid, and it will be found that part of the interior is empty, and the other part is filled with two rows of little drawers containing curious works of no connection with the clock.

Fig. 3 shows, on a platform upheld by a pillar, two serpents, one over the other. The uppermost is raised about 6in. above the lower. As it is pivoted by the middle of the body, it can see-saw the head and tail. When its tail is lowered, it ejects a ball which the lower serpent swallows, whereon the first, lowering its head, the ball enters its mouth, and is again ejected from its tail into the mouth of the lower serpent. This movement is continuous, and actuates the clock whose dial is placed above the capital of the column.

The next machine (Fig. 4) consists of a cylindrical box, which, being posed with its curvilinear surface on an inclined plane, seems to rest there, against the nature of round bodies, which at once descend any incline. The box in question descends its plane slowly, and in time. It is made of copper, is about 5in. diameter, and the plane on which it is placed is 4ft. long. The hours are inscribed on the thickness of this inclined plane and on the circumference of the box, which has a hand with two points, which is always vertical and marks the hour on two different places, with the upper point on the edge of the box, and with the lower on the inclined plane. This clock has no spring or balance. The duration of time it works depends on the length of its inclined plane, and it only receives its movement from the effort the round body makes to keep on the plane against its natural course. A variation of

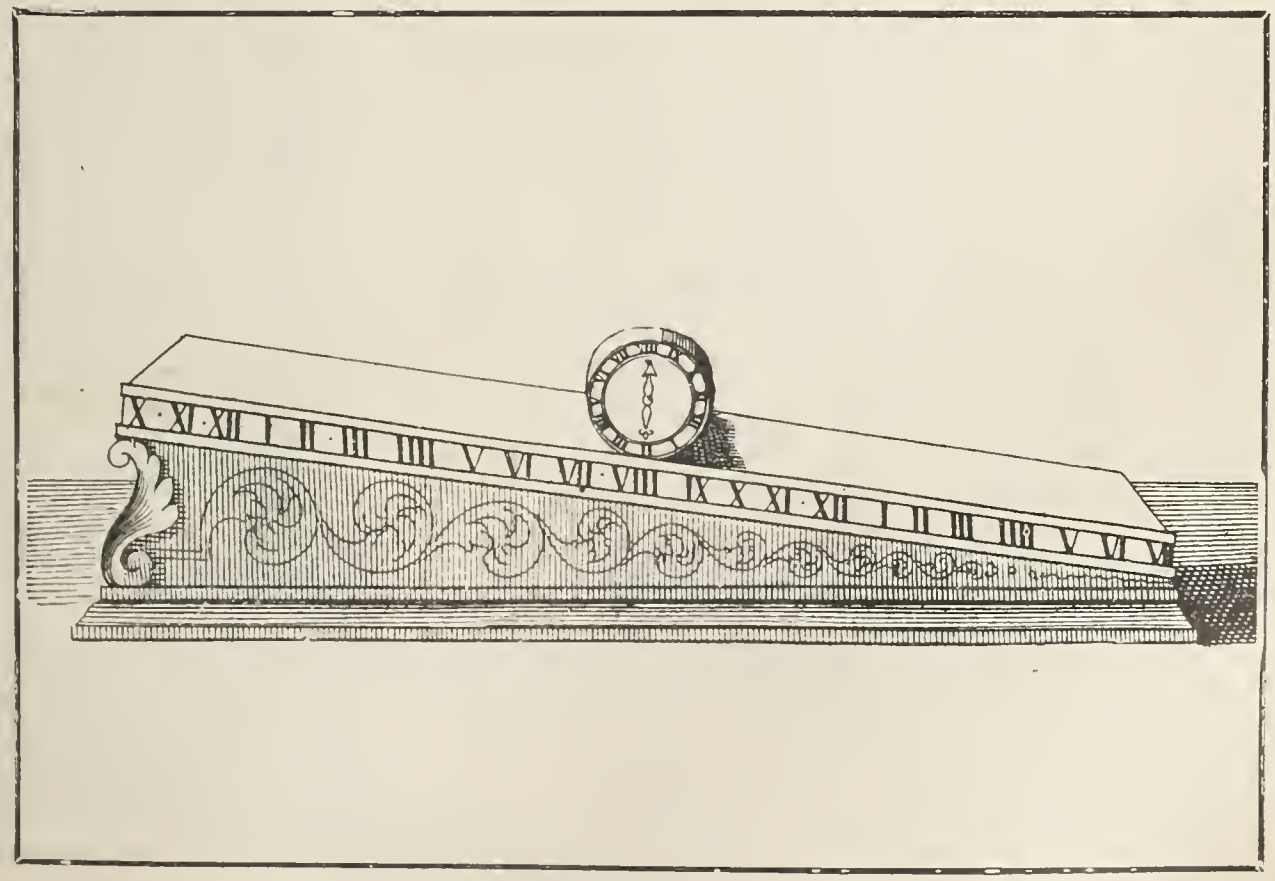


FIG. 4.

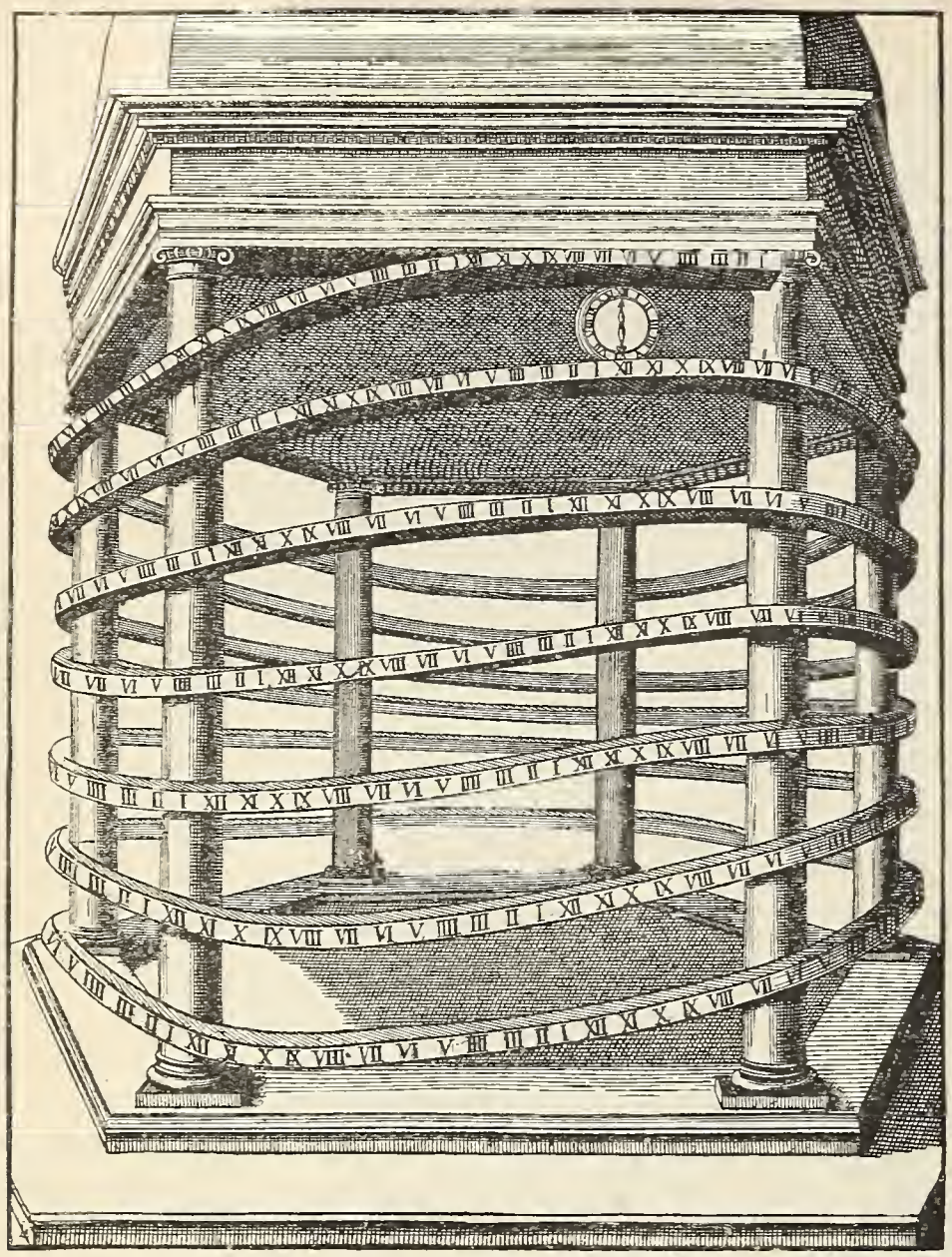


FIG. 5.

this has added to the lower end of the plane several other such planes, which rise as soon as the cylindrical box arrives on them, and incline to the same degree as the former. By this means, multiplying this kind of inclined plane along the wall of a large room or a gallery, one would have a clock which would go for several months without being touched.

Fig. 5 is made on the same principle as the one preceding, excepting that its inclined plane is disposed spirally around six pillars forming a kind of rotunda. This clock will go for a week, and would go longer were its plane extended. To reset these last two clocks it is only necessary to replace them at the beginning of the first plane, taking care that they mark the correct hour.

Fig. 6 marks the hours by means of a sand-glass. The sand takes exactly an hour to fall; the cage has an axle which causes it to turn like a clock hand, on the front of a case like those of our ordinary clocks. The bulbs have each a false moving bottom, which can rise and fall a little by means of a thin piece of leather folded underneath. When the sand has all fallen into the lower bulb, the double bottom (on which the sand rests) falls, and as it then presses on a base connected with a counterpoise inside the case, less weighty than the whole of the sand, this base swings upward the moment the last grains of sand fall, and loosening a catch at the same time, the springs inside the case turn the hour-glass. Thus the empty bulb, which was at the top, is now at the bottom, and the full half is above; in this way the running of the sand is recommenced, and continues without interruption. Every time the glass reverses, it turns a dial hidden inside the case a twelfth of a circle, and the twelve hours, one after the other, appear at a little opening over the hour-glass.

The next machine (Fig. 7) is a celestial globe on the circumference of which the hours are inscribed, which turns on the head of an Atlas who bears it, to mark the time at a

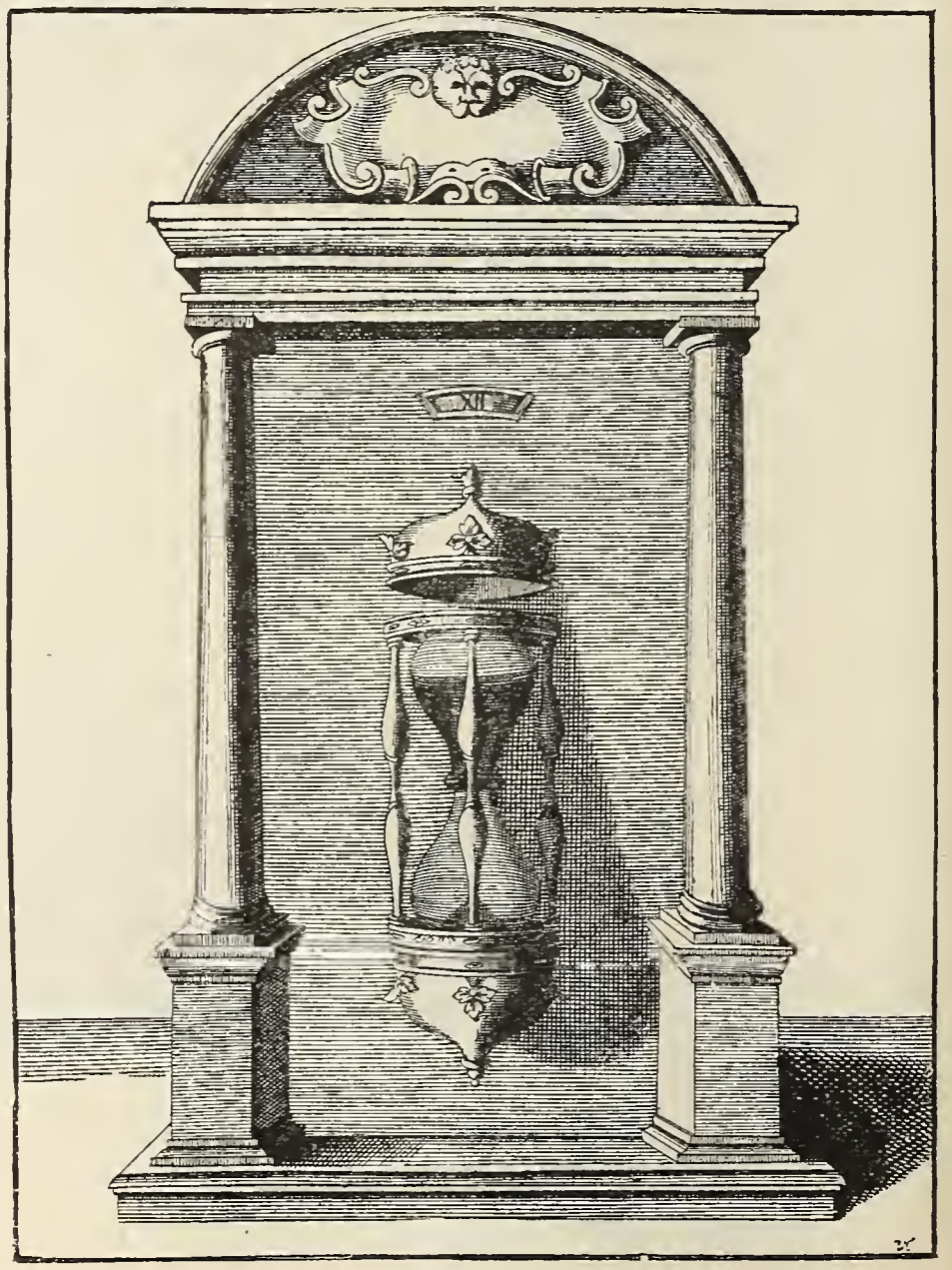


FIG. 6.

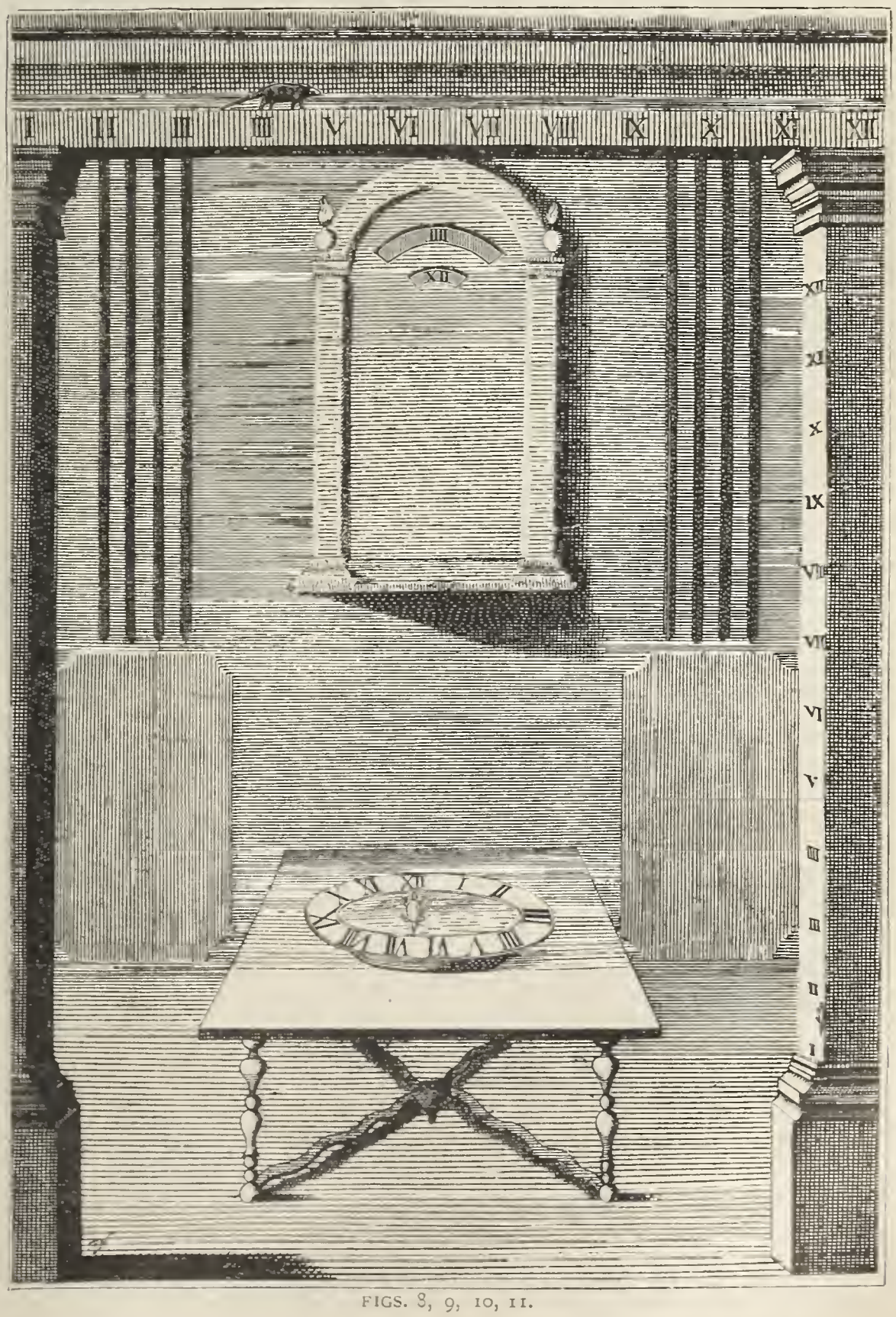
FIG. 7.

fixed pointer. The works of this clock are concealed in the interior of the globe, and cause it to turn in such manner that it is not the hand which comes to the hours, but the hours themselves which come successively to seek the hand.

Figs. 8 and 9 show two clocks of which the hours are inscribed along a cornice and down the length of a pillar. A little figure of a mouse marks the hours by running along the cornice, whilst a lizard performs the same office, and may be perceived at the right hand of the illustration marking half-past one o'clock, by mounting the pillar. These clocks are worked by a counterbalance.

Fig. 10 has the movement of an ordinary clock of the time, but has a different dial. It has no hands, but in their place has two unequal circles, of which the larger marks the hours and the smaller the quarters. These circles are hidden inside the machine, and only show the current hour through two openings in the face.

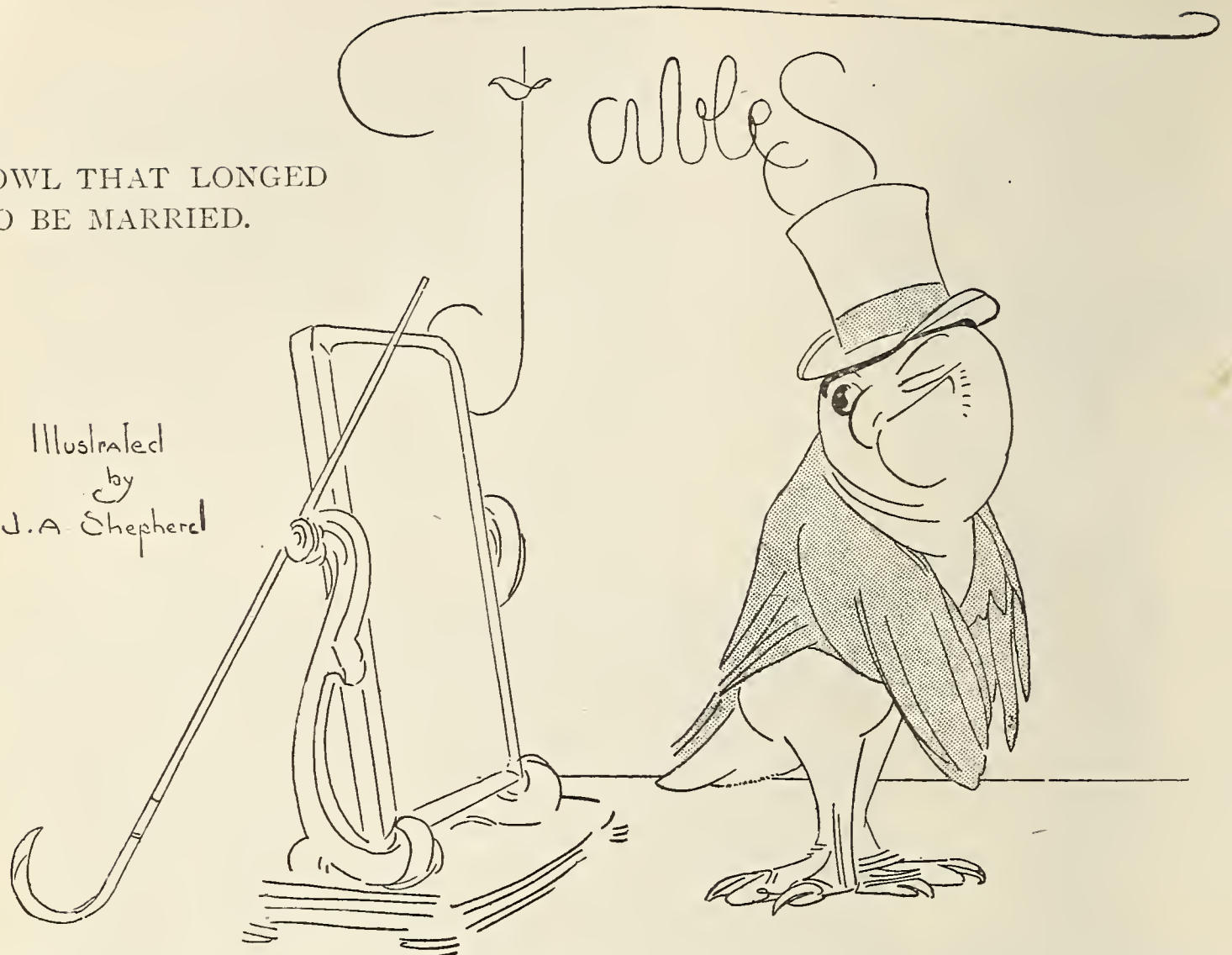
The last specimen of M. de Servière's ingenuity we describe (Fig. 11) is what must have been, for his time, a great puzzle. A pewter plate, on the rim of which are engraved the hours, is filled with water; a little figure of a tortoise in cork being thrown in immediately seeks the correct hour and points it out with its head. If one move it away it returns at once, and if left alone follows slowly the border of the plate, marking the time. This movement is, of course, effected by a moving magnet, and a small rod of metal in the tortoise's head, but no sign is visible of any mechanism, which is concealed in the false bottom of the plate.



FIGS. 8, 9, 10, 11.

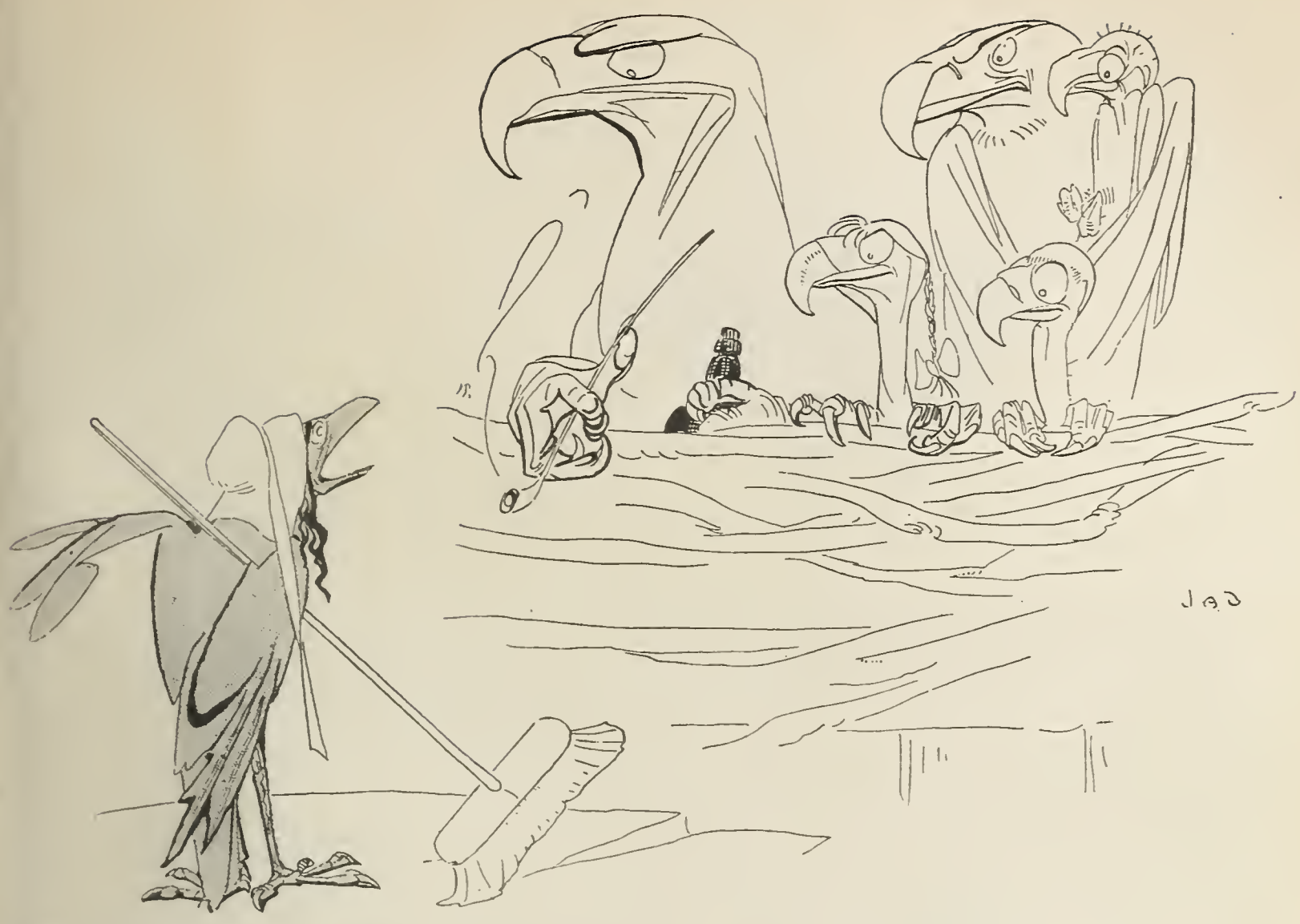
THE OWL THAT LONGED TO BE MARRIED.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd



1.—A YOUNG OWL, WHO WAS PARTICULARLY WELL PLEASED WITH HIMSELF, DETERMINED TO MARRY THE EAGLE'S DAUGHTER.

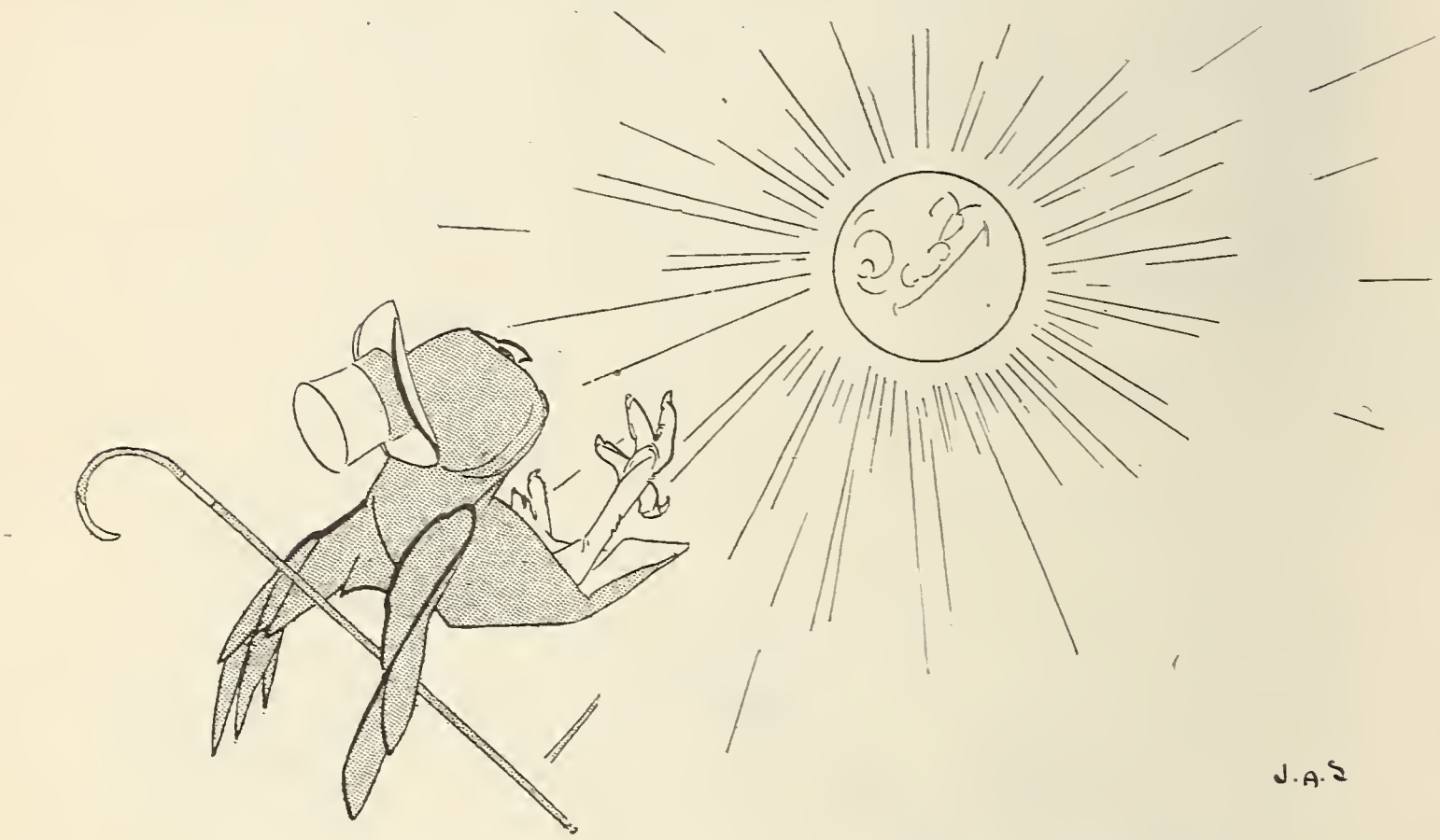
2.—BIG WITH THIS THOUGHT, HE SENT THE CROW AS AMBASSADRESS TO THE KING OF BIRDS TO DEMAND FOR HIM HIS ROYAL DAUGHTER IN MARRIAGE.



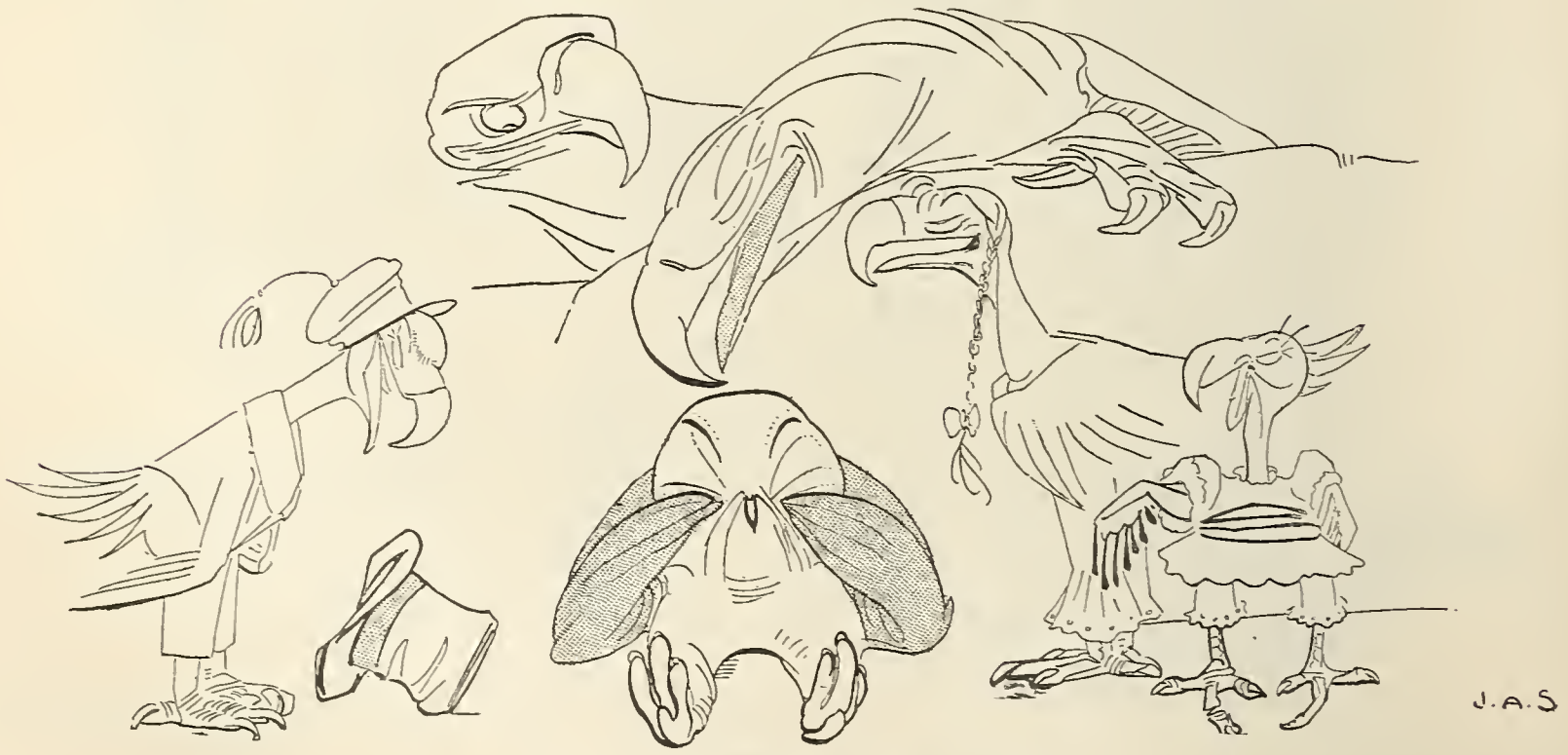
3.—THE CROW, TO SOOTHE HIS VANITY (FOR THE PROUD, SELF-CONCEITED OWL WAS DEAF TO ALL DISSUASION), WENT TO PROPOSE THE MATCH.

4.—SHE WAS SUFFICIENTLY LAUGHED AT FOR HER RIDICULOUS DEMAND. THE EAGLE ANSWERED HER: "IF THE OWL IS AMBITIOUS OF BEING MY SON-IN-LAW, LET HIM MEET ME TO-MORROW IN THE CENTRE OF THE AERIAL REGIONS."

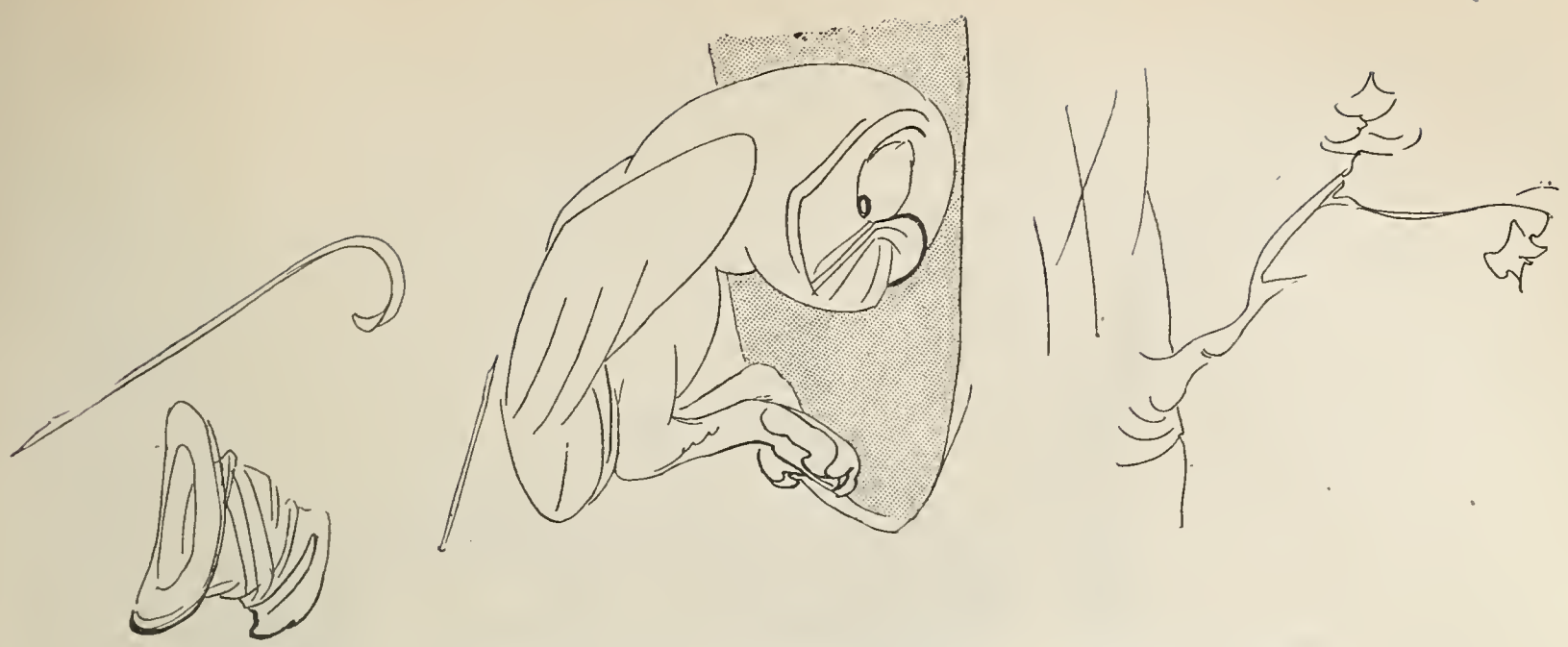
5.—THE PRESUMPTUOUS OWL DETERMINED TO PAY THE VISIT.



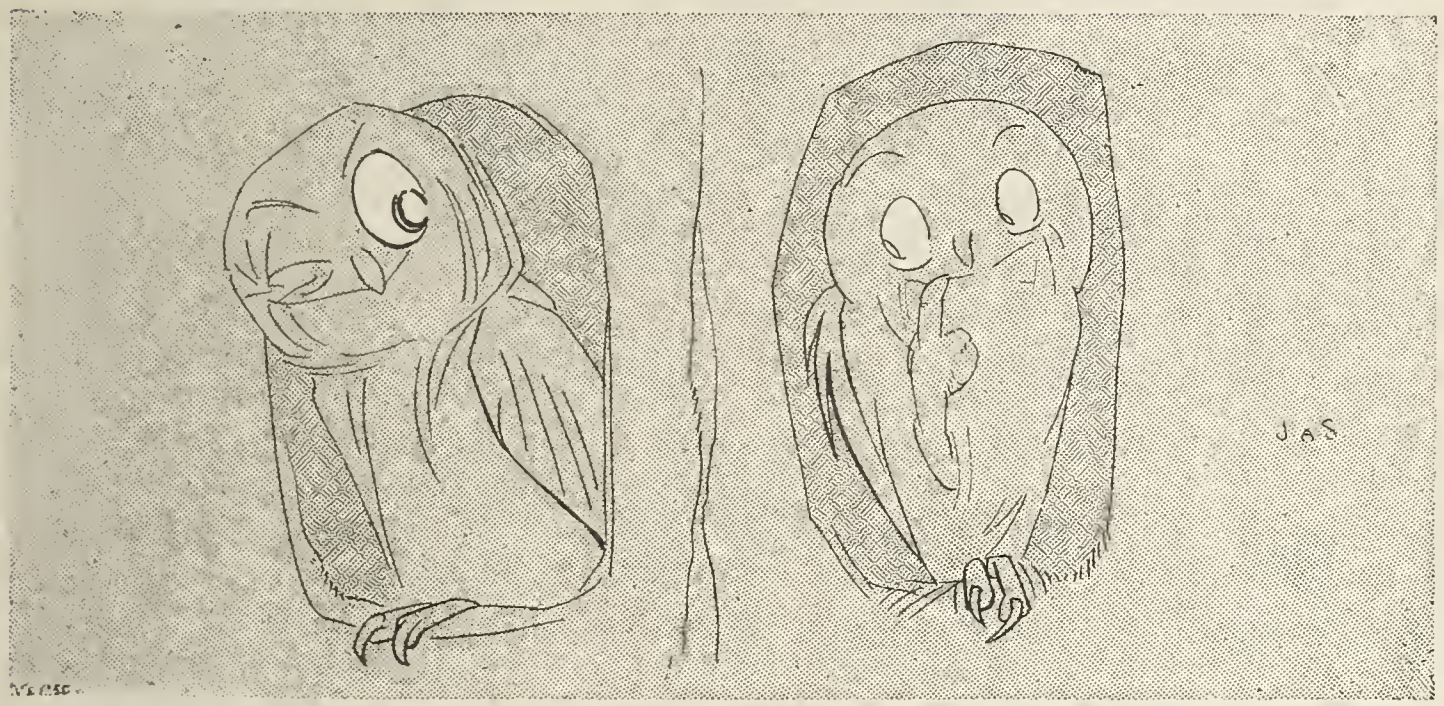
6.—BUT HIS EYES WERE DAZZLED. THE RAYS OF THE SUN STRUCK HIM BLIND—



7.—AND HE FELL HEADLONG FROM ON HIGH.

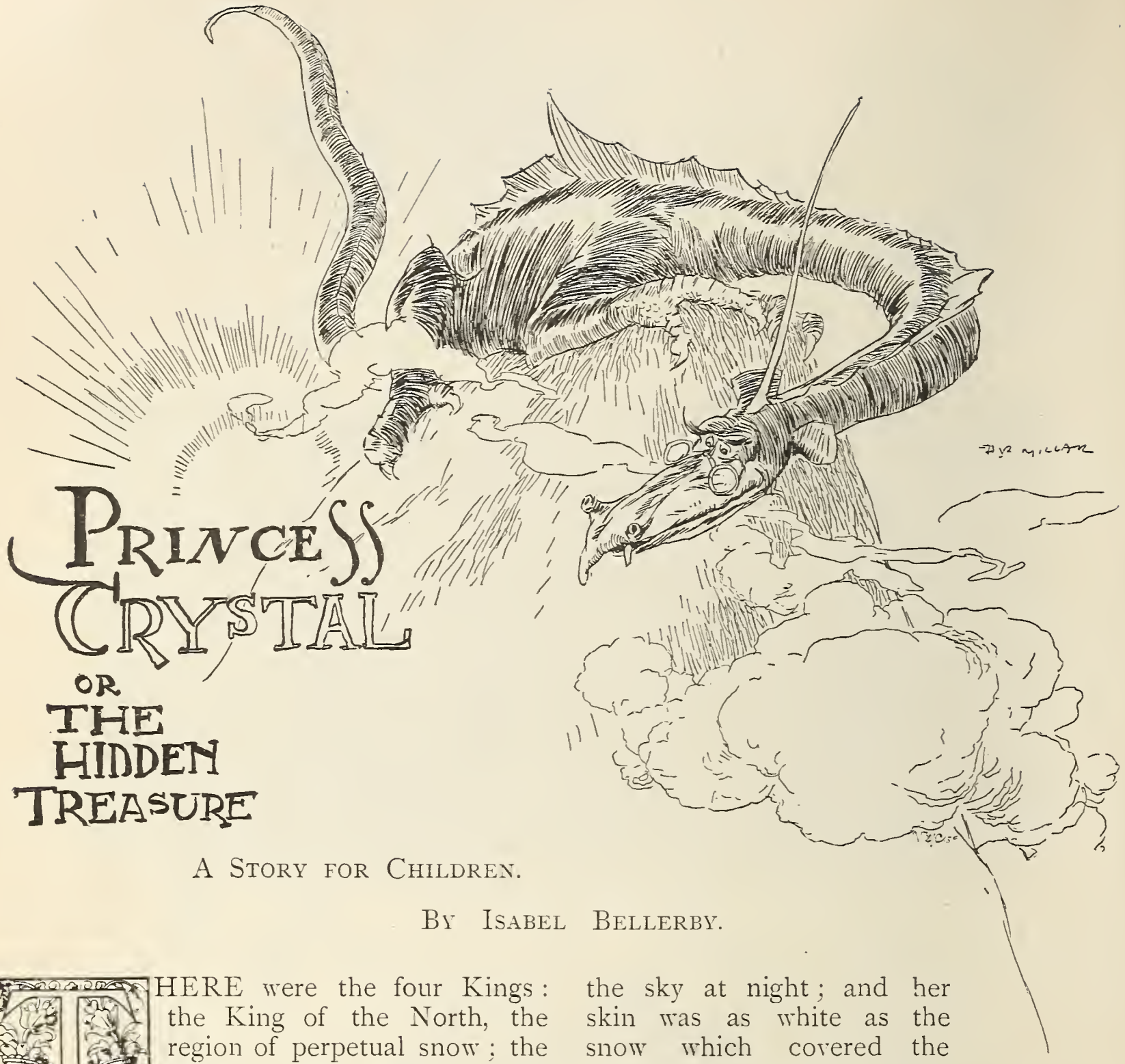


8.—HE WAS LUCKY ENOUGH, HOWEVER, TO HIDE HIMSELF IN HIS OLD DARK HOLE—



9.—AND TO WOO AND WIN A YOUNG OWL WHO WAS A WORTHY TENANT OF AN ADJACENT CAVERN.

10.—REMEMBERING THE FALL OF THE OWL, WE OUGHT NOT TO AIM AT SHINING IN A SPHERE THAT IS ABOVE US.



PRINCESS CRYSTAL
OR THE HIDDEN TREASURE

A Story for Children.

By Isabel Bellerby.

THERE were the four Kings: the King of the North, the region of perpetual snow; the King of the South, where the sun shines all the year round; the King of the East, from whence the cold winds blow; and the King of the West, where the gentle zephyrs breathe upon the flowers and coax them to open their petals while the rest of the world is still sleeping.

And there was the great Dragon, who lived on top of a high mountain in the centre of the universe. He could see everything that happened everywhere by means of his magic spectacles, which enabled him to look all ways at once, and to see through solid substances; but he could only see, not hear, for he was as deaf as a post.

Now the King of the North had a beautiful daughter called Crystal. Her eyes were bright like the stars; her hair was black like the sky at night; and her skin was as white as the snow which covered the ground outside the palace where she lived, which was built entirely of crystals clear as the clearest glass.

And the King of the South had a son who had been named Sunshine on account of his brightness and warmth of heart.

The King of the East had a son who, because he was always up early and was very industrious, had been given the name of Sunrise.

The King of the West also had a son, perhaps the handsomest of the three, and always magnificently dressed; but as it took him all day to make his toilette, so that he was never seen before evening, he received the name of Sunset.

All three Princes were in love with the Princess Crystal, each hoping to win her for his bride. When they had the chance

they would go and peep at her as she wandered up and down in her glass palace. But she liked Prince Sunshine best, because he stayed longer than the others, and was always such excellent company. Prince Sunrise was too busy to be able to spare her more than half an hour or so; and Prince Sunset never came until she was getting too tired and sleepy to care to see him.

It was of no use, however, for her to hope that Sunshine would be her husband just because she happened to prefer him to the others. Her father—the stern, blusterous old King, with a beard made of icicles so long that it reached to his waist and kept his heart cold—declared that he had no patience for such nonsense as likes and dislikes; and one day he announced, far and wide, in a voice that was heard by the other three Kings, and which made the earth shake so that the great green Dragon immediately looked through his spectacles to see what was happening:—

"He who would win my daughter must first bring me the casket containing the Hidden Treasure, which is concealed no man knows where!"

Of course the Dragon was none the wiser for looking through his spectacles, because the words—loud though they were—could not be heard by his deaf ears.

But the other Kings listened diligently; as did the young Princes. And poor Princess Crystal trembled in her beautiful palace lest Sunrise, who was always up so early, should find the treasure before Sunshine had a chance: she was not much afraid of the indolent Sunset, except that it might occur to him to look in some spot forgotten by his rivals.

Very early indeed on the following morning did Prince Sunrise set to work; he glided along the surface of the earth, keeping close to the ground in his anxiety not to miss a single square inch. He knew he was not first in the field: for the Northern King's proclamation had been made towards evening on the previous day, and Prince Sunset had bestirred himself for once, and had lingered about rather later than usual, being desirous of finding the treasure and winning the charming Princess.

But the early morning was passing, and very soon the cheery, indefatigable Sunshine had possession of the entire land, and flooded Crystal's palace with a look from his loving eyes which bade her not despair.

Then he talked to the trees and the green fields and the flowers, begging them to give up the secret in return for the warmth and gladness he shed so freely on them. But they were silent, except that the trees sighed their sorrow at not being able to help him, and the long grasses rustled a whispered regret, and the flowers bowed their heads in grief.

Not discouraged, however, Prince Sunshine went to the brooks and rivers, and asked their assistance. But they, too, were helpless. The brooks gurgled out great tears of woe, which rushed down to the rivers, and so overcame them—sorry as they were on account of their own inability to help—that they nearly overflowed their banks, and went tumbling into the sea, who, of course, wanted to know what was the matter; but, when told, all the sea could do was to thunder a loud and continuous "No!" on all its beaches. So Prince Sunshine had to pass on and seek help elsewhere.

He tried to make the great Dragon understand; but it could not hear him. Other animals could, though, and he went from one to another, as cheerful as ever, in spite of all the "Noes" he had met with; until, at last, he knew by the twittering of the birds that he was going to be successful.

"We go everywhere and learn most things," said the swallows, flying up and down in the air, full of excitement and joy at being able to reward their beloved Sunshine for all his kindness to them. "And we know this much, at any rate: the Hidden Treasure can only be found by him who looks at its hiding-place through the Dragon's magic spectacles."

Prince Sunshine exclaimed that he would go at once and borrow these wonderful spectacles; but a solemn-looking old owl spoke up:—

"Be not in such a hurry, most noble Prince! The Dragon will slay anyone—even so exalted a personage as yourself—who attempts to remove those spectacles while he is awake; and, as is well known, he never allows himself to sleep, for fear of losing some important sight."

"Then what is to be done?" asked the Prince, beginning to grow impatient at last, for the afternoon was now well advanced, and Prince Sunset would soon be on the war-path again.

A majestic eagle came swooping down from the clouds.

"There is only one thing in all the world," said he, "which can send the Dragon to sleep, and that is a caress from the hand of the Princess Crystal."

Sunshine waited to hear no more. Smiling his thanks, he hastened away to put his dear Crystal's love to the test. She had never yet ventured outside the covered gardens of her palace. Would she go with him now, and approach the great Dragon, and soothe its savage watchfulness into the necessary repose?

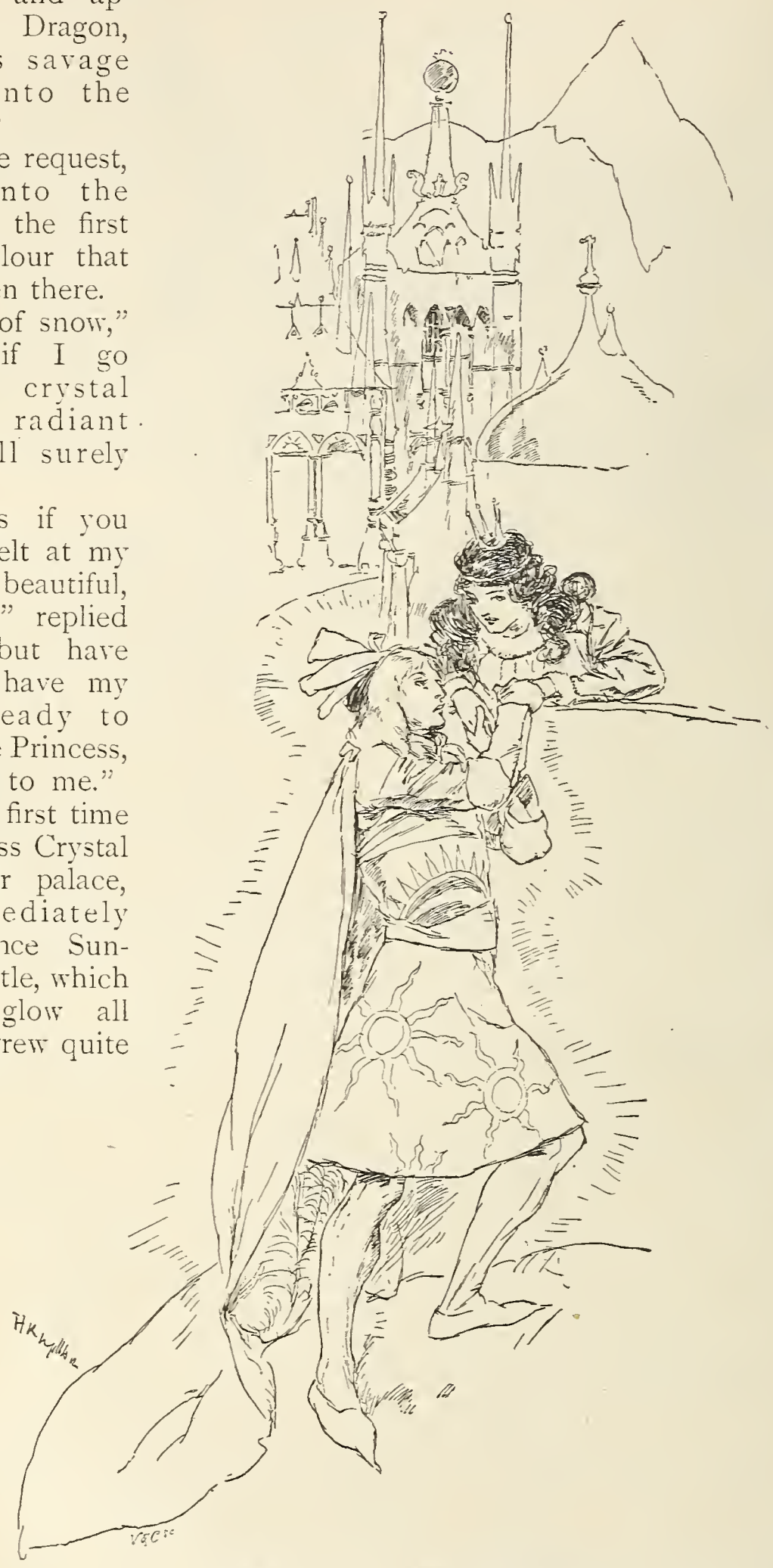
As he made the request, there stole into the Princess's cheeks the first faint tinge of colour that had ever been seen there.

"My robe is of snow," she faltered; "if I go outside these crystal walls into your radiant presence it will surely melt."

"You look as if you yourself would melt at my first caress, you beautiful, living snowflake," replied the Prince; "but have no fear; see, I have my own mantle ready to enfold you. Come Princess, and trust yourself to me."

Then, for the first time in her life, Princess Crystal stole out of her palace, and was immediately wrapped in Prince Sunshine's warm mantle, which caused her to glow all over; her face grew quite rosy, and she looked more than usually lovely, so that the Prince longed to kiss her; but she was not won yet, and she might have been offended at his taking such a liberty.

Therefore, he had to be content to have her beside him in his golden chariot with the fiery horses, which flew through space so quickly that they soon stood on the high mountain, where the Dragon sat watching them through his spectacles, wondering what the Princess was doing so far from home, and what her father would think if he discovered her absence.



"'MY ROBE IS OF SNOW,' SHE FALTERED."

It was no use explaining matters to the Dragon, even had they wished to do so; but of course nothing was further from their intention.

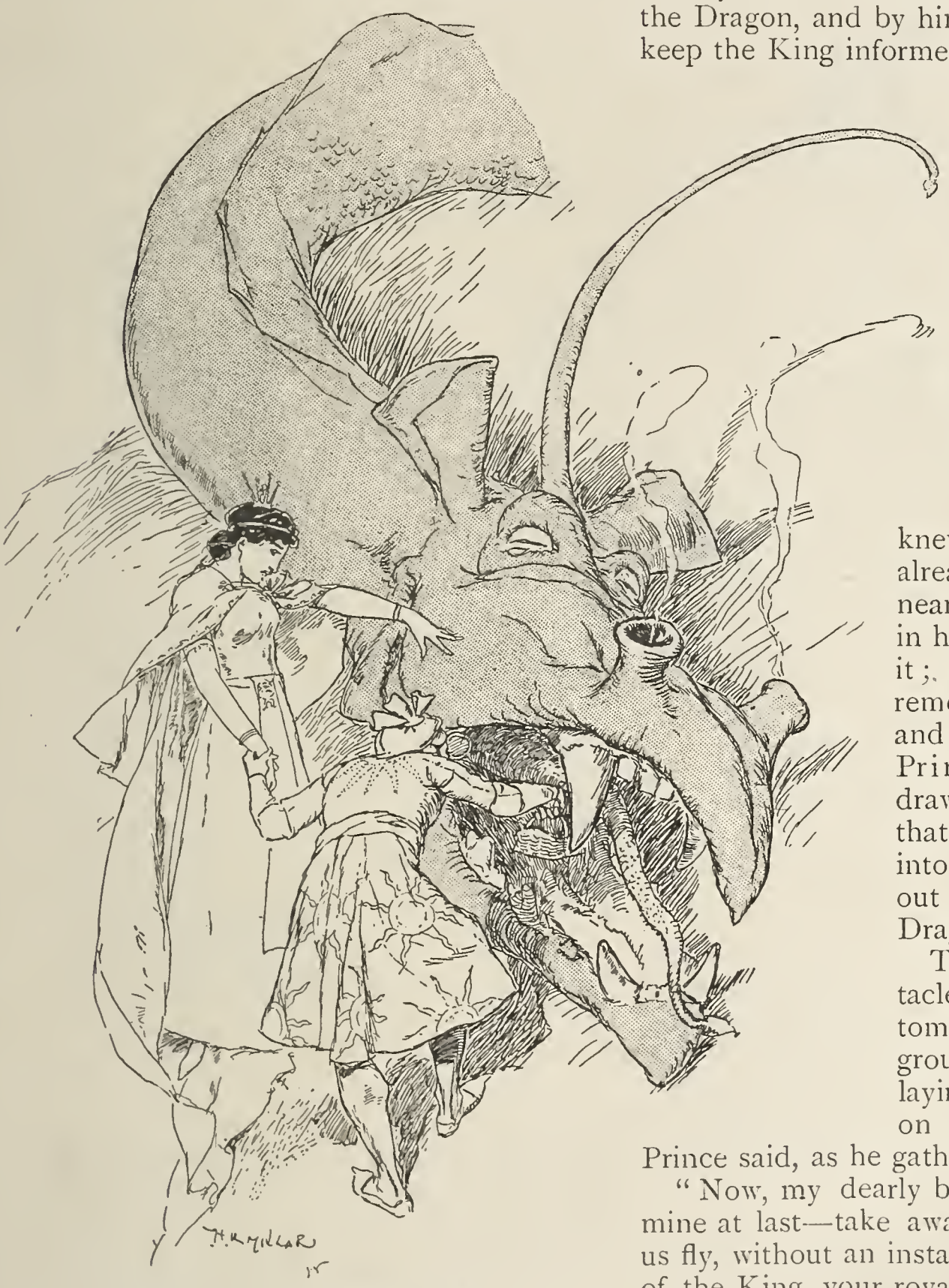
Holding Prince Sunshine's hand to give her courage, the Princess approached the huge beast and timidly laid her fingers on his head.

"This is very nice and soothing," thought the Dragon, licking his lips; "very kind of her to come, I'm sure; but—dear me!—this won't do! I'm actually—going—to—sleep!"

He tried to rise, but the gentle hand prevented that. A sensation of drowsiness stole through all his veins, which would have been delightful but for his determination never to sleep. As it was, he opened his mouth to give a hiss that would surely have frightened the poor Princess out of her wits; but he fell asleep before he could so much as begin it; his mouth remained wide open; but his eyes closed, and his great head began to nod in a very funny manner.

Directly they were satisfied that he really slept, Prince Sunshine helped himself to the Dragon's spectacles, requesting the Princess not to remove her hand, lest the slumber should not last long enough for their purpose.

Then he put on the spectacles, and Princess Crystal exclaimed with fear and horror when—as though in result of his doing so—



"HE LEARNED THE SECRET AT ONCE."

she saw her beloved Prince plunge his right hand into the Dragon's mouth.

Prince Sunshine had stood facing the huge beast as he transferred the spectacles to his own nose, and, naturally enough, the first thing he saw through them was the interior of the Dragon's mouth, with the tongue raised and shot forward in readiness for the hiss which sleep had intercepted; and under the tongue was the golden casket containing the Hidden Treasure!

The spectacles enabled the Prince to see through the cover; so he learned the secret at once, and knew why the King of the North was so anxious to possess himself of it, the great treasure being a pair of spectacles exactly like those hitherto always worn by the Dragon, and by him alone—which would keep the King informed of all that was going on in every corner of his kingdom, so that he could always punish or reward the right people and never make mistakes; also he could learn a great deal of his neighbours' affairs, which is pleasant, even to a King.

The Princess was overjoyed when she knew the casket was already found; she very nearly removed her hand in her eagerness to inspect it; but, fortunately, she remembered just in time, and kept quite still until Prince Sunshine had drawn his chariot so close that they could both get into it without moving out of reach of the Dragon's head.

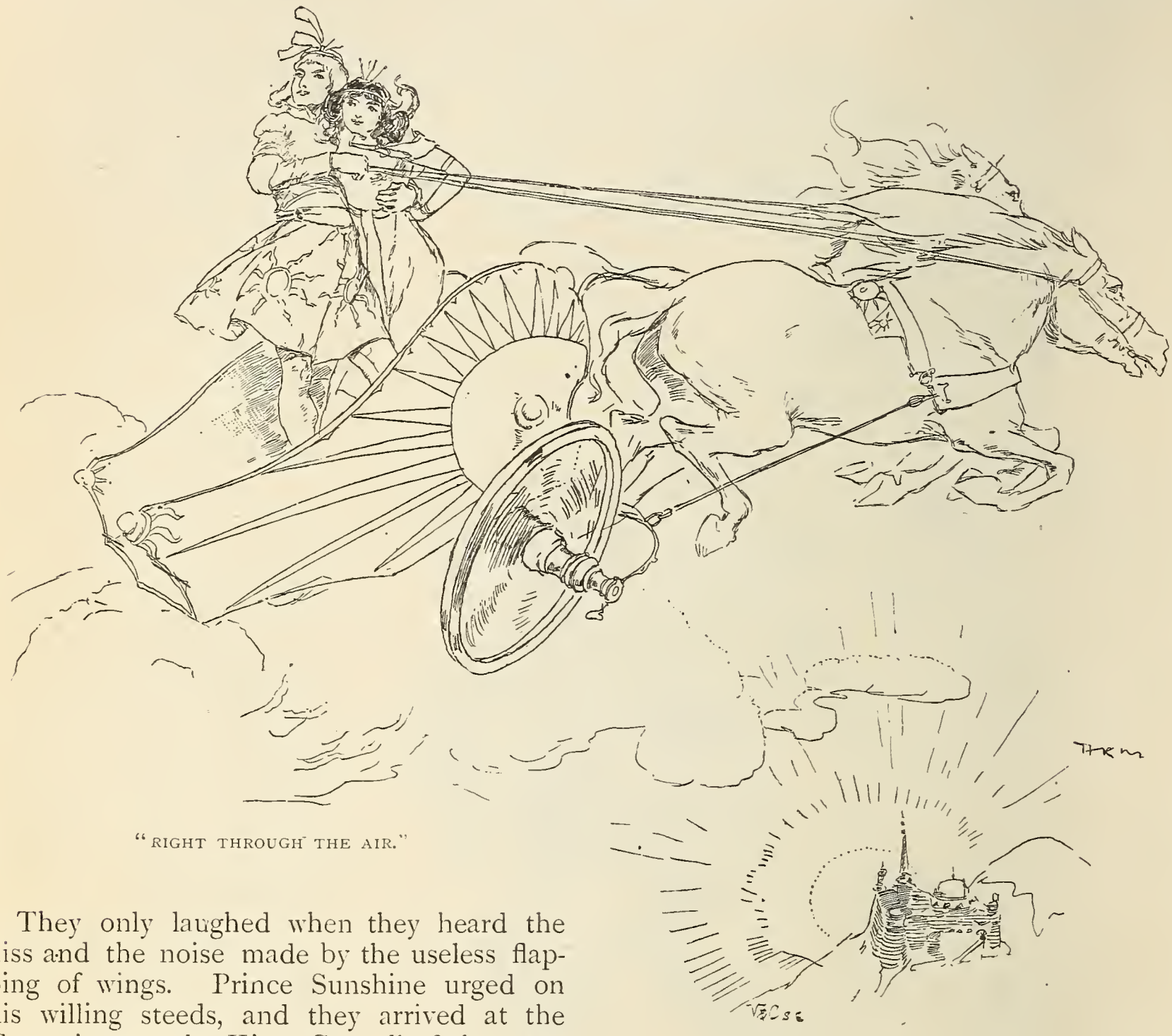
Then, placing the spectacles, not in their accustomed place, but on the ground just beneath, and laying the golden casket on the Princess's lap, the Prince said, as he gathered up the reins:—

"Now, my dearly beloved Crystal—really mine at last—take away your hand, and let us fly, without an instant's delay, to the Court of the King, your royal father."

It is well they had prepared for immediate departure. Directly the Princess's hand was raised from the Dragon's head his senses returned to him, and, finding his mouth open ready for hissing, he hissed with all his angry might, and looked about for his spectacles that he might pursue and slay those who had robbed him; for, of course, he missed the casket at once.

But he was a prisoner on that mountain

and unable to leave it, though he flapped his great wings in terrible wrath when he saw the Prince and Princess, instead of driving down the miles and miles of mountain side as he had hoped, being carried by the fiery horses right through the air, where he could not reach them.



"RIGHT THROUGH THE AIR."

They only laughed when they heard the hiss and the noise made by the useless flapping of wings. Prince Sunshine urged on his willing steeds, and they arrived at the Court just as the King, Crystal's father, was going to dinner; and he was so delighted at having the treasure he had so long coveted, that he ordered the marriage to take place at once.

Prince Sunset called just in time to be best man, looking exceedingly gorgeous and handsome, though very disappointed to have lost the Princess; and the festivities were kept up all night, so that Prince Sunrise was able to offer his good wishes when he came early in the morning, flushed with the haste he had made to assure Prince Sunshine that he bore him no ill-will for having carried off the prize.

Princess Crystal never returned to her palace, except to peep at it occasionally. She liked going everywhere with her husband, who, she found, lived by no means an idle life, but went about doing good—grumbled at sometimes, of course, for some people will grumble even at their best friend—but more generally loved and blessed by all who knew him.

"THEY SAW A MAN STANDING UP GLARING AT THEM."

(*See page* 230.)

Ulrich the Guide.

(From the French of Guy de Maupassant, by Alys Hallard.)

SIMILAR to all the other little wood-built inns scattered here and there in the Hautes-Alpes, just below the glaciers in those bare, rocky pathways of the snow-capped mountain peaks, the Schwarenbach inn serves as a refuge for travellers through the Gemmi Pass.

During six months of the year it is inhabited by its owner, Jean Hauser, and his family, but as soon as the snow begins to get deep in the valley, so that the road to Loeche is only just practicable, the father and mother with their daughter and three sons leave their little mountain home in charge of the two guides, an old man named Gaspard Hari, and young Ulrich Kunsi, and Sam, the huge mountain dog.

The two men with their faithful keeper remain until the following spring in their snowy prison, having no other view than the immense white slope of the Balmhorn, surrounded by pale, glittering mountain peaks, until they are finally shut up, blocked, as it were, buried under the snow, which heaps itself up around them, and then presses close round the little house, bars the door, reaches the windows, and, in fact, wraps the inn round completely in its white mantle, and then falls thickly on the roof.

"THE DESCENT WAS NOT WITHOUT DANGER."

On the day when Hauser and his family set out on their journey back to Loeche, the winter had set in, and the descent was not without danger. The three sons went on first with the mules laden with luggage; then came Jeanne Hauser and the daughter, Louise, mounted on another mule.

The two guides walked behind with the father, for they were going to escort the little family to the beginning of the descent. They passed by the frozen lake which is between the great rocks near the inn, and then they continued along the valley, which looked like an immense white sheet, on each side of which rose the snowy peaks. A flood of sunshine fell on the white, shining, frozen desert, lighting it up with a cold, blinding flame. There was no sign of life in this ocean of mountains, no movement in this vast, measureless solitude, not a sound broke the profound silence.

Gradually the young guide Ulrich Kunsi, a tall, strong-looking Swiss with long legs, got ahead of Hauser and old Gaspard Hari, and overtook the mule on which the two women were riding. The younger of them watched him advancing, and a happy light shone in her eyes. She was a pretty young girl, but her fair hair and her pale cheeks looked as though they had lost their colour

through these long sojourns in the mountains surrounded by ice and snow. When Ulrich had overtaken them he slackened his pace and walked alongside of them, his hand resting on the crupper.

The Mère Hauser began at once to go over again all the details she had given him about the precautions necessary for the long winter season in the little inn. It was his first winter up there, whilst old Gaspard had for the last fourteen years spent his winter months under the snow in the Schwarenbach inn.

Ulrich Kunsi listened, but his eyes were fixed on the young girl, and he did not take in the sense of the words which fell on his ears. Every now and then he nodded his head and answered, "Yes, Madame Hauser," but his thoughts were far away, though his tranquil-looking face remained impassable. They arrived at the Daube Lake, the long surface of which, all frozen as it was, stretched out smooth and flat as far as the end of the valley.

On the right the dark rocks of the Daubenhorn rose up perpendicularly by the enormous moraines of the Lämmeren glacier upon which the Wildstrubel looked.

As they approached the Gemmi Pass, which is the beginning of the descent to Loeche, they suddenly came in sight of the immense horizon of the Valais Alps, from which they were separated by the deep, wide valley of the Rhône. It looked, in the distance, like a whole world of white, irregular mountain-tops, some flat and some pointed, and all glittering in the sunshine. There was the Mischabel, with its two horns; the huge mass of the Weisshorn; the heavy-looking Bruneckhorn; the high, formidable pyramid of the Matterhorn, the man-slayer; and that monstrous coquette, the Dent Blanche. Then, down below them in a hole at the bottom of a frightful abyss, they could see Loeche, the houses of which looked like so many grains of sand thrown down into that enormous crevice which the Gemmi Pass closes, and which begins over on the other side on the Rhône. The mule stopped at the beginning of the path which goes winding along, turning back and going on again, fantastic and marvellous the whole length of the mountain on the right until it reaches the almost invisible village at its foot.

The two women dismounted on to the snowy ground and waited until Hauser and Gaspard came up with them.

"Well, good-bye," said Hauser, shaking hands with the two guides, "and keep up your courage till we meet next year."

"Yes, good-bye till next year," said old Gaspard.

The Mère Hauser then shook hands with the guides, and then it was Louise's turn. Ulrich Kunsi whispered, as he held her hand in his: "Don't forget us up there under the snow," and she answered, "No"; but so quietly that he guessed what she said rather than heard it.

"Good-bye again, then," said Jean Hauser, "and take care of yourselves up there, you know," and shaking hands once more with the guides, he stepped on in front of his wife and daughter to lead the way down to the village. In a short time they were out of sight, hidden by the turn of the winding path.

The two men then retraced their steps and walked slowly back in the direction of the Schwarenbach inn. They went along, side by side, without speaking. They would be alone now—face to face with each other for the next four or five months.

Presently, Gaspard Hari began to tell about his life the previous winter. He had had with him Michael Canol, who was now too old to venture it again, as, of course, there is no knowing what may happen during those long months of solitude. It had not been so monotonous after all, for the chief thing is just to make up one's mind to it from the very first day, and then, too, they had found all kinds of things to do, and had played at various indoor games when they wanted a change.

Ulrich Kunsi listened mechanically to the old man's words, but his thoughts were with the little family on their way down to the village along the winding path of the Gemmi Pass. Soon the two men caught sight of the little inn, which was only just visible like a tiny black speck at the foot of the monstrous wave of snow. When at last they arrived at their destination and opened the door, the large dog with his curly hair began to jump up and frolic round them.

"Now, then, my lad," said old Gaspard, "we've got no woman here now to cook our dinner; you set to work and peel the potatoes, and we'll soon have something ready between us."

The following morning the time seemed to go very slowly; at least, so thought Ulrich Kunsi. Old Gaspard sat by the fire smoking his pipe, whilst the young man gazed out of the window at the dazzling white mountain opposite the house.

In the afternoon he went out for a walk and amused himself with following the tracks of the mule on which the two women had

ridden the day before. When he reached the Gemmi Pass he lay down on the ground at the edge of the abyss, and looked down at Loeche.

The village in its rocky well was not yet hidden by the snow, which, however, had nearly reached it, but was stopped by the pine forests which sheltered the environs. Its low houses, as seen from that height, looked like so many stones in a meadow. Louise Hauser was down there now in one of those grey houses. In which one, though? Ulrich Kunsi could not tell, as he was too far away to be able to distinguish them separately. How he did wish he could go down to the village, now, before it was too late.

The sun had by this time disappeared behind the high crest of Wildstrubel, and the young man wended his way once more back to the inn. Gaspard was still smoking, but on seeing his companion he proposed a game of cards. They sat down to the little table facing each other and played for a long time, and then had their supper and went to bed.

"THEY PLAYED FOR A LONG TIME."

The next few days were just like that first one—clear and cold, but no fresh snow. Old Gaspard would spend his afternoons looking out for the eagles and the rare birds which ventured on these icy summits, whilst Ulrich took his favourite walk down to the Gemmi Pass in order to have a glimpse of the village, and then on his return they would play at cards or dominoes, and stake some trifling object in order to add to the interest.

One morning Gaspard, who was up first, called out to his companion. A moving cloud, thick but light, of white foam was falling on them and all round them noiselessly, and was burying them gradually under a heavy, mossy mattress. This continued for four days and four nights, and the two men had, to keep the door and windows clear, to hollow out a passage and cut some steps in order to get up on to this icy powder which, after twelve hours' frost, was harder than the granite of the moraines. They had to live now almost like prisoners, scarcely venturing outside of their dwelling, and each of them accomplished regularly the every-day household tasks which he had from the first undertaken. Ulrich Kunsi did all the cleaning and the washing, and he also cut and carried the wood, whilst Gaspard's share of the work was the cooking and seeing to the fire.

Their regular, monotonous tasks were relieved by their games at cards and dominoes, and both of them being very quiet and placid, they never quarrelled by any chance. There were never any impatient or sharp words, and they were never even bad-tempered, for they had both taken in a good stock of resignation in order to be able to endure this winter sojourn on the top of the mountain. Sometimes old Gaspard would take his gun and go out chamois hunting, and whenever he had luck there was great feasting in the little Schwarenbach inn.

One morning he set out on one of these expeditions. The thermometer was eighteen degrees below freezing-point, and as the sun was not yet up the wily huntsman hoped to surprise his prey round about the Wildstrubel.

Ulrich, finding himself alone, did not get up till towards ten o'clock. He was naturally a good sleeper, and would often have liked to stay in bed in the morning, but was

ashamed to give way to his laziness when Gaspard was there, as the old guide was such an early riser and so energetic always. On the morning in question Ulrich took his breakfast in a leisurely way and gave the dog his. Sam, too, spent nearly all his time now, night and day, in front of the fire sleeping.

When the young man got up from the table a strange, sad kind of feeling came over him, a sort of horror of the solitude, and he wished that Gaspard were there to have their customary game of cards. He missed it, as it had become quite a habit now to sit down after breakfast and have their game until it was time to prepare for the next meal.

Later on, as he could not settle down to anything, he set out to go and meet Gaspard, who was to be back home towards four o'clock. The snow had levelled the deep valley, filled up all the crevices, hidden the two lakes entirely from sight, and covered the rocks so that there was nothing to be seen now between the two immense mountains but an enormous smooth white basin, all dazzling and frozen.

For the last three weeks Ulrich had not been down to the edge of the precipice to look at the little village. He wanted to go there before climbing the mountain slopes which led to Wildstrubel. Loeche was now also under the snow, and the houses were scarcely visible at all, buried as they were under this pale mantle. Turning to the right, Ulrich reached the Lämmeren glacier. He went on with his long, mountaineer strides, his iron-tipped staff striking the snow, which was as hard as stone, whilst, with his eagle glance, he looked round in search of a black moving speck in the distance on this measureless sheet of snow.

When he had arrived at the edge of the glacier he stopped suddenly, wondering to himself whether Gaspard had taken this road, and then he walked on along the moraines with a quicker step and a feeling every minute more and more anxious. It began to get dusk, a pink shade came over the snow, and a dry, frosty wind blew in gusts over its crystal surface. Ulrich called out in a shrill voice that vibrated through the air and broke the death-like silence in which the mountains were wrapped. It could be heard for a long distance over the deep, still waves of the frozen foam, just like the cry of a bird over the waves of the sea, and then it died away again and there was no answer. Ulrich walked on and on, and the sun was sinking gradually lower and lower behind the mountain crests, which were still purple from the reflection of the sky; but the deep valley itself was turning a leaden grey.

Suddenly the young man was seized with a strange, nameless fear. It seemed to him as though the silence, the cold, the solitude, and the winter death of these mountains were entering his very soul, and as though they would stop his blood and freeze it in his veins, as though they would stiffen his limbs and make of him a motionless, frozen being. This idea took possession of him, and he set off running as fast as he could go towards their dwelling. "Gaspard must have come back by now," he said to himself; the old man had doubtless taken another road, and he would find him seated before the fire with his dead chamois at his feet.

Presently he came in sight of the inn. There was no smoke from the chimney. Ulrich hurried on faster and faster, but when he opened the door there was only Sam, who jumped up to greet him; Gaspard Hari had not yet returned. Terrified at the old man's long absence, Ulrich turned round as though he expected to see him hiding in one of the corners. He then busied himself with lighting the fire and making the soup, hoping that by the time the evening meal was ready Gaspard would be back. Every few minutes he would go to the door and look out to see whether he were not in sight.

It was night now, a pale, wan sort of night such as one has on the mountains, a livid dusk, lighted up from the edge of the horizon by a clear, yellowish crescent, which was just ready to fall behind the mountain-tops. The young man went back into the house, sat down and warmed his hands and feet at the fire, while he turned over in his own mind all the accidents which were possible.

Gaspard might have fallen and broken his leg, he might have slipped into a hole, or stumbled and twisted his foot. If so, he would be lying there in the snow, chilled through and through, and stiff with the cold; he would be in utter despair, shouting for help, calling out with all the strength he had left, and his voice would fall on the silent air, and there would be no one to answer him.

Where was he, though? The mountain was so vast, so rugged, and so dangerous to explore, especially at this season of the year, that ten or twenty guides might search in every direction for a whole week before finding a man in that immensity. Ulrich Kunsi, however, decided that if Gaspard Hari were not back by midnight, he would set out with Sam to search for him.

He began to make preparations for his expedition. He put enough food to last for two days in a knapsack, took his steel *crampons*, and fastened a long, stout cord round and round his body, and examined his iron-tipped crook and his axe, with which he would probably have to cut steps in the ice. He then sat down and waited. The fire was blazing in the grate and the dog snoring away on the hearth, whilst the clock was beating time regularly within its wooden case like the heart of a human being. Ulrich sat there waiting, listening intently for any sound in the distance, shuddering when the wind rustled over the roof and against the walls.

The clock struck midnight, and the first stroke startled him. Then feeling that he was all unnerved, he put some water on the fire to boil in order to make himself a cup of strong coffee before setting out. When the clock struck again he roused Sam and then, opening the door, started in the direction of Wildstrubel. For over five hours he continued his ascent, scaling rocks, cutting footholds in the ice, advancing slowly, and sometimes having to haul up the dog after him with his cord.

It was nearly six o'clock when he arrived on the top of one of the peaks where he knew Gaspard was in the habit of coming to hunt the chamois. Ulrich waited now for the daylight. The sky was getting paler over his head, and suddenly a strange light flashed over the immense ocean of the pale mountain-tops which stretched for a hundred leagues around him. It was as though this strange, weird light had risen from the snow itself, to fall again into space.

Gradually the highest peaks in the distance changed to a delicate, fleshy-pink hue, and then the red sun appeared behind the heavy giant heights of the Bernese Alps.

Ulrich Kunsi now started on his way once more. He walked along like a huntsman, with his head bent, looking out for tracks, and encouraging the dog every now and then with a "Search, Sam! Search! Good dog!"

He began to descend the mountain again, now gazing down at every precipice, and now and again calling out; but his voice always died away in the dumb immensity, and there was no answer on any side. Sometimes he would kneel down, with his ear on the ground to listen, and he would imagine he heard a voice, and would set off again quickly, calling all the way; but not another sound would he hear, and he would have to sit down to rest, exhausted and despairing.

Towards mid-day he took some refreshment and fed the dog, who was as worn out as his master, and then they started once more on their search. When night came on they were still going along, although they must have walked over thirty miles of mountain road. As they were too far from the little inn to think of getting back, and too tired to be able to continue their way, Ulrich hollowed out a hole in the snow and crouched down in it, with the dog, under a rug that he had brought with him slung over his shoulders.

They lay down together, the young man and the dog, trying to warm themselves by huddling close together, but frozen to the very marrow of their bones, both of them. Ulrich scarcely slept at all; he was haunted by all kinds of visions and shivering all over in every limb.

"THEY LAY DOWN TOGETHER."

The day was just beginning to dawn when he got up. His legs were as stiff as bars of iron, and he was so low-spirited that he could have cried out in his anguish, whilst his heart beat so fast that he felt it would stop altogether at the slightest sound he might now hear.

The idea suddenly came to him that he too was going to die of cold in this terrible solitude, and the very horror of such a death roused him to action. He began to descend the mountain, this time in the direction of the inn. He stumbled and fell several times, and the poor dog lagged behind, limping along on his three paws. They reached Schwarenbach towards four o'clock in the afternoon, and found the house empty just as they had left it. Ulrich made a fire, and after he and the dog had eaten something, he was so worn out that he fell asleep, for he was absolutely incapable of thinking about anything.

He slept for a long time—a very long time —completely overmastered by invincible slumber. Suddenly the sound of a voice, of a cry of his own name, "Ulrich!" roused him, and he got up hastily. Had he been dreaming? Was it one of those strange cries which one hears in dreams when one's mind is ill at ease? No; he heard it again, now distinctly—that cry which vibrated, and which seemed to have entered into his very soul.

Most certainly someone had called, and it was his name he had heard—"Ulrich!" Someone was there near to the house, there was no doubt about it.

He rushed to the door, opened it, and shouted with all his might:—

"Gaspard, Gaspard, are you there?"

There was no answer, not a sound, not a murmur, not a moan, nothing. It was dark, but the snow could be seen as white as ever.

The wind had risen, that bitter, icy wind which cracks the stones and leaves nothing alive on those deserted heights. It swept along in sudden gusts, more withering and more deadly even than the fiery wind of the desert.

Ulrich cried out again: "Gaspard! Gaspard! Gaspard!"

Then he waited again and listened. All was dumb on the mountain. And now a mortal terror took possession of him, and he shook in all his bones. He rushed back into the house, closed the door, and fastened the bolts, and then sank down on a chair, shivering all over from head to foot.

He was certain, absolutely certain, that his comrade had just now called him with his dying breath. Of that he was sure, just as one is sure that one is alive or that one is eating a piece of bread. Gaspard Hari must have been slowly dying during two days and three nights down in some hole, in one of those deep, immaculate-looking ravines, the whiteness of which is more sinister than the dense gloom of the subterranean passages.

He had been dying during those two days and three nights, and now a few minutes ago he had drawn his last breath as he thought of his young comrade, and his soul was no sooner free than it had taken its flight towards the inn where Ulrich had been sleeping, and it had called him by virtue of that mysterious and terrible power which the souls of the dead have of haunting the living. It had cried out, this voiceless soul, to the soul of the young man as he slept; it had uttered its last farewell, or its reproach, or perhaps its curse, on the man who had not sought long enough on the mountain.

And Ulrich felt as though it was there with him, this soul, near him, behind the wall on the other side of the door which he had just bolted. It was roaming about like a night-bird which rustles against the lighted windows with its feathers, and the young man almost shrieked aloud in his awe and terror. He wanted to get up and rush away, but he dared not open the door; he dared not now, and he never would dare to from henceforth, for the phantom would remain there day and night, hovering round the inn, until the old man's body had been found and placed in consecrated ground in some cemetery.

It began to get light, and Ulrich felt more reassured at the return of the brilliant sunshine. He prepared his meal, fed the dog, and then he sat down again in despair and torture at the thought of the old man lying amongst the snow.

When once more the darkness began to cover the mountain, fresh terrors assailed him. He walked about in the dark kitchen, lighted only by one flickering candle. He walked backwards and forwards from one side to the other, taking long strides and listening—listening intently to hear whether the fearful cry of the previous night came across the gloomy stillness of the mountain. And he felt himself alone, the wretched man, more alone than any human being had ever been!

He was alone in the midst of this immense snowy desert, alone more than six thousand feet above any inhabited dwelling, right up above the world of human beings—alone in this frozen land. A wild idea took possession

of him, to get away at all costs—to get away, no matter where, no matter how, to rush down to Loeche, to throw himself down the precipice! But, alas!—he did not even dare to open the door, so sure was he that the other one, the dead man, would bar the road for him, in order not to stay up here alone either.

Towards midnight, tired of pacing up and down, overwhelmed with anguish and terror, he sat down on one of the kitchen chairs, for he dreaded his bed just as one dreads a haunted spot.

Suddenly, once more, the strident cry of the night before fell upon his ears, and this time so piercing, so shrill, that Ulrich instinctively put up his arms to ward off the spirit, and in doing so lost his balance and fell over.

Sam, the dog, roused by the noise, began to howl, as dogs do when they are terrified, and began to walk round the dwelling to discover the danger. At the door he bent his head and sniffed along the ground, his ears pricked up and his tail straight out.

Ulrich, wild with terror, had risen from the ground and, holding the chair in his hand as a weapon, he called out, "Stay there! Do not come in: I will kill you if you come in." And the dog, more and more excited by his master's threatening tone, barked furiously at the invisible enemy who was daring to defy Ulrich.

Gradually, however, Sam began to calm down, and at last went back to his place on the hearth. He did not go to sleep again though, but just lay there looking anxious, his eyes shining, and growling every now and then. Ulrich, too, managed to master his terror, but feeling unnerved he opened the cupboard, and taking out a bottle of brandy, he drank several glasses one after the other.

His thoughts began to get confused, but his courage came back and a fever began to burn in his veins. The following day he scarcely touched any food; but he drank more brandy; and for several days he went on like this—drinking like some brute.

Every time the thought of Gaspard Hari came to him he would go to the brandy-bottle and drink until he fell down intoxicated. He would then remain there, his limbs feeble, his face against the ground, in a kind of drunken stupor.

No sooner, however, had the burning liquor lost its effect than the same terrible cry, "Ulrich!" roused him like some pistol-shot through his brain, and he would get up and stagger along, calling Sam to help him.

The poor dog seemed to be losing his senses too, like his master, for he would dart to the door, scratch with his paws, and gnaw at it with his long, white teeth, whilst the young man would go back to the brandy and drink a draught of it like water, so that it might once more deaden his terror and lull him to sleep. At the end of three weeks the stock of brandy had come to an end, and this continual intoxication had only calmed at intervals his terror, which now became more and more awful.

It had become a monomania with him, and his month's intoxication had exaggerated it so that now, in the midst of this absolute solitude, it increased day by day.

He paced up and down in his dwelling

"ULRICH THREW HIS WEIGHT AGAINST THE OAK SIDEBOARD."

like a wild beast in his cage, putting his ear to the keyhole of the door at times to listen whether the other were still there and defying him in angry tones through the wall. At night, no sooner did he begin to doze, worn out as he was by fatigue, than the sound of the voice would make him spring to his feet.

At last one night, in sheer desperation, he rushed to the door and opened it, so that he might see who was calling him and oblige him to be silent. A gust of icy wind met him and seemed to freeze him through and through, and he banged the door to and bolted it again, without seeing that Sam had bounded out.

Then, shuddering, he threw some wood on the fire and sat down to get warm again. Presently he heard a scratching noise at the wall which made him start, and then there was a sound like a human voice wailing.

"Go away!" he shrieked, and a long, sad moan answered him.

All the reason which he had left gave way now in the face of this new horror.

He kept repeating his loud cry, "Go away," and wandered about looking for some corner in which to take refuge.

The moaning continued, and the other one wandered round and round the house outside scratching against all the walls. Ulrich threw all his weight against the oak sideboard, full as it was of provisions and of china, and with almost superhuman strength he managed at length to push it against the door as a barricade. Then piling up everything that remained in the way of furniture, to the very mattresses off the beds, he stopped up the window just as though the enemy were besieging the house. Some terrible, dismal groans were now heard from outside, and Ulrich answered by groans also.

Some days and nights passed like this: the one outside the house roaming round and round it, scratching at the walls and the door with such force, that it seemed as though the wood-built building would be demolished; and all the time the other one inside the house listened to every movement and answered the terrible, lingering moans by fearful shrieks of terror.

At last one night there was silence again outside the house. Ulrich could hear nothing, and, thoroughly exhausted as he was, he lay down on the floor and fell asleep. When he awoke he had no memory of anything: not a thought came to him, it was as though his very brain had been emptied by that overpowering slumber. He was hungry, and he found some food and ate it.

Winter was over and the Gemmi Pass was once more practicable, so the Hauser family set out from the village to go back to their inn on the mountain. When they reached the top of the pass, the two women got on to their mules to continue the ascent, and they began to talk of the two guides who had been shut up on the mountain all the winter. As soon as the inn was in sight they saw that it was still well covered with snow, but there was smoke rising from the chimney, and this reassured Jean Hauser.

As they came nearer, they discovered on the very threshold of the inn the skeleton of an animal which had been torn to pieces by the eagles—a huge skeleton it was, and lying on its side.

They all examined it, and the Mère Hauser exclaimed, "It must be Sam!"

"Gaspard!" called out the father, and he was answered by a cry from inside the house, but it was a strange, piercing cry, and sounded more like the utterance of some animal than that of a human being. The Père Hauser called again: "Gaspard! Halloa!" and another cry like the first one was the only answer.

The father and sons then tried to open the door, but it resisted their efforts. They went into the empty stable and fetched a long piece of wood, which, with all their strength, they managed to push in. The door cracked and finally gave way, the wood breaking in pieces. Then there was a fearful noise, which seemed to shake the house, and there inside, behind the sideboard, which had turned over on to the floor, they saw a man standing up glaring at them—a man with long hair falling on to his shoulders and a long, wild-looking beard, and his clothes hanging in rags on his body.

The others did not recognise him, but Louise Hauser exclaimed, "Oh, mother, it's Ulrich!" and then the Mère Hauser saw that it was indeed Ulrich, although his hair was snow-white. He let them come up to him; he let them touch him; but he did not answer any of their questions.

They took him down to Loeche, and the doctors there pronounced him mad. His case, however, was not hopeless, though his recovery must of necessity be slow.

No one ever knew what had become of his companion, the old guide, Gaspard Hari. Louise Hauser nearly died that summer. She had a long illness, the cause of which was attributed to the cold on the mountain.

The Romance of the Museums

III.

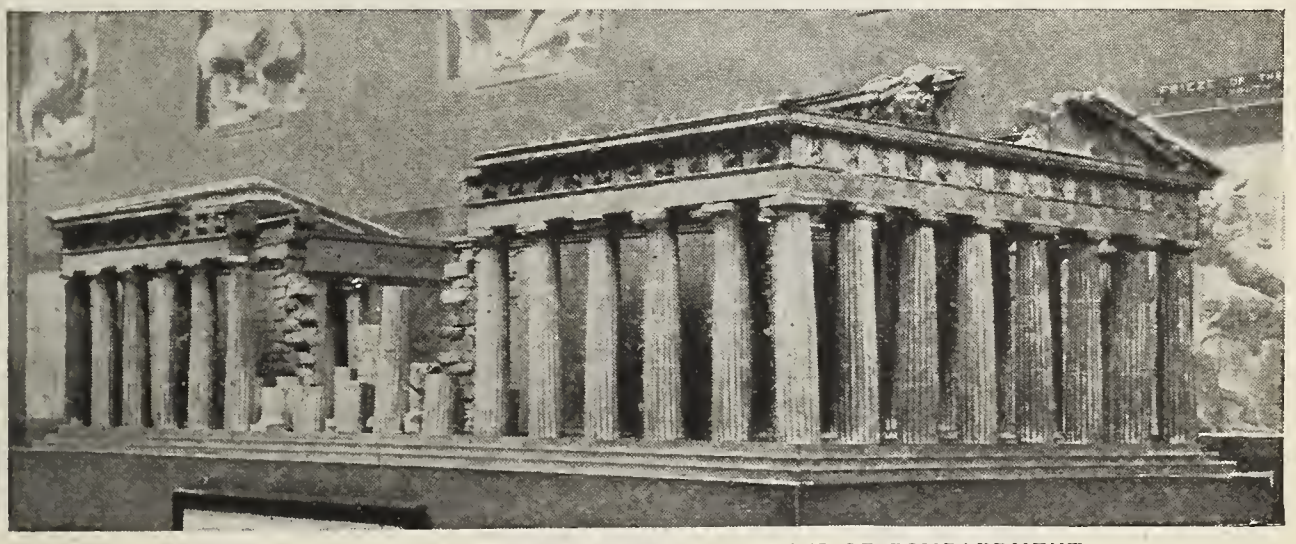
By William G. FitzGerald.

IN spite of a big army of astrologers, palmists, phrenologists, physiognomists, and other modern magicians with aristocratic addresses and high tariffs, men have embarked, and doubtless will continue to embark, blindly on big undertakings, whose only appreciable results are vexation and black ingratitude on the part of potential beneficiaries. Were it possible for the veil of the future to have been lifted for Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin, I doubt very much whether that painstaking, much-abused diplomatist would ever have ventured upon the acquisition of those exquisite, but mutilated, Greek sculptures which bear his name in the Elgin Room at the British Museum.

Lord Elgin was born on the 20th of July, 1766, and he attained the rank of major-general in our army. His diplomatic career began in 1790; and nine years later he was appointed to the Embassy at the Ottoman Porte. Just before Lord Elgin left England, however, his architect in Scotland—a Mr. Harrison — reminded his lordship that he would presently be in a position to procure, for the benefit of British students, some casts of the far-famed Greek sculptures at Athens. Thereupon Lord Elgin communicated with the Government, feeling, however, totally disinclined to embark upon such a costly and hazardous enterprise himself.

On his voyage to Constantinople, Elgin touched at Palermo, where he consulted Sir William Hamilton on the subject of procuring casts and drawings from the works of the Greek architects and sculptors. Sir William not only encouraged the idea, but applied forthwith to the Government of Naples for permission to engage His Majesty's painter, Giovanni Battista Lusieri, who in turn "collected" five other eminent artists in Rome, and with them prepared to accompany Lord Elgin to Turkey. In the summer of 1800 these six artists were dispatched to Greece, and were at first chiefly employed in making drawings—though, of course, every conceivable obstacle was thrown in their way by the iconoclastic Turk. After a year's hammering at the Porte, the necessary firman was granted, permitting scaffolding to be fixed round the ruined Parthenon, mouldings to be made of ornamental sculptures, and the removal of "any pieces of stone with old inscriptions thereon."

It should be noted here that the actual removal of any of the sculptures formed no part of Lord Elgin's original plan, which was only modified when he saw how the priceless marbles were being knocked about by the devout "men in possession." At this time the wondrous Temple on the Acropolis was in a bad way. Could Phidias have seen his *chef d'œuvre* when the British Ambassador to Turkey commenced operations on it, the greatest of Greek sculptors must have wept in impotent wrath. As early as 1687 the Parthenon was used as a Turkish powder-magazine; and this is how it looked after Morosini, the Venetian, had dropped a shell into it during the siege of Athens from the neighbouring hill named, curiously enough, the Musæum.



MODEL OF THE PARTHENON, SHOWING EFFECTS OF BOMBARDMENT.

I really must mention two or three things in order to convey some notion of the appalling task poor Lord Elgin had set himself. In 1759, the Ionic temple on the Ilyssus was in decent trim; whereas, when our diplomatist arrived on the spot, it was a

matter of infinite difficulty even to trace the foundations. In truth, the Turks worked extremely hard to complete the destruction commenced by their whilom enemies, the Venetians. Throwing off the traditional lethargy of their kind, and heedless of the potential thunderbolts of Jove, they climbed nimbly up the remaining walls of the Parthenon, and knocked off the heads and limbs of sundry gods and goddesses—as the veriest Cockney may see for himself in the Elgin Room at this day.

Such sculptures as were quite beyond reach were perseveringly shot at, while marbles that chanced to be at a more convenient altitude were actually ground up for cement (being nice and white) or built into the houses of the Turks. On one occasion Lord Elgin bought outright the house of one of the Turkish janissaries that happened to be built immediately under the portico of the Parthenon. This house he presently had demolished, and in the foundations the greater part of the draped statue of Victory turned up, also the torso of Jupiter, a bit of the redoubtable Vulcan, and several other fragments that revealed the extent of the ignominy that had been heaped upon the gods.

ELGIN MARBLES—THE THESEUS.

After a tremendous lot of persuasion and negotiation, another Turkish official was induced to hand his dwelling over to the "house-breaker." This same house had been built close to where a great wall, bearing a magnificent frontispiece that depicted a contest between Minerva and Neptune, had been blown down by the force of the explosion that destroyed the temple.

The house was pulled to pieces, but much to Lord Elgin's mortification, nothing was found. The former owner watched the men at work and made no sign; he just smoked calmly and, like the renowned Tar-baby, "kept on sayin' nuffin'." When the work was over, however, that aggravating Turk blandly stepped in and volunteered to conduct everybody concerned to a certain part of the modern fortifications, where the very statues our Ambassador was in search of would be found figuring as cement in the interstices of the stones. The mighty were indeed fallen; fancy Mars and Minerva as mortar! No wonder that Lord Elgin resolved then and there to rescue the remaining treasures from a similar fate.

The marbles of the Parthenon are considered by artists and critics to be absolutely the finest series of sculpture in the world. Before them Canova went into raptures, and their exquisite beauty of pose caused Mrs. Siddons to melt into tears. Foremost among the Elgin Marbles comes the apocryphal Theseus, shown in this picture. This far-famed figure is the most perfect of all in the collection; which does not say much for the others, seeing that the hero is, as Shakespeare would say, *sans* nose, *sans* hands, and *sans* feet. Theseus is half reclined upon a rock which is covered with a lion's skin; wherefore did Visconti conclude that this is a Hercules. The figure is 5ft. 8in. long, and 4ft. high. Anatomically and technically it is perfect—barring bullet marks; and for this reason it is seldom without its devotee in the form of an aspiring art student.

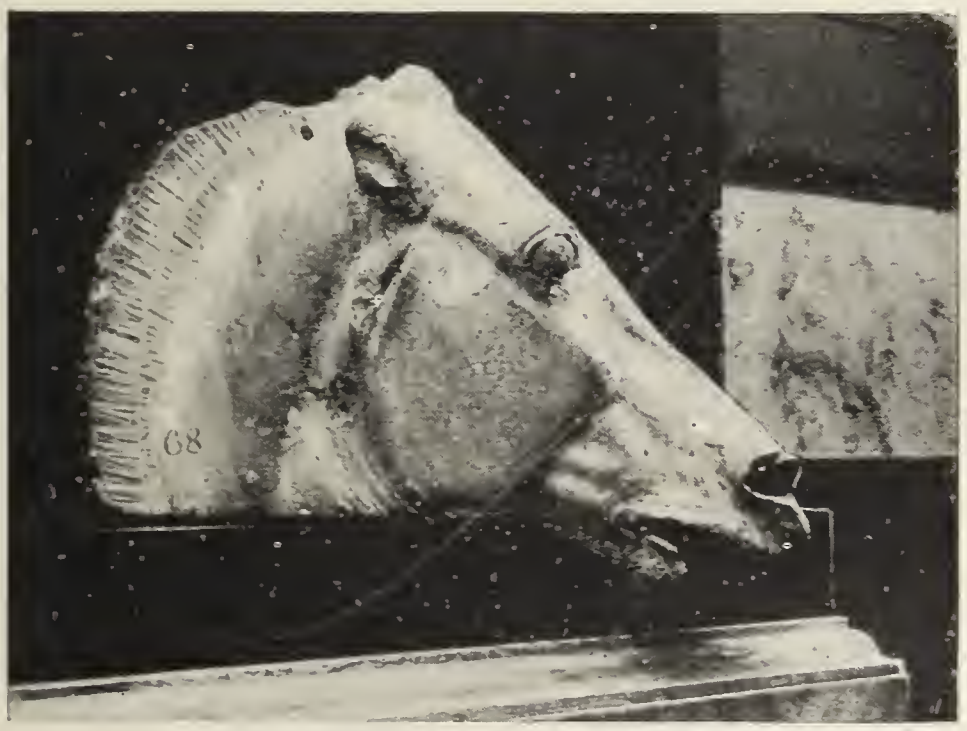
There must be some unknown value in ancient Greek sculptures as defensive material; at any rate, the subject is worthy the attention of our military strategists. Look at the Turks. Into the walls of their fortifications and magazines they built whole columns, groups, and friezes; and their

officers seemingly liked nothing better than a couple of Venuses as door-posts.

On the right hand of the Propylæa was a temple dedicated to unwinged Victory, built from spoils won in the glorious struggles for freedom at Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. The sculptures on its frieze represented many incidents of these memorable battles, but the only fragments that had escaped the ravages of the unspeakable Turk formed part of the wall of a big powder-magazine that was established near the site of the temple. The finest block had been carelessly inserted wrong way up; but, of course, our indefatigable Ambassador rescued the whole—not, however, without incredible difficulty.

Lord Elgin also secured several of the metopes from the Parthenon. These represent the battles of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, at the nuptials of Perithous—*Anglice*, a glorious row at a wedding. The original ran all round the entablature of the temple and formed ninety-two groups.

The next illustration shown here depicts the head of one of the horses attached to the chariot of Selenè, goddess of Night, who discreetly disappeared below the horizon at the birth of Athenè, which auspicious event took place at dawn. This head far surpasses anything of the kind ever seen, in the truth and spirit of its execution. The nostrils are distended, the mouth open, the ears erect, and the veins swollen — one might almost say throbbing: and the high-bred animal seems to neigh with conscious pride. The head is 2ft. 6in long and 1ft. 7½in. high.



ELGIN MARBLES—THE HORSE'S HEAD.

Never did a man devote himself so earnestly to the accomplishment of a mission as Lord Elgin did to the acquisition of these mutilated marbles. The vestibule of the Temple of Neptune was—seemingly, like every other available square inch of Athens—converted into a powder-magazine: and there was no other access to it than by a little hole in the wall between the columns. Through this our accredited Ambassador wriggled, almost on his stomach, but—thrice blessed is he that expecteth little—he found nothing. Notwithstanding this, Lord Elgin commenced to ramble round the town, for a strange rumour had reached him. He learned that the peasants of Athens were in the habit of placing in niches over their doors sundry fragments of sculpture which they discovered when ploughing. By the way, as instancing how lively things were in Turkish dominions at this time, I may mention that the very ploughmen carried a musket over their shoulder while at work in the fields. His lordship there selected and purchased for cash quite a number of curious antique votive tables, with sculpture and inscriptions. Again, during his peregrinations in the plains of Troy, Lord Elgin fortuitously lighted upon the famous Boustrophedon inscription, then forming the chief attraction (in the shape of a seat) at the door of a Greek chapel, and resorted to by individuals troubled with ague of long standing. It must have been efficacious, for afflicted pilgrims rolled on the thing until there was next to no inscription.

It seems that every other Ambassador from Christendom to the Porte had been after this identical inscription, but, probably finding something else to occupy their time in Pera, they were unable to go exploring in Greece.

By no means the least important item in the Elgin collection is the group known as the Three Fates, next shown here. According to Visconti and Greek mythology, they preside over birth as well as death. They were the companions of Ilithyia, the goddess of Child-birth, and they sang the destiny of new-born infants. One wonders if they ever sang their own, which—in this particular instance, at any rate—was to have their heads knocked off by unsympathetic Moslems.

In the former Elgin Room one of these figures was separated from the other two; but its adjustment, and other circumstances, indicated that the three originally formed one group. Besides, they appear together in the

ELGIN MARBLES—THE THREE FATES.

drawings of the pediments of the Parthenon, executed in 1674, by Jacques Caney, who ought to know, seeing that he was on the spot before the big explosion took place. These figures are spoken of in terms of high eulogium. The grace of the attitude and the disposition of the draperies are equally deserving of admiration. The necks and wrists exhibit traces of ornaments; and the separate figure is 4ft. 6in. in height. The breadth of the group is 8ft. 9in., and the height 3ft. 7in.

On Elgin's departure from Turkey in 1803, he withdrew all his artists from Athens, except Lusieri, whom he directed to remain in charge of the excavations. It was not, however, until 1806 that the Ambassador arrived in England, having been "detained" in France after the rupture of the peace of Amiens.

In 1803, part of the Elgin collection was prepared for embarkation for England, tremendous difficulties having to be encountered at every stage of its transit. A special ship with a suitably serious name—the *Mentor*—was chartered, and Mr. W. R. Hamilton (afterwards British Minister at Naples) was put in charge of the precious cargo. Lord Elgin's troubles, however, were very far from being over. That ship sank in ten fathoms, off Cytherea, now called Cerigo. After many weeks of maddening anxiety, Mr. Hamilton got together a few Greek divers from the distant islands of Syme and Calymna, and these gentry, after *two or three years' work*, actually brought up the unfortunate sculptures uninjured from the hold of the sunken vessel before it had completely broken up.

This was bad enough, but even worse followed. On his return, Lord Elgin was fairly howled at on every side. It was "regretted that he had removed these sculptures from the spot where they had for ages remained"; he had stripped the temples of Greece of their noblest ornaments, and was, therefore, accused of vandalism and rapacity. The very method of obtaining the antiquities was termed dishonest and flagitious. The House of Commons was reminded that when the firman was delivered to the Vaivode of Athens presents of value were admitted to have been delivered to that exalted lover of bakhshish—a complaint that betrayed grievous ignorance of Oriental life. And this after the unfortunate nobleman had spent £62,440 out of his own pocket for the benefit of an ungrateful public. This sum, by the way, presently mounted up to £74,000 when all expenses had been paid—maintenance of artists, scaffoldings, packing-cases, workmen's wages for several years, compensation for houses demolished, transport, loss of the *Mentor*, and wages of divers.

The unkindest cut of all, though, was an attempt to minimize and depreciate the artistic value and importance of the sculptures. Upon this, Lord Elgin determined to throw open his collection to public view, and this he did by arranging the sculptures in a big temporary shed near his house in Park Lane.

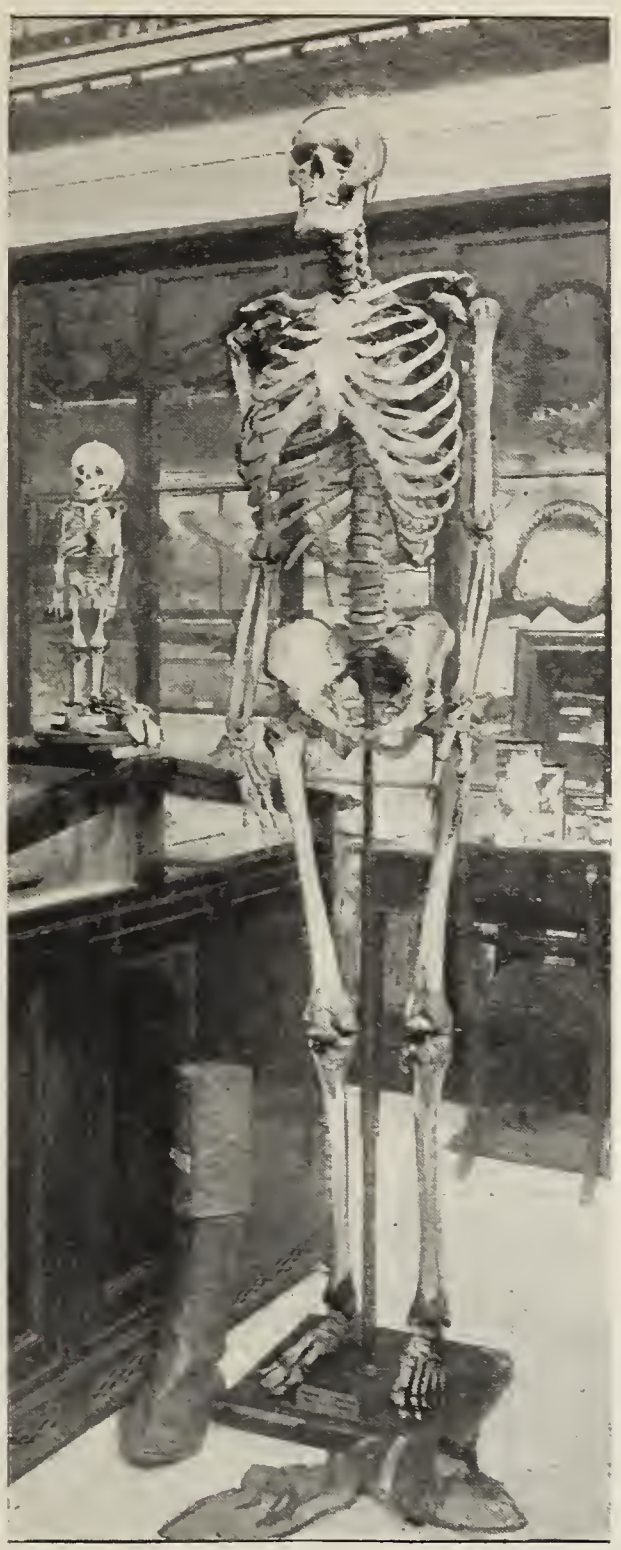
In 1811 Mr. Perceval was disposed to recommend that the sum of £30,000 be given for the Elgin Marbles, but this offer was declined, and his lordship continued to add to his treasures. A year later eighty fresh cases of antiquities arrived in London; and in 1815 Lord Elgin offered, in a petition to the House of Commons, to transfer the property to the nation upon such conditions as the House might deem advisable, after an inquiry upon evidence as to its merits and value. Be it noted here that the House had in the meantime absolved Lord Elgin from all blame, and even magnanimously approved his conduct. Two independent valuations were made. Mr. Richard Payne assessed

the valuation of the marbles at £25,000; while Mr. W. R. Hamilton priced them at £60,800. In the end the very Select Committee appointed to sit upon these antiquities oracularly declared that in their opinion £35,000 was a fair price. The act of Legislature, whereby the Elgin Marbles were secured to the public, was dated July 1st, 1816; and it is well worthy of note as a significant fact that, in view of a further collapse of negotiations, the King of Bavaria had lodged £30,000 with an English banking house; for he, too, longed to possess the contents of the Elgin Room at the British Museum.

In the next illustration shown here, we see the skeleton of Charles Byrne, the famous Irish giant, who went by the name of O'Brien, and died in 1783 at the age of twenty-two. O'Brien was 8ft. 4in. in height. He lived in Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, and his death is said to have been due to excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly since the loss of all his property, which he had guilelessly invested in a single bank-note of £300.

There is a most curious story about this skeleton. It seems that O'Brien had known for a long time that Hunter, the famous surgeon, was anxious to obtain his body after death for medical examination. Accordingly, the giant made a bargain with some fishermen, whereby his body after death was to be taken out into the Irish Channel and dropped overboard. Hunter must have been very keen on this particular "specimen," for he set detectives to work who found out about O'Brien's gruesome compact. The great surgeon then promised the same fishermen another £100 note to fulfil their previous instructions, but to attach a rope to the body, and drag it up again after it had been immersed, in accordance with the giant's wishes. This was done, and Hunter himself set up the skeleton, which may be seen to this day in the magnificent, but somewhat depressing, Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. At the side of this great skeleton is seen one of the giant's boots and a pair of his slippers.

Also, in the foregoing illustration is seen the skeleton of a female child, of extraordinary stunted growth. This is all that remains of Caroline Crachami, the Sicilian dwarf,



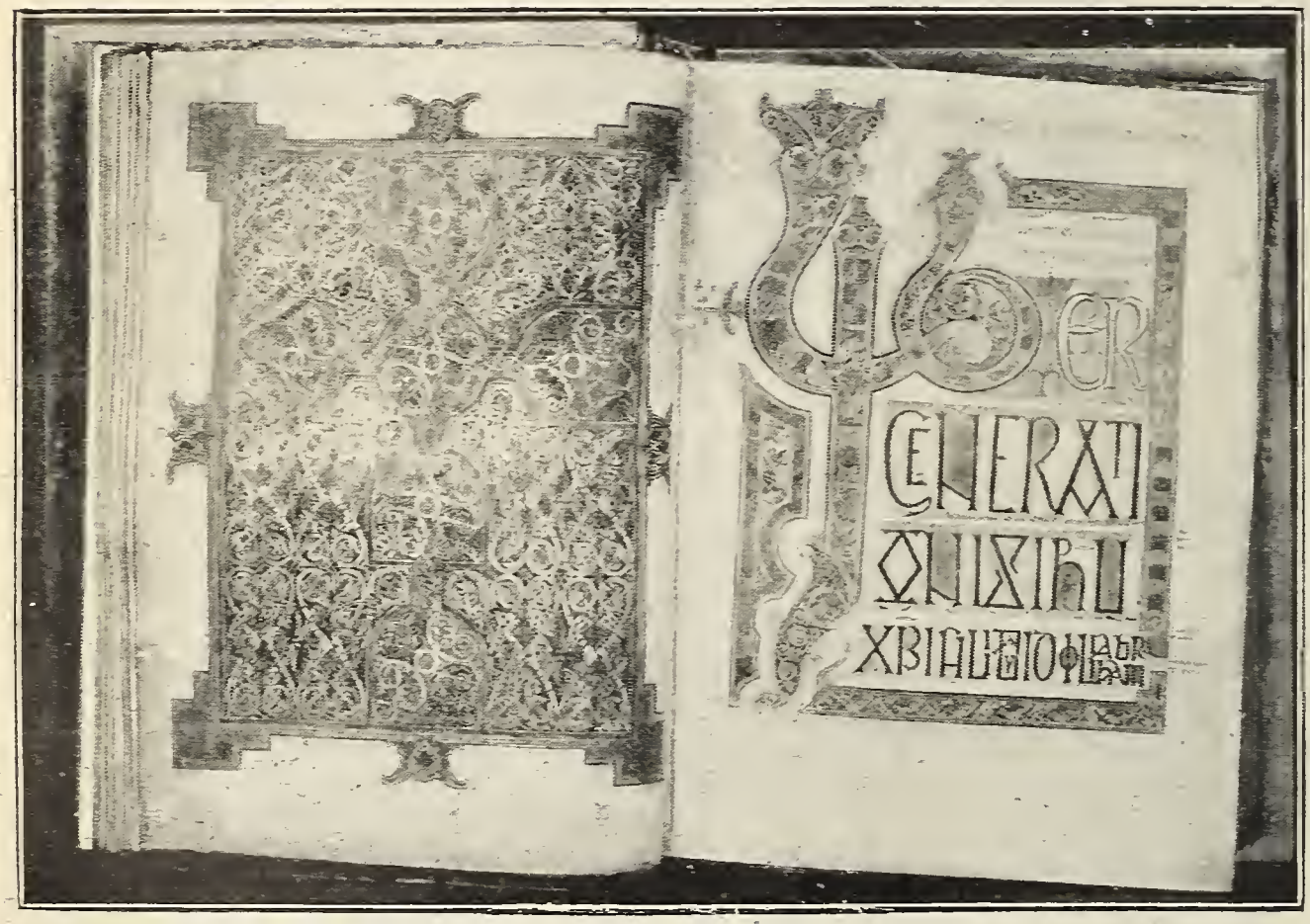
SKELETON OF BYRNE, THE IRISH GIANT, AND OF THE SICILIAN DWARF.

ROWLANDSON'S CARICATURE OF THE IRISH GIANT AND HIS ADMIRERS.

who was exhibited as an Italian Princess in London, in 1824. The child did not grow after birth, and died at the age of about nine years. Signorita Crachami's thimble, ring, slippers, and stockings are also preserved, together with a cast of the dwarf's face.

The last picture on the preceding page was reproduced from an original caricature by Rowlandson, which hangs in the private office of Professor Stewart—a gentleman who maintains surprising vivacity and geniality amid the peculiarly gruesome surroundings of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The drawing shows the giant we have just alluded to, surrounded by his admirers. O'Brien has his hand on the head of a stalwart soldier, while another old gentleman, standing on a chair, is surveying the giant's imposing proportions. One young lady has wriggled herself into O'Brien's boot; another is comparing her own Trilby-like foot with his; while a third individual is surveying the giant's second boot on his own very ordinary leg. The caricature is, of course, very much exaggerated.

The next illustration depicts what is known as the Durham Book, or St. Cuthbert's



THE DURHAM BOOK.

Gospels. This manuscript is a folio volume written on 258 leaves of thick vellum, and containing the four Gospels in the Latin version of St. Jerome, to which are prefixed as usual the Canons of Eusebius. The manuscript was written and illuminated—according to a note at the end of the book—in honour of St. Cuthbert by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who succeeded to the see in the year 698, and died in 721. His successor, Æthelwald, caused it to be splendidly bound and adorned with gold and gems. Thus completed, it was preserved in the Monastery of Lindisfarne till about the year 875, when on account of the renewed devastations of the Danes, Bishop Eardulf and Abbot Eadrid carried away from the monastery the bones of St. Cuthbert and other saints, together with the precious volume shown in the picture. Now, having proposed to go over to Ireland, they set sail from the River Derwent, but encountered a terrific storm, in which their ship was thrown on one side by the violence of the waves and St. Cuthbert's Gospels carried away into the vasty deep. A book of such value, however, was not permitted to be lost; and it is interesting to note that, in a dream, it was shortly afterwards revealed to one of the monks that, on their arrival at Whitehaven, or Whitern, as it was then called, they would find the precious volume at the ebb of the tide. To their great joy this actually happened, and the Durham Book was picked up at a distance of three miles from the haven. The historian, Simeon — good, easy man — records it as a miracle that the pages of the manuscript were not in the slightest degree injured by the salt water; and although the visitor to the British Museum at this day may discern occasional stains upon the vellum, yet the illuminations are throughout in the most perfect preservation. Beyond this nothing more is known of the famous book, except that it was preserved at Durham at the time of the Reformation, when it was despoiled of its cover for the sake of the gold and jewels which adorned it, and which constituted quite a respectable little property. Subsequently the Durham Book came into the hands of one Bowyer, clerk to the Parliament in the reign of King

THE BRONZE MERCURY.

James I., and later on it found its way into the library of Sir Robert Cotton, with whose magnificent collection it was presented to the nation in 1753.

Next is shown a bronze Mercury of the same period as the Jupiter which was found in 1792 at Paramythia, in Epirus. One peculiarity of this figure which has never been observed in any other of Mercury, or of any deity who had the desirable gift of perpetual youth, is the marking of the veins, which are distinct and prominent as in the figure of Jupiter aforesaid. Figures of Mercury are among the most common; but in none other is there any indication of veins, either in the limbs or body; and, therefore, is this characteristic considered proof of the high antiquity of the figure. The finishing is throughout in a degree of perfection unknown in anything else. Listen to the rhapsody of the art lover, speaking of this identical figure: "Though every lock of hair is accurately composed, it seems movable with every breeze; and though the lines of the lips, brows, and eyelids are perfectly finished, no magnifier could trace any sign of a tool in any part of the surface. Every muscle appears elastic, and the countenance absolutely speaking with a beauty and sweetness of character positively more than human." The drapery, too, is composed and finished with the same happy mixture of breadth, lightness, sharpness, and delicacy, and has been cast with the left arm and shoulder, which it covers, in a second piece, fastened to the rest with a gold stud, which was drawn out and the drapery removed to allow of the figure being moulded some years ago in Paris. The right arm, too, of which the hand holds a purse made of the entire skin of some small animal, has been cast and wrought separately and very neatly joined to the body a little below the shoulder.

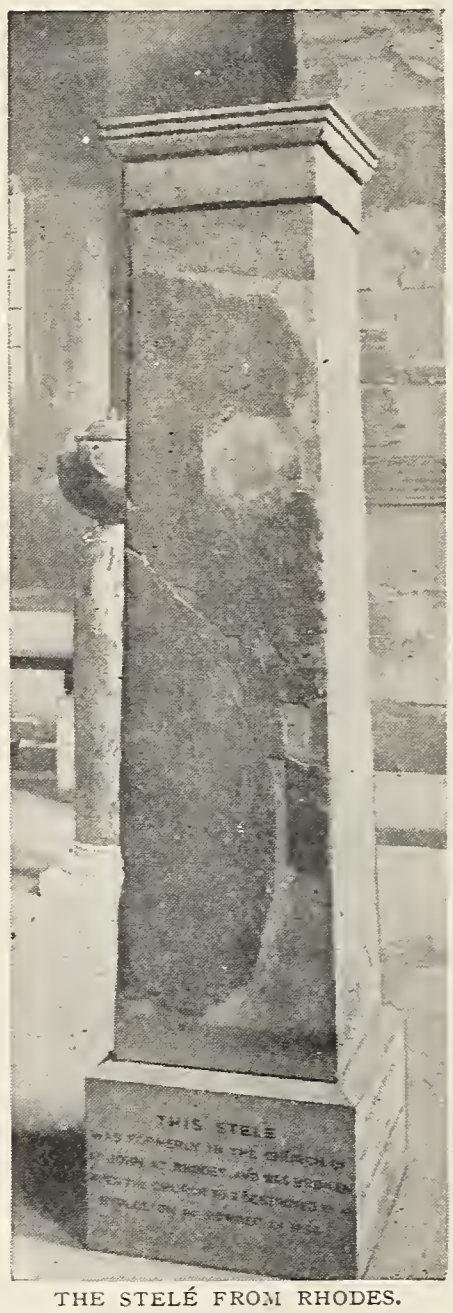
This exquisite figure was found exactly as it is here represented, on its ancient pedestal elegantly enriched with the lotus, inlaid with silver and enamel, and with a votive gold torque hung loosely round its neck, on the 19th of February, 1732, at a place called Pierre Luisit (*absit omen!*), near Huis, Lyons. Two labourers being driven from their work by a shower of rain, observed a small cave near a cascade, the mouth whereof was stopped up by a large stone. This they removed with their pickaxes, and inside they found this figure, which they at once carried to a bourgeois of Huis, named Janin, in whose possession it remained until 1747, when it was purchased of Janin by the almoner of the Chapter of Belleville, who had the interesting story of its finding recorded in a *procès verbal* before a notary. The figure remained at Belleville in the almoner's possession until the year 1788, when he died, leaving it to his friend, the Abbé Tersant, at

MODEL OF A CHINESE VILLA.

Paris. The latter, upon realizing the dangers which threatened all the French clergy in 1792, sold it for a few francs.

In the preceding reproduction is shown a beautiful little model of a Chinese villa—occupants, grounds, and all. It formed part of a present sent by the Emperor of China for Josephine, wife of the first Consul, Buonaparte. It never reached its destination, however, for the vessel in which the model was being conveyed to Europe was captured by one of the ubiquitous British ships of war. After the treaty of Amiens in 1802 the restitution of this interesting present was offered, but refused; and subsequently it passed into the museum belonging to the East India Company. The thing may now be seen in the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum.

In 1873, the Prince of Wales presented to the British Museum—or, to be quite correct, to the department of Greek and Roman antiquities—a quadrangular stelé or pillar of white marble, on the four sides of which is inscribed a decree of the City of Rhodes, recording the raising of a voluntary loan for the defence of the city in some great emergency. The names of the contributors of the loan, and the sums subscribed by each, are recorded on the marble—for all the world like the subscription list of a Mansion House fund. But fancy Rhodes raising a loan! One wonders whether there were any troublesome Outlanders to be dealt with. And the Rhodesian horse, what of that famous fighting body? But I am digressing. The stelé from Rhodes is shown in the picture. It seems that three transcripts of this same decree were ordered to be inscribed on stelœ and set up in as many public places in the city. Experts have for generations fought frantically over the inscription, and here is the latest result: "From the character of the paleography, this decree may be referred to the third century before Christ; and from internal evidence (can they have turned the thing inside out?) it is probable that the emergency for which the loan was raised was the celebrated siege by Demetrius Poliorcetes (305—304 B.C.)." This, of course, leaves us strangely calm. Why fight over it? The "emergency for which the loan was raised" was probably one which cometh to every man among us.



THE STELÉ FROM RHODES.

This inscription was formerly embedded in the pavement of the Church of St. John, in Rhodes. After the Turkish conquest this church became a mosque, and the vaults under it were used as a powder-magazine—which will surprise no one who has attentively read the former part of this article dealing with the Elgin Marbles. In 1856 the powder exploded—why, deponent knoweth not—and the church was destroyed. As a natural sequence, the stelé was broken into a number of fragments, but the principal part, when found, was fortunately uninjured. And the pilgrim who makes his way to the Reading Room of the British Museum among the *habitués* thereof—a race apart—may turn aside on the left into the parts filled with antique bits of sculpture and things, and may examine the stelé from Rhodes at his leisure. But, believe me, he will be an impressionable man who views the thing with emotion.

The picture reproduced on the next page is from a photograph of that famous Rembrandt etching, "Christ Healing the Sick," more popularly known as the "Hundred Guilder Piece," because tradition says that an impression was sold for that sum—rather less than £8 of our money — during the artist's lifetime. This etching is probably the most famous in existence; and of the "first state" only eight impressions are known to exist. At least six of these are in public collections, and two are in the Print Room of the British Museum.

An original impression was offered for public sale in 1893, and as it was known to be the last that could come into the market, it realized the large sum of £1,750. In the year 1799, the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, who died in that year, bequeathed his library to the British Museum, including a large number of etchings and drawings, which comprised Rembrandt etchings of the highest quality. The romantic story attached to the "Hundred Guilder" etching commenced with the year 1808. At that time

"CHRIST HEALING THE SICK."—ONE OF THE REMBRANDT ETCHINGS STOLEN FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

permission to visit the Print Room of the Museum was extremely difficult to obtain.

Just previous to that year, however, one Dighton, a caricaturist, who kept a fruit shop at Charing Cross, did obtain such permission by an order from no less a personage than the Prince of Wales. At this time, Mr. Beloe, the assistant librarian, was in charge of the Print Room; and relying on the Prince's introduction, he neglected his duties by leaving the supposed student unattended in the department. Now, the latter availed himself of the opportunity to steal a large number of fine prints—especially the Rembrandt etching. Some of these he offered for sale to Messrs. Woodburn, who were then the leading dealers in pictures and prints, and had their establishment in St. Martin's Lane. Among the etchings offered by Dighton was the one reproduced here; and having doubts of its origin, Mr. Samuel Woodburn immediately took it to Great Russell Street, to compare it with the original in the Museum. Of course, he held that original in his hand, and on missing it from its place he presently discovered the robbery from certain imperfectly obliterated marks on the mounting of the impression. Woodburn at once communicated with the trustees, who, as promptly, procured a search-warrant and proceeded to Dighton's establishment, where they seized all the prints they could find, whether belonging to the Museum or not. Dighton himself was taken into custody, but, amazing as it may seem, it was subsequently ascertained that, as there were no marks upon the Museum prints sufficient to establish their identity, no prosecution could be sustained, and Dighton was accordingly set at liberty, the prints only being retained — another Portland Vase case, in fact. These exquisite Rembrandt etchings are known to collectors by the imprint of a palette and brushes which Dighton had coolly stamped upon them to mark them as his own. Mr. Beloe, the custodian of the Print Room, resigned his appointment in consequence of this affair, while Dighton himself fell into disgrace and poverty, dying miserably some two or three years afterwards.

The man had certainly hit upon an ingenious method of stealing the prints. Beneath his arm he brought his own portfolio, filled with blank paper, returning each time with a priceless lot of etchings. In 1817, Dibdin wrote about the incident, referring elegantly to the thief as a "bipedal serpent," and denouncing bitterly his release from imprisonment, "to be set loose among other print-

collectors without a hair of his head being touched."

An indirect appeal was made to the various purchasers of the stolen treasures, and to the credit of most of them, be it said, they were promptly returned to the Museum.

The entrance to the Nimroud Gallery of the British Museum is flanked by a lion and a bull, winged and man-headed. These were brought by the well-known explorer, Sir Henry Layard, from the north-west palace of Ashur-nasir-pal, at Nimroud. They formed part of Sir Henry Layard's discoveries at Nineveh. Having traversed Asia Minor and Syria, Sir Henry felt an irresistible desire to penetrate to the regions beyond the Euphrates; but when he reached Mosel, to secure Mohamed Pasha's permission to make the necessary excavations, he met with every conceivable obstacle. On one occasion it was found that the Cadi was endeavouring to stir up the people against the explorer on the grounds that he was carrying away treasures—which in a sense was true. Another rumour was bruited abroad that Sir Henry was unearthing inscriptions which proved beyond doubt that the Franks had once held the country, and yielding evidence whereby the unbelievers would be enabled to resume possession and exterminate all devout Moslems. The lion was given five legs in order that, from whatever point of view it was regarded, the spectator could behold the perfect animal.

SIR HENRY LAYARD'S MAN-HEADED BULL FROM NIMROUD.

For various reasons, the Arabs who assisted Sir Henry Layard in his excavations gave peculiar, and at times violent, demonstrations of their interest in the work. The moment certain pieces of sculpture turned up they were promptly beaten and spat upon, while others were devoutly kissed. At times, too, the fiery fellows dashed into the trenches like madmen with streaming hair, and removed the baskets of earth with surprising celerity, shouting at the same time the war-cry of their particular tribe.

In spite of all this display of feverish energy, however, these discoveries were made under very trying conditions. Sir Henry's health was rapidly giving way; nor is this to be wondered at seeing that he had to pass many hours in the trenches when the thermometer registered from 112deg. to 115deg. in the shade. Hot winds swept over the devoted band like furnace blasts during the day, and clearly were not conducive to sleep at night. Being at this time without the necessary means for removing these huge sculptures in safety, Sir Henry Layard was advised by the trustees of the British Museum to leave them where they were discovered until some favourable opportunity presented itself for transporting them. Naturally, the explorer did not like to forsake the treasures he had recovered, so he resolved upon attempting the removal and embarkation of two of the smallest and best preserved. Accordingly, he fixed upon this bull and its companion the lion. Then a new difficulty arose, because no wood but poplar was conveniently available for the construction of a cart. A carpenter was, therefore, dispatched to the neighbouring mountains to fell mulberry trees, and in due time a rude conveyance was built upon which were enthroned, so to speak, the bull and the lion. This cart was then dragged down to the river by the Arabs, where it remained with its precious cargo until Sir Henry had succeeded in persuading a raftsman from Baghdâd to construct a raft for each piece of sculpture. Eventually this was done, the rafts being held together by 600 dried sheep and goat skins. Both bull and lion were in this way floated down to Baghdâd, whence they were transported direct to England.

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

BUCK TREGELLIS.

NOW that I was in my seventeenth year, and had already some need for a razor, I had begun to weary of the narrow life of the village, and to long to see something of the great world beyond. And the craving was all the stronger because I durst not speak openly about it, for the least hint of it brought the tears into my mother's eyes. But now there was the less reason that I should stay at home, since my father was at her side, and so my mind was all filled by this prospect of my uncle's visit, and of the chance that he might set my feet moving at last upon the road of life.

As you may think, it was towards my father's profession that my thoughts and my hopes turned, for from my childhood I have never seen the heave of the sea or tasted the salt upon my lips without feeling the blood of five generations of seamen thrill within my veins. And think of the challenge which was ever waving in those days before the eyes of a coast-living lad! I had but to walk up to Wolstonbury in the war time to see the sails of the French chasse-marées and privateers. Again and again I have heard the roar of the guns coming from far out over the waters. Seamen would tell us how they had left London and been engaged ere nightfall, or sailed out of Portsmouth and been yard-arm to yard-arm before they had lost sight of St. Helen's light. It was this imminence of the danger which warmed our hearts to our sailors, and made us talk, round the winter fires, of our Little Nelson, and Cuddie Collingwood, and Johnnie Jarvis, and the rest of them, not as being great High Admirals with titles and dignities, but as good friends whom we loved and honoured above all others. What boy was there through the length and breadth of Britain who did not long to be out with them under the red-cross flag?

But now that peace had come, and the fleets which had swept the Channel and the Mediterranean were lying dismantled in our harbours, there was less to draw one's fancy seawards. It was London now of which I thought by day and brooded by night: the huge city, the home of the wise and the great, from which came this constant stream of carriages, and those crowds of dusty people who were for ever flashing past our window-pane. It was this one side of life which first presented itself to me, and so, as a boy, I used to picture the City as a gigantic stable with a huge huddle of coaches, which were for ever streaming off down the country roads. But, then, Champion Harrison told me how the fighting-men lived there, and my father how the heads of the Navy lived there, and my mother how her brother and his grand friends were there, until at last I was consumed with impatience to see this marvellous heart of England. This coming of my uncle, then, was the breaking of light through the darkness, though I hardly dared to hope that he would take me with him into those high circles in which he lived. My mother, however, had such confidence either in his good nature or in her own powers of persuasion, that she already began to make furtive preparations for my departure.

But if the narrowness of the village life chafed my easy spirit, it was a torture to the keen and ardent mind of Boy Jim. It was but a few days after the coming of my uncle's letter that we walked over the Downs together, and I had a peep of the bitterness of his heart.

"What is there for me to do, Rodney?" he cried. "I forge a shoe, and I fuller it, and I clip it, and I caulken it, and I knock six holes in it, and there it is finished. Then I do it again and again, and blow up the bellows and feed the forge, and rasp a hoof or two, and there is a day's work done, and every day the same as the other. Was it for this only, do you think, that I was born into the world?"

I looked at him, his proud, eagle face, and his tall, sinewy figure, and I wondered whether in the whole land there was a finer, handsomer man.

"The Army or the Navy is the place for you, Jim," said I.

"That is very well," he cried. "If you go into the Navy, as you are likely to do, you go as an officer, and it is you who do the

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ordering. If I go in, it is as one who was born to receive orders."

"An officer gets his orders from those above him."

"But an officer does not have the lash hung over his head. I saw a poor fellow at the inn here—it was some years ago—who showed us his back in the tap-room, all cut into red diamonds with the boatswain's whip. 'Who ordered that?' I asked. 'The captain,' said he. 'And what would you have had if you had struck him dead?' said I. 'The yard-arm,' he answered. 'Then if I had been you that's where I should have been,' said I, and I spoke the truth. I can't help it, Rod! There's something here in my heart, something that is as much a part of myself as this hand is, which holds me to it."

"I know that you are as proud as Lucifer," said I.

"It was born with me, Roddy, and I can't help it. Life would be easier if I could. I was made to be my own master, and there's only one place where I can hope to be so."

"Where is that, Jim?"

"In London. Miss Hinton has told me of it, until I feel as if I could find my way through it from end to end. She loves to talk of it as well as I do to listen. I have it all laid out in my mind, and I can see where the playhouses are, and how the river runs, and where the King's house is, and the Prince's, and the place where the fighting-men live. I could make my name known in London."

"How?"

"Never mind how, Rod. I could do it, and I will do it, too. 'Wait!' says my uncle. 'Wait, and it will all come right for you.' That is what he always says, and my aunt the same. Why should I wait? What am I to wait for? No, Roddy, I'll stay no longer eating my heart out in this little village, but I'll leave my apron behind me and I'll seek my fortune in London, and when I come back to Friar's Oak, it will be in such style as that gentleman yonder."

"IT WAS BORN WITH ME, RODDY, AND I CAN'T HELP IT."

He pointed as he spoke, and there was a high crimson curricle coming down the London road, with two bay mares harnessed tandem fashion before it. The reins and fittings were of a light fawn colour, and the gentleman had a driving-coat to match, with a servant in dark livery behind. They flashed past us in a rolling cloud of dust, and I had just a glimpse of the pale, handsome face of the master and of the dark, shrivelled features of the man. I should never have given them another thought had it not chanced that when the village came into view there was the curricle again, standing at the door of the inn, and the grooms busy taking out the horses.

"Jim," I cried, "I believe it is my uncle!" and taking to my heels I ran for home at the top of my speed. At the door was standing the dark-faced servant. He carried a cushion upon which lay a small and fluffy lapdog.

"You will excuse me, young sir," said he, in the suavest, most soothing of voices, "but am I right in supposing that this is the

house of Lieutenant Stone? In that case you will, perhaps, do me the favour to hand to Mrs. Stone this note which her brother, Sir Charles Tregellis, has just committed to my care."

I was quite abashed by the man's flowery way of talking, so unlike anything which I had ever heard. He had a wizened face and sharp little, dark eyes, which took in me and the house and my mother's startled face at the window all in the instant. My parents were together, the two of them, in the sitting-room, and my mother read the note to us.

"My dear Mary," it ran, "I have stopped at the inn, because I am somewhat *ravagé* by the dust of your Sussex roads. A lavender water bath may restore me to a condition in which I may fitly pay my compliments to a lady. Meantime, I send you Fidelio as a hostage. Pray give him a half-pint of warmish milk with six drops of pure brandy in it. A better or more faithful creature never lived. *Toujours a toi.*—Charles."

"Have him in! Have him in!" cried my father heartily, running to the door. "Come in, Mr. Fidelio. Every man to his own taste, and six drops to the half-pint seems a sinful watering of grog—but if you like it so, you shall have it."

A smile flickered over the dark face of the servant, but his features re-set themselves instantly into their usual mask of respectful observance.

"You are labouring under a slight error, sir, if you will permit me to say so. My name is Ambrose, and I have the honour to be the valet of Sir Charles Tregellis. This is Fidelio upon the cushion."

"Tut, the dog!" cried my father, in disgust. "Heave him down by the fireside. Why should he have brandy, when many a Christian has to go without?"

"Hush, Anson," said my mother, taking the cushion. "You will tell Sir Charles that his wishes will be carried out, and that we shall expect him at his own convenience."

The man went off noiselessly and swiftly, but was back in a few minutes with a flat brown basket.

"It is the refection, madam," said he. "Will you permit me to lay the table? Sir Charles is accustomed to partake of certain dishes and to drink certain wines, so that we usually bring them with us when we visit." He opened the basket, and in a minute he had the table all shining with silver and glass and studded with dainty dishes. So quick and neat and silent was he in all that he did, that my father was as taken with him as I was.

"You'd have made a right good foretop-man if your heart is as stout as your fingers are quick," said he. "Did you never wish to have the honour of serving your country?"

"It is my honour, sir, to serve Sir Charles Tregellis, and I desire no other master," he answered. "But I will convey his dressing-case from the inn, and then all will be ready."

He came back with a great, silver-mounted box under his arm, and close at his heels was the gentleman whose coming had made such a disturbance.

My first impression of my uncle as he entered the room was that one of his eyes was swollen to the size of an apple. It caught the breath from my lips, that monstrous, glistening eye. But the next instant I perceived that he held a round glass in front of it which magnified it in this fashion. He looked at us each in turn, and then he bowed very gracefully to my mother and kissed her upon either cheek.

"You will permit me to compliment you, my dear Mary," said he, in a voice which was the most mellow and beautiful that I have ever heard. "I can assure you that the country air has used you wondrous well, and that I should be proud to see my pretty sister in the Mall. I am your servant, sir," he continued, holding out his hand to my father. "It was but last week that I had the honour of dining with my friend, Lord St. Vincent, and I took occasion to mention you to him. I may tell you that your name is not forgotten at the Admiralty, sir, and I hope that I may see you soon walking the poop of a 74-gun ship of your own. So this is my nephew, is it?" He put a hand upon each of my shoulders in a very friendly way and looked me up and down.

"How old are you, nephew?" he asked.

"Seventeen, sir."

"You look older. You look eighteen, at the least. I find him very passable, Mary, very passable, indeed. He has not the *bel* air, the *tournure*—in our uncouth English we have no word for it. But he is as healthy as a May-hedge in bloom."

So within a minute of his entering our door he had got himself upon terms with all of us, and with so easy and graceful a manner that it seemed as if he had known us all for years. I had a good look at him now as he stood upon the hearth-rug, with my mother upon one side and my father on the other. He was a very large man, with noble shoulders, small waist, broad hips, well-turned legs, and the smallest of hands and feet. His face was pale and handsome, with a prominent

"I FIND HIM VERY PASSABLE, MARY."

chin, a jutting nose, and large blue staring eyes, in which a sort of dancing mischievous light was for ever playing. He wore a deep brown coat with a collar as high as his ears and tails as low as his knees. His black breeches and silk stockings ended in very small, pointed shoes, so highly polished that they twinkled with every movement. His vest was of black velvet, open at the top to show an embroidered shirt-front, with a high, smooth, white cravat above it which kept his neck for ever on the stretch. He stood easily with one thumb in his arm-pit, and two fingers of the other hand in his vest pocket. It made me proud as I watched him to think that so magnificent a man, with such easy, masterful ways, should be my own blood relation, and I could see from my mother's eyes as they turned towards him that the same thought was in her mind.

All this time Ambrose had been standing like a dark-clothed, bronze-faced image by the door, with the big silver-bound box under his arm. He stepped forward now into the room.

"Shall I convey it to your bed-chamber, Sir Charles?" he asked.

"Ah, pardon me, sister Mary," cried my uncle, "I am old-fashioned enough to have principles—an anachronism, I know, in this lax age. One of them is never to allow my *batterie de toilette* out of my sight when I am travelling. I cannot readily forget the agonies which I endured some years ago through neglecting this precaution. I will do Ambrose the justice to say that it was before he took charge of my affairs. I was compelled to wear the same ruffles upon two consecutive days. On the third morning my fellow was so affected by the sight of my condition, that he burst into tears and laid out a pair which he had stolen from me."

As he spoke his face was very grave, but the light in his eyes danced and gleamed. He handed his open snuff-box to my father, as Ambrose followed my mother out of the room.

"You number yourself in an illustrious company by dipping your finger and thumb into it," said he.

"Indeed, sir!" said my father, shortly.

"You are free of my box, as being a relative by marriage. You are free also, nephew, and I pray you to take a pinch. It is the most intimate sign of my good-will. Outside ourselves there are four, I think, who have had access to it—the Prince, of course; Mr. Pitt; Monsieur Otto, the French Ambassador; and Lord Hawkesbury. I have sometimes thought that I was premature with Lord Hawkesbury."

"I am vastly honcured, sir," said my father, looking suspiciously at his guest from under his shaggy eyebrows, for with that grave face and those twinkling eyes it was hard to know how to take him.

"A woman, sir, has her love to bestow," said my uncle. "A man has his snuff-box. Neither is to be lightly offered. It is a lapse of taste; nay, more, it is a breach of morals. Only the other day as I was seated in Watier's, my box of prime macouba open upon the table beside me, an Irish bishop thrust in his intrusive fingers. 'Waiter,' I cried, 'my box has been soiled! Remove it!' The man meant no insult, you understand, but that class of people must be kept in their proper sphere."

"HE HANDED HIS OPEN SNUFF-BOX TO MY FATHER."

"A bishop!" cried my father. "You draw your line very high, sir."

"Yes, sir," said my uncle; "I wish no better epitaph upon my tombstone."

My mother had in the meanwhile descended, and we all drew up to the table.

"You will excuse my apparent grossness, Mary, in venturing to bring my own larder with me. Abernethy has me under his orders, and I must eschew your rich country dainties. A little white wine and a cold quail—it is as much as the niggardly Scotchman will allow me."

"We should have you on blockading service when the levanters are blowing," said my father. "Salt junk and weevilly biscuits, with a rib of a tough Barbary ox when the tenders come in. You would have your spare diet there, sir."

Straightway my uncle began to question him about the sea service, and for the whole meal my father was telling him of the Nile and of the Toulon blockade, and the siege of Genoa, and all that he had seen and done. But whenever he faltered for a word, my uncle always had it ready for him, and it was hard to say which knew most about the business.

"No, I read little or nothing," said he, when my father marvelled where he got his knowledge. "The fact is that I can hardly pick up a print without seeing some allusion to myself: 'Sir C—— T—— does this,' or 'Sir C . . . T . . . . says the other,' so I take them no longer. But if a man is in my position all knowledge comes to him. The Duke of York tells me of the Army in the morning, and Lord Spencer chats with me of the Navy in the afternoon, and Dundas whispers me what is going forward in the Cabinet, so that I have little need of the *Times* or the *Morning Chronicle*."

This set him talking of the great world of London, telling my father about the men who were his masters at the Admiralty, and my mother about the beauties of the town, and the great ladies at Almack's, but all in the same light, fanciful way, so that one never knew whether to laugh or to take him gravely. I think it flattered him to see the way in which we all three hung upon his words. Of some he thought highly and of some lowly, but he made no secret that the highest of all, and the one against whom all others should be measured, was Sir Charles Tregellis himself.

"As to the King," said he, "of course, I am *l'ami de famille* there, and even with you I can scarce speak freely, as my relations are confidential."

"God bless him and keep him from ill!" cried my father.

"It is pleasant to hear you say so," said my uncle. "One has to come into the country to hear honest loyalty, for a sneer and a gibe are more the fashions in town. The King is grateful to me for the interest which I have ever shown in his son. He likes to think that the Prince has a man of taste in his circle."

"And the Prince?" asked my mother. "Is he well-favoured?"

"He is a fine figure of a man. At a

distance he has been mistaken for me. And he has some taste in dress, though he gets slovenly if I am too long away from him. I warrant you that I find a crease in his coat to-morrow."

We were all seated round the fire by this time, for the evening had turned chilly. The lamp was lighted, and so also was my father's pipe.

"I suppose," said he, "that this is your first visit to Friar's Oak?"

My uncle's face turned suddenly very grave and stern.

"It is my first visit for many years," said he. "I was but one-and-twenty years of age when last I came here. I am not likely to forget it."

I knew that he spoke of his visit to Cliffe Royal at the time of the murder, and I saw by her face that my mother knew it also. My father, however, had either never heard of it, or had forgotten the circumstance.

"Was it at the inn you stayed?" he asked.

"I stayed with the unfortunate Lord Avon. It was the time when he was accused of slaying his younger brother and fled from the country."

We all fell silent, and my uncle leaned his chin upon his hand, looking thoughtfully into the fire. If I do but close my eyes now, I can see the light upon his proud, handsome face, and see also my dear father, concerned at having touched upon so terrible a memory, shooting little slanting glances at him betwixt the puffs of his pipe.

"I daresay that it has happened with you, sir," said my uncle at last, "that you have lost some dear messmate, in battle or wreck, and that you have put him out of your mind in the routine of your daily life, until suddenly some word or some scene brings him back to your memory, and you find your sorrow as raw as upon the first day of your loss."

My father nodded.

"So it is with me to-night. I never formed a close friendship with a man—I say nothing of women—save only the once. That was with Lord Avon. We were of an age, he a few years perhaps my senior, but our tastes, our judgments, and our characters were alike, save only that he had in him a touch of pride such as I have never known in any other man. Putting aside the little foibles of a rich young man of fashion, *les indescrétions d'une jeunesse dorée*, I could have sworn that he was as good a man as I have ever known."

"How came he, then, to such a crime?" asked my father.

My uncle shook his head.

"Many a time have I asked myself that question, and it comes home to me more to-night than ever."

All the jauntiness had gone out of his manner, and he had turned suddenly into a sad and serious man.

"Was it certain that he did it, Charles?" asked my mother.

My uncle shrugged his shoulders. "I wish I could think it were not so. I have thought sometimes that it was this very pride, turning suddenly to madness, which drove him to it. You have heard how he returned the money which we had lost?"

"Nay, I have heard nothing of it," my father answered.

"It is a very old story now, though we have not yet found an end to it. We had played for two days, the four of us: Lord Avon, his brother (Captain Barrington), Sir Lothian Hume, and myself. Of the Captain I knew little, save that he was not of the best repute and was deep in the hands of the Jews. Sir Lothian has made an evil name for himself since—'tis the same Sir Lothian who shot Lord Carton in the affair at Chalk Farm—but in those days there was nothing against him. The oldest of us was but twenty-four, and we gamed on, as I say, until the Captain had cleared the board. We were all hit, but our host far the hardest.

"That night—I tell you now what it would be a bitter thing for me to tell in a court of law—I was restless and sleepless, as often happens when a man has kept awake over-long. My mind would dwell upon the fall of the cards, and I was tossing and turning in my bed, when suddenly a cry fell upon my ears, and then a second louder one, coming from the direction of Captain Barrington's room. Five minutes later I heard steps passing down the passage, and, without striking a light, I opened my door and peeped out, thinking that someone was taken unwell. There was Lord Avon walking towards me. In one hand he held a guttering candle and in the other a brown bag, which chinked as he moved. His face was all drawn and distorted—so much so that my question was frozen upon my lips. Before I could utter it he turned into his chamber and softly closed the door.

"Next morning I was awakened by finding him at my bedside.

"'Charles,' said he, 'I cannot abide to think that you should have lost this money in my house. You will find it here upon your table.'

"It was in vain that I laughed at his squeamishness, telling him that I should most certainly have claimed my money had I won, so that it would be strange indeed if I were not permitted to pay it when I lost.

"'Neither I nor my brother will touch it,' said he. 'There it lies, and you may do what you like about it.'

"He would listen to no argument, but dashed out of the room like a madman. But perhaps these details are familiar to you, and God knows they are painful to me to tell."

My father was sitting with staring eyes and his forgotten pipe reeking in his hand.

"Pray let us hear the end of it, sir," he cried.

"Well, then, I had finished my toilet in an hour or so—for I was less exigeant in those days than now—and I met Sir Lothian Hume at breakfast. His experience had been the same as my own, and he was eager to see Captain Barrington, and to ascertain why he had directed his brother to return the money to us. We were talking the matter over when suddenly I raised my eyes to the corner of the ceiling and I saw—I saw——"

My uncle had turned quite pale with the vividness of the memory, and he passed his hand over his eyes.

"It was crimson," said he, with a shudder, "Crimson with black cracks, and from every crack—but I will give you dreams, sister Mary. Suffice it that we rushed up the stair which led direct to the Captain's room, and there we found him lying with the bone gleaming white through his throat. A hunting knife lay in the room—and the knife was Lord Avon's. A lace ruffle was found in the dead man's grasp—and the ruffle was Lord Avon's. Some papers were found charred in the grate—and the papers were Lord Avon's. Oh, my poor friend, in what moment of madness did you come to do such a deed?"

"THERE WAS LORD AVON WALKING TOWARDS ME."

The light had gone out of my uncle's eyes and the extravagance from his manner. His speech was clear and plain, with none of those strange London ways which had so amazed me. Here was a second uncle, a man of heart and a man of brains, and I liked him better than the first.

"And what said Lord Avon?" cried my father.

"He said nothing. He went about like one who walks in his sleep, with horror-stricken eyes. None dared arrest him until there should be due inquiry, but when the coroner's court brought wilful murder against him, the constables came for him in full cry. But they found him fled. There was a rumour that he had been seen in Westminster in the next week, and then that he had escaped for America, but nothing more is known. It will be a bright day for Sir Lothian Hume when they can prove him dead, for he is next of kin, and till then he can touch neither title nor estate."

The telling of this grim story had cast a chill upon all of us. My uncle held out his hands towards the blaze, and I noticed that they were as white as the ruffles which fringed them.

"I know not how things are at Cliffe Royal now," said he, thoughtfully. "It was not a cheery house, even before this shadow fell upon it. A fitter stage was never set

forth for such a tragedy. But seventeen years have passed, and perhaps even that horrible ceiling——"

"It still bears the stain," said I.

I know not which of the three was the more astonished, for my mother had not heard of my adventures of the night. They never took their wondering eyes off me as I told my story, and my heart swelled with pride when my uncle said that we had carried ourselves well, and that he did not think that many of our age would have stood to it as stoutly.

"But as to this ghost, it must have been the creature of your own minds," said he. "Imagination plays us strange tricks, and though I have as steady a nerve as a man might wish, I cannot answer for what I might see if I were to stand under that blood-stained ceiling at midnight."

"Uncle," said I, "I saw a figure as plainly as I see that fire, and I heard the steps as clearly as I hear the crackle of the fagots. Besides, we could not both be deceived."

"There is truth in that," said he, thoughtfully. "You saw no features, you say?"

"It was too dark."

"But only a figure?"

"The dark outline of one."

"And it retreated up the stairs?"

"Yes."

"And vanished into the wall?"

"Yes."

"At what part of the wall?" cried a voice from behind us.

My mother screamed, and down came my father's pipe on to the hearth-rug. I had sprung round with a catch of my breath, and there was the valet, Ambrose, his body in the shadow of the doorway, his dark face protruded into the light, and two burning eyes fixed upon mine.

"What the deuce is the meaning of this, sir?" cried my uncle.

"HIS DARK FACE PROTRUDED INTO THE LIGHT."

It was strange to see the gleam and passion fade out of the man's face, and the demure mask of the valet replace it. His eyes still smouldered, but his features regained their prim composure in an instant.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Charles," said he. "I had come in to ask you if you had any orders for me, and I did not like to interrupt the young gentleman's story. I am afraid that I have been somewhat carried away by it."

"I never knew you forget yourself before," said my uncle.

"You will, I am sure, forgive me, Sir Charles, if you will call to mind the relation in which I stood to Lord Avon." He spoke with some dignity of manner, and with a bow he left the room.

"We must make some little allowance," said my uncle, with a sudden return to his jaunty manner. "When a man can brew a dish of chocolate, or tie a cravat, as Ambrose does, he may claim consideration. The fact is that the poor fellow was valet to Lord Avon, that he was at Cliffe Royal upon the

fatal night of which I have spoken, and that he is most devoted to his old master. But my talk has been somewhat *triste*, sister Mary, and now we shall return, if you please, to the dresses of the Countess Lieven, and the gossip of St. James."

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

My father sent me to bed early that night, though I was very eager to stay up, for every word which this man said held my attention. His face, his manner, the large waves and sweeps of his white hands, his easy air of superiority, his fantastic fashion of talk, all filled me with interest and wonder. But, as I afterwards learned, their conversation was to be about myself and my own prospects, so I was dispatched to my room, whence far into the night I could hear the deep growl of my father and the rich tones of my uncle, with an occasional gentle murmur from my mother, as they talked in the room beneath.

I had dropped asleep at last, when I was awakened suddenly by something wet being pressed against my face and by two warm arms which were cast round me. My mother's cheek was against my own, and I could hear the click of her sobs, and feel her quiver and shake in the darkness. A faint light stole through the latticed window, and I could dimly see that she was in white, with her black hair loose upon her shoulders.

"You won't forget us, Roddy? You won't forget us?"

"Why, mother, what is it?"

"Your uncle, Roddy—he is going to take you away from us."

"When, mother?"

"To-morrow."

God forgive me, how my heart bounded for joy, when her's which was within touch of it was breaking with sorrow!

"Oh, mother!" I cried. "To London?"

"First to Brighton, that he may present you to the Prince. Next day to London, where you will meet the great people, Roddy, and learn to look down upon—to look down upon your poor, simple, old-fashioned father and mother."

"YOU WON'T FORGET US, RODDY?"

I put my arms about her to console her, but she wept so that, for all my seventeen years and pride of manhood, it set me weeping also, and with such a hiccoughing noise, since I had not a woman's knack of quiet tears, that it finally turned her own grief to laughter.

"Charles would be flattered if he could see the gracious way in which we receive his kindness," said she. "Be still, Roddy, dear, or you will certainly wake him."

"I'll not go if it is to grieve you," I cried.

"Nay, dear, you must go, for it may be the one great chance of your life. And think how proud it will make us all when we hear of you in the company of Charles's grand friends. But you will promise me not to

gamble, Roddy? You heard to-night of the dreadful things which come from it."

"I promise you, mother."

"And you will be careful of wine, Roddy? You are young and unused to it."

"Yes, mother."

"And play-actresses also, Roddy. And you will not cast your underclothing until June is in. Young Master Overton came by his death through it. Think well of your dress, Roddy, so as to do your uncle credit, for it is the thing for which he is himself most famed. You have but to do what he will direct. But if there is a time when you are not meeting grand people, you can wear out your country things, for your brown coat is as good as new, and the blue one, if it were ironed and re-lined, would take you through the summer. I have put out your Sunday clothes with the nankeen vest, since you are to see the Prince to-morrow, and you will wear your brown silk stockings and buckle shoes. Be guarded in crossing the London streets, for I am told that the hackney coaches are past all imagining. Fold your clothes when you go to bed, Roddy, and do not forget your evening prayers, for, oh, my dear boy, the days of temptation are at hand, when I will no longer be with you to help you."

So with advice and guidance both for this world and the next did my mother, with her soft, warm arms around me, prepare me for the great step which lay before me.

My uncle did not appear at breakfast in the morning, but Ambrose brewed him a dish of chocolate and took it to his room. When at last, about midday, he did descend, he was so fine with his curled hair, his shining teeth, his quizzing glass, his snow-white ruffles, and his laughing eyes, that I could not take my gaze from him.

"Well, nephew," he cried, "what do you think of the prospect of coming to town with me?"

"I thank you, sir, for the kind interest which you take in me," said I.

"But you must be a credit to me. My nephew must be of the best if he is to be in keeping with the rest of me."

"You'll find him a chip of good wood, sir," said my father.

"We must make him a polished chip before we have done with him. Your aim, my dear nephew, must always be to be in *bon ton*. It is not a case of wealth, you understand. Mere riches cannot do it. Golden Price has forty thousand a year, but his clothes are disastrous. I assure you that I saw him come down St. James's Street the other day, and I was so shocked at his appearance that I had to step into Vernet's for a glass of orange brandy. No, it is a question of natural taste, and of following the advice and example of those who are more experienced than yourself."

"I fear, Charles, that Roddy's wardrobe is country-made," said my mother.

"We shall soon set that right when we get to town. We shall see what Stultz or Weston can do for him," my uncle answered. "We must keep him quiet until he has some clothes to wear."

This slight upon my best Sunday suit brought a flush to my mother's cheeks which my uncle instantly observed, for he was quick in noticing trifles.

"The clothes are very well for Friar's Oak, sister Mary," said he. "And yet you can understand that they might seem *rococo* in the Mall. If you leave him in my hands I shall see to the matter."

"On how much, sir," asked my father, "can a young man dress in town?"

"With prudence and reasonable care, a young man of fashion can dress upon eight hundred a year," my uncle answered.

I saw my poor father's face grow longer.

"I fear, sir, that Roddy must keep his country clothes," said he. "Even with my prize-money——"

"Tut, sir!" cried my uncle. "I already owe Weston something over a thousand, so how can a few odd hundreds affect it? If my nephew comes with me, my nephew is my care. The point is settled, and I must refuse to argue upon it." He waved his white hands as if to brush aside all opposition.

My parents tried to thank him, but he cut them short.

"By the way, now that I am in Friar's Oak, there is another small piece of business which I have to perform," said he. "I believe that there is a fighting-man named Harrison here, who at one time might have held the championship. In those days poor Avon and I were his principal backers. I should like to have a word with him."

You may think how proud I was to walk down the village street with my magnificent relative, and to note out of the corner of my eye how the folk came to the doors and windows to see us pass. Champion Harrison was standing outside the smithy, and he pulled his cap off when he saw my uncle.

"God bless me, sir! Who'd ha' thought of seein' you at Friar's Oak? Why, Sir

Charles, it brings old memories back to look at your face again."

"Glad to see you looking so fit, Harrison," said my uncle, running his eyes over him. "Why, with a month's training you would be as good a man as ever. I don't suppose you scale more than thirteen and a half?"

"Thirteen ten, Sir Charles. I'm in my forty-first year, but I am sound in wind and limb, and if my old woman would have let me off my promise, I'd ha' had a try with some of these young ones before now. I hear that they've got some amazin' good stuff up from Bristol of late."

"Yes, the Bristol yellowman has been the winning colour of late. How d'ye do, Mrs. Harrison? I don't suppose you remember me?"

She had come out from the house, and I noticed that her worn face—on which some passed terror seemed to have left its shadow—hardened into stern lines as she looked at my uncle.

"I remember you too well, Sir Charles Tregellis," said she. "I trust that you have not come here to-day to try to draw my husband back into the ways that he has forsaken."

"That's the way with her, Sir Charles," said the Champion, resting his great hand upon the woman's shoulder. "She's got my promise, and she holds me to it! There was never a better or more hard-working wife, but she ain't what you'd call a patron of sport, and that's a fact."

"SHE AIN'T WHAT YOU'D CALL A PATRON OF SPORT."

"Sport!" cried the woman, bitterly. "A fine sport for you, Sir Charles, with your pleasant twenty-mile drive into the country and your luncheon basket and your wines, and so merrily back to London in the cool of the evening, with a well-fought battle to talk over. Think of the sport that it was to me to sit through the long hours, listening for the wheels of the chaise which would bring my man back to me. Sometimes he could walk in, and sometimes he was led in, and some-

times he was carried in, and it was only by his clothes that I could know him——"

"Come, wifie," said the Champion, patting her on the shoulder. "I've been cut up in my time, but never as bad as that."

"And then to live for weeks afterwards with the fear that every knock at the door may be to tell us that the other is dead, and that my man may have to stand in the dock and take his trial for murder."

"No, she hasn't got a sportin' drop in her veins," said Harrison. "She'd never make a patron, never! It's Black Baruk's business that did it, when we thought he'd napped it once too often. Well, she has my promise, and I'll never sling my hat over the ropes unless she gives me leave."

"You'll keep your hat on your head like an honest, God-fearing man, John," said his wife, turning back into the house.

"I wouldn't for the world say anything to make you change your resolutions," said my uncle. "At the same time, if you had wished to take a turn at the old sport, I had a good thing to put in your way."

"Well, it's no use, sir," said the Champion, "but I'd be glad to hear about it all the same."

"They have a very good bit of stuff at thirteen stone down Gloucester way. Wilson is his name, and they call him Crab on account of his style."

Harrison shook his head. "Never heard of him, sir."

"Very likely not, for he has never shown in the P.R. But they think great things of him in the West, and he can hold his own with either of the Belchers with the mufflers."

"Sparrin' ain't fightin'," said the smith.

"I am told that he had the best of it in a by-battle with Noah James, of Cheshire."

"There's no gamer man on the list, sir, than Noah James, the guardsman," said Harrison. "I saw him myself fight fifty rounds after his jaw had been cracked in three places. If Wilson could beat him, Wilson will go far."

"So they think in the West, and they mean to spring him on the London talent. Sir Lothian Hume is his patron, and to make a long story short, he lays me odds that I won't find a young one of his weight to meet him. I told him that I had not heard of any good young ones, but that I had an old one who had not put his foot into a ring for many years, who would make his man wish he had never come to London.

"'Young or old, under twenty or over thirty-five, you may bring whom you will at the weight, and I shall lay two to one on Wilson,' said he. I took him in thousands, and here I am."

"It won't do, Sir Charles," said the smith, shaking his head. "There's nothing would please me better, but you heard for yourself."

"Well, if you won't fight, Harrison, I must try to get some promising colt. I'd be glad of your advice in the matter. By the way, I take the chair at a supper of the Fancy at the 'Waggon and Horses' in St. Martin's Lane next Friday. I should be very glad if you will make one of my guests. Halloa, who's this?" Up flew his glass to his eye.

"HALLOA, WHO'S THIS?"

Boy Jim had come out from the forge with his hammer in his hand. He had, I remember, a grey flannel shirt, which was open at the neck and turned up at the sleeves. My uncle ran his eyes over the fine lines of his magnificent figure with the glance of a connoisseur.

"That's my nephew, Sir Charles."

"Is he living with you?"

"His parents are dead."

"Has he ever been in London?"

"No, Sir Charles. He's been with me here since he was as high as that hammer."

My uncle turned to Boy Jim.

"I hear that you have never been in London," said he. "Your uncle is coming up to a supper which I am giving to the Fancy next Friday. Would you care to make one of us?"

Boy Jim's dark eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"I should be glad to come, sir."

"No, no, Jim," cried the smith, abruptly. "I'm sorry to gainsay you, lad, but there are reasons why I had rather you stayed down here with your aunt."

"Tut, Harrison, let the lad come!" cried my uncle.

"No, no, Sir Charles. It's dangerous company for a lad of his mettle. There's plenty for him to do when I'm away."

Poor Jim turned away with a clouded brow and strode into the smithy again. For my part, I slipped after him to try to console him, and to tell him all the wonderful changes which had come so suddenly into my life. But I had not got half through my story, and Jim, like the good fellow that he was, had just begun to forget his own troubles in his delight at my good fortune, when my uncle called to me from without. The curricle with its tandem mares was waiting for us outside the cottage, and Ambrose had placed the refection basket, the lap-dog, and the precious toilet box inside of it. He had himself climbed up behind, and I, after a hearty handshake from my father, and a last sobbing embrace from my mother, took my place beside my uncle in the front.

"Let go her head!" cried he to the hostler, and with a snap, a crack, and a jingle, away we went upon our journey.

Across all the years how clearly I can see that spring day, with the green English fields, the windy English sky, and the yellow, beetle-browed cottage in which I had grown from a child to a man. I see, too, the figures at the garden gate: my mother with her face turned away and her handkerchief waving; my father, with his blue coat and his white shorts, leaning upon his stick with his hand shading his eyes as he peered after us. All the village was out to see young Roddy Stone go off with his grand relative from London to call upon the Prince in his own palace. The Harrisons were waving to me from the smithy, and John Cummings from the steps of the inn, and I saw Joshua Allen, my old schoolmaster, pointing me out to the people, as if he were showing what came from his teaching. To make it complete, who should drive past just as we cleared the village but Miss Hinton, the play-actress, the pony and phaeton the same as when first I saw her, but she herself another woman; and I thought to myself that if Boy Jim had done nothing but that one thing, he need not think that his youth had been wasted in the country. She was driving to see him, I have no doubt, for they were closer than ever, and she never looked up or saw the hand that I waved to her. So as we took the curve of the road the little village vanished, and there in the dip of the Downs, past the spires of Patcham and of Preston, lay the broad blue sea and the grey houses of Brighton, with the strange Eastern domes and minarets of the Prince's Pavilion shooting out from the centre of it.

To every traveller it was a sight of beauty, but to me it was the world, the great wide, free world, and my heart thrilled and fluttered as the young bird's may when it first hears the whirr of its own flight, and skims along with the blue heaven above it and the green fields beneath. The day may come when it may look back regretfully to the snug nest in the thorn bush, but what does it reck of that when spring is in the air and youth in its blood, and the old hawk of trouble has not yet darkened the sunshine with the ill-boding shadow of its wings?

(To be continued.)

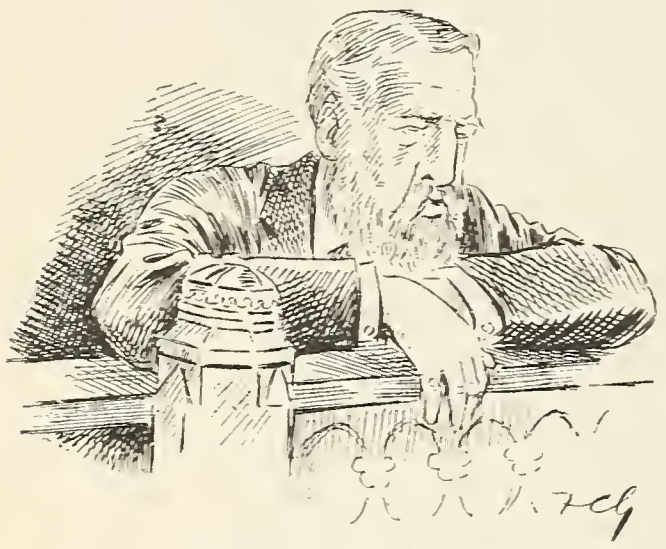
From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

A SHIFTING SCENE.

THE Duke of Devonshire sitting in the Peers' Gallery the other day, looking down on the still new House of Commons, was probably unconscious of a circumstance that is in its way startling, not to say appalling. It is just thirty-nine years since he, then in his twenty-fourth year, walked up to



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

the table to take the oath on being returned member for North Lancashire. The House was in those days composed of 652 members. To-day there are 670. Supposing at a full muster of the House all the members save those who had seats in the Chamber when the Duke of Devonshire was privileged to enter it were to rise and walk out, how many does the gentle reader think would be left behind?

One, a solitary one, and he, by reason of his ancient standing and advanced age, regarded as the Father of the House. Of the host that then filled the Chamber with more or less portly presence, one only sits there still.

Mr. Villiers was at that time in the prime of life, as life is counted among statesmen. He had already sat for Wolverhampton through an uninterrupted period of twenty-three years. Regarding the sedate position in politics into which, throughout the experience of the present generation, he has crystallized, there is something almost reckless in his description of himself in the *Dod* of the day. "A Liberal," he said, "long known for his annual motions against the Corn Laws, is in favour of the ballot, and against Church rates."

In those days the force of Radicalism could no further go.

"ALL, ALL ARE GONE."

Of Mr. Villiers' colleagues on the Treasury Bench, where he sat as Judge Advocate-General, not one is now alive. Lord Palmerston was Premier; Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir George Grey, Home Secretary; the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere (not our Henry, but another) was Colonial Secretary; Sir Charles Wood was First Lord of the Admiralty; Ralph Osborne (better known in later years by his second Christian name, Bernal) was Secretary to the Admiralty; Sir Richard Bethel was Attorney-General, with Sir Henry Keating Solicitor-General; Mr. Lowe combined the offices of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Paymaster-General of the Forces, and Treasurer of the Navy; whilst Mr. E. P. Bouverie was President of the Poor Law Board. The Chief Secretaryship of Ireland was held by an Irishman, representative of the Herberts of Muckross. By a curious coincidence, the Chief Secretary of that day was connected by marriage with a still more famous Irish Secretary, then in jacket at Eton. Mr. Herbert married a daughter of Mr. James Balfour, of Whittinghame.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

Amongst the few survivors outside the House of the Parliament to which the future Duke of Devonshire came is the Marquis of Salisbury. The Prime Minister of to-day

LORD SALISBURY.

was then known as Lord Robert Cecil, represented Stamford, and modestly lived far outside the range of Mayfair. No. 9, Park

Crescent, N.W., was his town address, and he had no country one. He ranked himself as "a Conservative, ready at all times to support measures to increase the usefulness of the Church; opposed to any system of national education not based upon the truths of the revelation; unwilling to disturb the balance of power in the Constitution by tampering with our representative system"—all which shows that Lord Salisbury at least has not strayed from the path he trod when he first entered the field of politics.

The Duke of Devonshire, at this time known as Lord Cavendish, described himself: "A Liberal; a firm supporter of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy; in favour of an extension of suffrage." Mr. Dodson (now Lord Monk Bretton) was returned to Parliament in the same year as the Duke of Devonshire. Amongst the few other men still living, though not in the House, who may have watched young Lord Cavendish march up the floor were Mr. Gladstone, member for Oxford University, describing himself as "a Liberal-Conservative"; Richard Ashton Cross, at the time not dreaming of Grand Cross, much less of a peerage; Mr. Whitbread, and Sir John Mowbray.

LORD MONK BRETTON.

SOME OLD FRIENDS.

Most of the names on the muster-roll are unfamiliar to the ear of the politician of to-day. But one comes across a few old friends. There were Tom Collins—"junior," he added in those salad days—"a Liberal-Tory," representing Knaresborough; Tom Connelly, who in the Parliament of 1874–80 used to stir up with a long pole his Home Rule compatriots on the other side of the House; Mr. Dillwyn, lately passed away; Mr. Horsman, in this far-off year just relieved of the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland; Mr. Kinglake, at work upon his "History of the Crimea," meanwhile known in literature as the "author of Eothen," in politics "an advanced Liberal, but declining to enter Parliament as the pledged adherent of Lord Palmerston or any other Minister"; Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, "author of numerous well-known novels, dramatic works, and poems"; Richard Monckton Milnes, author of "Memorials of a Tour in Greece," three volumes of poems, "Thoughts on Purity of Election"; John Arthur Roebuck, "a Liberal, Chairman of the Administrative Reform Administration; voted for the Ballot, Extension of the Suffrage, and National Education." In short, a real Radical Tare-'em. Samuel Warren, still going the Northern Circuit and sitting as Recorder of Hull, "author of many well-known works in legal and genera literature, including 'The Diary of a Late Physician'"; Lord John Russell, benevolently regarding his former colleagues on the Treasury Bench, from which, for a while, he had retired; Lord Stanley, afterwards fifteenth Earl of Derby, at the time ranking as "a Liberal-Conservative," and regarding with distrust Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, member for Bucks, "author of 'Coningsby,' and numerous other works of imagination," living in town at "No. 1, Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, W.," and in the country at "Hughenden Manor, Bucks."

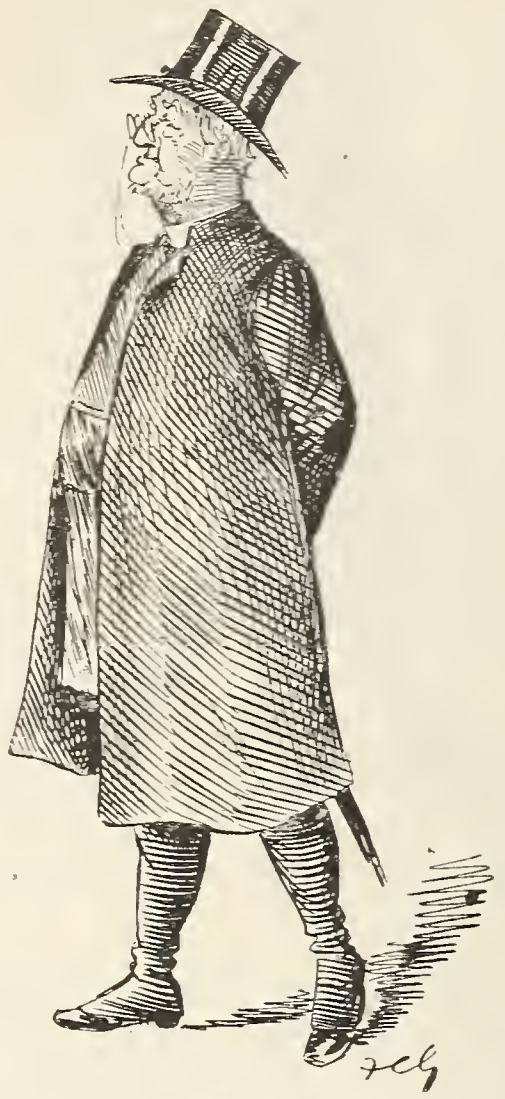
SIR JOHN MOWBRAY.

A FAR-REACHING LINK.

The Parliament was not without both a Harcourt and a Marjoribanks, but neither was also a member of the House that saw Home Rule passed through the Commons.

Mr. Marjoribanks, representing Berwick-on-Tweed, was father of the popular Liberal Whip of the last Parliament, and was subsequently raised to the peerage as Lord Tweedmouth. The George Granville Vernon Harcourt who sat for Oxfordshire in Palmerston's prime went much farther back to the parent Plantagenet stem than does the late Leader of the House of Commons. He was the eldest son of the Archbishop of York, was born in 1785, and married in the Waterloo year.

Here is a far-stretching chain, showing how the Duke of Devonshire, still hale and hearty, sat in the House of Commons with a member who, returned for Lichfield in 1806, just missed seeing Mr. Pitt in his place, was a member of the House when it lost Charles James Fox, and was getting to be quite an old member when he may have heard the report of the pistol-shot that killed the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval, as he was passing to his seat in the House of Commons.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AS ARCHBISHOP.

WILLIAM ROUPELL, ESQ., M.P., AND FORGER.

Amongst Lord Cavendish's colleagues, in this fifth Parliament of Queen Victoria, was Mr. William Roupell. Born in Lambeth in 1831, Roupell was in his twenty-sixth year when he entered the House of Commons, and is noted in *Dod* as "unmarried." He boldly avers himself "a member of the most advanced section of the Liberal Party; is in favour of the ballot; is against Church rates; is impressed with the necessity of a most liberal and comprehensive system of education; will give Lord Palmerston a general support; and, above all, is opposed, on principle, to every form of grant of public money for religious purposes."

Unfortunately, as all the world knows Roupell did not carry this stern principle to the extent of precluding him from making to himself liberal grants of public money. Five years later the ex-member for Lambeth, tried at the Central Criminal Court before Mr. Justice Byles, pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery, and was sentenced to penal servitude for life. He temporarily emerged from his retirement a year later, when, discovery of fresh forgeries having been made, he appeared in the dock in convict's garb, and in detail, over which he seemed lovingly to linger, related how he had also forged his father's name to this new deed. The counsel on the other side declined to cross-examine him, declaring his belief that he was "absolutely unworthy of credence." Which seems the unkindest cut of all, and shows to what low estate an ex-member of Parliament might fall in those remote days.

THE QUEEN AND PARLIAMENT.

It is not probable that ever again will the Queen be seated on the Throne in the House of Lords, taking part in the opening ceremony of a new Session. Since the death of the Prince Consort, Her Majesty has never thoroughly enjoyed the situation. It was one of the most marked testimonies of her gracious favour towards Lord Beaconsfield that, thrice at critical periods of his administration, the Queen broke through her rule and came down to Westminster to open Parliament in person. That was an honour never done to Mr. Gladstone through his successive Premierships. In earlier days not only was this sovereign function never omitted, but the Monarch was usually also present to decree the dissolution.

It is a pity, with a nation and in a capital whose pageants are so sparse, that this particular one should be foregone. There are few spectacles finer than that which glitters in the House of Lords on the occasion when the Queen is present at the opening of Parliament. The whole aspect of the place is changed, notably inasmuch as a considerable proportion of the sitting accommodation is allotted to peeresses who come down in full evening dress, radiant in jewels. The peers array themselves in their quaint scarlet cloaks, ermine trimmed. The Foreign Ministers wear all their orders, glistening on uniforms strangely fashioned, and for the most part much gold laced. The Throne (really an ordinary gilt chair) is covered with an ermine cloak, lined with Royal purple. The Queen,

on entering, is preceded by the Pursuivants and Heralds clad in cloth of gold. In 1877, the year which saw Benjamin Disraeli transformed into the Earl of Beaconsfield, the new peer walked before his Sovereign, clasping in both hands the hilt of the sword of State.

Considering the enormous preparation

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

made for the ceremony, and in view of the notable throng packed closely in the Chamber, the business occupies disappointingly few minutes. I remember how, in the Session of 1876, the Queen managed to open Parliament without uttering a single word, either aside or in public. At other times, in more genial mood, Her Majesty has stopped on her passage outward to talk with the Prince of Wales or other members of the Royal Family grouped round the Throne.

WHEN CHARLES II. WAS KING.

I have a curious book in which is set forth what is probably the first detailed account of the opening day of a new Session of the Parliament at Westminster. It goes back to a date beyond two centuries, long before the morning newspapers framed "Pictures in Parliament," even before newspapers were. The journalist was the Comte de Cominges, Ambassador of the French King at the Court of Charles II. "The King," he writes, "was adorned with the Royal cloak and wore his crown. He took his seat. The Lords and Bishops did the same, and then he ordered the members of the Lower House to be called. They rushed tumultuously into the House and remained on the other side of the barrier which closes the pit, where the Lords sit, their Speaker standing in the middle."

Those familiar with procedure in the House of Lords on occasions when the Queen opens Parliament in person will recognise how precisely is followed at this day the course of procedure established in Stuart times. It is all the same, even to the rush of members of the House of Commons when bidden by Black Rod to attend. The Count does not take note of the presence of the Serjeant-at-Arms with Mace on his shoulder standing by the Speaker, with the gowned chaplain on the other side, the group swept in by the rush of the tide from the Commons. But there is no doubt the Speaker was thus enflanked on the day the Comte de Cominges looked on the scene.

The King himself spoke what the Frenchman calls "a harangue." "One thing I did not like," adds the critical observer, "he had it already written in his hand, and very often looked at his paper almost as if he had read it."

It appears that the manuscript was an innovation accidentally following upon the illness of an eminent person. "If the Chancellor, prevented by gout from being present, had been able to perform his duty, the King," adds the French Minister, "would have been prompted by him from behind."

Here is a pretty scene called up before the pleased vision by this simple record. Fancy Charles II., in his Royal cloak, with the golden crown on his head, reciting his speech, whilst behind the Throne lurks the Lord Halsbury of the day prompting the Royal memory when it failed, and, it

KING CHARLES II. AND LORD HALSBURY.

is to be hoped, not happening upon the misadventure common to amateur prompters of allowing his voice to be heard by the

audience in the stalls or in the pit, where the Speaker stood hemmed in by a crowd of commoners.

In Stuart days the King, doubtless, had much to do with the composition of the Speech, as well as everything to do in its delivery. When a change was wrought and Parliament was opened by Royal Commission, particular care was taken to insist upon assertion of the Sovereign's personal responsibility for the Speech from the Throne. The Lord Chancellor, presiding over the Commission, is ever careful to announce that he is about to read the Queen's Speech "in the Queen's own words." In the earlier days of her reign, up to the commencement of her widowhood, Queen Victoria always read her speech herself, and, I have heard from those who listened, read it exceedingly well, in a sweet, clear voice that penetrated the utmost recesses of a chamber whose lack of acoustical properties has defeated many a robuster orator.

What happened in the temporary revival of the Royal presence in the Disraelian Parliament was that the Lord Chancellor, advancing to the Throne and making low obeisance, proffered the scroll on which the text of the Speech was written. The Queen, by a gesture, commanded him to retain it. Retiring a pace and standing on the lower step, the Lord Chancellor read the Speech, with suspicious emphasis affirming that it was set forth "in the Queen's own words."

THE FOUNDER OF A BARONETCY.

The fact that the Sir George Elliot of to-day is the third baronet of that name marks how hurried are the footsteps of Time. It seems but a couple of years back that "the bonny pit boy," as he liked to be called, sat for North Durham. He was plain George then, and was, as he remained to the end, a prime favourite on both sides of the House. His speeches, when he was in the vein, were a great attraction. His portly presence, his beaming countenance, his unctuous voice, each added its attraction. Mr. Disraeli was particularly fond of a chat with the member for North Durham, a liking which finally took pleasant and practical form in conferring upon him a baronetcy. Occasionally he had him as a guest at Hughenden, and doubtless managed to extract from so rich a mine of practical knowledge much useful information.

Sir George once told me with pardonable pride how he had, all unconsciously, made an important contribution to political controversy. It was at a time when the state of trade was a subject of anxious consideration. One day at a public meeting, Mr. Disraeli announced that improvement had certainly set in, since statistics provided by the Board of Trade showed that the demand for chemicals was steadily increasing. People, puzzled by the axiom coming from such a source, suspected that some epigram lurked behind the assertion. Upon investigation, it was found that in a single sentence Mr. Disraeli had probed the situation, and had hit upon an infallible proof of reviving trade. In all the staple trades that make England busy and wealthy, the use of chemicals largely enters. A slight increase in the sale of chemicals means a vastly increased output of fabrics.

SIR GEORGE ELLIOT.

Everyone marvelled that Mr. Disraeli, immersed in political affairs, should have fathomed this profound trade secret. There it was, tossed to the crowd in an off-hand manner, indicative of there being in stock ever so much erudition of a similar kind. The incident coming up in conversation some time after, Sir George Elliot told me that, at Hughenden, during one of his visits, on the eve of the delivery of this speech, Mr. Disraeli cross-examined him sharply as to how things were going in the manufacturing districts. Sir George thereupon let him into the secret of the bearings of fluctuations in the sale of chemicals, and a few days later the Premier (as Mr. Disraeli was at the time), with accustomed sententiousness and gravity deeper than usual, flashed the truth upon the astonished public, just as in earlier days he had at Aylesbury instructed the pleased farmers, at the Saturday ordinary, on the intricacies of cross-breeding on sheep farms.

THE LATEST DUKE.

Lord Carmarthen's succession to the Dukedom of Leeds removes from the House of Commons a member whose popularity widened with the circle of his acquaintance.

The late member for Brixton was not among the number who constantly strive to catch the Speaker's eye, a pursuit in which his stature and length of reach gave him some natural advantages. He was in even more useful ways a hard-working member, constant in attendance, faithful to committee engagements, safe for all divisions.

The thoroughness with which he carried on duties pertaining to any state in life to which he might be called was shown by the assiduity of his attendance on the claims of his constituency. Of all seats to hold Brixton is, from one point of view, least desirable. There is, literally, a penny tramway laid on from the doors of the voters to the foot of Westminster Bridge.

Compare this state of things with the condition of, for example, the member for the Wick district. If it occurs to any of Sir John Pender's constituents that he will "just run down and see his member," get him to secure for him a seat in the gallery, and arm his wife and daughters through the library and dining-rooms, he is faced by a costly and prolonged journey. Bang would go many saxpences before he felt the welcoming pressure of his esteemed member's hand, and saw Sir John's face light up with sunny gratification at the mark of attention. Lord Carmarthen's late constituents had merely to step on to the tram or climb up on the 'bus, and there they were in no time. *Per contra*, Sir John Pender has occasionally, especially in view of a General Election, to visit his constituents, and finds it a far cry to Wick; whereas trams and 'buses were at Lord Carmarthen's disposal, and after a quarter of an hour's jaunt he was in the midst of his constituency.

Of these facilities he availed himself with a regularity that endeared him to every family on the register. Not a bazaar, not a hairdressers' ball, not a tea meeting, and very few christenings, stirred the depths of Brixton society without being graced by the presence of the noble lord. Brixton will ever cherish what is certainly the best *mot* electioneering annals record. When, in 1887, Lord Carmarthen presented himself before the electors, his boyish appearance suggested a rude

THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

inquiry to a political opponent in the crowd.

"Does your mother know you're out?" he bawled.

"Yes," said Lord Carmarthen; "and at five minutes past eight on Tuesday evening next she'll know I'm in."

And so it proved, for on that, the election day, Lord Carmarthen was returned at the head of the poll, and has since held an impregnable seat.

During his stay in the House of Commons, Lord Carmarthen's legislative attempts were confined to the introduction of a Bill designed to limit the promiscuous possession and use of pistols. By unflagging industry, and the display of much tact, he got the Bill through some critical stages. But it was finally wrecked in the rush of the Session's business. Doubtless he will present his Pistols Bill at the head of the House of Lords, and we shall hear report of it again in the Commons, where its author's sunny presence will long be missed. When Lord Salisbury's present Government was formed, he invested the Marquis of Carmarthen with the dignity of Treasurer of the Household. This involved duties as Whip for which Lord Carmarthen's personal popularity, and his habit of thoroughly doing whatever fell to his hand, peculiarly fitted him.

"DOLLY."

The proper style of the late member for the Brixton division of Lambeth was George Godolphin Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen. The noble marquis belonged, however, to the favourite class of men who are affectionately known among their friends by a pet name. To these he was always "Dolly." Whereby hangs a tale. On a day in July last, when the *Magnificent* was anchored off the Nore, prepared for her first trial trip of speed, Parliament was still sitting, winding up the business prior to the Dissolution. Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the ship, invited a member of the House of Commons to run down to Chatham Dockyard to dine and sleep, and join the *Magnificent* in the early morning. He included in the invitation Lord Carmarthen and another friend, whose surname was not un-

familiar to Shakespeare. Lord Carmarthen, having a prior engagement, was unable to accept the invitation, and the news was conveyed to Lord Charles Beresford in the following telegram: "*Dolly can't come, but Lucy will.*"

A telegram thus couched, however innocent in intent and real meaning, could not, in ordinary circumstances, have passed about from hand to hand in one of Her Majesty's dockyards without embarrassing comment. Happily it was addressed to so grave and reverend a seigneur as Lord Charles Beresford, and all was well.

SIR JULIAN GOLDSMID.

The death of Sir Julian Goldsmid, after a lingering illness that has cut him off whilst still in the prime of life, and at a time when he had achieved high reputation in temporary occupancy of the Chair of Committees, recalls a creepy story. I heard it eighteen years ago, at the time when Sir Francis Goldsmid, long member for Reading, was killed by a railway accident at Waterloo Station. For more than a hundred years, so the story ran, a fatal spell hung over the Goldsmid family. Towards the close of the eighteenth century there died in London the Rabbi de Falk, who, among his tribe, enjoyed high reputation as a seer. He left to Aaron Goldsmid, great - great - grandfather of the late member for St. Pancras, a sealed packet, with injunctions that it was to be carefully preserved but never opened. The old Dutch merchant who founded the branch of the Goldsmid family in this country was warned that as long as this order were obeyed, so long would the Goldsmids flourish like a young bay tree. If it were disregarded, ill-fortune would for all time dog the footsteps of the race.

Aaron Goldsmid kept the packet inviolate for some years. One day, curiosity becoming ungovernable, he opened it. When his servant came to call him he was found dead. By his hand was a piece of parchment, covered with cabalistic figures.

Aaron Goldsmid left a large portion of his fortune to two sons, Benjamin and Abraham. These went into business on the London Stock Exchange, and vastly increased their patrimony. Benjamin founded a Naval College, and performed many acts of less known generosity. He lived long, but the curse of the cabalist overtook him.

Enormously rich, the delusion that he would die a pauper fastened upon him, and to avoid such conclusion of the matter he, on the 15th of April, 1808, being in his fifty-fifth year, died by his own hand. Two years later his brother Abraham, being concerned in a Ministerial loan of fourteen millions, lost his nerve, blundered and bungled, sank into a condition of hopeless despondency, and on the 28th September, 1810, a day on which a sum of half a million was due from him, he was found dead in his room.

The fortunes of the family were restored by Isaac Goldsmid, nephew of the hapless brothers and grandson of the founder of the English house. Like all the Goldsmids, Isaac was a man of generous nature and philanthropic tendencies. He provided much money for Mrs. Fry's enterprises, and helped largely to found University College. With him it seemed that the curse of the cabalist had run its course. It is true that before he died he lapsed into a state of childishness. But he had at the time passed the limit of age of fourscore years, after which, as one of the kings of his race wrote centuries back, man's days are but labour and sorrow.

Isaac Goldsmid was succeeded in his fortune and his baronetcy by his son Francis, on whom the curse of the cabalist seemed to fall when he was fatally mangled between the engines and the rails at Waterloo Station. To him succeeded Julian Goldsmid, who, grievously handicapped by failing health, has died at fifty-eight.

(Mrs. Egerton Eastwick.)

LUCAS RAYNOR had taken Rosamond Lethbridge down to dinner at Lady Wilmot's, and had been slightly surprised to discover half an hour later that the fair, boyish-looking man near the end of the table on the opposite side was her husband; he had imagined her a *débutante*—pretty enough to justify his cousin's discrimination in assigning her to his care. She had also already interested him on other grounds; she had a way of enforcing the fact that she had distinct characteristics, and formed opinions without being assertive; at nineteen, this was amusing to a man of thirty-five, who cultivated a dilettantism to the effect that experience was the natural death of all opinion.

Within the last half-hour he had heard several of the practices common to the world in which he lived without remonstrance denounced unhesitatingly as "wrong." The term amused him; it always did. The practices in question might not fall in with his own inclinations, nor prove fertile sources of temptation to himself, but he could accord easy toleration to those whose views were more exhaustive.

It was not to be expected—perhaps, from his point of view, scarcely desirable—that the ingenuousness of his companion should last; but in the meantime it was refreshing from its rarity. He wondered mildly where she had been educated, and where his cousin Fanny had discovered her. Her views harmonized with a type of beauty that was a trifle *exaltée*, and she was remarkably well-dressed.

When she said: "My husband is so much occupied, I am often obliged to go out alone"—she glanced down the table, and the fair young man at the other end immediately looked up and smiled, as if conscious of some occult influence. Mr. Raynor had his poetic moods, and that flash of seemingly pure recognition and happiness running the gauntlet of a jaded society (he knew with fair correctness the social and domestic history of the greater number of his cousin's guests), cutting the babel of idle tongues, down the whole length of lamp-lit damask and flowers, struck him as visibly as though he had seen it, arrow-like and electric, flash through that heated atmosphere of artificial life. At the same time he decided that this must be an exceedingly foolish young couple, and felt annoyed without quite knowing why.

The girl beside him had evidently forgotten

his presence for the moment, and following her glance he studied with some interest the man who had evoked it. He was a mere boy, not more than two-and-twenty at the most. He owned somewhat delicate features, with a fair, pink and white skin, and a moustache just emerging from down; he was slight in build, certainly a gentleman, but giving some small evidences of rusticity discernible to the initiated.

After dinner Mr. Raynor went so far as to ask his cousin a few questions about these young people.

"My dear boy, I was so delighted to see you so attentive. I felt sure the poor little thing would be quite safe and happy with you. Aunt Jane asked me to call—to show them some attention."

"But who are they?"

"Why, *he* is young Lethbridge—you know Philip Lethbridge—son of the parson—Aunt Jane's pet parson at Lowminster; and she was Rosamond Beauclerc—her mother, Lady Mary, the widow, took Fir Cottage; she is Aunt Jane's great friend. The girl has made a shocking bad match, and that's a fact. If Aunt Jane had only sent her to me before she was married! I can't imagine what Lady Mary was thinking about to allow it; but she always was romantic—ideal—that sort of thing."

Glancing across at young Mr. Lethbridge, Raynor smiled. He fancied that the girl's own will had had something to do with the mother's decision.

"What does he do—this young Lethbridge?"

"My dear boy, only think of it! He is in some sort of office—tea, I believe. I really don't think he has more than three hundred a year, or some ridiculous sum of that kind."

"You think you have done the child a kindness in bringing her here to-night, Fanny?"

"Well, what could I do? Aunt Jane asked me to be civil. She has met some of the best people, and I sent her in with you—I knew you were safe. I wouldn't have given her to Darcy Langton for the world—he would have made love to her at once——"

"I should imagine Mrs. Lethbridge could take care of herself," said Raynor.

As he walked to his club, however, he mentally indorsed his cousin's opinion, that it was a pity Rosamond Beauclerc had not been given a season in town before she became Mrs. Lethbridge.

Another season had reached its close; nearly everyone had left town; Lady Fanny was gone, Lucas Raynor was going. He was to start for Norway on the morrow, and he was now on his way, driving through a hot July sun, to say farewell to Rosamond Lethbridge.

He found her at home in the flat in Albemarle Mansions, South Kensington; in fact, she was expecting him. Just fifteen months had elapsed since her first introduction to society and Lucas Raynor—months filled with experience, and consequently with change. Society had found young Mrs. Lethbridge very pretty and very charming, and agreed to forego some of its usual exclusiveness in her favour. Two or three of the best houses had been opened to her, and their owners even occasionally found their way to the Kensington flat; whenever this occurred, they drove home with the pleased consciousness of having done a graceful action.

Not so Lucas Raynor: he went to Albemarle Mansions very frequently, and was, as usual, only conscious of having pleased himself. The Mrs. Lethbridge awaiting him to-day in her pretty shaded little drawing-room was in many respects another person from the Rosamond whose ingenuous opinions had amused him the year before. Being essentially observant and adaptive, she had fully acquired the tone necessary to her position—she even ran the danger of acquiring a little too much; a clever woman needs a good deal of spirit and force to cover the deficiencies of £300 a year. Yet a quarter of an hour ago she had forgotten all about society. She had been playing—a very child herself—with her six-months'-old Rosamond in the little room at the end of the passage which she called her nursery. Now, that after-luncheon hour being over, Mrs. Lethbridge had resigned her baby to the girl in charge, and arrayed herself for the afternoon in a pretty tea-gown, arranged by her own fingers out of a quaint brocade and some old lace that had belonged to her mother. The quaintness of it suited her, and Lucas Raynor, coming out of the scorching sun into the coolness of her darkened room, thought he had never seen her look more charming.

"You are really leaving to-morrow?" she said, after handing him a cup of tea.

"I suppose so. The thought that you—all of you—are remaining to broil in this heat does not enhance the pleasure."

"I am glad you feel like that! Philip looks ill and bothered—for his sake I wish we could go—but we must wait till some

other man comes back—he says nearly another month."

"It is positively cruel. Couldn't you go down to Lady Mary, and leave him to follow?"

"Mother wants us; but let us talk of something else—another cup?—no—well, take this more comfortable chair—and let us have one last good

"'YOU ARE REALLY LEAVING TO-MORROW?' SHE SAID."

gossip, about everybody and everything."

Mrs. Lethbridge had her reasons for not entering upon domestic trials, which generally took the form of pecuniary shortcomings with Lucas Raynor. He had more than once hinted at a wish to lighten them, so far as she was concerned.

He sank lazily back in the cushioned chair, but evaded the gossip.

"Mrs. Lethbridge—Rosamond, child—I am going to-morrow. I feel really unquiet, anxious, at leaving you with this boy-husband of yours—you are a couple of children—let me speak to you as an old friend."

"As old as you please," she said, pleasantly—"but don't insult our youth."

He winced a little. "It would be difficult to do that," he said. Indeed, she was a picture, laughing at him from her easy chair, her pretty finger-tips pointed and meeting. "You have let me feel your pride and independence often enough; but I must tell you once more I am an idle man without ties, with more dross than I know how to get rid of. You don't know the world—what troubles your marriage may mean, however full of love," with a slight inflection of the voice. "For some of the possible difficulties I feel responsible. In return—expiation. Child, if you ever want a friend, let me be that friend."

Lucas Raynor had the gift of a sympathetic voice—it was deep, sincere, eminently sympathetic now. The tears rose in the eyes of pretty, warm-hearted Rosamond Lethbridge. She held out her hand. "Thank you, Mr. Raynor, for myself and for Philip."

He held the hand some time, and gazed into the pretty face—all the prettier for the softening of foreshadowed emotion. "I have your promise, Rosamond?"

"You have." She spoke earnestly, but during the quarter of an hour that he still remained with her, she did not tell him her troubles.

When he was gone her brightness deserted her; she leaned back in her chair idly, hopelessly. What would she not have given to tell him, to let him lift the burden from her shoulders?

But her worldly experience had advanced sufficiently for her to understand that the leap out of Scylla might have landed her in Charybdis.

Lady Mary had educated her daughter very carefully in the ivy-covered cottage at Lowminster.

With extraordinary folly she had not opposed the love match with the rector's son, Philip. She knew Philip well and believed in him: he was sure to make his way; but she had not counted upon the dangers of the

friendship of such friends as Lady Fanny and Lucas Raynor.

Young Mrs. Lethbridge had thoroughly enjoyed her gaieties and her popularity, and she knew that for a large proportion of both she was mainly indebted to Raynor.

He had unostentatiously placed many of the privileges of wealth at her command, and if Philip made no demur, why should she? She never went into evening society without her husband, and in the daytime it was not difficult to find a companion ready to share the prestige of pretty Mrs. Lethbridge. She was keenly sensitive to external impressions, and a dangerous humility underlaid her vanity. She was always profoundly touched at being loved.

Yet she retained the exactness of her principles. Only on the subject of unpaid bills, perhaps, her horizon had somewhat enlarged.

Raynor never startled her or offended her views; if an expression of resigned hopelessness, a hint of underlying depth of feeling sometimes crept into his attitude, it lent just a shade of considerate gentleness, a fear to wound, to her side of the intercourse. His usual indifference increased the subtle flattery.

It was inevitable that she should feel his departure; in the increasing heat and dulness of town her life seemed flat and colourless, even though Philip remained and the baby. Unfortunately other things remained, notably relics of past joys in the shape of bills for dresses and bonnets, which even her intelligence had been unable to compass at home.

Philip also was a source of disquiet; he was looking careworn and ill; he needed rest from that horrible City; certainly another month in town was not a pleasant outlook.

She might have ended it at once by going down to Lady Mary—who would have been only too delighted to welcome her and the baby at the cottage—but she had not yet compassed the idea of leaving Philip.

A fortnight—three weeks of the purgation of Mrs. Lethbridge had passed, and she was beginning to look forward to her release. Next week Lucas Raynor was to return from Norway; he would stop for a night or two in town on his way to the moors; after that Philip would be free to go with her to Lowminster.

Rosamond's cheeks were pale and the baby fretful; as for Philip, his wife could not think what ailed him—once or twice he had been distinctly cross, and he was looking really ill. It must be that they all needed a change.

He came in while she was thinking about him. It was Saturday, and the offices closed early; he had walked through the dry, dusty park in the hot August sun. The change in the fresh, boyish face since the evening his young wife had darted her glance of recognition down the length of Lady Fanny's dinner-table was more apparent, more painful, than the change in her.

Philip Lethbridge was barely twenty-three years of age, but his fair skin had become sallow; premature lines had drawn themselves around the mouth, that was surely too sweet to be strong—round the blue eyes, that had lost all laughter—across the white forehead.

Rosamond rose to meet him as he entered, and passed her hand across the forehead and pushed back the damp, fair hair.

"How tired you look, dear boy."

He tried to smile back at her; and these two children, beginning their voyage of life in a whirlpool, sat down side by side.

Philip leaned back among the sofa cushions with closed eyes.

"Dear, you want rest and change; only one week more, and we can go down to mother's. You will see the rector, and——"

He turned away sharply with something like a sob.

"Philip—what is it? Tell me—I am your wife." She had risen to her feet. She felt that the strength lay with her.

Philip had thrown his arm across the end of the sofa and buried his face. He looked up at last. "Rose, I have tried to bear it alone, hoping help would come. It is no use. I borrowed £150 at the beginning of the year—there were so many expenses. Morson won't renew, and it falls due on Monday. He threatens to go to the chief."

The girl stood aghast. She knew very little about bills and liabilities, but she realized that her husband's need was desperate. She looked around their little home; even if everything were sold up the amount would barely be realized. Philip was not to blame; he spent nothing on himself; Rosamond had been ill a long time before the baby was born; there had been so many expenses. Now there was no one to whom they could apply. Her mother had no power over her own small capital. The rector's large family left him no margin.

If Raynor were only at home! If he would only come—if she but knew where to

"PHILIP—WHAT IS IT?"

telegraph; but that was impossible—he was travelling constantly.

She knelt down beside her husband and put her arms about his neck, and drew his face down to hers.

"Dear, I will find this money. I will, somehow. Don't fret so; you did it for me."

She knew Morson slightly. He was the only one of the men at the office whom Philip had ever brought to the house—now she understood why. She disliked him cordially, and suspected him of a grudge against Philip as a younger man placed over his head. Also she knew that an appeal to the chief would be fatal. Masham and Co.—the great tea merchants—boasted that they paid large salaries and retained no clerks who contracted debts. Even her own nest-egg at the bank was gone — £100 — the wedding gift of an uncle who had vituperated her for marrying, and yet not utterly cast her off. So much of it had been needed to make the flat fit for the reception of Lady Fanny's friends; but, of course, that expense would not occur again. Nothing, however, remained of the £100 but the useless cheque-book. Could she apply now to this old man—her dead father's brother? She was dreadfully frightened at the thought, and, besides, he lived in Somersetshire. Philip had wasted so much time in useless effort on his own account to raise the money, the hours of respite were terribly short. Nevertheless, this was the only plan that presented itself for the comfort of her husband. She assured him she should be able to meet the immediate need from that quarter. She would telegraph to Somersetshire that afternoon to know if she could come down the following day—Sunday.

The prospect was not a pleasant one. She remembered vividly the scene with Uncle Dick before her marriage—and the fact of having so speedily justified his warnings and evolved the predicted difficulties was scarcely likely to reinstate her in his favour. But when Rosamond saw the look of relief on her husband's face at the hope of deliverance her courage rose to the point.

She saw him lie back on the sofa, and watched the lines of the fair, gentle face relax until he fell into a calm sleep. Then she stole out softly for her bonnet, that she might send her telegram at once. As she passed the nursery she went in and hugged the baby Rosamond by way of encouragement.

When she returned Philip was awake, but his head was aching terribly, and she persuaded him to go to bed.

Till ten o'clock she sat listening and waiting. She had wired: "Am in great trouble—may I come to-morrow?"

At last, when she knew that the offices were closed and she had still received no answer, she told herself that either Uncle Dick was coming, or she would receive a letter on Monday morning. But the thought failed to secure her a night's rest.

The cry of her heart was:—

"If Raynor were only here! How easy it would be!"

The first hours of that terrible Sunday, hot, still, desolate, passed. After lunch Rosamond got out her "Bradshaw." There was a train which would take her to Bath that night, and she determined to go. The suspense and risk of waiting were unbearable. Philip took her to Paddington; it was their first parting, and Rosamond, watching her husband's haggard, wistful face, strove to show no signs of weakness; but her heart and head were aching. Still, she smiled as she waved her last good-bye; only when the train steamed away from the platform, she buried her face and cried a little. It was the first solitary journey of her life.

When Philip left home for the office on the Monday morning Rosamond had, of course, not returned. He hardly knew how he dragged through his daily routine during the hours of suspense that followed. He thought that had she succeeded she would have come to the City or telegraphed, and when he at length turned westward, he was prepared for the worst.

But she met him on the threshold of his home and threw her arms about his neck before he could question her.

"It is all right, dear," she whispered; "I have got it—only just in time."

"My poor, brave darling—you look utterly worn out."

"Yes, I am tired; I have only just come in."

"SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK."

She said very little then or afterwards about her visit to Bath, from which Philip gathered that her experiences had not been altogether pleasant, and forbore to question her; she evidently shrank from detailing them. She had the money, £150, in notes and gold, which was the main point; and Morson's bill was taken up that night, somewhat to his surprise.

During the first few days that followed this escape, some of the old careless, light-heartedness seemed restored to the home of the Lethbridges. Rosamond's gaiety under the reaction was, perhaps, a little excessive and forced; she was not looking strong; she was restless and easily tired.

Towards the close of the week she received a letter from Raynor—he had joined another man in a yacht, and they intended cruising along the coast; this would delay his return for a fortnight or three weeks; he mentioned one or two places where they would probably put in for letters, but his plans seemed somewhat vague.

Rosamond seemed disappointed, and this slight check proved enough to change the uncertain flow of her spirits into depression. Philip grew anxious about her, and urged her to go at once to her mother's with the child—he would follow; but she resolutely refused to leave him; yet darkened blue shadows circled beneath her eyes, and her face became thin and transparent; she neither slept nor ate well.

At the end of the second week she had an attack of low fever. Her doctor attributed it to remaining in town during the summer heat, when already suffering from great nervous exhaustion; but she was now too ill to be moved, and Lady Mary was sent for.

When Raynor at length arrived in town Rosamond was lying unconscious. He called daily at Albemarle Mansions, and on one occasion Lady Mary received him.

His expressions of sympathy and concern were void of offence, and certainly sincere; but she confided to Philip that he filled her with dislike and distrust, and asked a few questions about his evidently familiar footing in the establishment, which its master seemed rather at a loss to answer. Like her daughter, Lady Mary was impulsive, and her judgment of Raynor was probably irrational and beyond

the mark; he had never given evidence of evil tendencies. He was good-looking and well bred, and generally popular. Philip thought his mother-in-law must have some private reason for her prejudice, and wondered what it might be. The thought dwelt in his mind all that night, distracting it from his wife's danger with the first shadow of jealous disquiet he had ever felt.

On the morrow Raynor failed to call at Albemarle Mansions, and the following morning Philip was surprised to see him enter the tea house in Mincing Lane. His first thought was for Rosamond. Raynor's usually pleasant and easy-going countenance was ominously grave; it was possible that he had come straight from Kensington with the news of some sudden change. Philip led the way to his private room, and it was at first a relief when Raynor took a cheque from his pocket-book and laid it on the table.

"My business is scarcely pleasant," he said; "I am forced to ask you if you can explain that."

Philip glanced at the cheque. "What is this?—'pay Philip Lethbridge——' I never saw this until now; surely it is needless to ask——"

Raynor turned the paper and pointed to the indorsement. "As you see, it has been cashed; have you any idea by whom? Is that your writing?"

The red flush which had mounted to Philip's face ebbed back, leaving him deadly white. The signature was there—like his own—badly, hurriedly written.

"Before God, Raynor, no. You can't suspect me. My name has been used as well as yours."

"The date is July 28th—does that suggest anything?—two days before I left town."

"Nothing," said Philip.

"It was not presented, however, until August the 22nd, and then by a woman—apparently a lady."

Philip started visibly; for the first time a look that might imply consciousness of guilt, or the knowledge of some fatal possibility, swept over his face. It transformed it like a dream of horror.

Raynor was watching him closely.

"I have not yet dishonoured the cheque," he went on, "but I made a few cautious inquiries. I learnt that the lady being a stranger to the clerk, he showed the cheque to the cashier; but as your name was known at the bank it was cashed without further question. There seemed to have been an impression, however, that the lady in question was Mrs. Lethbridge——"

"My wife travelled up from Somersetshire on the 22nd. She did not reach town until after four o'clock."

Raynor looked relieved. "Well, that is conclusive, at any rate; but the mystery is somewhat thickened. I am afraid I can hardly prevent any action the bank may take in the matter."

He replaced the cheque in his pocket-book, and was turning away.

Philip was leaning on the table as though to steady himself; he avoided Raynor's eyes. "Wait twenty-four hours," he said, huskily. "I will not leave town; if at the end of that time you do not hear from me, do what you will."

Raynor hesitated. "Very well," he said at length; "I will do nothing for twenty-four hours."

He left the office convinced not only of Philip's guilt, but that the terms of his guilt effectually isolated him from his wife. The man had virtually confessed. It was a stupid crime, and he could hardly have hoped to escape detection; probably he had intended leaving the country, but had not counted upon Raynor's examining his banking account during these few days in town; also, Rosamond's illness had been an unforeseen contingency—delaying his plans by keeping her in town.

It was certainly a relief to ascertain that circumstances, open to proof, completely exonerated Rosamond. Raynor had never dwelt upon her possible complicity, but she might have cashed the cheque at Philip's request, in ignorance of his guilt. Her absence protected her even from suspicion, while it had probably facilitated his opportunities; nevertheless, Raynor contrived to intercept Mrs. Lethbridge's nursemaid on her way to the Gardens with the baby, that same afternoon, and to learn from her, through inquiries after Rosamond's health, that the time mentioned by Philip for his wife's return was correct. The girl said she dated her mistress's illness from that hurried journey, taken in the heat of the day with no one to look after her. She looked downright ill when she came in, straight from the train at half-past four; she, the nurse, had made her some tea.

Then Raynor went back to his rooms. He fully believed that Philip would avail himself of the granted twenty-four hours to get clear away. It was, perhaps, the best thing that could happen.

When Philip returned to his home that night he said nothing to Lady Mary of the fresh disaster hanging over it; he made some pretence of dining, and then took his place by his wife's bedside. Rosamond was very ill, and he had arranged to watch that night, while his mother-in-law took a few hours' rest.

If he had intended to make any effort to discover the author of the crime against himself and Raynor, his resolution had apparently deserted him—equally he showed no signs of preparation for flight.

He never left his wife's room through the long hours of the weary night. In the morning, when Lady Mary came to relieve him, he went out to the Gardens, returned, drank a cup of coffee, and learned that Rosamond was quieter. He did not again leave the house until he started as usual for the City. There had come over him a despair, a hopeless dejection, which seemed that of a guilty man who knows that his guilt is manifest and must be atoned before the world.

In the evening he was arrested in the Strand on his way home, on a charge of forgery, at the instance of the London and Surrey Bank.

Whatever doubt might have existed as to his guilt was finally set at rest at the inquiry which followed.

Morson appeared as a witness for the prosecution, and produced the notes paid over to him by Philip Lethbridge on the 22nd August. The numbers tallied with those given by the bank in cash for Lucas Raynor's cheque.

Lady Mary alone, in face of all evidence, refused to lose faith in her son-in-law. When she could leave Rosamond, she went to see him in Newgate—and came back, white-faced and her eyes dim with weeping—yet without any signs of the indignation she should have felt against the man who had ruined her daughter's life.

She showed far more wrath against Raynor, whom, somewhat irrationally, she credited with all the misery that had befallen them.

His visits irritated her—the fruit, the flowers, constantly arriving, the countless luxuries with which he sought to lighten Rosamond's term of suffering, were an annoyance—yet she feared to refuse his attentions and openly offend him.

So far all this trouble had been successfully kept from Rosamond; the fever and delirium had left her, but she was terribly weak; she had asked several times for Philip, and Lady Mary had been forced to tell her that he had completely broken down under the strain of nursing her, and been ordered into the country so soon as her immediate danger was passed. He was recruiting at Lowminster, and by-and-by they would join him. Her conscience reproached her, but she was assured that the truth, in her daughter's present state, would prove fatal. What could she do?

"ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY."

But soon Rosamond showed another anxiety, not so easily put aside—she must and would see Raynor—his flowers showed that he was in town, and she would take no denial. So soon as she could be lifted to a sofa he was to be admitted. Lady Mary became passive; she seemed to feel that some things were beyond her interference and must take their course—if anything, she rather favoured Rosamond's wish.

Lucas, cool man of the world as he was, felt somewhat un-

nerved at the prospect. Philip had sinned, not only against the law, but against his wife. That her life should be unlinked from such a man would be only merciful justice—the man who still obstinately shielded the shameless woman who had been his accomplice. But all this was a trial still to be faced by the girl who was slowly returning from the jaws of death, and Raynor felt her pain more than he cared to own—more than he had thought he was ever again to feel anything. By-and-by she would rally—he did not believe she had ever deeply loved this Philip—and in all his visions of the future the Rosamond wronged and forsaken was a Rosamond watched over by himself. There lay behind the present darkness a gleam of half-acknowledged joy. There were countries where such crime as Philip's was held legal ground for a divorce, and surely in common reason no one could hold her bound. In the days of her comparative happiness he had been content to leave the future wrapped in convenient obscurity, but now——. On the other hand, he knew something of the perversities of women; it was possible that she might resent Philip's downfall upon himself, and refuse to see reason.

He found her lying among her pillows, painfully worn and fragile. The great eyes looked into his with startling eagerness; he could hardly bear to meet them. She stretched out a thin, trembling hand; it might have been thought that the secret was hers.

"At last!" she said. "Oh, this long, weary waiting. Why did you not come when you promised?"

He did not understand.

"I did not know you were ill," he said, gently, "or I would have come."

"I was not ill then; it was the suspense, the waiting made me ill, because I had something to tell you; every day was torture. Thank God, it is not too late. I think you will forgive."

"What can I have to forgive?" he said. "What—that you could do?"

She had raised herself a little in her eagerness; now she fell back upon her pillows and closed her eyes.

"After all," she said, "it was only that I believed in you, trusted you, acted up to my promise. Let me tell you from the beginning—I never dared to tell Philip."

"Tell me—anything—do not be afraid."

Her eyes were wide open again—gazing at him with an anxious, feverish gaze. He leaned forward, shielding his face with his hand, he scarcely knew what he feared.

"You know," she said, "you made me promise to turn to you if I ever needed a friend?"

"Yes."

"Well, the time came sooner than I thought. Philip wanted money—£150—if he could not have it we were ruined; he owed it to a man who threatened to speak to Mr. Masham. I said I would go and ask Uncle Dick to help, and I went."

"And he gave you the money?"

Lucas spoke eagerly.

"I never even saw him; he was gone to Normandy for three months. I came back the next morning——"

"In the afternoon, you mean?"

"No, early. Philip had gone to the office; no one saw me come in. I was wild with trouble. I got out my cheque-book—you know I used to have some money in the London and Surrey, Uncle Dick's bank and yours—I knew you banked there—I wrote a cheque—I wrote it in your name to see how it would look first; I had some of your letters—it was quite easy to copy your writing. Then I thought it was only keeping my promise, that you would wish me to do it. I made the cheque payable to Philip to avoid talk, and indorsed it. Then I went out to the bank—they gave me the money; I gave it all to Philip—every penny, and I lied to him—told him Uncle Dick had given it to me. He would hear nothing for three months, then I should have made it right with you. I dared not tell him before. I trusted you—you—— Why do you not look at me?" Her voice rose with weak anguish of entreaty.

"Would to God I had come!" said Raynor at last.

"What is the matter? Has anything happened—oh! has anything happened to Philip? What have I done? You have let them harm Philip!"

"Hush, Rosamond, you will kill yourself. It shall be righted, I swear that it shall be righted; but, for your own sake, how could you do this thing?"

She was sobbing hysterically. Raynor was unnerved; he felt that he must gain time to think and to act. Fortunately, Lady Mary came in, alarmed by the sound of Rosamond's grief.

"Get her to tell you the truth," said Raynor, pointing to the weeping woman. "Reassure her as well as you can; tell her I will do my utmost."

"HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED TO PHILIP?"

"I know the truth," said Lady Mary; "may God help us!"

Raynor went out and walked rapidly through the Park and down Piccadilly. The blow had been sharp and bitter, rather to his own hopes and his own pride than to any ideal he had formed of Rosamond. Had the revelation been made to him in the first instance, he would have condoned it unhesitatingly. He cursed his own folly for not having waited. What use he might have made of the power her secret would have put into his hands he was not prepared to say — he habitually evaded questions that put intention to the test. But it remained certain that he had exalted Philip under the impression that he was exposing his criminal weakness. That was sufficiently bitter, and it was also a question how he was to be righted without exposing Rosamond, and giving publicity to the whole story.

Raynor could only take the error upon himself, acknowledge the signature, and make a fool of himself in that way. It was certain now that, if he did not act, Rosamond would.

Before he reached the Circus he felt there was no escape, and with the determination of getting a bad thing over he commenced action at once. The story by which he accounted to the bank for his sudden recognition of his own signature was never clearly made public, but before long it became known that Philip Lethbridge was liberated on bail, the principal security being offered by Raynor himself, and later that the charge was withdrawn. So far the matter was not one of great difficulty: the managers had no interest in incurring further expenses, or in prosecuting inquiry into an affair from which they were not to be the losers. But for a time a dread hung over everyone concerned that the Treasury might prove less easily satisfied and instigate proceedings. Gradually, however, Government inaction showed that the secret was to remain a secret, and the affair was allowed to sink into oblivion.

For a time various reports found favour—some hinted at ultimate collusion between Raynor and Lethbridge to shield the woman who had presented the cheque; others asserted that the only woman in the case was Mrs. Lethbridge herself—that she had won the money through a run of luck at Goodwood or the card-table, and probably feared to tell her husband. Various influences, hypnotism and champagne among the number, were held accountable for Lucas Raynor's extraordinary oblivion of his liabilities. But, curiously enough, no one thought of crediting this girl of twenty with the desperate measure which had been the truth. Current reports, however, affected the Lethbridges very slightly, and Raynor bore them with stoical indifference.

Only a few days after Rosamond's confession, Philip returned to Albemarle Man-

sions. Raynor had wired that he was to be expected, and Lady Mary had done her best to strengthen and prepare Rosamond for the meeting. It was some comfort to feel that there were no further revelations to be made. Philip had known his wife's guilt since the night that he had spent by her bedside, and heard the repeated cry of her delirium for Raynor's presence. So much Lady Mary could tell her — why, knowing it, he had chosen to bear the full burden of her sin, and make no effort to appeal to Raynor's forbearance, she left for him to explain.

It seemed impossible to believe that the saddened, haggard-faced man who entered his wife's room so noiselessly and stood beside her, waiting for her to lift her shamed head, could be the Philip Lethbridge of a short eighteen months before.

Finding that she lay still, trembling and sobbing in the bitterness of her grief, not daring even to ask his forgiveness, he put his arms about her and lifted her to his heart, in

"HE LIFTED HER TO HIS HEART."

the strong clasp of a man who has suffered for the thing he loves, and gathered through his suffering the completion of strength.

"Love," he said, presently, "tell me—are you content here—in my arms?"

He felt her cling to him more closely, and for the time he was satisfied and said no more.

Philip Lethbridge lost his position in the tea house, but Mr. Beauclerc, Rosamond's Uncle Dick, got to the bottom of the story through Lady Mary. He felt that the young man had been hardly dealt with, and succeeded in securing him the agency of an estate in Scotland, the property of a friend of his own.

The life was a healthier one for the Lethbridges; and, as they made no further claim upon society, they were allowed to sink into peaceful oblivion.

Raynor also dropped out of their path. Rosamond wrote to him a pretty and pathetic letter of thanks, and Mr. Beauclerc repaid the money; but that was the smaller part of the matter. The zest and interest of befriending Mrs. Lethbridge had collapsed somewhat abruptly, and for nearly a year an increase of cynicism suggested that the demise had scarcely been painless.

Then he recovered and married, developing into a not unamiable husband; he professed to find a relief in following the whims of his wife instead of his own, as she could then bear the burden of their futility.

Peculiar Children I Have Met.

By Max O'Rell.

FROM 1876 to 1884 I was a master of St. Paul's School, to-day the foremost classical school of England. Whether I should boast of it or not, I do not know.

In England, the schoolmaster stands about on the lowest step of the social ladder, and even if he be the master of one of the great public schools, he obtains practically the same recognition in society that the poor drudge of an usher receives. In France the schoolmaster is a professional man of high standing, and Alphonse Daudet boasts of having been one. Many of our Academicians, Ambassadors, and Ministers have been schoolmasters.

In Holland people touch their hats when they pass a schoolmaster. In Italy the teaching profession is often embraced by the members of the nobility. But, in England, to have been a schoolmaster is well-nigh having a stain on one's character; and when an English critic, in Great Britain or the British Colonies, has wished to be particularly offensive in his remarks about my work and myself, he has thrown it at my face.

I once asked, through the English Press, "What's the matter with schoolmasters? Is there any opprobrium attached to that profession? If so, why?"

This brought about many answers. "Charles Dickens is the cause of it," said some. The British public saw in Wackford Squeers the typical schoolmaster. "Because teaching is the worst paid of all professions," replied others. Another reason given was that, in the eyes of the public, the schoolmaster is a man who canes little boys, which is not a very dignified occupation. And so on.

Well, I consider things from a rather French point of view. For eight years of my life I was a schoolmaster, and I am rather inclined to be proud of it. I was happy though a schoolmaster; I received a respectable salary; I never used a cane in my life except as a companion in my walks; and felt that I was a useful member of society.

I loved my boys, big or small, clever or stupid; they respected me, and, judging from the expression of their faces when they gathered round me, I believe that their respect for me was mingled with affection. And if a man has any sense of humour and delights in studying human nature, is there in the world for him a better field of observation than the schoolroom? Is there anything more interesting than the struggle for victory between a man and forty or fifty dear young boys full of life and mischief?

I loved them all, and the more wicked they were the more I loved them. I never objected to any, except perhaps the few who aimed at being perfect, especially those who succeeded in their efforts.

"I LOVED MY BOYS."

I must confess, however, to having had a weakness for younger boys. No doubt the work was more interesting in the advanced classes; but a room full of boys from eleven to twelve or thirteen years of age seldom failed to afford me an opportunity to use my glasses with profit.

To watch a young rascal using his ingenuity to shirk his work or avoid detection of a breach of discipline, was a great source of amusement to me. To overhear his remarks about me; to listen to his repartees; to read his "essays"; to admire his resolution to do his work well by writing the first two lines of his exercise with his best hand, and to realize how soon he got tired of it by seeing signs of flagging on the third line; to listen to him swaggering about his social standing—all that made life worth living.

What dear little snobs I met who were not much over ten years of age! What early training they must have had at home! Peculiar children are, as a rule, children of peculiar fathers and mothers — especially mothers.

Once a lady wrote to the head-master:—

"Dear Sir,—It is our intention to place our boy under your care; but before we do so, we should like to know what the social standard of your school is."

The head-master was equal to the occasion. He replied:—

"Dear Madam, — So long as your boy behaves well, and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

And it is something worth hearing, that swaggering of little English boys about their social standing. First the young heirs to titles, then the sons of the gentry, the sons of professional men, the sons of merchants, the sons of clerks, all these are sets perfectly distinct.

"I say, what do you think I have heard?" I once overheard a little boy of ten say to a young schoolfellow. "You know Brown? Well, I have heard to-day that his father keeps a store!"

"I HAVE HEARD TO-DAY THAT HIS FATHER KEEPS A STORE!"

This seemed to take away the breath of the other little boy; he was staggered, and grew pale with amazement.

"You don't say so!" he ejaculated. "I thought he was a gentleman." And the two young society boys separated with a grave, high hand-shake.

I had great admiration for the ingenuity of boys with a conscience; the one, for instance, who, when he was not quite sure whether it was the second or the third exercise he had to do, did neither, "for fear of doing the wrong one"; the one who did not do his work at home, "because grandmamma died last night"; also the one who explained the great number of mistakes to be found in his home-work by pleading, "Papa *will* help me."

I pass over the one "who had a bad headache last night," and brought a letter from his mother to that effect; the one who did his exercise, but lost it; the one "who knew his lesson," but could not say it; and many others who made excuses that failed to "pay," and will never have a chance of making a living otherwise than by honesty—which is the easiest way, after all.

One, however, I cannot pass over is that ingenious boy who, when he is not quite sure whether the plural of *égal* is *égals* or *égaux*, makes a blot of the word's ending. But what is this boy compared to the one who, being asked for the plural of *égal*, said "Two gals"?

I always objected to mothers' pets. They might be exemplary, admirable at home: but in spite of their irreproachable linen and their hair parted in the middle, they were, as a rule, very objectionable at school. They had a blind confidence in their mothers, and were taught at home never to trust anybody else. When you made a statement before them, they looked at you suspiciously, as much as to say: "I'll ask mother if all that is right."

These mothers would write to me every day to explain what geniuses their boys were,

and how lucky I ought to feel to have to deal with them. These letters were full of hints on teaching and of advice on the subject. Sometimes they contained an invitation to dinner. Much as you love boys, when you have been with them five hours a day, you do not rush for invitations to meet them at dinner.

Among my recollections I will give you a few translations that show great ingenuity on the part of the perpetrators.

A boy, reading from a play that was being translated at sight in class, came across the phrase: *Calvez-vous, Monsieur.* He naturally translated this by "Calm yourself, sir." I said to him: "Now, don't you think this is a little stiff? Couldn't you give me something a little more colloquial; for instance, what you would say yourself in a like case?"

The boy reflected a few seconds and said: "Keep your hair on, old man."

Another having to translate: *Mon frère a raison et ma sœur a tort*, came out with: "My brother has raisins and my sister has tart."

Ingenuity that amounts to genius is shown in the two following cases:—

A boy was asked to give the derivation of the French word *tropique.* His answer was: "It comes from the French word *trop*, which means *too much*, *heat* understood, and *ique*, from the Latin *hic* (*here*), that is: 'It is too hot here.'"

Another, being asked the origin of the word *dimanche*, answered: "It comes from *di* (twice) and *mancher* (to eat), because you generally have two meals on that day."

If boys are remarkable in the way they put French into English, they are still more wonderful in the way they put English into French. When they translate French into English, they do not use the English that serves them to express their thoughts at home with their parents, brothers, and sisters, or at school with their masters or comrades; the English they use is a special article kept for the purpose. And when you remark to them that there is no sense in what they have written, they seem to be of your opinion; but the fault is not with them, it is with the French text that has no sense for them.

When they translate English into French, it is with the help of that most treacherous friend of boys, the dictionary. When several French words are given for one English word, the lazy ones take the first, always; the indifferent ones take any—one is as good as another; the shrewd boys always take the last, to make you believe that they have been carefully through the whole list, and have made a choice only after long and mature reflection.

Sometimes they are right; as a rule they are wrong. When they are right, Providence alone has to be thanked for it; and it will be so as long as modern languages are taught through the eyes with the help of books, instead of being taught through the mouth and ears without the help of any books, for a couple of years at any rate.

The home is, no less than the school, a fine field of observation. Who could or would imagine a home that is not more or less ruled by children? Victor Hugo once said that he recognised and bowed to one tyranny only, that of children; but "that tyranny," he added, "I proclaim."

Don't talk to me of children who meekly knock at the door as if they were afraid somebody might hear them. Give me those who will soon let you hear another knock if the door is not opened at once. These know they are wanted at home; they know that the moment they are in, they will not hear you say, "Hush! hush!" or "Be quiet, you must not make any noise," but will be allowed the freedom of the house and not be restrained. They know they can say or do what they please, and they will tell you all their little secrets and become open and sincere.

Never will you see the round faces of these little home-rulers grow long and sad. Their eyes will beam with joy and happiness. Whenever I hear parents complain that their children "run" the house, I tell them that it is quite right they should. The best-ordered houses are ruled by little girls from two to five years of age.

I once arrived in a Washington house at half-past seven. I was invited to dinner. On entering the hall, I was received by a little girl three years old and her brother aged five.

The little girl immediately opened her arms and offered me a kiss. This done, she produced a birthday book, and asked me to put my name in it, which, of course, I did on the spot. When I entered the drawing-room, I was told that a few minutes before my arrival the following conversation was overheard in the hall:—

"When he comes, I'll ask him for his autograph," said the little boy to his sister.

"He won't give it to you," she replied, "but he will give it to me."

"Why to you, and not to me?" suggested the little boy.

"Because, when he arrives, I'll let him take a kiss," she said, "and that'll do it."

And this little queen of the house, you see, knew her power already. She just had the proper measure of it. I do not know any pretty little lady three years old who would not get all she wished in return for a kiss.

But let us return to the schoolroom, and examine a few peculiar children, and for that matter I do not think that a schoolroom in England very much differs from a schoolroom in France, in America, or anywhere else. The *genus* boy is pretty well the same all the world over, no better than he should be—a boy.

On the first row, desirous to be near you, is the painstaking, industrious boy who takes in all you say, has a blind confidence in you, and is never caught chatting. He is dull, but well meaning—a respectable boy. He is careful to the extreme. His books are covered with brown paper or American cloth, and when he has finished with them, they are so tidy, so clean, that they have the same market value as they had when he bought them second-hand. He writes his rough copies on the back of old exercises, and invariably wipes his pen when he has done with it.

Near him is the deaf boy—a trial this one, especially if he is deaf of one ear only. He always turns this one to you, and has a pretext for having "not quite heard" what you said when you mentioned what the home-work would be.

Not far off is the sneak, who edifies you by his most exemplary conduct. He is an insult to the rest of the class. Turn your head away for a moment, however, and you will seldom fail to find him at fault. So long as you face the boys, his eyes are directed on you.

Next are sitting side by side two brothers; they are quiet. I always placed brothers next to each other. Brothers will quarrel, but seldom want to have a quiet chat together. A little farther behind is Master Whirligig, who, at the end of the term, will be able to tell you the exact number of flies that passed through the room.

Close by is a pet boy of mine. He is smeared with ink all over. He holds his pen with his five fingers gathered together, and dips the whole right to the bottom of the inkstand, withdrawing it dripping. He sniffs ink, licks it, loves it; he would dive into it if he could. On Monday morning, fresh from home and a good Sunday scouring, he is lovely: a pair of bright eyes, sweet, yet manly, beaming over with intelligence and mischief.

Is it possible that I am speaking of recollections now more than fifteen years old, and that I met this boy in England a few weeks ago, a captain in the artillery, a beautiful man, 6ft. high, broad-shouldered, every inch a man and a gentleman?

Not far from this charming boy is my pet aversion, the bully, not the bright, mischievous, unruly young rascal that you love, but the dull, heavy, frowning, sulky bully. This one hides from you as much as he can. He is never anxious to be asked questions. He is modest, and tries to escape notice. He hopes that if he does not disturb your peace you will not disturb his. He never shows any jealousy towards any boy who gives you right answers. His look is one of perfect indifference, and his schooldays will be remembered by the number of pants he will have worn out on school benches.

This boy is the terror of the playground,

"THE TERROR OF THE PLAYGROUND."

where he takes his revenge of the class-room. The little boys are afraid of him and have to bribe him with marbles, cakes, and chocolate into neutrality, if not into acts of kindness towards them.

There is the diffident boy who thinks that every question you ask is a "catch," and always keeps on guard. Near him is the confident one who, before he has heard the question, holds up his hand to show you he is ready to answer it. He is always helplessly wrong.

There is also the boy who spends his time trying to catch you at fault. He constantly raises objections to your statements, hoping to discover inconsistencies in them. You explain to him why he is wrong and *you* are right. He acknowledges the truth of what you say. But he is not cured. He hopes to be more fortunate next time. This boy is perhaps the most disagreeable to deal with. Your work is thankless. He can never feel sympathy for you, or gratitude for your attentions to him.

But of all the people engaged in teaching, I think the examiner is the one who gets most amusement out of the profession. His work consists in asking questions and receiving answers—especially receiving answers.

A School Board examiner once asked a class of young girls to say what coastguards were. A little girl answered: "English commerce is honest, but French commerce is not. The English Channel is infested by French pirates, and our good Queen is obliged, at her own expense, to keep men who watch all night to see that the wicked French pirates don't land while it is dark."

An examiner in the French language having asked, in his paper, why *silence* was the only French word ending in *ence* that was of the masculine gender, received the following reply: "Because it is the only thing that women cannot keep."

I repeat it, a man with a happy disposition and a sense of humour, a man fond of children and of an observing turn of mind, may be extremely happy as a schoolmaster. And if one of the greatest sources of happiness is usefulness—and I hold it is the greatest of all—teaching will afford ample scope for satisfaction in this respect.

If you have, say, eighty boys in a class-room, you have eighty different characters to study, and it is your duty to study them all. It is interesting, and will repay you.

You owe special treatment to every one of your young patients. The disease from which they suffer, ignorance, is the same with them all, but their intellectual constitution will demand different physics. I have known boys, declared hopeless by some masters, soon develop great abilities under the care of other masters.

You should be firm, but kind to all, discriminating, diplomatic, painstaking, and ever searching. The class-room is a hospital where cheerfulness, kindness, and devotion will perform as many wonders as cleverness and science.

If you do not think so, let me advise you never to become, or to remain, schoolmasters.

Gymnastics in the Army.

By Charles Knight.

IT is not too much to say that the brilliant reputation the British Army has attained throughout the world, as an efficient fighting force, is due, in great part, to the splendidly complete and scientific course of gymnastics through which every individual recruit is required to pass. True, the raw material is of the finest, but this does not obviate the necessity for careful, persistent handling and working up towards perfection.

A wholly extraordinary improvement is always noticeable in the "setting-up" of the men after they have completed the regulation course, which, by the way, extends over a period of ten weeks, with compulsory practice lasting an hour and a half every day; this, however, is often supplemented—such is the enthusiasm of the men—by the voluntary attendance of many recruits during the evening.

Virtually from his enlistment, the recruit (who commences drill at the depôt of his regiment) has ample facilities given him for physical exercise in the well-appointed military gymnasium; and the fact that elaborately-fitted establishments of this kind are now also to be found at all depôts, as well as at regimental head-quarters, is plain proof that the authorities are perfectly sensible of the immense importance of this part of a soldier's training.

It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more complete military gymnasium than that at Parkhurst, the present station of the 2nd Scottish Rifles, lately returned from India. Here it was that I procured my photographs—faithful snapshots all—together with the necessary information, for which I am greatly indebted to the Regimental Chief Instructor, Staff-Sergeant Skinner. Perhaps I should mention that a regular monthly inspection takes place in the gymnasium at Parkhurst.

The first reproduction in this article depicts what is known as "escalading practice," which I witnessed at the east end of the Parkhurst Gymnasium. Here we see a series of planks, 9in. wide and 1½in. thick, built on to the wall from floor to ceiling. These pitch-pine boards are placed parallel to, but at intervals from, one another, in order to admit of all the men obtaining a grip and foothold. In the picture, ten men are seen escalading this wooden wall with apparent ease, keeping perfect time with hands and feet as, by word of command, they ascend what does duty for one of the defences of an enemy.

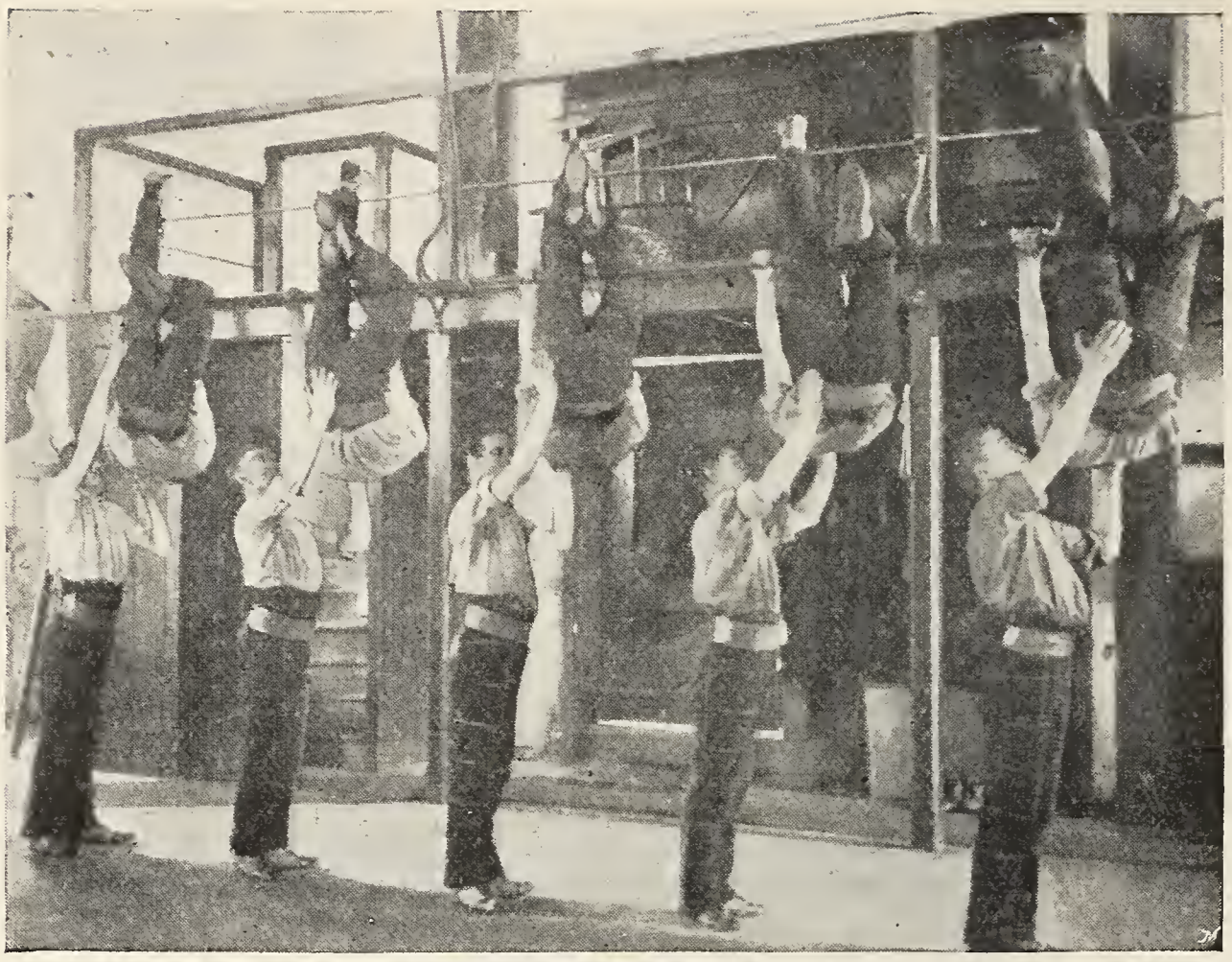
On being permitted to glance at Staff-Sergeant Skinner's well-kept register book, I was surprised to note the amazingly regular attendance of all the men—always excepting, of course, those who were on the sick-list. The sergeant also called my attention to the measurements of the men, taken on joining the class, as compared with those registered upon their dismissal as efficient.

"We take their weights on that machine yonder," remarked the energetic, painstaking officer to me; "also the measurements of the chest, forearm, and upper arm. You will note that in every case the ultimate improvement is more or less striking. Take my last

"ESCALADING" PRACTICE.

class. Here you see the increase in each individual weight was 2½lb.; chest, 1¼in.; and forearm and upper arm, ¼in.

"I may say, however," added the sergeant, "that this class was hardly up to the average, because, for one thing, it is exceeded by the all-round average struck at the end of the year."

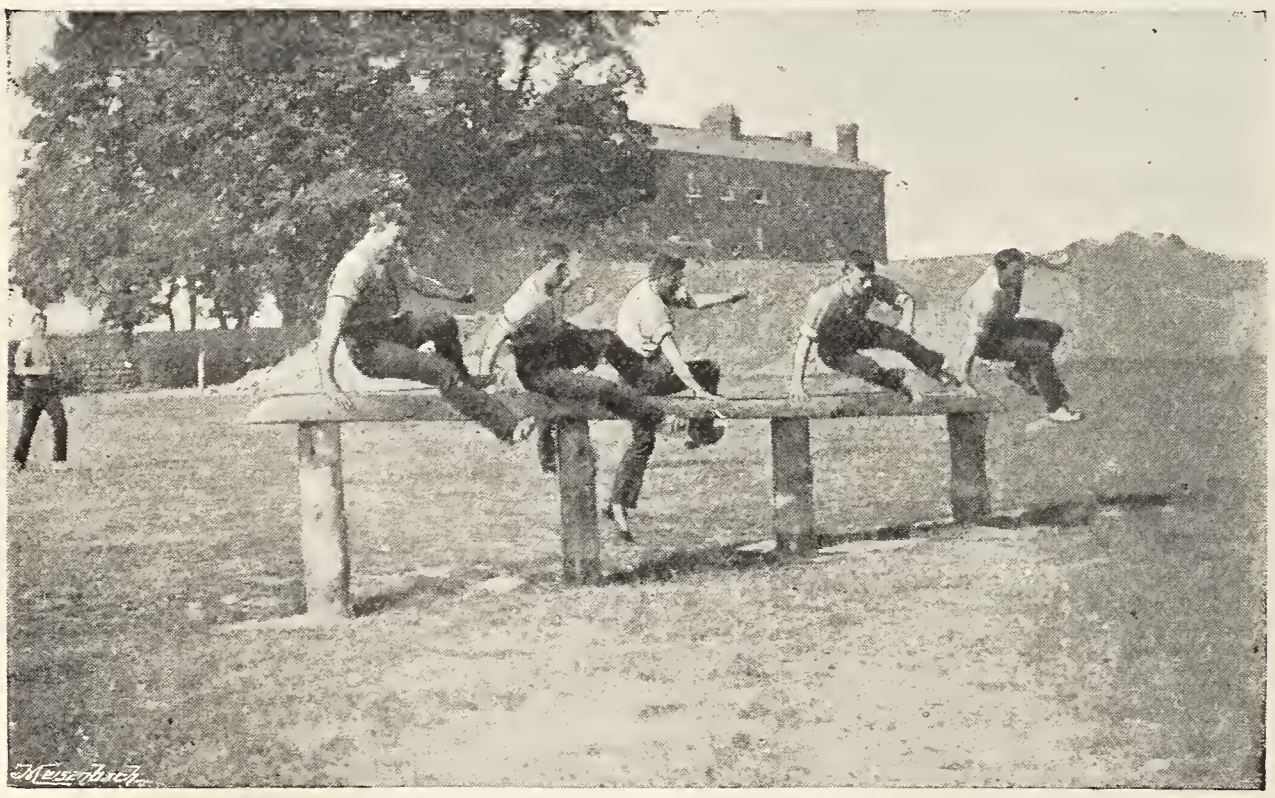


"RIGHT-LEG ACTING" ON THE BAR.

During all the exercises which it was my privilege to witness, I noticed that the men were continually exhorted to keep their bodies erect and their chests thrown well forward. Immediately opposite the escalading wall, at the other end of the building, is an iron bar which extends across the entire width of the gymnasium, but of which only a section is shown in the second photograph here reproduced. In this illustration, one rank is seen assisting the other above the bar. Presently, by a movement termed "right-leg acting," which really means the swinging of that limb, together with a strong pull of the arms, the men raise themselves to a sitting posture on the bar.

I was fortunate enough to see the Parkhurst men go through many picturesque manœuvres, beginning with the simplest exercises upon the parallel bars and going on through dumb-bell and Swedish drill to jumping, obstacle climbing, escalading, and lastly, bayonet "attack and defence" practice.

At the back of the gymnasium at this place is a very large drill-field, and here Sergeant Skinner has lately been furnished with a series of "obstacles," more or less difficult of negotiation, and altogether constituting a very novel and desirable addition to the more ordinary apparatus within the building itself. The first of these consists of the half of a tree-trunk, placed horizontally about 3ft. from the ground, and this the men are required to clear without touching. In the next illustration given the men are seen negotiating a similarly constructed obstacle, fixed about 4ft. 6in. above the ground. It will be seen that in this instance they are allowed to use one hand, and have a run of about 30 yards. The man at the far end of this



NEGOTIATING THE FIRST OBSTACLE.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS—CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

obstacle is a recruit of whom great things may be expected. He ran with the rest, but made carefully for the far end of the obstacle, where he placed his right hand and then vaulted easily over something like four feet of wintry atmosphere. Behind will be seen a belated individual who probably came to grief over the first tree-trunk.

Still advancing, the panting pupils are presently confronted by the bridge-like structure shown in this picture. There is a bit of the tight-rope business about this, and for some of the men it becomes a veritable *pons asinorum*. As a fact, the men have to walk across on split tree-trunks, of which the convex barkless part is uppermost. When I took this photograph these recruits had already received four weeks' training, and yet their frantic endeavours to accomplish this slippery peregrination reminded me forcibly of the scene on certain festive occasions when eager rustics attempted to negotiate a horizontal greasy pole, in the hope of winning an indifferent joint, or a purse containing a wholly inadequate sum. In this illustration it will be seen that one recruit has fallen through—gone under, in fact; yet his fellows are so intent on looking after themselves that no hand is outstretched to help the man below, who, no doubt, is wondering where he is, and how he got there. Wherein is a moral which need not be dwelt upon here.

Now consider attentively the next photograph reproduced in this article. The brave fellows have left behind them what we may call the recruits' Rubicon, and have advanced

THE WATERLESS WATER-JUMP.

SCALING THE WALL.

firmly, though in sadly depleted numbers, towards the next obstacle, a realistic water-jump, lacking only water. Again, note the scramble for the far end. It is very questionable, indeed, whether these energetic fellows would come on with such a show of energy if it were possible to get a dismal ducking in the event of a short jump. However, they cleared the thing in grand form, and advanced as one man upon the last and most formidable obstacle, which is shown in the accompanying illustration. This represents a solid wall rather more than 8ft. in height, and with no foothold worth mentioning. In the photograph the right files of the squad are being helped up by their comrades below, and then, on being pretty firmly established on the top, they extend a strong helping hand to the left files below. The expression, "a strong helping hand," is mild and euphonious. I regret to say that that same hand is almost invariably applied to the scruff of the neck of the man who is to be helped up. Naturally, then, there is considerable competition as to who shall be first to sit astride the wall, for clearly it is not a pleasant thing to be dragged up by the neck, or even by the hair, on to a wall 8ft. high.

THE RIGHT FILES HELPING UP THEIR COMRADES.

"Facilis Descensus." This picture shows all the recruits leaping down the other side of the last obstacle with evident relish. Of course, the only thing to be avoided in this case is reaching the ground too soon, when, probably, a

SWARMING INTO THE ENEMY'S POSITION.

EXERCISE FOR STRENGTHENING THE ARMS.

companion will incontinently descend upon your neck. The men are now supposed to have entered, after a series of vicissitudes and more or less exciting adventures, into a thoroughly well-protected position; and a more practical piece of work than the whole of this obstacle business could not possibly be devised as a part of the recruit's instruction.

After a brief rest, the full squad went through the dumb-bell exercises, this being the merest child's play after the "up hill and down dale" career they had just completed. The standing exercises with dumb-bells held in each hand are mainly designed to strengthen the recruit's arms. These are very varied, but I imagine it would be difficult to arrange any exercise better calculated to strengthen the arms than the one shown in the next reproduction. The men all appear to be looking anxiously ahead, probably awaiting the command to assume another posture; for this kind of thing is not pleasant, especially if the man in front extends himself at great length and places his feet upon the hands of the recruit behind him. It is equally obvious that the most advantageous position during these exercises — as also during a real, lively battle — is in the rear rank.

In the next illustration the recruits are laid out as dead men. They are very much alive, however, and are provided with dumb-bells, which, while in this prostrate position, they manipulate in such a way as to strengthen the stomach. Here, again, there is some risk of the dumb-bell slipping from the grasp of one man and alighting upon the nose of his fellow. It is an interesting fact, too, by the way, that the powers that be are indebted to that renowned "strong man," Sandow, for their present system of dumb-bell exercise. For it is well known that Sandow's really

PROSTRATE DUMB-BELL EXERCISE.

enormous strength was mainly developed by persistent practice with these weights.

The next photograph depicts the men in a sitting posture, manipulating the dumb-bells in such a way as to strengthen the muscles of the back. The Swedish drill, with its endless variety of exercises, is now compulsory at least twice a week, since it works beneficially all the muscles of the body. Some of these positions are so quaint and so picturesque that I can only regret the limit on my space which prevents the insertion of many other interesting pictures.

EXERCISE FOR STRENGTHENING THE BACK.

Now the above reproduction from one of my photographs is quaint, even if it is not picturesque. The men are not performing a grotesque dance, they are merely going through an exercise for bending and stretching the legs.

Having completed for me the last exercise, the men retired to prepare for the bayonet practice; and they presently reappeared rather curiously attired in grotesque costumes, much to the delight of the small fry from the "married quarters." For in order to obviate all possibility of accident to the recruits, their heads are encased in a large and very strong wire-fronted mask; the body is protected by a well-padded canvas jacket, and stout gauntlets are also worn. Moreover, large safety buttons are affixed to the points of the weapons.

I will not stay to dwell upon the bayonet practice, which must be familiar to almost every reader; rather will I pass to the more ornate and difficult feats performed by the gymnasts at Parkhurst—where, although having only one regiment on which to draw for crack athletes, I witnessed an exhibition

EXERCISE FOR BENDING AND STRETCHING THE RECRUIT'S LEGS.

which could not be surpassed, even at Aldershot.

The accompanying illustration shows in progress a very difficult feat known as "the one-armed plant." This is performed on the parallel bars, and I need hardly say it is only accomplished by the few.

THE "ONE-ARMED PLANT."

Next is shown a very effective "fountain group," also formed on the parallel bars. This sort of thing is obviously calculated to strengthen and harden the muscles, to induce suppleness, and to inspire the men with confidence in themselves.

A "FOUNTAIN" GROUP.

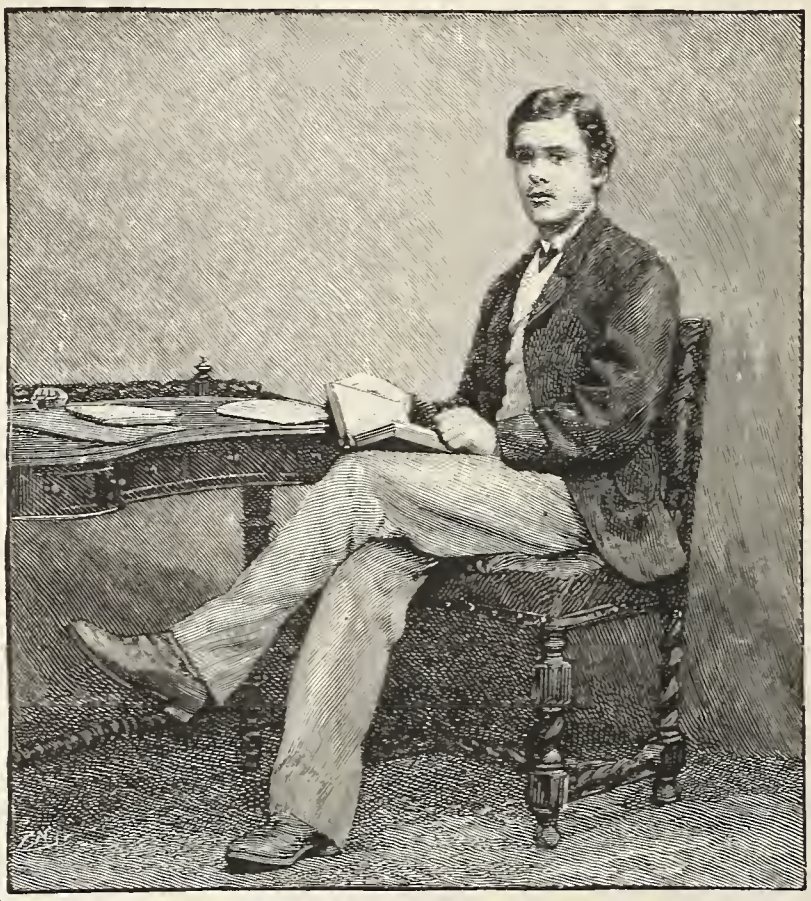
In the last picture my genial informer, Staff-Sergeant Skinner, is seen leaving the horizontal bar by a back somersault. It would also be a thoroughly expeditious way of leaving this life, were it not for the stout mattresses that are placed ready for the reception of the gallant sergeant on his return to *terra-firma*.

LEAVING THE HORIZONTAL BAR BY A BACK SOMERSAULT.

LORD ELGIN, LL.D., G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E.

BORN 1849.

VICTOR ALEXANDER BRUCE, ninth Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General of India, LL.D., G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E., succeeded his father in 1863, who was Viceroy and Governor-General of India in 1862–3. He was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree in 1877. The University of St. Andrews conferred the LL.D. degree upon him in 1886. He was First Treasurer of the Household and First Commissioner of Works in Mr. Gladstone's third Administration in 1886. He is a University Commissioner of Scotland, and Lord Lieutenant of Fife. He was appointed Governor-General of India in 1893, and on January 27th, 1894, assumed office as Viceroy. Lord Elgin is the grandson of the Earl of Elgin whose name will for ever be linked with his discoveries of ancient marbles, to which reference is made in our article on "The Romance of the Museums." Lord Elgin's health has given considerable anxiety to his friends lately, and his medical advisers have ordered him away from Bombay for a time, when it is hoped that a change of climate will soon restore him to his former excellent health.



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

AGE 21.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Eton.

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by John Edwards, Hyde Park Corner.

AGE 38.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Bourne & Shey, Simla

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by The London School of Photography.

DR. JAMESON, C.B.

BORN 1853.

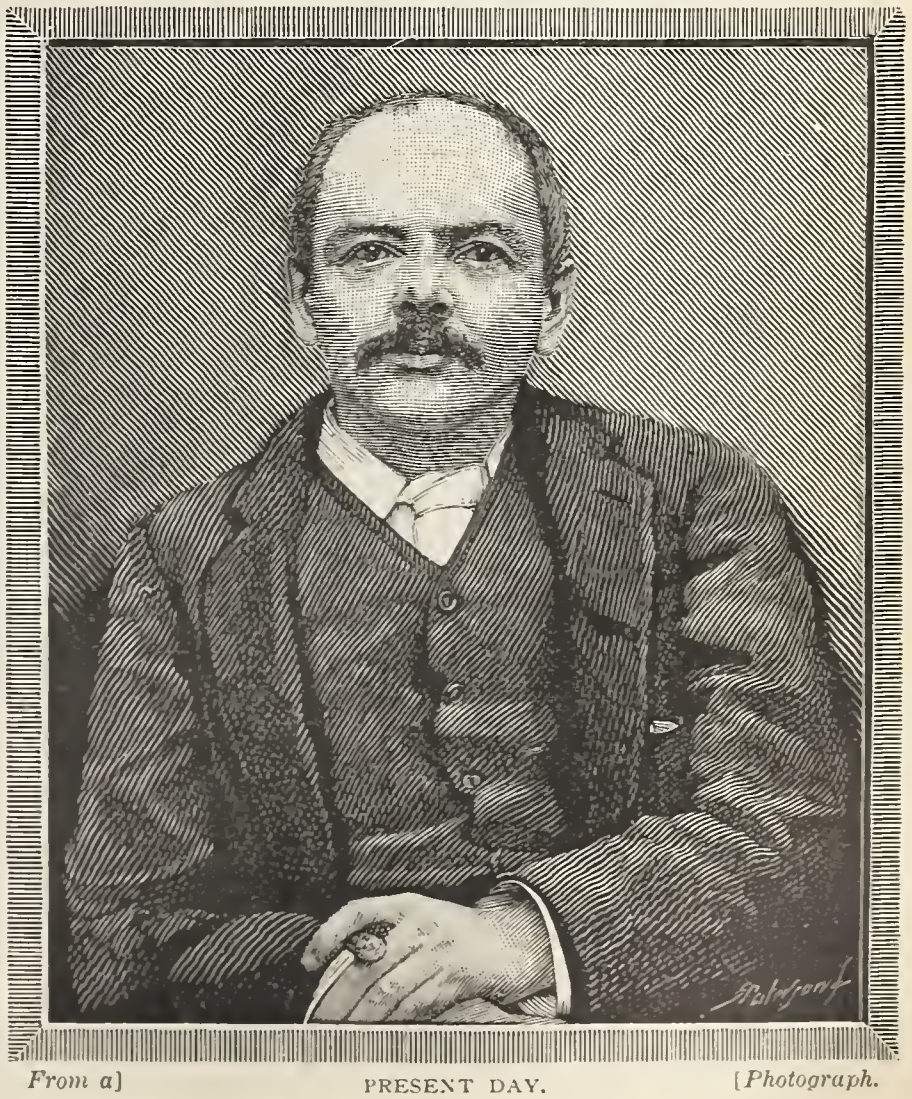
DR. LEANDER STARR JAMESON, C.B., of South African fame, was educated for the medical profession. In the early seventies he reached the diamond fields, and quickly

From a Photo. by] AGE 20. *[Elliott & Fry.*

acquired a high professional reputation. "Camp fever" was prevalent, and Dr. Jameson proved most successful in his treatment of it. When about to return to Scotland Dr. Jameson was persuaded by Mr. Cecil Rhodes to enter the service of the Chartered Company. He was at the head of affairs in Mashonaland during the Matabele campaign. When the raids of the Matabele had become intolerable, he was asked to

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[J. Trim, South Africa.*

"settle once for all the Matabele question," and when the enemy fired on the white police near Fort Victoria, he was ordered by the High Commissioner to take all the necessary steps for the protection of the interests and lives of those under his command. Dr. Jameson was made a C.B. in 1894. His recent action in the Transvaal gives these portraits a peculiar interest.



From a] PRESENT DAY. *[Photograph.*

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

POET LAUREATE. BORN 1835.

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Window & Bridge.*

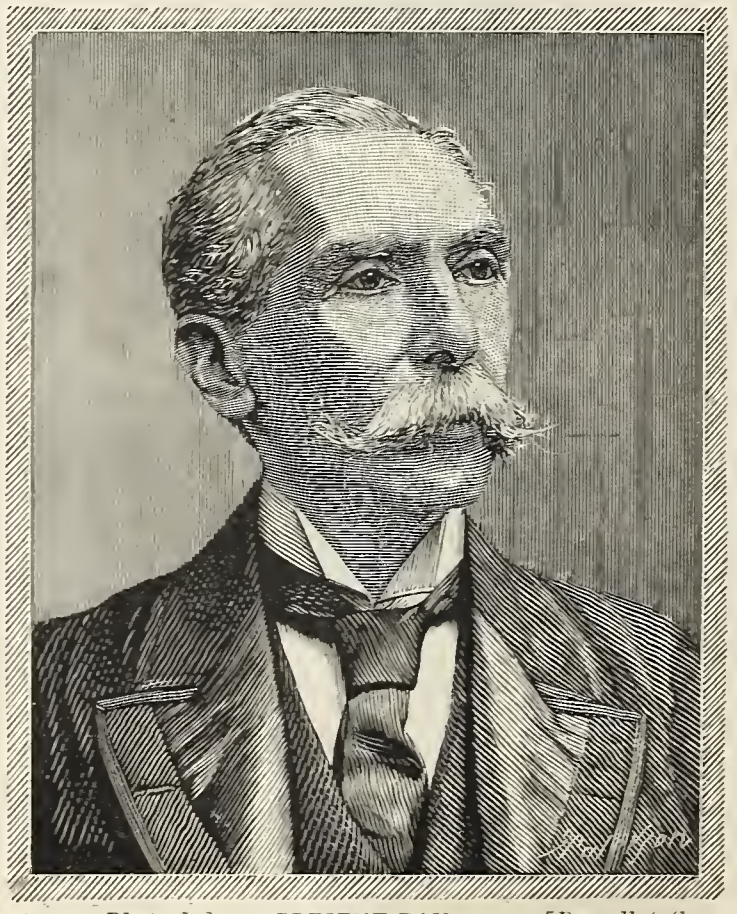
ALFRED AUSTIN, poet, critic, and journalist, took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and in 1857 was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. But the publication, though anonymously, of a poem called "Randolph," at the age of eighteen,

From a Photo. by] AGE 36. *[Montabone.*

showed the bent of his disposition to devote his life mainly to literature. In 1861 he quitted the Northern Circuit and went to Italy. His first acknowledged volume of verse, "The Season: a Satire," appeared in 1861. His other poetical productions are: "The Human Tragedy: a Poem," 1862; "The Golden Age: a Satire," 1871; "Interludes," 1872; "The Tower of Babel," a drama, 1874; "Savonarola," a tragedy, 1881; "At the Gate of the Convent," "Love's

From a Photo. by] AGE 45. *[Garratt.*

Widowhood, and Other Poems," "Prince Lucifer," and "English Lyrics," all published between the years 1881 and 1890. He has produced three novels, and has written much for the *Standard* and for the *Quarterly Review*, while his political writings are well known. In 1892, Messrs. Macmillan issued a collected edition of his poems, since which time they have published "Fortunatus the Pessimist," "England's Darling, and Other Poems," and a prose work, entitled "The Garden that I Love." Mr. Austin was appointed Poet Laureate in January of this year.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 3. *[Falk, New York.*

From a] AGE 12. *[Photograph.*

AGE 17.
From a Photo. by Rockwood, New York.

ZELIE DE LUSSAN.

MLLE. ZELIE DE LUSSAN is not only a singer of the first rank, with a voice full of feeling, but she is an admirable actress. Although born and bred in New York, both her parents are French. To her mother, Madame Eugénie de Lussan, she owes her lyric talent and education. She came to London in 1888, and sang the part of *Carmen* at Covent Garden, and with such success that she was at once engaged for the coming season. In 1889, she made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, under Colonel Mapleson's management, as *Marguerite*. The beauty of her voice, the charm of her acting, together with her youth and good looks, at once made her a favourite with the British public. Over 500 times has she played *Carmen*, in English, French, and Italian. Mlle. de Lussan has had the honour of appearing in opera before Her Majesty at Balmoral and Windsor Castle as *Marie*, in "The Daughter of the Regiment"; Dec. 3rd, 1892, as *Carmen*, and again in 1893, as *Zerlina* in "Fra Diavolo." At the time of writing, Mlle. de Lussan delights the select spectators who patronize the Carl Rosa Company at Daly's matinées.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Anne Dupont, New York.

The Palaces and Stables of the German Emperor

I.—THE PALACES.

By Mary Spencer-Warren.

THEIR Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Germany have graciously given me special permission to see their various palaces on behalf of the readers of The Strand Magazine; and as nearly everyone is interested in the son and daughter-in-law of our Princess Royal, some account of their home may be welcome.

When, owing to the untimely death of the Emperor Frederick, the Crown Prince William ascended the throne, various and conflicting were the prognostications as to the course he would pursue and the future of his country. All this is fresh in most memories, and you know just how these prophecies have been fulfilled. Germany is still at peace, and however much of a martinet the Emperor is with his troops, he has not yet sent them offensively into his neighbour's country.

He is certainly every inch of a soldier himself, and though I have seen him many times, yet only on one occasion has he been out of regimentals. In spite of the weakness of one arm, he makes a fine figure on horseback, riding always animals specially trained to answer to knee pressure, as one hand is, of course, generally wanted for carrying his sword. He rides extremely well; swims and fences; is a first-rate yachtsman; and is, indeed, an adept in most outdoor exercises. Plain living suits him best, his tastes in that direction being altogether simple. One of his hobbies—and he has several—is collecting autographs. Another is music. He sings, and plays the violin, which instrument he learned, when away from home, to surprise and please his father. Some of his compositions are in print; notably a song which was lately given at a Berlin concert, and which has been much written of. Another of his hobbies is being photographed; and it is said he has a keen eye for position.

The Empress is tall, fair, and healthy-looking, with a very kind aspect that insensibly attracts those with whom she comes in contact. Though domesticated, fond of home life, and a devoted mother, she is none the less an Empress, and can fully enter into all State and political affairs, possessing a tentative memory and a quick perception. At the same time,

THE THREE SONS SALUTING THEIR EMPEROR AND FATHER.
From a Photo. by Arthur Junger, Berlin.

Her Majesty prefers to leave these questions to those who make it their business.

The children—six boys and one girl—have all nice faces, and the eldest ones are reputed to be clever in their studies. Three of them are nearly always in uniform, and it is good to see them exercising with their regiment.

The Crown Prince is gifted in a more than ordinary manner, is a good musician and linguist, and quite as enthusiastic a soldier as is his Imperial father.

From a Photo. by] THE KAISER AND HIS FAMILY. *[Carl Brack & Keller, Berlin.*

I have journeyed to Berlin, and am wending my way along the famous Unter den Linden, a place of many palaces. Indeed, so numerous are they, that I find some must be altogether omitted, and others must be only briefly mentioned. Taking them as I come to them, the palace of the late Emperor William I. is first, situated on the right-hand side of the famous thoroughfare above named.

This palace is of a comparative modern date, being erected from 1834–1836. It is small and plain-looking, with a freestone exterior, a portico entrance supported by plain columns; the side exterior having a balcony resting on four columns. Looking at the front, the end window on the left of the portico is the famous historical one, where the Emperor was in the habit of daily taking up his position, to watch the troops as they marched to and from barracks and guard-house in the vicinity; and in this room he habitually sat engaged in State and other business.

Now I go to the principal room of the palace, namely, the one I have pointed out to you on the exterior view. To attempt anything like a description of the contents of this apartment would be altogether impossible, so crowded is it with articles of every fashion. Many, without

doubt, have been presents from personages of celebrity, for they are very costly and beautiful. The walls, covered in blue, are hung with a fine collection of oil paintings and portraits of Royalties. Very evidently the warlike Emperor was something more than a soldier: the paintings which he had gathered round him speak the cultivated artist. Some of the portraits are, of course, members of the German Imperial family, prominent and chief amongst them being the two or three of the Empress Augusta, taken at different periods of her life. Here is the late Kaiser's chair in front of the writing-table where he spent so many busy hours. On it lie the pens, paper-weights, paper-knives, etc., which he had used, left just as they were when he last got up from the chair. At the back of the table stands a marble bust of Frederick the Great, the predecessor he had so much admired, and had perhaps insensibly copied. These

CROWN PRINCE (WILLIAM).
From a Photo. by Selle & Kuntze, Potsdam.

two Emperors have formed conspicuous figures in German history, each having done more than any other ruler to advance the interests and welfare of the country and the people over whom they reigned. Marble busts are in all directions of the room, as well as bronze military figures. In one corner, in a stand, is a collection of walking-sticks used by the Emperor; on a table is seen his Bible and Church Service; here are albums full of portraits, also a large number of the latter in various positions on every table and inserted in screens. There are many vases and candelabra of exquisitely carved marble, also several beautiful marble and bronze timepieces of delicate workmanship. The principal furniture of the room is carved, and upholstered in blue. I noticed as I stood at the window from which the Emperor daily looked out, how the carpet was worn just in the one place which he had occupied; and standing here, one cannot help

From a Photo. by] PALACE OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM—BERLIN. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

From a Photo. by] THE EMPEROR'S ROOM—BERLIN. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

recalling the time just previous to his death; how, up to the last, when he could no longer stand, he sat at this window, watching as usual his troops defile past, and the thousands of people who came silently up just to gaze—many of them for the last time—upon the Emperor they so much revered, and then went away again as silently as they came. The whole place is full of reminiscences of a mournful period in the history of the country.

Leaving this palace, and passing that of the Empress Frederick, we come to the old palace in the Lustgarten. This is a magnificent pile of buildings, in the form of a rectangle, between 600ft. and 700ft. in length, and about 400ft. in depth; it is four stories high, with a large dome about 230ft. in height.

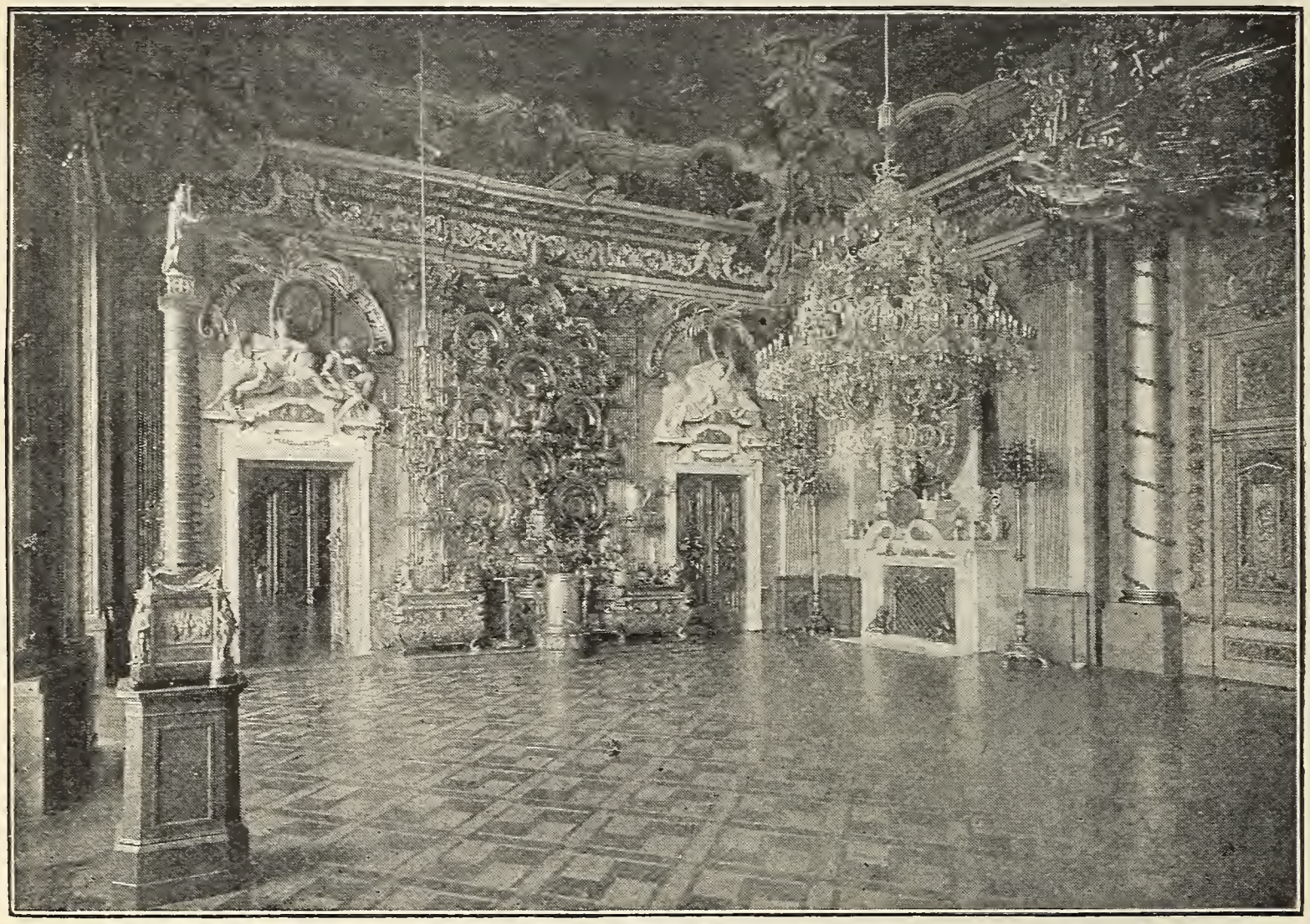
One of the most beautiful of its rooms perhaps is the "Ritter-saal," or old Throne Room, the rococo embellishments of which are gorgeous in the extreme. The ceiling is by Wenzel, the reliefs, consisting of

From a Photo. by] EXTERIOR OF OLD SCHLOSS—BERLIN. *[Mary Spencer-Warren*

allegorical groups of the four quarters of the globe—which are over the side doors—are by Schlüter. The centre door has over it some very beautiful carving which must not be omitted. Above it is a gallery which was formerly of solid silver. From the ceiling depends a large chandelier of pure rock crystal brought hither from the Reichstag Room at Worms. Beneath this chandelier, then, Luther had formerly stood. At one end of the room stands a large State sideboard made in Augsburg. It is profusely decorated, and has on it a quantity of massive plate, glass, tankards, and candlesticks; also a large drinking cup from the smoking-room of Frederick William I. On one side of the accompanying photograph you will notice a tall column some 8ft. in height, mounted on a granite pedestal; the monument is of pure silver, and was presented by the officers of the Army and Navy to the Emperor William in 1867, being the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the Army.

The White Saloon is said to be the largest and most beautiful in the whole palace. It is used for the most important of the Court festivals and at the opening of the Reichstag; nearly 3,000 candles light up its beauties; the dimensions of it are 82ft. by 50ft.—40ft. in height. It has two arcades; at one side of it, and approached by a stair-case, are some boxes for guests and musicians respectively; under one arcade is a beautiful Carrara marble statue by Rauch, and in the vaulting you will note allegorical figures relating to the original Prussian provinces. Around the room are twelve pedestals, carrying marble busts of the Bradenburg Electors.

The palaces of Potsdam have been built more especially for summer residences of the reigning Sovereigns. Potsdam itself lies some considerable distance from the capital, and thither I take train early one morning. There are several palaces, some of which



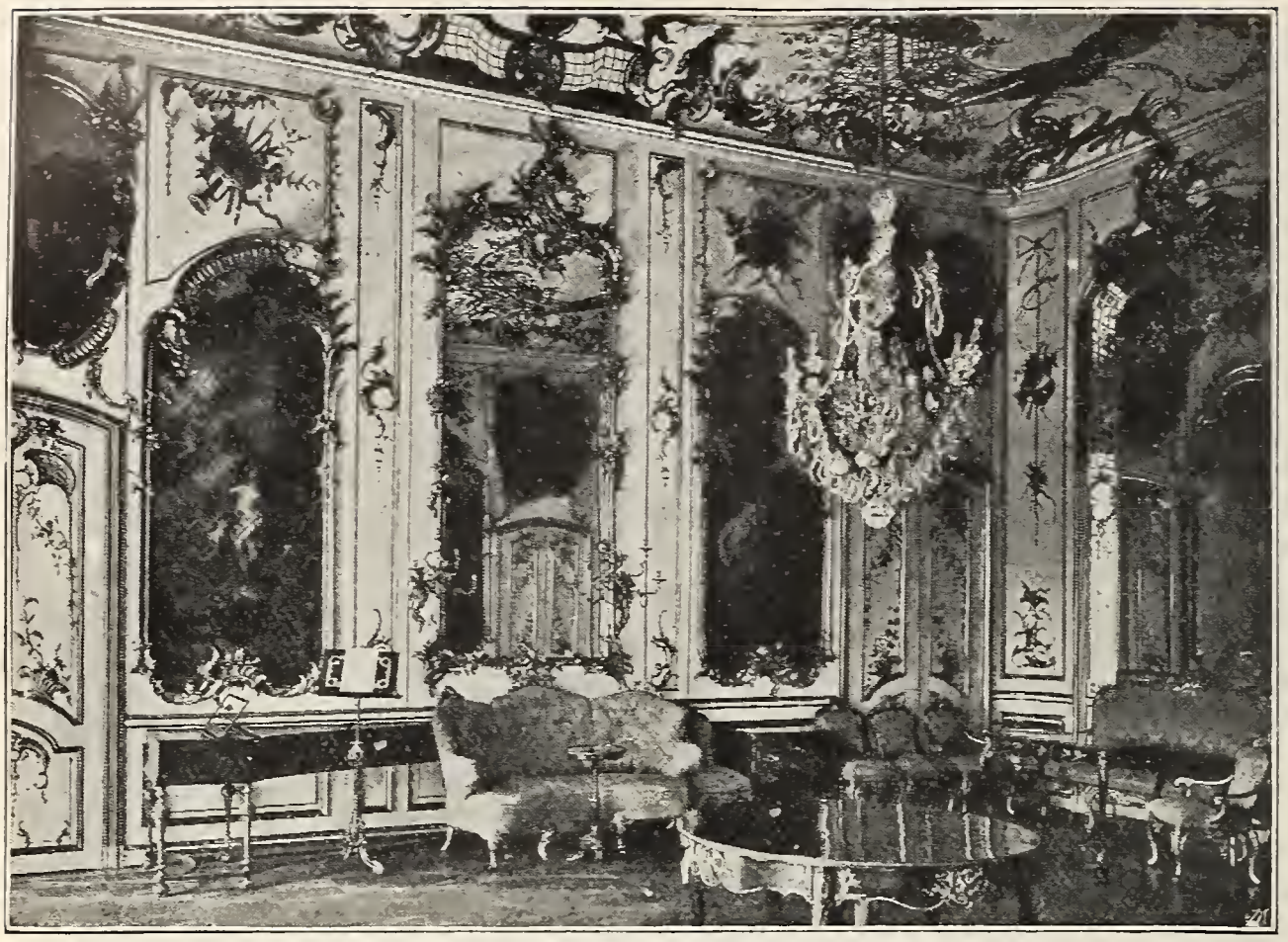
From a Photo. by] "RITTER-SAAL," OR THRONE ROOM—OLD SCHLOSS. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

owe their origin to Frederick the Great, and it was during his residence that much of the town itself was built. Arrived at the station, I make my way to the palace, Sans-Souci. The approach to this is picturesque in the extreme; it is situated on a lofty height approached by avenues and winding paths, which culminate at the great fountain, with its large basin, having twelve statuary figures surrounding it. This palace was erected in the year 1745, from plans made by Frederick the Great himself. It is reputed to be one of the most interesting palaces in Germany. Here he spent very much of his time, and here he died. As you know, Frederick the Great was something more than a soldier; and in the German palaces one frequently comes across evidences of his various talents.

From a Photo. by] THE WHITE SALOON—OLD SCHLOSS. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

One of these talents, and a conspicuous one, was music. In his music-room stands the old spinet on which he used to play; near it being a tortoise-shell music-stand, on it being a piece of music which he had written himself, set for the flute. On the other side of the room still stands a box in green and gold relief, which he used to keep his music in. Another interesting article in the room is a clock, which he had always been particular about winding up himself: this clock, it is said, stopped at the exact moment at which he died. The room is capacious, has a very good artistic ceiling, with paintings of flowers, fruit, birds, animals, etc., with cherubs and wreaths in gold relief. On the walls are also

From a Photo. by] THE PALACE OF SANS-SOUCI, WITH TERRACES AND STEPS. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*



THE MUSIC-ROOM OF FREDERICK THE GREAT—SANS-SOUCI.
From a Photo. by Mary Spencer-Warren.

some fine panel paintings, set in gilded frames. Curtains and upholstery are all in blue silk : the ornaments and vases are many of them Sèvres. Cabinets and tables are antique, some with mosaic tops.

The New Palace is barely a mile away : it was founded by Frederick after the Seven Years' War, and cost him no less than £750,000. During the summer months the Emperor and Empress are much in residence here.

Then there is the Marble Palace, which was erected by Frederick William II., who also died here in 1797. Also the Château of Babelsberg, which is quite an English-looking Gothic building; this was a favourite residence of the late Emperor William I., and here may be seen many memorials of his battles.

All of these Potsdam palaces are most charmingly situated; near enough to Berlin to be able to go readily to and fro, but far enough away for seclusion and pure country air. It is quite a usual thing for the Emperor and Empress to be seen riding out, through the leafy woods and along the country roads, practically unattended. This, indeed, is their invariable habit quite early in the morning, returning the one to State duties, the other to her children—for the German Empress is above all things a model mother, and I heard a story of how a dress with a magnificent train was once shown the Emperor when he visited some famous emporium, with a suggestion that he should purchase it for Her Majesty.

"No," was his answer; "that train would get torn to pieces in no time, for my wife always has three or four youngsters clinging to her skirts."

From a Photo. by] THE NEW PALACE—POTSDAM. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

From a Photo. by] BABELSBERG. *[Mary Spencer-Warren.*

II.—THE STABLES.

By Charles S. Pelham-Clinton.

THE Royal stables at Berlin are situated about a hundred yards from the palace in the Briete Strasse, and are of considerable antiquity, some parts of the buildings being as many as 300 years old. Everything is directly under the actual supervision of the Master of the Horse, Count Vedel, to whose kindness I owe all the information given me.

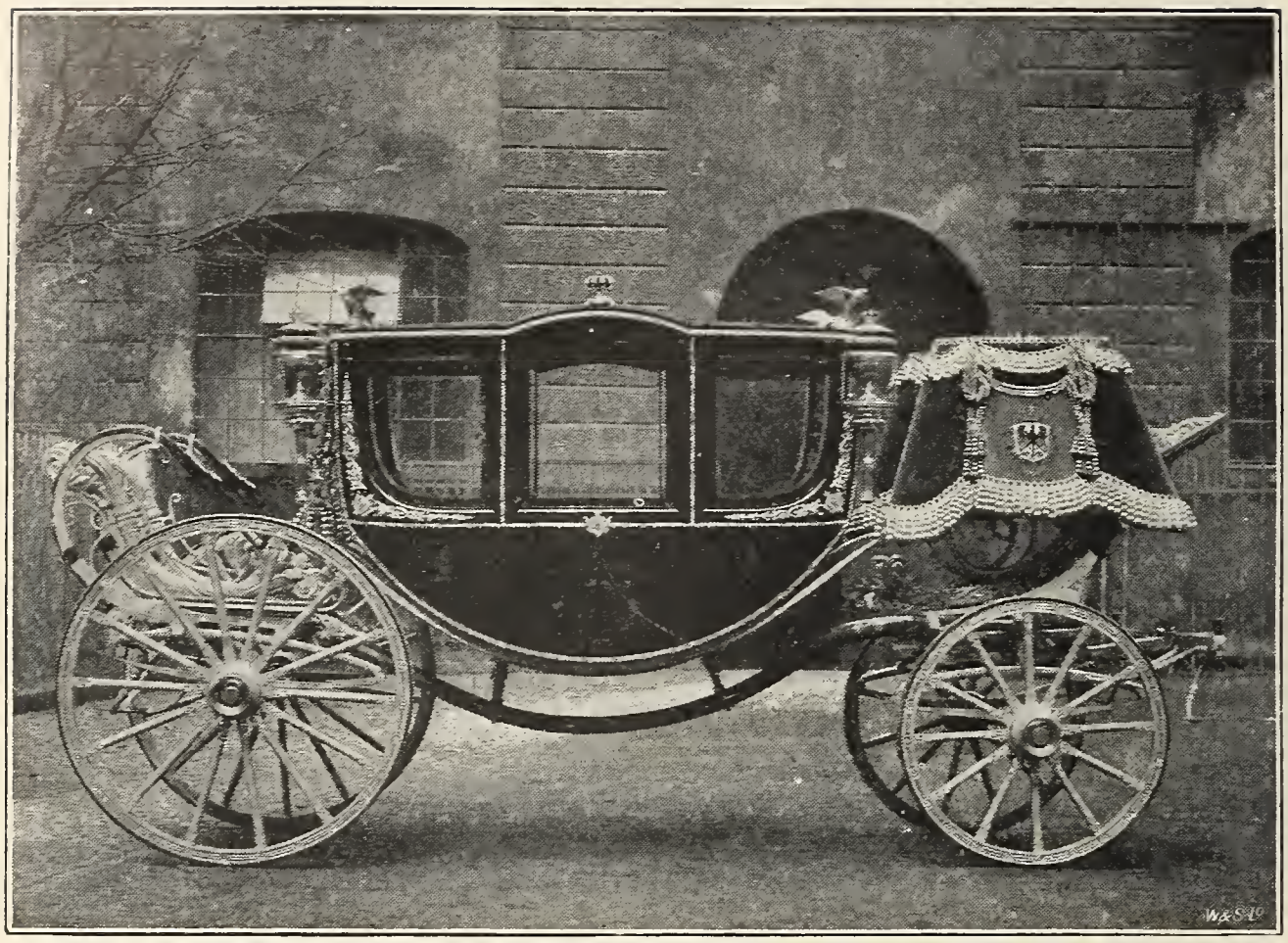
At right angles to the main building are the stables wherein the black stallions that are in daily use are kept. No mares are used here at all, only stallions, the mares being all kept at Potsdam. They are bred at Trakehnen, close to the Russian frontier, and the race is now almost pure. Several hundreds are bred each year, and the best weeded out for the Royal service, those not required being sold; the stallions, however, are converted into geldings before being sold, the idea, I suppose, being to keep the breed rather scarce.

They are an active breed of horse, showing a good deal of quality, but not much size: still, they are quite large enough for what is wanted of them, and big enough not to be dwarfed by the gala carriages. The uniformity of colour is undoubtedly good, and the black, glossy coats set off the silver-mounted harness. As a rule these black stallions have not got extraordinary action, but they pick their feet up nicely, and can go a rare pace, besides being able to keep it up for a journey.

The first stable has eight-and-twenty stalls and two boxes, and is paved with brick. The top part of the walls is tiled with neat white and blue tiles, and above each horse is the name of sire and dam and the place where it was bred, with the height and also the year when foaled.

The night clothing consists of ordinary striped rugs, and the day clothing of dark blue edged with yellow and red. Each rug has a crown at the corners in red and the initials W.W., and a red and gold crown tops each pillar. The stablemen's livery is very neat, and when "stables" are over and everything cleaned up, they turn out in a plain red jacket and white apron over their cord breeches.

The next stable is really a continuation of the first, and runs the entire length of the courtyard, containing in all forty-six stalls. Most of these are filled with black stallions, but at the further end are whites, that are only used by the Emperor himself, and a very good-looking lot they are, with good carriage, plenty of quality, and excellent style. They are sixteen in number, and are bred in Trakehnen. On all occasions of State the Emperor uses these whites, and no one else is permitted to employ them. The next stable faces the first, and is of the same size. In it are more blacks, and a few bays that are used for luggage and station work.



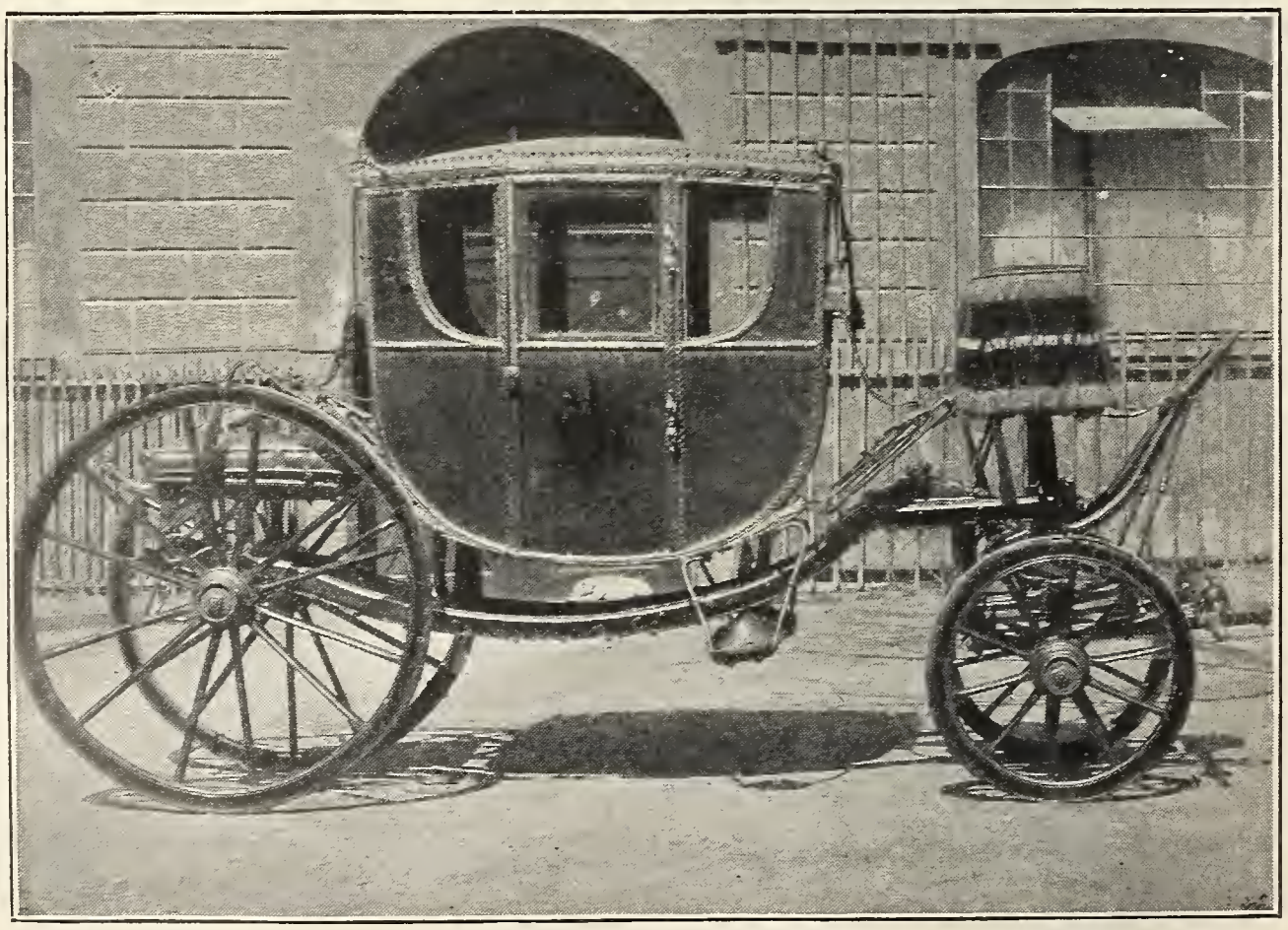
WEDDING PRESENT TO THE EMPEROR, NOW USED AS GALA CARRIAGE.
From a Photo. by Charles Pelham-Clinton.

The gala or State carriages are about a dozen in number, and are rich and handsome.

The first one shown me was presented to the Emperor, on the occasion of his marriage, by the Emperor Wilhelm I., and is a very graceful and handsome vehicle. It is painted dark blue with pale yellow wheels, picked out with silver and handsomely carved. The main carriage is dark blue, and so is the body, relieved by silver scroll-work, and it is lined with white satin. The box seat is high, and the hammer-cloth is of blue cloth and silver, very handsome and effective; at the four corners are four silver eagles, and above each door is a silver crown. The silver lamps are all four surmounted by crowns, and the carriage is now used at all ordinary State occasions as the State carriage, but on such State occasions as a Royal wedding or coronation the State coach is used.

The next carriage that came under notice was that of Frederick the Great, built in 1701, a very curious and interesting relic of a man who helped largely to make history. It is plain and simple, the top being gilt, with an ormolu rim around it: at the four corners hang four red tassels, and the hammer-cloth is of red velvet and silver, now, of course, much tarnished. The sides are, or rather were, gilt, and have the arms of Prussia on each door and at the back. The under carriage, joined by two beams, is plain red, picked out with a gold line, and the wheels are without any carving, and painted red, picked out with gold. The door opens, as was the fashion in those days, the opposite way to the present fashion, and the lining of red velvet is in perfect preservation, though a good deal faded.

Very much more ornate and gorgeous is the State coach built at Strasbourg in 1781,



From a Photo. by] FREDERICK THE GREAT'S CARRIAGE. *[C. Pelham-Clinton.*

From a Photo. by] THE GRAND GALA CARRIAGE. *[C. Pelham-Clinton.*

and used now on great State occasions only. It is remarkable for its light, elegant build, but at the same time cannot be a comfortable carriage, as it must sway a great deal from side to side. The front and back portions are connected by two beams painted red and gold, and the wheels, which are high and light, are plainly carved and richly painted with gold and crimson. The windows are very curious, an oval in the centre and two odd-shaped windows at either side following the lines of the carriage. The steps, which fold up inside, are covered in satin and ermine with a gold fringe. It is gilt all over, and has the Royal arms and quarterings on the doors. The hammer-cloth is very rich, being of red velvet and gold fringe, with a huge gold crown and laurel leaves around it. Around the centre window is a massive gilt carving, and at the four corners of the top are gilded Prussian eagles. The top is very handsome, having a gilded metal scroll-work around the outside, with four crowns at the corners above the centre windows, while a carved helmet and feathers resting on a spear-head, a sword and laurel leaves, occupy the centre, the whole being gilded. It has no brake or skid of any kind, the wheelers having to do all the work.

While the carriages used by the suite and for general Court work are painted blue and are picked out with a lighter blue, all those used by the Empress or by any members of the Royal Family are painted the same blue, but are picked out with silver, as in the photograph of the Empress's landau.

The broughams, victorias, and landaus for the Royal Family use are all painted exactly the same, and are never used by any of the suite. The young Princes daily take their

From a Photo. by] THE EMPRESS'S CARRIAGE. *[C. Pelham-Clinton.*

drive in the park in one of these, and there is always a crowd on the Unter den Linden and at the entrance of the park to see them come in and go out.

In all, there are about 150 carriages at the stables in the Breite Strasse, and about 100 for the suite and for exercising at the other stables beyond the palace.

Even on grand gala days the harness of the German Emperor is workmanlike, as he does not go in for gorgeous display. There is a military simplicity and rigidness about this, as about all else in his life. Everything is good, the best of its kind, but nothing is made a medium for parade and gaudy trappings to catch the eye. The horses are good and useful, but are not extravagant steppers; they have to get over the ground, and not waste time over the job, and be able to do their work and be ready for another dose next day. So with the carriages. There is no waste of room in keeping useless vehicles for show alone, that of Frederick the Great alone excepted. So, also, with the harness. The horses have to draw the carriages, and quickly; and if an extravagant amount of trappings were added, they would either take too long or else succumb; therefore, the harness, while handsome, is light, and serviceable for grand State as well as for ordinary occasions.

The German Royal livery is neat and rather peculiar in one or two respects.

When driving the Emperor or any member of the Royal Family, a wide, white corded-silk hat-band, with the eagle embroidered in black, is worn, and this is taken off when a member of the household is being driven, so the public can see at a glance whether it is a Royalty or not in the carriage. The wide band goes on outside the ordinary narrow one. The livery is black cloth and silver buttons with aigrettes, low-cut collar edged with corded white silk embroidered with the eagle as in the case of the hat-band, and a band of the same round the arm. Black plush breeches and gaiters complete the costume. The cockade, I should mention, is black and silver.

From a Photo. by] A GROUP OF COACHMEN. *[C. Pelham-Clinton.*

The grooms' livery is much the same in colour, the collar being differently arranged, and a piece of cloth placed above the edging.

The grand gala livery is a great deal more gorgeous, and consists of a blue cloth coatee, very heavily braided with gold braid, and a waistcoat of the same material, a three-cornered hat with feathers, made also of blue cloth and gold braid, red plush breeches, white stockings and shoes, the effect being decidedly good. Most of the men have been in the army, but this is not compulsory; almost all have good conduct medals. These

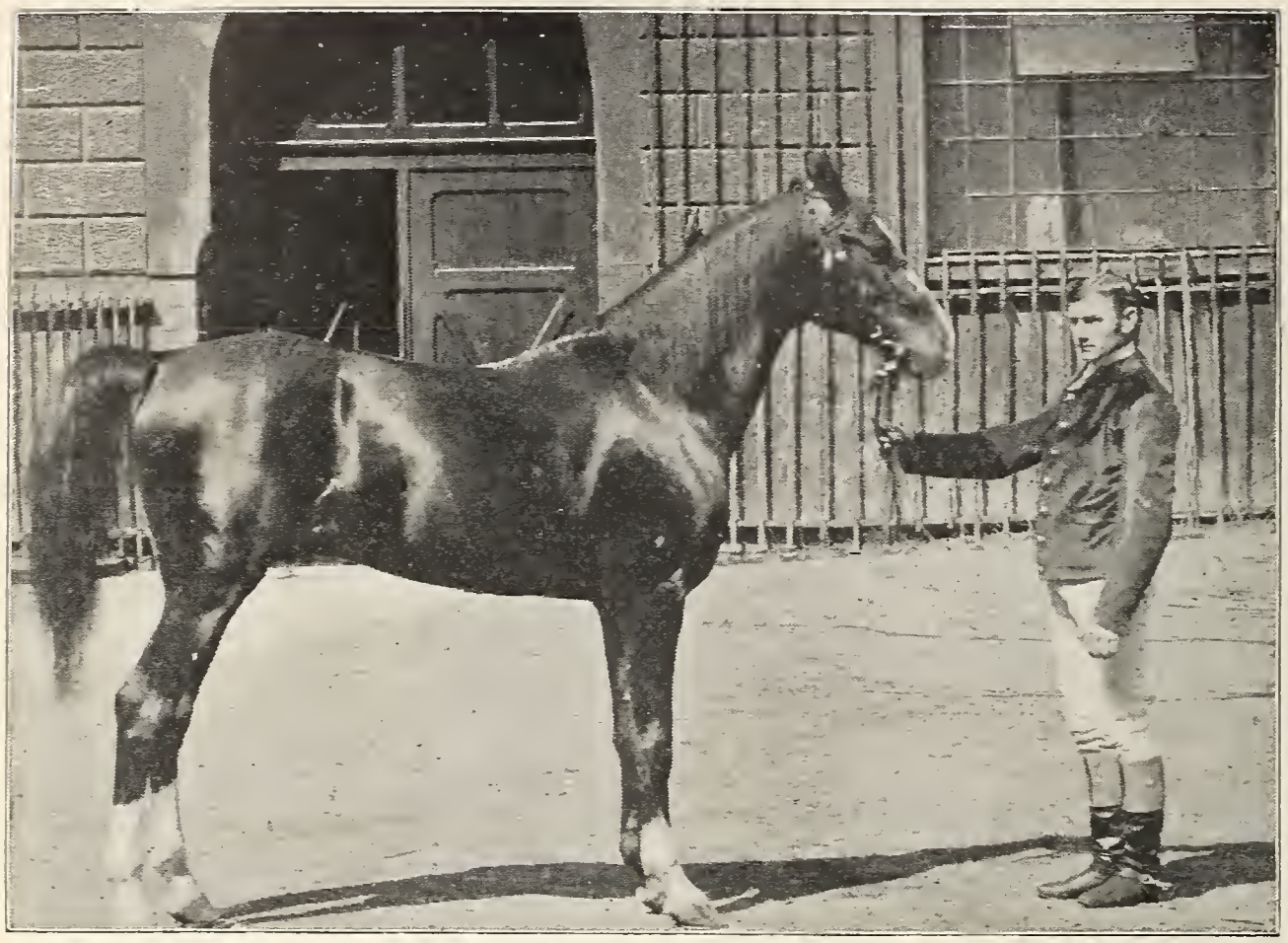
From a Photo. by] THE EMPEROR'S FAVOURITE. *[C. Pelham-Clinton.*

are given in the Royal service in much the same manner as in military life.

The postillions' dress is much the same, the collar being continued down the jacket, which has also a single row of buttons; the cap is of black velvet and silver lace.

On gala occasions the Emperor and Empress frequently drive out in an open landau with six black horses, and in the summer, at fêtes, the carriage is ornamented with flowers, and the servants have large bouquets. On these occasions, indeed on all State ones, the Master of the Horse rides directly behind the Emperor's carriage, and he also attends the Emperor when he takes his daily ride in the afternoon. This ride is quite a feature in Berlin, and long before the hands of the clock get near three, people commence to group themselves at the doors of the palace and at the corners of the various streets in the Unter den Linden. At three precisely, the Emperor rides out and, accompanied by the Master of the Horse, an *aide-de-camp*, and one or two others, rides slowly down the Unter den Linden into the park, where a crowd of people line the streets and cheer him. At the gates of the park there is a large concourse of people, several hundred in number, the ubiquitous small boy in Germany, as in England, very much in evidence, and the subject of much attention on the part of the rather stolid policemen that represent the majesty of the law. After a ride of a couple of hours, the Emperor returns, the crowds again form, and only disperse when he has passed. This goes on day by day, and the

From a Photo. by] THE GREY CHARGER. *[C. Pelham-Clinton.*



From a Photo. by] THE CROWN PRINCE'S ARAB—RUHEIL. *[C. Pelham-Clinton.*

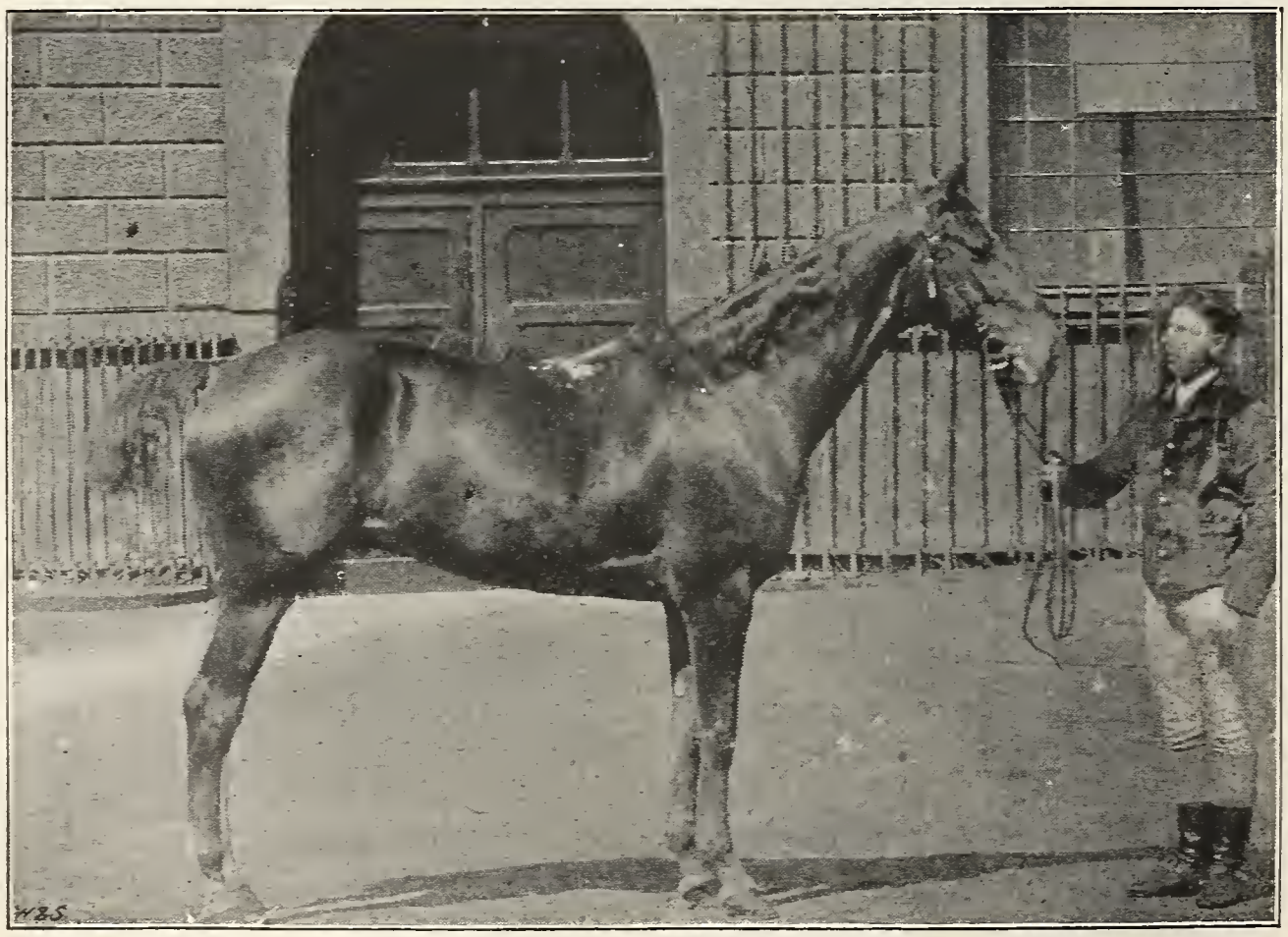
people look upon it as a daily treat and spectacle.

The horse the Emperor most frequently rides is in colour a rich bay with a wonderfully good head and neck, and, in fact, a good-looking one all over. He has the most perfect manners I have ever seen, and makes the *beau ideal* of a charger to my mind, as he has looks, breeding, high courage, and manners. I photographed him twice, first placing him in the position required, and he stood for at least four minutes while I was getting ready, and never moved a hair, only watched some horses being exercised in the ring. The Emperor brought him over to England when here last year, and he uses him in preference to any of his stud.

Another favourite is a grey, a very much better-looking horse than my photograph makes him out to be, as he has a rattling good head and neck, and is very well bred. It is very hard to get horses to stand with an arched neck; and unless they do this the expression, if I may so call it, is spoiled. The grey was of a particularly placid temperament, and came to the conclusion that photography was a pleasant and easy amusement, as it gave him the opportunity of an extra forty winks. When mounted he is very different, and although perfect in manners has plenty of fire and courage, but he has not the carriage of the bay.

The Crown Prince rides a very good-looking chestnut Arab, Ruheil by name, presented by the Sultan of Turkey. He is a rare compact little chap, and moves his white feet like a piece of clockwork, and is a great favourite with his master.

Another one in this stable is the Empress's riding-horse, Ziegfried, a chestnut without a white hair, and a rare good-looking one as well.



From a Photo. by] THE EMPRESS'S RIDING-HORSE— ZIEGFRIED. *[C. Pelham-Clinton.*

Gleams from the Dark Continent.

By Charles J. Mansford.

IX.—THE WOLVES OF THE ATLAS.

I.

ON the night when this strange adventure began, we sat round the camp fire, listening to Hassan, who was telling us a story.

For many days we had pushed on our way, making for a coast town of Morocco, over a waving, shifting sea of sand. Waterless, treeless, with scarcely a sign of life, save for the sand lizard that rustled across the path of the camels' hoofs, had that journey been; many a deceitful stretch of mirage had lured us out of our way, under a burning sun that sucked up a mist of white heat about us as on we went.

Towards afternoon we had entered upon a different region, for the low, sandy plain gave way to a rocky soil, and soon we reached the verdant valley where we were encamped for the night.

Round us on every side rose gaunt, fantastic mountain peaks, whose frowning sides were honeycombed with countless caves—but there was no sign of human life. The whole surface of the valley was covered with sea-green grass; flowers of every hue sprang up beneath our feet; every scarp and crag of the mountains was festooned with creepers and climbing, blossoming plants. Glad were we, indeed, to find such a halting-place upon our way. So we hobbled the camels and pitched the tent, intending to stay in the valley for a few days, and to explore the caves about us.

The flicker of the camp fire flung lights and shadows upon the rocks about, and these, more than once, attracted our guide's attention.

"Sahibs," said Hassan, breaking off in his story, "I saw something moving by yonder crag."

We glanced to where the Arab pointed, but no sign of life was there.

"Go on with the story, Hassan," said Denviers; "the only living thing in this valley besides ourselves and the camels is that lizard. I notice, whenever your yarns get to a difficult point, you always invent some excuse to stop and think."

As he spoke, Denviers pointed to a little grey lizard which had crept close to the camp fire and was watching us, it seemed, with its miniature, star-like eyes.

"The sahib is as disbelieving as ever," remonstrated the Arab; "besides, Hassan, his slave, heard something as well."

Denviers laughed.

"What did you hear, Hassan?"

"Voices," the Arab answered, conclusively, "and I will prove that my words are true." Hassan rose, and, going to where our rifles stood, piled together, he took his own and went off in the direction he had indicated.

A few minutes afterwards our guide came stumbling towards the camp fire, carrying bodily in his arms a prisoner, who was struggling hard to free himself from Hassan's grip.

We rose hastily from before the camp fire and looked in astonishment at the captive, whom Hassan had freed, and who stood scowling at us.

The man was a dwarf, his height being not

"THE PRISONER STRUGGLED HARD TO FREE HIMSELF.

more than four feet; he wore a white loin-cloth, which contrasted with the dark colour of his skin; his hair was tufted and reddish in hue; his features were typically African; his face was round and small, his body being well proportioned to the man's height.

Denviers and I discussed Hassan's capture with the Arab, who told us that as soon as he came upon the dwarf, the latter had flung himself upon our guide with the utmost courage, exhibiting a strength far beyond what his appearance indicated.

Hassan then interrogated the dwarf in Arabic, who appeared to understand, but instead of replying to the Arab, he uttered a loud click-like cry, which seemed to be answered at once from the mountains around.

"Look out, Harold!" cried Denviers, snatching up the rifles and thrusting mine into my hand. I had hardly seized the weapon when I saw, to my astonishment, that the face of the cliffs around us swarmed with dwarfs. They climbed agilely down the rocky walls, issuing from the many caves we had seen, and in a few minutes the valley was filled with an excited and armed body of dwarfs. Our camels were seized and led away, while a number of the dwarfs ran towards us and attacked us. For a time we hesitated to defend ourselves against our strange foes, but we soon had to, for our lives were in danger from their spear-thrusts.

Owing to the overwhelming number and pertinacity of the dwarfs, we were eventually overpowered by them and securely bound. We were then dragged away, separately, into the caves at the base of the cliff which faced westward.

In my own case, I was hurried through a long passage in the mountain side, and then up a wide, hewn flight of steps into a second gallery. The men who held me as their prisoner forced me on by thrusting at me, bound as I was, with their spears, until a second stairway was reached. At the top of the stairway I passed through a winding passage, and then abruptly entered a great cavern in the mountain.

The cavern was extremely large and lofty, and in it, as I subsequently learnt, all the dwarf women and children had been assembled. In various parts of the cavern were great fires of wood, round which were gathered hundreds of armed dwarfs.

At the far end of the cave, a fire, larger than the rest, shot up its tongue of flame till the glare lit up the jagged roof above. On the left of this fire, surrounded by his headmen, stood the chief of the dwarfs, interrogating two captives. When I was led close to where the captives were, I found they were Denviers and Hassan, who were being closely questioned as to our presence in the valley. There was a moment's pause as I was placed beside my companions.

I glanced at the chief of the dwarfs curiously. He was slightly shorter than the dwarf whom Hassan had captured; his white robe, which was caught up under the left arm, had a wide strip which passed across the right shoulder, leaving the arm bare. The garment hung down in graceful folds, and was plentifully adorned with various charms. The chief's features did not differ from those of the rest of his tribe; his hair was white with age, and he leant upon a spear.

The whole cave was rich in treasure; great piles of ostrich feathers lay heaped up with many other articles of value, while behind where the chief of the dwarfs stood rose a throne of gold, representing in delicate workmanship a succession of ostrich feathers, inset with countless glittering gems.

"Ye are spies of the Marabout's," the chief said, in Arabic, to Denviers, as the latter attempted to allay, in some degree, the excitement our presence had caused.

"We do not know of this Marabout, or religious leader," answered Denviers; "we have been crossing the desert for many days and stayed in the valley by chance."

"Ye are spies!" the chief insisted; "day and night do we expect the host of the Marabout. With him is the scabbard, with me the sword. When the one shall sheathe the sword in the other's body, then shall that one own sword and scabbard, too! Then shall the hated Moors be overrun, and the religion of Islam be a thing of the past!"

A wild light shone in the eyes of the chief as he spoke. We could make nothing out of his words. Hassan, despite the chief's threat against Islam, tried to conciliate him.

"We are thy friends, not thy foes," said Hassan. The chief glanced sharply into the Arab's face.

"Wilt thou fight for those of my tribe?" he asked.

"Give us good reason for so doing and we will," Denviers answered, in place of the Arab.

"A man has but friends and foes," the chief answered: "those who fight for him and those who fight against him. Those who stand by are enemies—they will join his foes should these be victorious! Swear to fight for me and your bonds shall be undone, if not——" The chief did not

finish his sentence, but pointed with his spear to the crimson flame rising high beside him.

We talked together for a few minutes discussing what answer should be given. It was evident we were completely in the power of our strange captors, and that fact alone influenced our decision.

"We will fight for you," Denviers answered, at last.

We were compelled to swear to do this by each plucking a burning ember from the fire and holding it up in the right hand, at the same time kneeling before the dwarf chief, our bonds having been loosened.

"Come with me," said the chief. He moved away slowly, and following him up some wide stone stairs, we found ourselves in a squared chamber of rock. The chief flung himself upon a couch of skins, and then clapped his hands. Instantly an attendant entered, to whom the chief gave a command.

The man shortly returned and, kneeling before the chief, held up in both hands a Moorish sword, heavily jewelled about the hilt. The chief dismissed the attendant, then gave us the sword to examine. There was an inscription cut into the finely-tempered blade; Hassan read it. It ran: "*To the Wolves of the Atlas. From Houssa.*"

"Rest ye," said the chief, pointing to some skins which were spread before him. We according reclined there, and the chief, who had noticed our curious glances at the sword, without commenting thereon, began his strange narrative, which was fated to have, had we known, a stranger interruption.

II.

"FRIENDS of the Wolves of the Atlas, listen!" the chief began. "Many are the wise fools who have sought us out to learn our history. They have talked to the false Moors, and learnt by that nothing: they have captured, occasionally, one of the men of our tribe and tried to wrest from him our secret—by that they learnt less! Yet we are a strange race—for the land of the Moors was ours long before the followers of Islam dwelt in it! We are a people who live in caves, for we are sprung from those who lived for centuries beneath the earth. Hear our strange story:—

"WE WERE COMPELLED TO SWEAR."

"In the south of this vast continent dwells the race from which we are sprung; the poorest savage among them knows of caves with passages, miles in length, leading whither few can tell. There were three chiefs with kraals not far from each other. Two were rich in cattle, one old, one young; the third was poor, but had a daughter to wed, and she was beautiful beyond all women, and loved the chief who was young, bidding her father send back the cattle that the old chief sent to buy her with. So the father gave the girl to the young chief, and the lovers' hearts were glad.

"Sagai, the disappointed chief, whose braves were as many as spears of grass beside a well, gathered his men. They sharpened their spears; they held the dance of war; when the gloom gathered they stole forth; when dawn broke, shimmering in the east, they fell upon the kraal of the young chief;

there was spearing and crashing of shields —by nightfall the young chief had been defeated. He fled to the hills, bearing with him his young bride and accompanied by a few braves and those women of their kraal they had carried away with them.

"No rest that night the young chief knew; hour after hour he lay watching the glowing embers of the fire they had made in the cave wherein they had taken refuge.

"As the young chief rested by the fire, one of his braves drew near and made a motion that he would speak. The chief bade him open his lips :—

"'Tali,' said the young chief, 'thou hast a stout heart and a true spear, yet art thou strange in many ways. Thou art he whom the Rainmakers most did hate, for they promised things that did not always come to pass—thou art the Dreamer, whose dreams come ever true! Open thy lips, and say what, even during this night of my trouble, thy dream has been!'

"And the Dreamer, making obeisance to the chief, whom he loved beyond all things else, knelt before the fire, and, blowing it with his breath, made it glow white hot. He glanced at the shapes in the glowing embers, and held up his hand as one who would have another listen:—

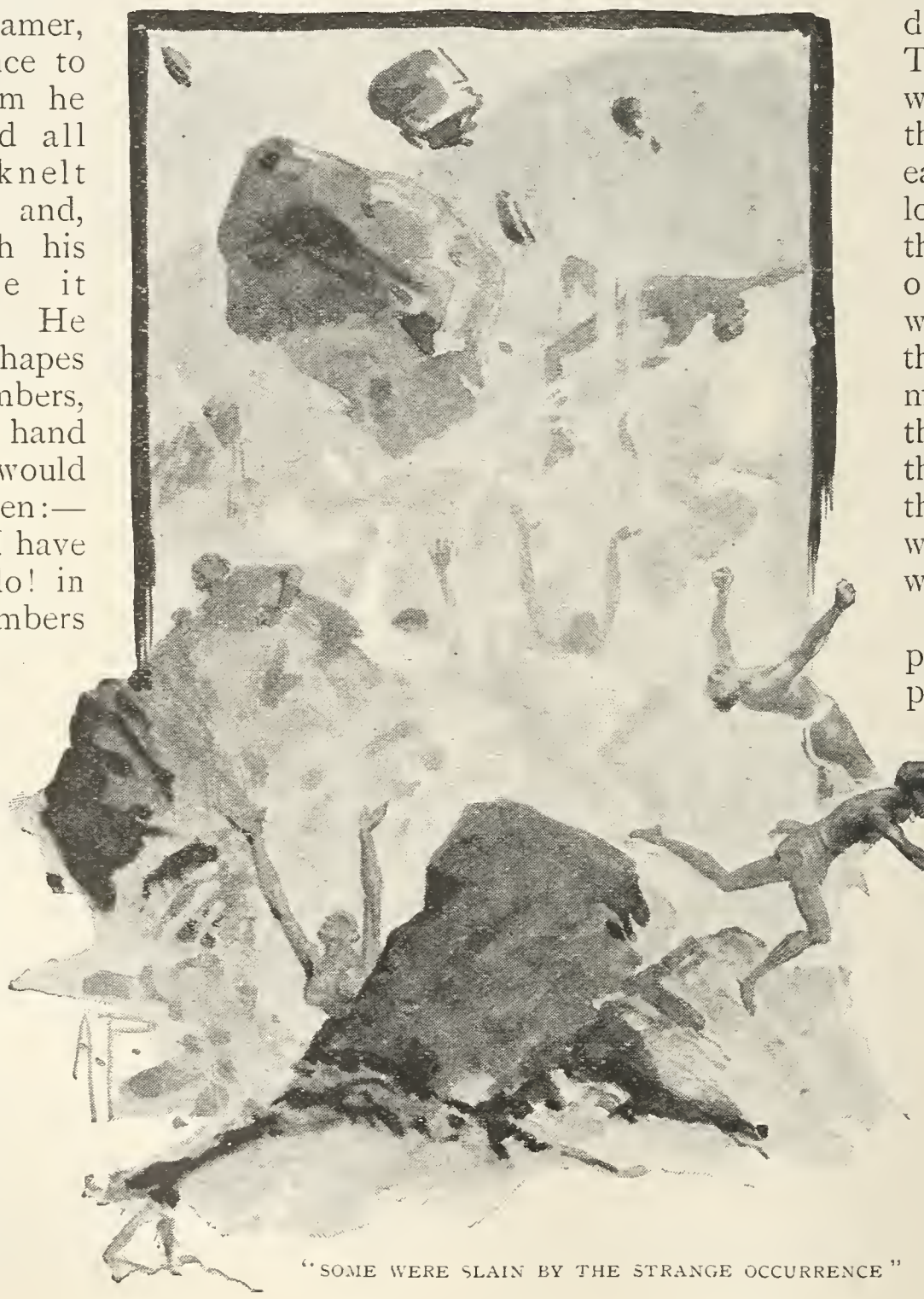
"'A dream I have dreamed; and lo! in the glowing embers I see each part of it is true! And this is what I dreamed: A young chief, beaten in battle, but victorious in love, lay down in a cave with his followers to rest. When day dawned, the chief knew not where to go, for his kraal was burnt, his best warriors slain, his enemy watched to slay him. A long passage ran from the cave, and the chief determined to explore it; he followed that strange way, and when at last he and those with him emerged, they found themselves in a land beautiful to look upon. There the chief grew in power and wealth until his followers, who were then many, were feared by all. They overran the lands around, and were masters of every nation they thought fit to bring into subjection.'

"'And who was this chief?' he asked the Dreamer.

"'Thyself,' Tali answered. The young chief grew thoughtful. For three days after Tali's dream they stored what provision they could get from the surrounding country; on the fourth they started, holding torches of twisted grass in their hands, to explore that great passage.

"Long they wandered, and strange things they saw until, at last, they came to a place where the passage divided. Whether to go to left or right they did not know. They took the wrong way and there, under the earth, they were lost! Long after, they found a great orifice through which ran a stream; there they determined to settle, their sole food being the strange reptiles that flitted about with bird-like wings.

"Generations passed by; deprived of the light of the sun, they kept fires burning from a forest of black, shining trees which they discovered, but their stature diminished perceptibly each generation. One day, from every gap and fissure,



"SOME WERE SLAIN BY THE STRANGE OCCURRENCE"

smoke and vapour, heat, and even columns of fire, spurted up about them. Then the whole earth seemed to rock and rend. When next they remembered aught they were above the ground, thrown there by some great convulsion of the earth. Some were slain by the strange occurrence, others wounded; many were lost altogether.

"The survivors found themselves in this land; in time they peopled it and became a great nation. Then came the Moors, who drove them from their possessions to dwell in the caves. Already in the mountains dwelt a fierce race, the Riffs, and to these, Houssa, the great Moor, sent a jewelled scabbard, but to us he sent the sword ye have seen. Houssa was once the Sultan's favourite, but he fell into disgrace. The day before he was bow-stringed, he sent these two presents. Gifted with prophecy, as are men whom death beckons, Houssa declared that if my tribe took the scabbard from the Riffs in war and sheathed in it the sword, then the Riffs would be overcome and henceforth fight on our side, so that when we attacked each city of the Moslems we should defeat the Moors and drive them from the land they once stole from us."

"And I suppose Houssa told the Marabout, the leader of the Riffs, that if he took the sword from you, your tribe would become the subject one and help him to conquer the Moors?" asked Denviers.

"Knowing and true are thy words," the chief of the dwarfs answered.

Denviers whispered to me:—

"It looks as if the Moor meant to get rid of both the dwarfs and the Riffs by giving them a reason for fighting each other to the death!"

"I think the Sultan lost a good diplomatist in Houssa, if he did have the fellow bow-stringed," I answered, thoughtfully.

"The Riffs have sworn to take the sword from us; they who cannot scale the outer face of the cliffs to the caves, have learnt some other way into our stronghold. Just as the valley ye entered is surrounded by cliffs, so is the greater hollow wherein is our city. The caves ye were brought by run through this rock which lies between the two valleys. Now must ye seek rest, for the dawn is at hand; when ye are refreshed with sleep I will——"

The chief of the dwarfs suddenly stopped speaking, for into his audience chamber ran half-a-dozen excited dwarfs

"Great chief, the Riffs are upon us!" cried one. "They are storming the valley of the city!" cried another. "They hold every crest above us!" cried a third.

The chief of the dwarfs hurriedly passed through a rock-cut passage to a rough platform of rock, which commanded a view of the valley and the heights. Without hesitation we followed him, and this is what we saw:—

With shouts and cries to Allah for aid, the Riff Highlanders were charging down the slopes, with fixed bayonets, upon the spear-armed dwarfs who were struggling upwards and gallantly defending each foot of the way!

III.

"Well, Harold," said Denviers, gloomily, to me at the close of that eventful day; "I think it is all over with us at last."

"I wouldn't give much for our chance of escape," I answered, slowly; "we seem to be shut up with the chief of the dwarfs here like three rats in a trap."

We grew silent at the end of a short conversation. All that day the dwarfs had fought the Riffs with the courage that is born of despair. Unequally armed and outnumbered, they had disputed every foot of their city with the attacking Riffs. Their chief had begged us to fulfil our promise, and accordingly we fought on the side of the dwarfs. Their city proved to be of considerable extent, and when the Riffs poured in a mad stream through its narrow streets, they met with the utmost resistance. Towards the afternoon, however, the whole city was in the Riffs' possession, every building and open space showing the slaughter and destruction which alone had brought about this result.

The chief retreated, at last, to his audience chamber; there, Denviers and I, together with a few dwarfs, made a last stand as the Riffs dashed up the wide, rock-cut stairs which led into it. Hassan we had lost in the city, during the fight there, and we felt sure that he was killed. I can only attribute the stand which Denviers made to the vengeance he sought to obtain from the Riffs for the loss of our faithful guide's services and life.

Denviers stood upon the fourth step of the way; behind him was a handful of dwarfs, as well as myself and the chief dwarf. We had obtained bayoneted rifles, taken from slain Riffs, and with one of these weapons Denviers thrust down to death each man that tried to win the stairs. I have mentioned my companion's stature and strength, but his deeds that afternoon seemed even beyond what such could give him

power to do. More than once the Riffs drew back from the fight in sheer amazement; they would draw together and talk to each other as if almost despairing to win the way. Then they would come on again, shouting and cheering each other on. They had no ammunition left, as we soon saw, or Denviers would have been shot down in an instant. At last one of the fanatic Riffs made a dash at Denviers, who thrust him through with his bayonet, but as the man fell backward, and before Denviers could defend himself, another Riff threw down his own weapon and closed with my companion.

"DENVIERS THRUST HIM THROUGH."

The next instant Denviers was down and secured by several Riffs, while the others charged upon us who still opposed them. We fought till we were overpowered; they slaughtered the dwarfs with the exception of the chief, whose appearance and apparel showed he was someone of importance. Soon afterwards, Denviers, with the chief of the dwarfs and myself, were thrust into the chief's audience chamber. We were all wounded—Denviers very seriously. There we were guarded, after being disarmed, by several Riffs. A message then came to the chief of the dwarfs, demanding the strange sword which had been the cause of the invasion. He did not know where it was; during some part of the fray it had been wrested from his hand.

"I expect," said Denviers, resuming the conversation which had ceased, "that we shall not live much longer."

"It is this sword that has saved our lives even for a short while," I answered. "I feel quite certain of the fact: the Marabout who leads these Riffs thinks, if we three are slain, there will be no one to question as to its whereabouts. He fancies, no doubt, that we have the sword, and will, I daresay, try to wrest from us the secret of its hiding-place."

I had scarcely made answer so, when one of the Riffs who guarded us entered the audience chamber, and bade us rise and follow him. Knowing that resistance was useless, we did so, and were marched through several of those strange passages in which the mountains abounded.

At last we found ourselves in what we learnt was called the Hall of the Well. This was a great circular room, hewn out of the solid rock, its sides being polished by some art known to the dwarfs. Round the room ran tiers of stone seats; one was elevated more than the others, and upon it sat the Marabout who had summoned us into his presence.

At the foot of the lowest tier of seats was a great flagged, circular space, in the centre of which was the mouth of a well. The waters of the well were dried up; indeed, the room had long been used as one in which to publicly execute criminals, who were flung alive into the well.

The Marabout, who was of Moorish appearance, wore a green robe and turban. Fastened to his side was the scabbard of the sword which he desired to possess. His dark eyes glittered as he saw the chief of the dwarfs thrust before him.

"The scabbard is here—yonder, the well of death," the Marabout said, glancing at his

rival; "give up the sword and thou shalt be spared."

The chief of the dwarfs knew that by sparing his life, the Marabout would fail to carry out the prophecy in which both men so strangely believed. He glanced back at the Marabout as he answered:—

"The well is not for my body while I live. Thou must first find the sword and slay me ere thou canst hope for the promise of the great Houssa to be fulfilled!"

"I will slay thee and thy allies; the well waits; when the sword is found it shall pass through thy body, which shall be dragged lifeless from the well."

The Marabout motioned to his attendant Riffs, two of whom seized the dwarf and forced him towards the well. Just as the man was being held with his head and part of his body right over the mouth of the well, one of the Riffs suddenly entered the Hall of the Well, uttering a loud cry of appeal to the Marabout.

"Lo! illustrious Marabout. I have found the sword!" cried the man. The Marabout beckoned for his foe to be brought from the well. The two men forced the dwarf to his knees before the Marabout, while the one who had found the sword made humble obeisance, as he presented the weapon.

"Slay the dwarf with thine own hand, illustrious Marabout," cried the Riff; "then shall it be ever after sheathed in thy scabbard in peace!"

The Marabout stretched forth his hand to take the weapon from the Riff, when the latter suddenly plunged it into his breast!

The Riffs darted forward to seize the man's arm, but were too late, for the Marabout fell dead upon the stone steps.

The Riffs had hardly recovered from their astonishment when, in half-a-dozen places at once, the flagging of the floor was thrust up, and out from the orifices swarmed a number of dwarfs, who fell fiercely upon the Riffs. We wrenched weapons from the men nearest us, and fought the Riffs until they turned and fled precipitately—the man who held the jewelled sword leading us on in the attack.

The disorganized Riffs were hunted and slain for the most part; some of them, however, escaped when the night came on. We owed so much to the Riff who had slain the Marabout, that when we gathered about him at a later time that night, Denviers asked the man why he had killed his leader. For answer, the man drew off the covering upon his head, and exposed his features—it was Hassan!

Our guide told us next day, after we had parted with the strange dwarf tribe, of his adventures in that cave-eaten place; how he had found the sword, and hearing where the Marabout was, had got together the dwarfs, who had fled to the caves, in order to make one final attempt to free us.

We reached Tangier, our destination, in safety, and there our journey across the Dark Continent ended.

"THE RIFF SUDDENLY PLUNGED THE WEAPON INTO HIS BREAST."

Some Peculiar Entertainments.

I.

By Framley Steelcroft.

YOU will often hear a man say, with smug, smiling wonder: "It's amazing what people will do for a living"; and, really, it is. Now, while I don't claim to have brought together —"right here" as the Americans say—all the peculiar items of "business" that are at this moment amusing, thrilling, or horrifying the paying public of both hemispheres, yet I have secured a representative lot, each one of whom I have at one time or another interviewed personally.

First of all, then, let me introduce to your notice (I feel something of a showman myself, now) Professor James Finney and his sister playing nap beneath the water in their

PROFESSOR FINNEY AND HIS SISTER PLAYING NAP UNDER WATER.

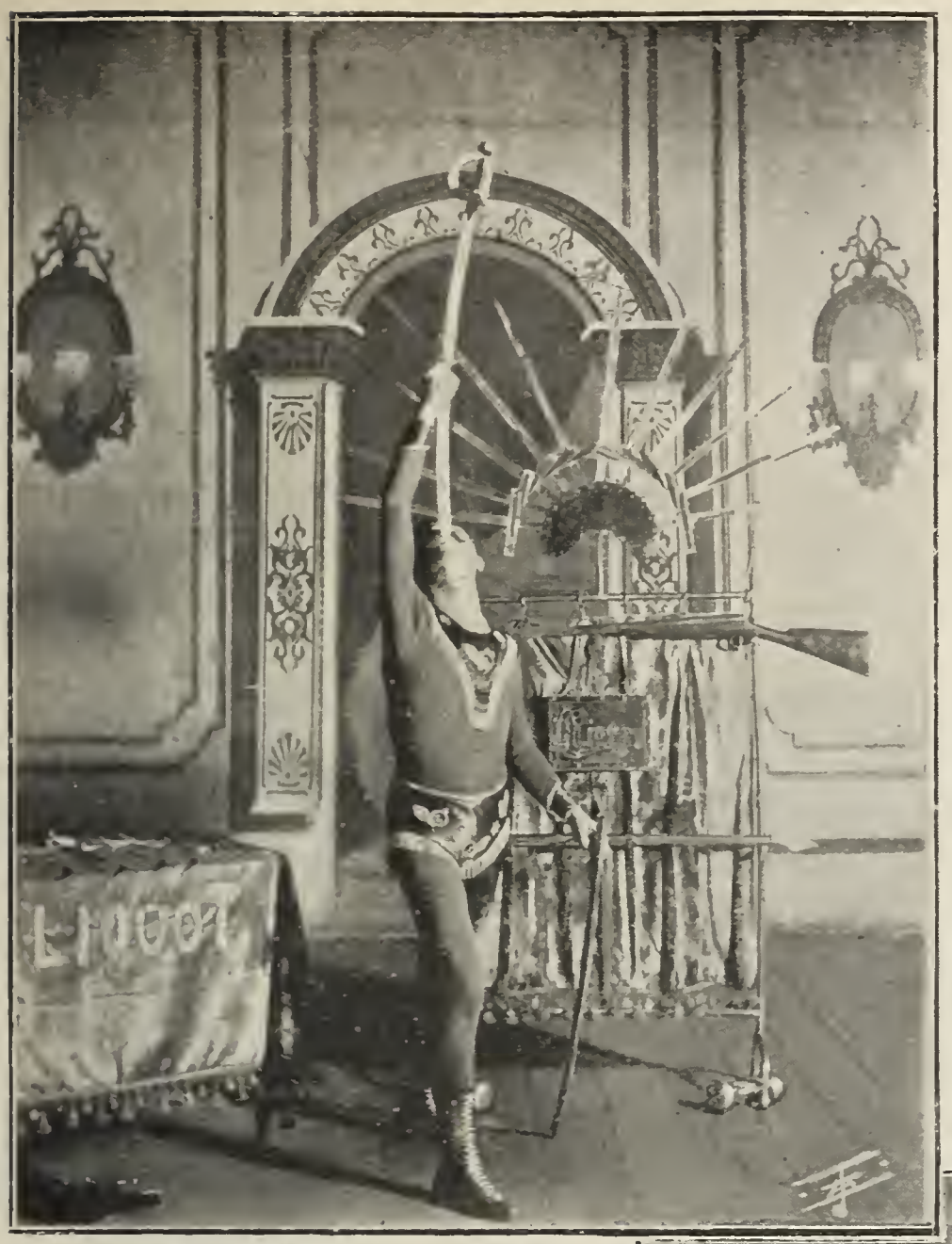
big tank, which holds 300 gallons and cost a £100 note. And I should mention that it would be utterly impossible for these well-known swimming experts to simulate interest in the game, were it not that the water is heated to a temperature of 80deg. The porcelain cards are specially made at the Staffordshire potteries.

Another feat performed by Finney under water is the picking up of seventy or eighty gold-plated halfpennies with his mouth, his hands being tied securely behind his back. Just consider what this means. The expert assures me he finds the picking up and stowing away of the coins one by one in his mouth a most arduous and even painful task. He has, however, remained nearly four and a half minutes beneath the water, and is the possessor of a whole museum of cups and medals, whose mere intrinsic value is about £1,000.

Miss Marie Finney is, perhaps, our premier lady swimmer; and among her remarkable feats may be mentioned a header from London Bridge. It is not known what useful end this served, but it is duly recorded in the printed matter relating to the lady herself. This peculiar pair perform a variety of antics beneath the water, including eating cakes, drinking milk, and smoking. "Professor" Finney (this is the generic title of these specialists) makes some interesting calculations as to the quantity of comestibles consumed by him under water every year; and without prolixity I may say that this is enough to stock one of the Aerated Bread Company's well-known establishments.

I believe that in certain unexalted circles the expression "Go and eat coke!" is sometimes used as an opprobrious admonition. Into the derivation of this I will not go, but I have seen the thing done by an artiste (save the mark!) yclept "the Human Ostrich." He was this and much more; for not only did the man swallow every day sufficient carboniferous fuel to cook a respectable dinner for an ordinary Christian, but he also "chawed" and ate at each meal a stout glass tumbler and a lot of wood shavings. The "dessert" (note the ghoulish humour of the printed *menu*) consisted of a couple of lengthy tallow candles, and the whole was washed down by copious draughts of water, while the pianist played a suitably fantastic fantasia.

But some people will swallow anything—especially at £40 a week. We next see the Chevalier Cliquot (these fellows *must* have titles) in the act of swallowing the major part of a cavalry sabre, 22in. long. Cliquot,



CLIQUOT SWALLOWING A 22-INCH CAVALRY SABRE.

whose name suggests the swallowing of something far more grateful and comforting than steel swords, is a French Canadian by birth, and has been the admitted chief in his dangerous profession for more than eighteen years. He ran away from his home in Quebec at an early age, and joined a travelling circus bound for South America. On seeing an arrant old humbug swallow a small *machete* in Buenos Ayres, the boy took a fancy to the performance, and approached the old humbug aforesaid with the view of being taught the business. Not having any money, however, wherewith to pay the necessary premium, the overtures of the would-be apprentice were repulsed, whereupon he set to work experimenting on his own æsophagus with a piece of silver wire.

To say that the preliminary training for this sort of thing is painful, is to state the fact most moderately: and even when stern purpose has triumphed over the laws of anatomy, terrible danger still remains. On one occasion, having swallowed a sword and then bent his body in various directions as an adventitious sensation, Cliquot found that the weapon also had bent to a sharp angle; and quick as thought, realizing his own position as well as that of the sword, he whipped it out, lacerating his throat in a dreadful manner. Plainly, had the upper part of the weapon become quite detached, the sword-swallower's career must infallibly have come to an untimely end. Again, in New York, when swallowing *fourteen* 19in. bayonet-swords at once, Cliquot had the misfortune to have a too sceptical audience, one of whom, a medical man who ought to have known better, rushed forward and impulsively dragged out the whole bunch, inflicting such injuries upon this peculiar entertainer as to endanger his life and incapacitate him for months.

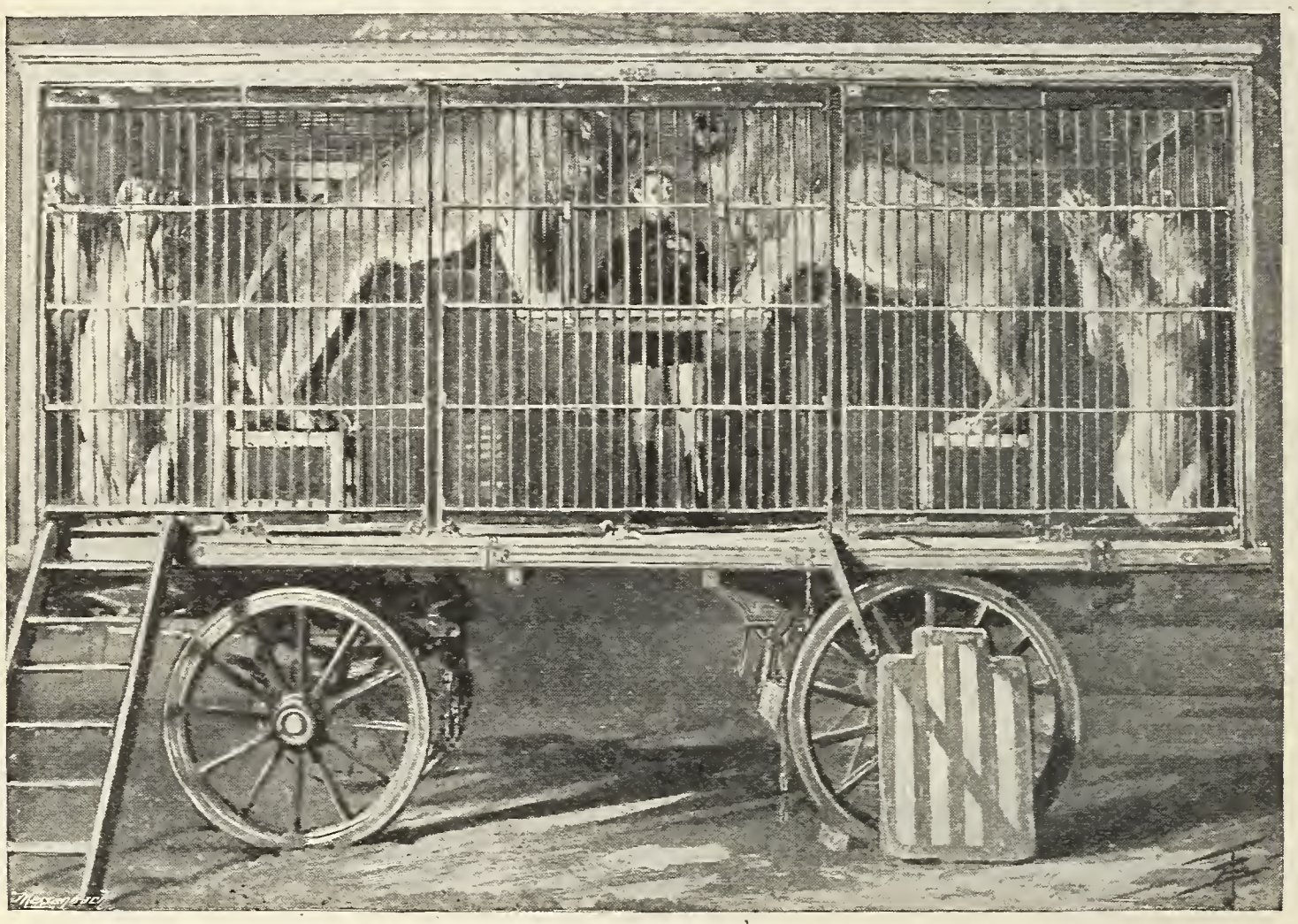
CLIQUOT SWALLOWING A WEIGHTED BAYONET-SWORD.

In the second photograph, on page 329, Cliquot is seen swallowing a very real bayonet-sword, weighted with a cross-bar and two 18lb. dumb-bells. In order to vary this performance, the sword-swallower sometimes allows only part of the weapon to pass into his body, the remainder being "kicked" down by the recoil of a rifle, which is fixed to the spike in the centre of the bar and fired by the performer's sister.

The last act in this extraordinary performance is the swallowing of a gold watch. As a rule, Cliquot borrows one, but as no timepiece was forthcoming at the private exhibition where I saw him, he proceeded to lower his own big chronometer into his æsophagus by a slender gold chain. Many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in this country immediately rushed forward with various instruments, and the privileged few took turns in listening for the ticking of the watch inside the sword-swallower's body. "Poor, outraged Nature is biding her time," remarked one physician of courtly mien and shabby attire; "but, mark me, she will have a terrible revenge sooner or later."

The circumstances under which the next photograph was taken are not likely to fade easily from my mind; indeed, the task proved one of frightful suspense and anxiety to everyone concerned, including the artist of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. For in this very cage was a so-called "lion tamer" fearfully mauled by a majestic brute on Christmas Eve last; and this very man—Ricardo—dragged his dying colleague literally from the lion's jaws.

The fact is, we did not know what effect the magnesium flash would have on these four formidable beasts. Would it irritate them, and cause them to vent their leonine spleen upon the daring man in their cage? Nor do I use the word "daring" for cheap effect. The convenience of the lions—so to speak—was materially interfered with. They were not accustomed to do this sort of thing in the early morning; and, besides, the set performance was commenced in the middle. Frankly, the lions were fearfully excited, and at times they were only restrained from flying at Ricardo by men outside the cage who were armed with spiky poles like boat-hooks. At the moment of taking the photograph, the two lions in the middle of the cage remained perfectly still, their horrid jaws open, their great, lustrous eyes blazing, and the hot steam of their breath playing directly on their "tamer's" face.



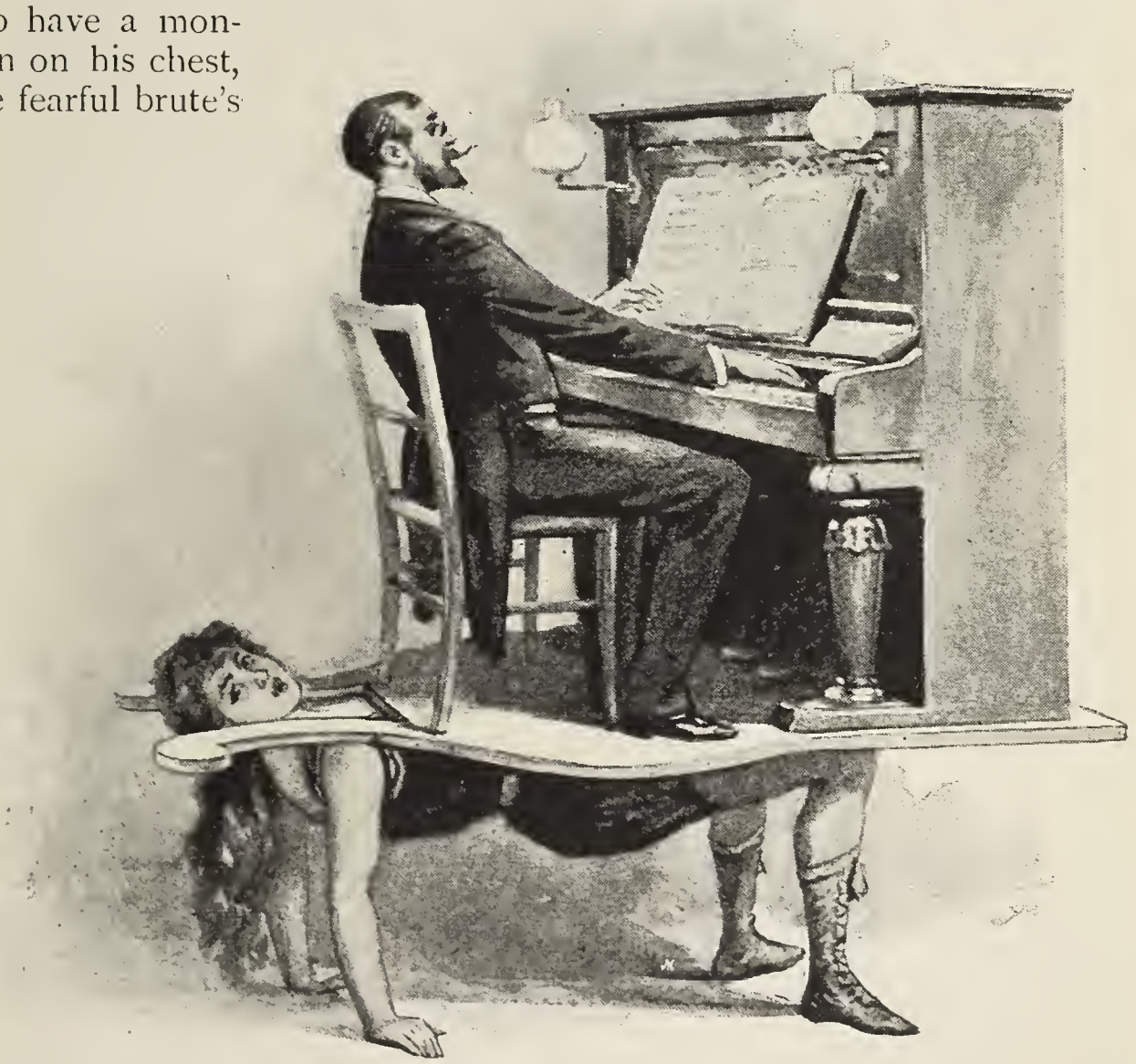
RICARDO IN THE LIONS' DEN.

This man has practised his calling for seven years. He is not troubled with nerves; his constitution is of iron and his philosophy equally sound. "Of course, it *is* dangerous," he said to me, quietly; "but, then, might you not meet with a far less dramatic and more unexpected death beneath an omnibus in Piccadilly Circus, or the Clapham Road?

"At first I was a stableman in a travelling circus," he continued. "I always watched the old lion tamer's performance (he has now retired after more than twenty years of it); and I gradually got on fairly good terms with his beasts. The first cage I entered contained a mixed breed of Alpine and Siberian wolves. Yes, they were very 'ugly' and made for my throat."

One day Ricardo unceremoniously slipped into a den of three newly-purchased lions, who were more than equal to the occasion, since they nearly killed him forthwith. After three months' private intercourse with the huge animals, he was permitted to remain in their cage under protest. And this protest is quite permanent. Ricardo has known what it is to have a monstrous black African lion on his chest, his left knee well in the fearful brute's capacious mouth.

But you know the kind of thing. Let us pass to the "Singing Strong Lady," whose business is as funny as it is original. Really, I don't think the picture needs any explanation at all. This lady, by name (professionally) Miss Darnett, extends herself upon her hands and legs, face uppermost, while a stout platform with a semi-circular groove for the neck is fixed upon her by means of a waist-belt, which passes through brass receivers on the under side of the board. An ordinary cottage piano is then placed by four men on the platform, and presently the lady's callous spouse appears, bowing, and calmly mounts upon the platform also, presumably in order that his execution may carry greater weight with the audience—and with his wife. First of all the pianist plays a dreamy, soothing Strauss waltz; and then the lady warbles a simple love-song—under difficulties and half a ton. But upon the burden of her song we need not dwell; she has enough to bear already.

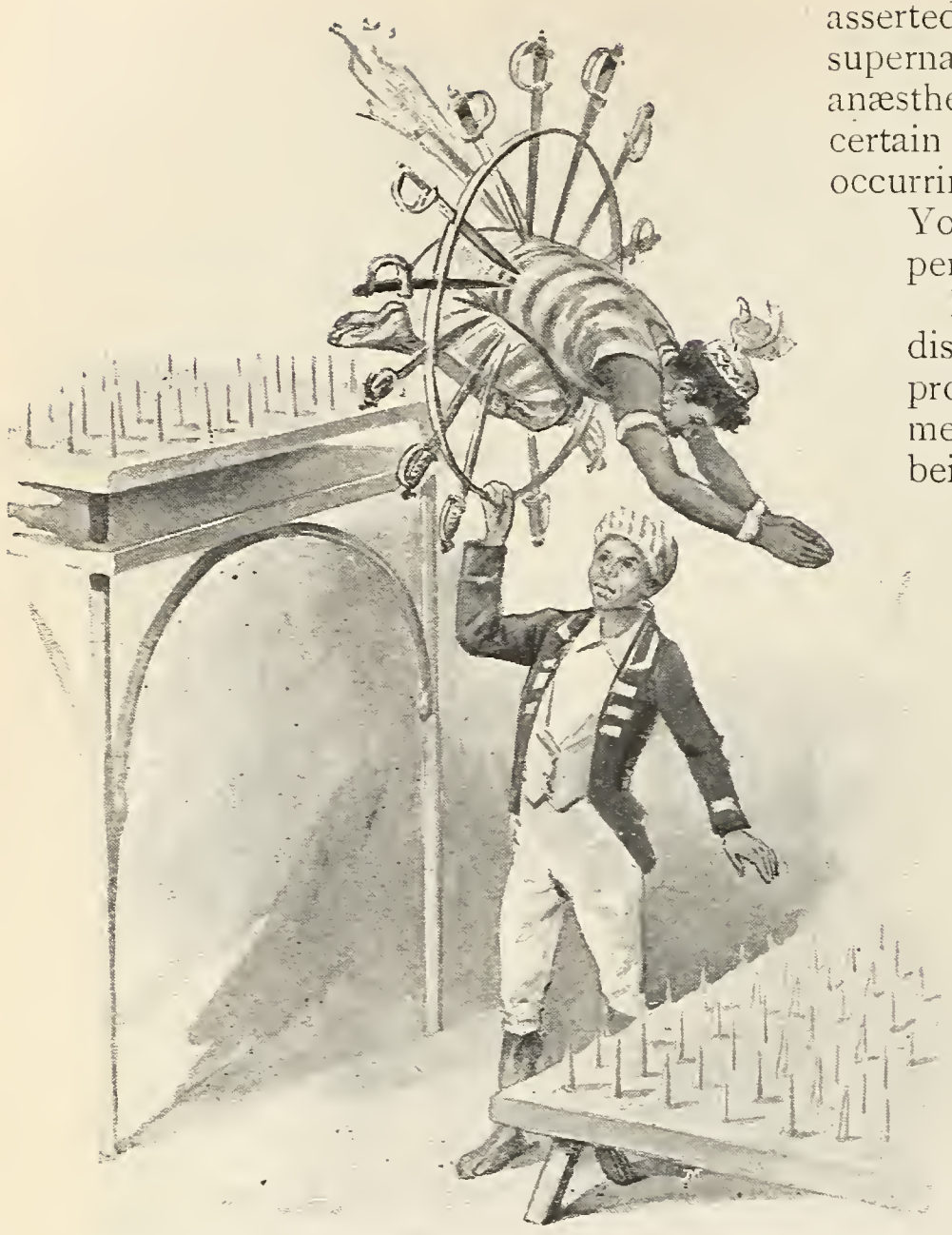


THE SINGING STRONG LADY.

Although the foregoing performance appeals directly to any chivalry that may be in a man's nature, I doubt greatly whether it would make much impression on Rannin, the thick-skinned Cingalese, whose unique business is next depicted.

I saw this man last year at Ronacher's in Vienna; and of course there was the customary crowd of doctors and professors—real professors, this time—from the great hospitals in the Austrian capital.

Neither Occultism nor Theosophy have anything to do with this individual. Although, however, everything in the nature of the supernatural is wanting, the performances of the "man with the iron skin" are extraordinarily interesting; and in spite of their thrilling details they are given with decided grace. On the platform were the requisites with which Rannin conducts his show. Among them were a double ladder, the steps of which were formed of sabres ground to the sharpness of razors; also a kind of bed, thickly sewn with sharp-edged nails whose "business" ends were uppermost; and finally a barrel-shaped utensil, the inside of which was bristling with sharply-pointed nails. Rannin appeared with his shoulders, arms, and feet



"THE MAN WITH THE IRON SKIN"—(RANNIN, THE CINGALESE).

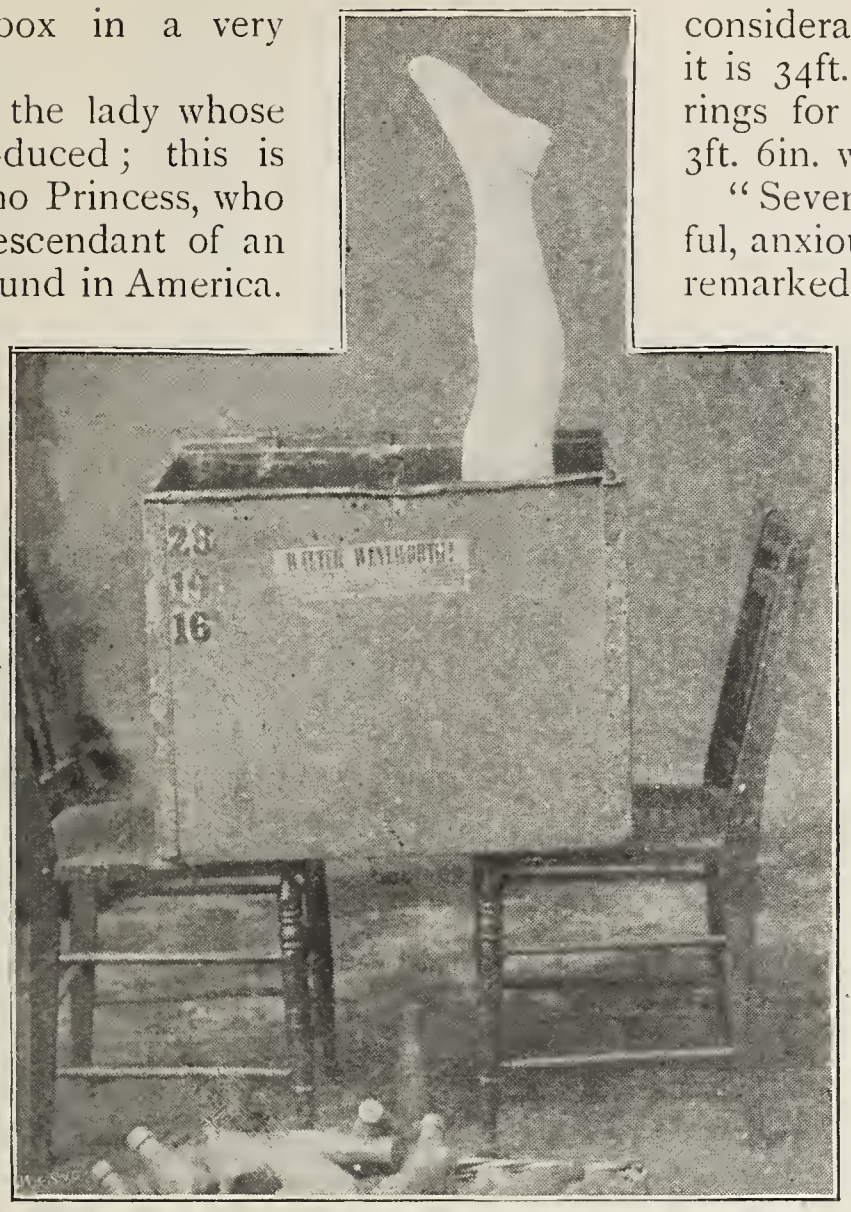
uncovered, and advanced lightly to the front of the platform. After showing how the sabres shred pieces of thick paper into atoms, he ran with bandaged eyes up one side of the sharp sabre-ladder and down the other, at the same time balancing a lamp on his forehead. He next lay down in the barrel, curled himself up closely, and allowed himself to be rolled up and down the platform. Extricating himself with some difficulty from the barrel, he offered himself to those present for their inspection. The impressions of the nails were certainly there, but not the slightest suggestion of a wound. Afterwards he placed himself on the spiked bed, and a man in thick boots mounted on his chest. This individual then placed an iron bar on his own shoulders, and from this two other men hung on the right and on the left. After several other marvellous performances, concluding, as here shown, with a jump from a high spiky platform through a hoop of razor-sharp sword-blades on to the nail-covered bed, Rannin ended his exhibition amid the plaudits of his audience. The medical authorities who had attended the séance of this veritable "man with the iron skin" asserted that it had nothing to do with the supernatural, but was the effect of a kind of anæsthesia, which is the insensibility of certain nerves to exterior impressions, occurring sometimes in peculiar natures. You have probably met such—though perhaps in different degrees.

My next performer is a man of retiring disposition—so retiring, in fact, that his professional *habitat*, so to speak, is a box measuring barely 23in. in length, its depth being 29in. and its width 16in. Nor is this all. When inside, six dozen wooden bottles, of the same size and shape as those which contain soda-water, are carefully stowed in with him, and then the lid is slammed down, leaving the audience, and especially disappointed farmers, to marvel that it should be possible for a man to make such a handsome living out of so infinitesimal a portion of the earth's surface. This man, Mr. Walter Wentworth, whom I met at Moore's Circus in Toronto, is the oldest contortionist living, being now about seventy years of age. He bestows upon his act the quaint name, "Packanatomicalization." In the second photograph he is seen asserting

WENTWORTH, THE CONTORTIONIST, PACKED WITH SIX DOZEN BOTTLES.

his presence in the box in a very comic manner.

Wentworth married the lady whose portrait is next reproduced; this is Miss Grantly, the Albino Princess, who is believed to be a descendant of an albino tribe formerly found in America. The lady's appearance, *per se*, is supposed to constitute an entertainment. She has the usual characteristics of her kind — pure white complexion, pink eyes, white lashes and eyebrows.



WENTWORTH ASSERTING HIS PRESENCE IN THE BOX.

As is well known, these "freaks" are well paid in the United States (Miss Grantly received 200 dollars a week); but this showman has a code of rigorous compulsory modesty for them—instituted, of course, in the interests of the paying public. For, clearly, if the dog-faced man or the bearded lady is foolish enough to go for a walk in park or street, followed by an ever-increasing crowd of unprofitable sight-seers, is not he or she doing a serious, wicked thing by spoiling potential patrons? Most certainly; if these well-paid "entertainers" *must* go out, they are compelled to take proper precautions. The Albino Princess, for example, invariably makes an elaborate toilet before venturing abroad, using cosmetics galore, and wearing an artful wig over her own snow-white hair.

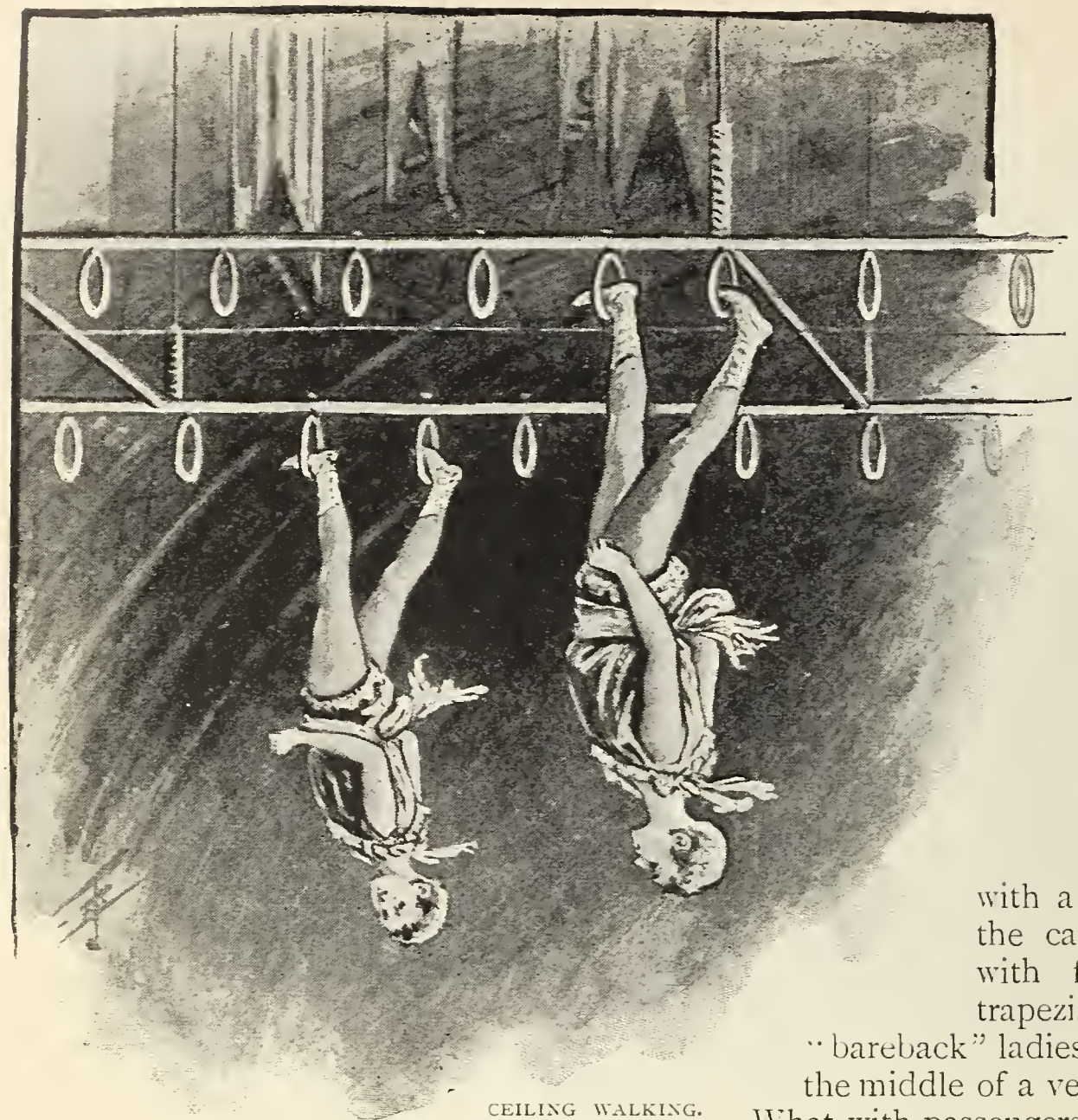
The reproduction on the next page depicts that curious mode of progression known as "ceiling-walking," as performed by the Vol Beck children. They were trained by their father, who has had thirty-two years' experience as a professional gymnast, and, therefore, plenty of time in which to invent new "business." On retiring, Mr. Vol Beck thought he could not do better than put his enthusiastic boys in the way of climbing the ladder of fame; or, at any rate, teach them to make inverted progress along a horizontal ladder—an equally arduous task.

This "property" ladder is of steel and brass, elaborately and beautifully made in thirty-three pieces, each fitting into the other. The apparatus weighs about 4cwt., and cost considerably more than £300; it is 34ft. in length, fitted with rings for the boys' feet, and is 3ft. 6in. wide.

"Seven long months of careful, anxious training took place," remarked Mr. Vol Beck to me, "before I could trust my children to walk upside down as you see them now, eighty or ninety feet from the ground. They can walk or run backwards and forwards at the rate of four miles an hour if necessary," he went on; "and they can cover 200ft. of 'ground'—or, perhaps, I should say air — without stopping for a moment."

And, certainly, the boys seem very much at ease during this novel act. On the occasion of the private performance they gave before THE STRAND MAGAZINE artist and myself, they

WENTWORTH'S WIFE, "MISS GRANTLY," THE ALBINO PRINCESS.



CEILING WALKING.

skipped alternately backwards and forwards with surprising celerity, considering the position and altitude; and the rapidity and confidence with which they hooked their feet in the rings, chatting as they went, was nothing short of marvellous.

Here is a lady with much dependent upon her, yet she bears up wonderfully well. Across her shoulders is a 700lb. bar-bell, on each end of which is a hanger-on whose attentions are frequently almost beyond endurance. This is Madame Elise, a professional strong lady, who is, on occasion, the sole support of a young elephant weighing half a ton, or perhaps ten able-bodied men. She was born at Neuilly, near Paris, and performs with her husband, who is in the same respect-compelling line. Her greatest feat was the lifting of eight men weighing altogether 1,700lb.; the lightest individual on this occasion weighed fourteen stone, and two among them turned the scale at twenty-one stone each. Truly a moving spectacle, this raising of gross, material men by a true, strong woman to her own exalted ethereal level.

And Madame tells funny stories. Travelling with a circus some years ago, the caravan in which she sat with five other "artistes"—trapezists, *haute école*, and "bareback" ladies—came to a standstill in the middle of a very steep hill in Cornwall. What with passengers and circus accessories, the horse was quite overcome, so he just stopped and, while awaiting further developments, commenced to browse peacefully at

MADAME ELISE, THE STRONG LADY, AND HER HANGERS-ON.

the wayside. Persuasion with a boat-hook was tried, but in vain, so Madame Elise, seizing a bit of rope, hastily alighted, harnessed herself to the heavily-laden van, and dragged it in triumph to the brow of the hill, where her place was taken by the ungallant brute.

Next is seen a party of Poona snake-charmers—a terribly dangerous performance, this, in spite of fallacies prevailing to the contrary. I interviewed the man who is playing the "tumri" while the cobra dances—Syad Jamal, of Sholapur. Strangely enough, his philosophy was practically identical with that of Ricardo, the lion tamer. "He says," remarked my interpreter, in guttural tones, "that in Chapter 17 of the Koran is written: 'The scroll of every man's fate is tied on his neck at birth.'"

I learn that this profession remains in one family for centuries. Water-snakes, cobras, and pythons are used, and they are caught in the warm month of May, when the reptiles emerge from their holes. The hunting party in the hill districts are armed with forked sticks, with which the snakes are struck down when they erect themselves to bite; and on curling round these sticks they are thrust into a bag carried by a boy. Before this is done, though, the expert catcher seizes the deadly reptile with three fingers—two at the throat and one on the back of the head—and deftly cuts out the two poison fangs with a penknife, the operation lasting from ten to fifteen minutes. "While do this, he have seen many bite, then die and get black face," remarked Syad Jamal's interpreter; and no wonder, since either the double-spectacled cobra-de-capello of the town, or the nâgsarap of the thicket can, when fresh and angry, lay a strong man dead within two hours.

The newly caught snakes, some only as big as a lead pencil, and others 10ft. long, are taken home and placed in blanket-lined baskets. For days they eat nothing; but after a week or so the charmer takes his

INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMERS.

tumri—a villainous instrument, seen in the photograph, and with the squeal of a bag-pipe, only more so—and on playing this the cobras begin to lift their horrid heads from the baskets, whereupon each reptile receives one egg and a pint of milk. The water-snakes are fed on whitebait, and the larger reptiles receive a chicken every fortnight. These snake-charmers, who are also jugglers, occasionally buy their snakes from the fakirs, paying from 1s. 2d. to £1 each for them.

"Tell him," said Syad Jamal, anxiously, "that we are beggars by birth and education, depending on the merchants for food and shelter; thus all our earnings are clear profit, or nearly so. And, also, that I have received as much as £20 for a performance from the Nizam of Hyderabad, besides gold and silver bracelets, and turbans of cloth of gold." Here the sâmp-wallah, or snake-charmer, fixed his mysterious eyes on me, probably to see if I was properly impressed by these details.

I desire to gratefully acknowledge here the very courteous assistance rendered me in preparing these articles by the following well-known caterers for public entertainment: Mr. Ben Nathan; Mr. Josiah Ritchie, of the Royal Aquarium; Mr. Read, of the Agricultural Hall; and Mr. Maurice De Freece, Manager to Messrs. Warner & Co., of Wellington Street.

The White Kid Glove.

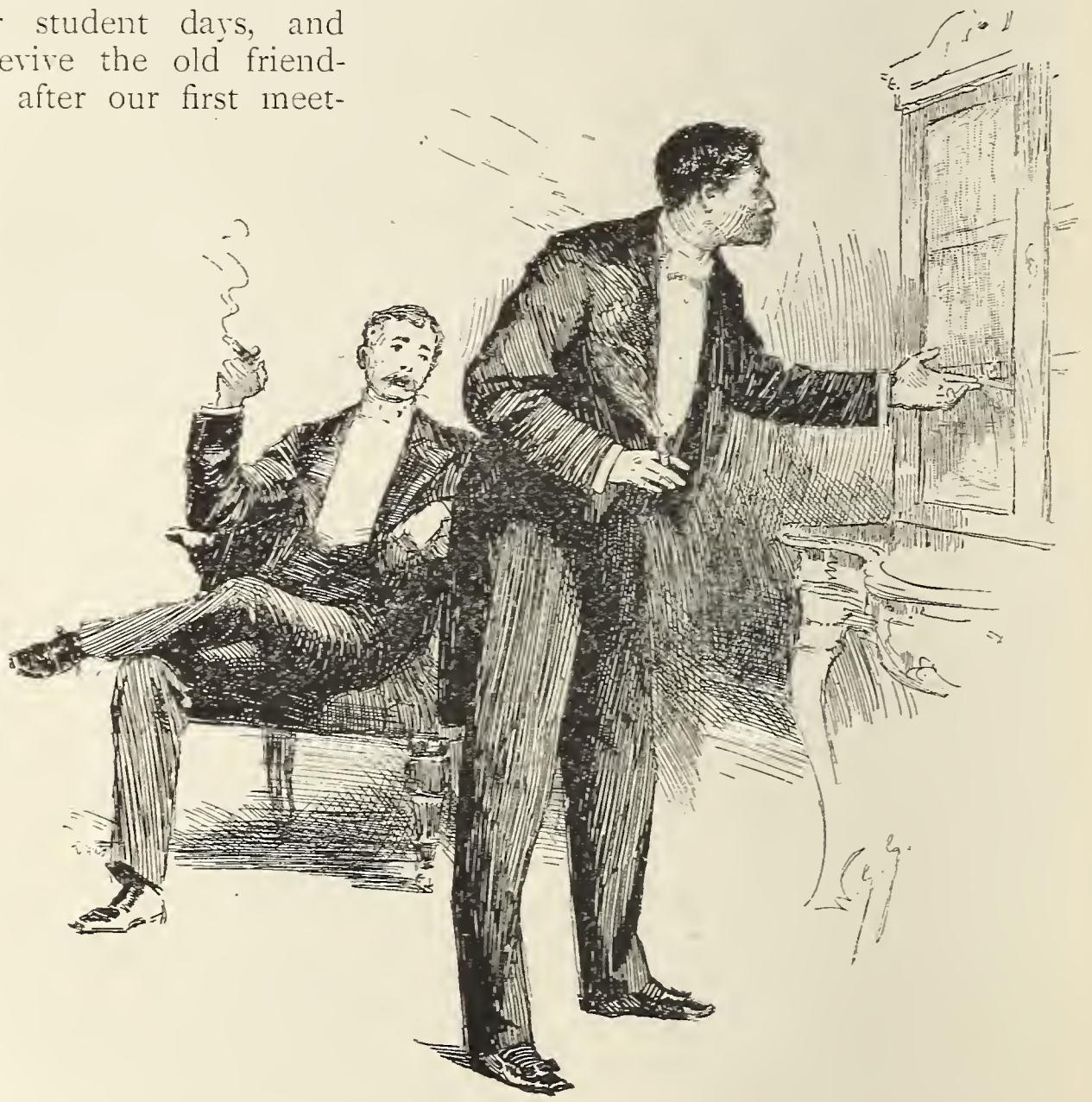
By J. S. Fletcher.

IT was immediately after my return from India in the spring of last year that I met and renewed acquaintance with Clement Holford. I had been in Madras for ten years, and during that time had heard no news of Clement, whom I had known previous to my departure from England as a student at St. Bartholomew's. Now I found him a full-fledged practitioner, comfortably settled in a fashionable quarter of the West-end, married to a very pretty wife, and evidently prosperous in all his concerns. We had been very friendly in our student days, and I was not sorry to revive the old friendship. A day or two after our first meeting Clement dined with me at my club. A week later found me dining at his house in Harley Street. It was on the latter occasion that he told me the remarkable story which I am about to set down.

We were together in Holford's study when he told me the story. It was late, and we were smoking our cigars previous to my retiring. Mrs. Holford had already left us, and Clement and I were exchanging and comparing notes of our various adventures during the previous ten years. While we talked I was noting the contents of my friend's sanctum, in which were displayed various odds and ends of medical and scientific curiosities.

One object attracted my special attention. It was a square cabinet or small cupboard, faced with glass and containing three shelves. On the top and middle shelves were arranged a number of books of more or less out-of-the-way appearance, some in French, some in Italian, some in Spanish, but all dealing with one subject—toxicology. On the bottom shelf stood a square glass case, evidently hermetically sealed, and in it lay a single object—a white kid glove. The cabinet was securely locked, and its general appearance seemed to suggest that its doors were never opened and had remained shut for some considerable length of time.

"Is there some history attached to this cupboard, Holford?" I inquired, tapping the glass doors lightly with my fingers. "And if not, what is the meaning of the white kid glove reposing in the glass case? Is it some love-token, and if it is, why does it lie in company with a collection of works on poison?"



"IS THERE SOME HISTORY ATTACHED TO THIS CUPBOARD?"

Holford shook his head and looked grave.

"There is a history attached to the thing," said he, "and a very gruesome history it is. There must be something of the fantastic in my nature, or I should never keep that cabinet. My wife has begged me to burn it, books, glove, and all its contents, many a time."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't know—unless it is that I am not free from the feeling which makes thousands visit the chamber of horrors at the waxwork show."

"Ah, then, I take it that these things have some connection with some crime or dreadful deed?"

"You are right—they have."

"I should like to hear the story, now that you have aroused my curiosity. Is it too long to tell within half an hour?"

"It is not a very long story," he answered. "But it is a very uncanny one. However, you shall have it. Light another cigar and draw up to the fire, and I will endeavour to recollect all the details of the history connected with the contents of the cupboard."

This is the story he proceeded to tell me:—

"It is now nine years ago since I set up in practice. My first venture was made in another part of London—Highbury—and it was in partnership with Ferdinand Montero, who was introduced to me by old Professor Williams, of St. Perpetua's Hospital. Montero was half-English, half-Mexican, a fine, high-spirited fellow of my own age; brilliant, clever, and full of all the subtlety and resource which resulted in the mixture of English and Mexican blood. He and I got on excellently from the first: our aims and ambitions were similar, and we were both full of enthusiasm for our profession. We bought an old-established practice in the neighbourhood of Highbury and did well. Our patients were of a solid, highly respectable class—City people, who never allowed their accounts to lie on the table unpaid. So far as business was concerned we had no cause for complaint or anxiety.

"Nor for the first year of our partnership had we any reason to be dissatisfied with our relations as co-partners. We lived together, and carried our friendship to a degree of brotherhood. There was never a difference between us even on minor points. I grew to be very fond of Ferdinand Montero. He was always full of good spirits, and was the most brilliant conversationalist I ever knew. Wherever he went he was a favourite, and at that time we went out a good deal into society. Montero was a handsome man—tall, dark, even to swarthiness, with the flashing eyes of his Mexican father and the grace of movement that had come down to him from the Spanish strain in his blood. He had many accomplishments, and would have made his fortune as a musician if he had not been a doctor. I felt myself very much in the shade whenever I went anywhere with him, for his brilliant conversation, handsome features, and musical voice monopolized the attention of everybody.

"Fond as he was of life and amusement, Montero was a hard-working student, and read whenever he could snatch an hour or two from night or day. He had one pet subject—toxicology—and got together a small collection of rare works dealing with it. He paid what I thought to be outrageous amounts for some of these old books, but one or two of them were almost unique and indispensable to him in the work he had in hand, which was a treatise dealing with the history of the secret poisoners. He laboured hard and constantly at this, and accumulated vast stores of learning in relation to it. He did not expect to publish his book for many years, but he often spoke of the fame it must eventually bring him, for it was to be *the* book on the subject. Gradually I got to share his enthusiasm, but I never helped him in his studies, for I was at that time engaged heart and soul in my own treatise on the treatment of fever patients, and had no time to spare for toxicology. In fact, I came to regard Montero's work as of a rather fanciful nature, though I took care never to say so to him.

"About twelve months after the beginning of our partnership we were called upon to prescribe for old General Rexworthy, a retired Indian officer who lived in Highbury New Park, and it was during our visits to the General that we made the acquaintance of his only daughter, Lilian. I need not say anything of her in the way of description, because I had the pleasure of introducing her to you this evening as my wife. It was a case of love at first sight with me, and before many weeks had passed, I had arrived at the conclusion that life was not worth living unless Lilian Rexworthy shared it with me. By that time the General had recovered his health, but we constantly dropped in at his house for a chat or a game of chess with him, and also met him and his daughter at the houses of mutual friends.

"Lilian and I got on well together from the first. There seemed to be a sort of kindred feeling between us, and after a time I had no doubt that my love was returned. For all that, I do not think that anyone had an idea of how matters stood with us. Certainly, Montero had no notion that I was in love with Lilian Rexworthy, for I had never breathed a word to him of my hopes. Nor had I noticed that he himself paid Lilian any special attention, though he called at the Rexworthys' house perhaps oftener than I, and was very fond of seeking Lilian's advice on questions relating to music.

"There is no need to go into the history of my courtship, and I shall, therefore, only tell you that within six months of my first meeting with Lilian Rexworthy I had proposed to her and been accepted. Filled with joy, I lost no time in obtaining her father's sanction, and the same night which saw me accepted by Lilian also saw me solemnly received as future son-in-law by the General. I went home considerably elated — General Rexworthy had been kindness itself, and the remembrance of my sweetheart's bright eyes and the anticipation of all the joy to come made me feel in very high spirits. I ran up to the room which Montero and myself used as a study. My partner was there, burning the midnight oil, and, as usual, deep in his ancient books. He looked up as I entered.

"'Congratulate me, Ferdinand!' I cried, 'I am going to be married.'

"'Married?' said he. 'I did not even know you were engaged. And who is the lady?'

"'Miss Rexworthy.'

"I cannot describe to you the change which came over him as I uttered the words. He started from his chair and leaned over the desk, glaring at me. For an instant all the refinement seemed to die away out of his face, and I saw before me nothing but the features of a savage, dark, passionate, with awful feelings blazing from the glittering eyes.

I started back.

"'Great Heaven!' I cried; 'are you ill, Ferdinand?'

"He sank back in his chair and passed his hand across his forehead, as if awaking from a dream. When he looked up again his face had resumed its usual appearance, but the colour was gone from it, and his lips looked strangely drawn and pale.

"HE STARTED FROM HIS CHAIR."

"'No,' he said, hoarsely. 'No; I am all right again. And you are going to marry Miss Rexworthy?'

"Something in his voice made me observe him more closely. Then it suddenly flashed upon me—he loved her himself. I went up and laid my hand on his shoulder.

"'Ferdinand,' I said, 'I see how it is. I am very sorry; but she has accepted me. You must fight it down, my boy.'

"He shook off my hand with an impatient gesture.

"'She couldn't marry both of us,' he said. 'I congratulate you.'

"With that he turned to his books again, and presently I left the room. As I opened the door I looked at him and saw that the same awful expression had come into his face

again. I went downstairs feeling strangely uncomfortable. It was not pleasant to think that Ferdinand Montero was in love with my future wife.

"Time went on. From that night my partner made no further reference to his feelings with regard to Miss Rexworthy. He did his work, pursued his studies, went into society as usual, and gave no sign. But at times I saw him filled with thoughts which obviously did not refer to the work he had in hand, for there was a far-off look in his eyes which betokened other ideas. And very often when we were reading or writing at midnight in our work-room I looked up to find him gazing into vacancy with that savage look on his features which had alarmed me so much when I broke the news of my engagement to him. At these times I seriously began to consider the advisability of bringing our partnership to an end. Ferdinand was a model business associate, and we had always been on the very best of terms, but it seemed to me that it would be impossible for us to remain on our former footing after my marriage. I could plainly see that his love for Lilian Rexworthy was stronger than ever, and I knew his passionate nature well enough to feel sure that nothing would make him cease to cherish some secret thoughts of her. I determined, however, to wait awhile before coming to any definite decision on the point.

"We were to be married soon after the Christmas following our betrothal, and the time soon passed and brought us to within a week of the wedding day. For some little time Ferdinand had seemed strangely absent-minded, and on several occasions I had entered the work-room to find him talking to himself in a low voice. I thought he was ill, and pressed him to go away for a change of air and scene. To tell the truth, I thought it would be well if he was away at the time of the marriage. He, however, would not hear of leaving home, and reminded me that I myself should presently be away on my honeymoon and that his presence could not be dispensed with. I was forced to acquiesce, but I felt very anxious about him. More than once I found him glaring at me with a vindictive expression in his dark eyes, and I began to fear that he harboured some idea of revenge. I was half-minded to speak to him on the subject, but eventually abandoned the idea. I found it impossible to harbour any doubt of him: we had been such close friends and almost brotherly in our relations.

"On Christmas Eve Ferdinand and I were invited to a dance at the house of a lady who was a great friend of the Rexworthys. It was not often that we could get to a social function together, and once there we were always liable to interruption in the shape of an urgent message from some patient or other. This event, however, was specially given in honour of my approaching marriage, and both Ferdinand and myself felt it incumbent upon us to attend. When the time came I was glad to see him in readiness to go to Mrs. Leetham's house, for he had been ill and evidently out of sorts all day, and needed something to distract his thoughts. As we drove away together I attempted to draw him into conversation.

"'Ferdinand,' I said, 'you don't seem well. I wish you would go away for a week or two. You need change of scene.'

"'I am quite well,' he replied. 'It is impossible, as you know, for me to be away at present. Your marriage will take place within the week.'

"After that he would say no more, and we remained silent until we reached Mrs. Leetham's house. As we entered I noticed that Ferdinand's face was drawn and pale, and that he looked strangely agitated. I again declared my conviction that he was ill, and he again denied the imputation.

"'I am well,' said he. 'Come, let us enter the ball-room. You have not put on your gloves. Be quick—we are very late as it is.'

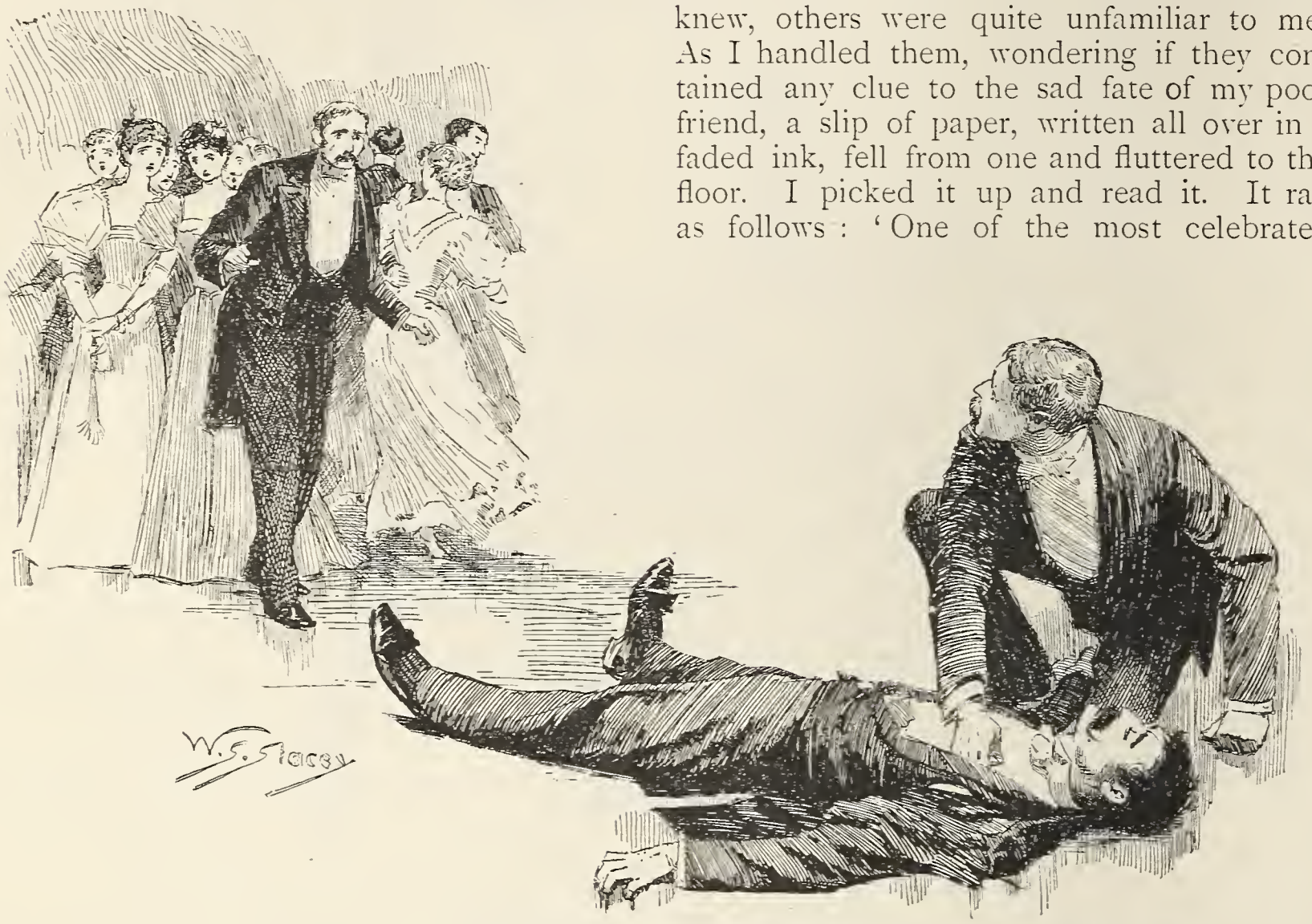
"He was already buttoning his own gloves as he spoke. I drew mine from the pocket of my dress-coat and began putting them on. I noticed that my partner watched me keenly as I did so, and that he drew a long breath as I fastened the last button.

"'There: now for the ball-room,' said he, and turned along the hall to the door of the brilliantly-lighted apartment, where dancing had already begun. The musicians were playing a dreamy waltz as we entered, and under the music ran a ripple of pleasant laughter and light-hearted conversation. I looked round the room in search of Lilian; she was opposite the door talking to our hostess. They both saw us and came over to where we stood. As they drew near I suddenly saw a terrified expression steal into their eyes, and the next instant Mrs. Leetham screamed:—

"'Dr. Holford! look at Dr. Montero!'

"I turned on Ferdinand like a flash. Never, as long as I live, shall I forget his face. He stood near the door, his body

fixed in an awful rigidity, his face working convulsively, his eyes positively horrible in their attempt to convey some message which his tongue refused to utter. I rushed to his side, but before I or any of the bystanders could reach him he fell to the ground, and lay there apparently lifeless. I was kneeling by him on the instant, and another medical man came hurrying up in response to a call for help. The music stopped, the light chatter and merry laughter died away, and people looked on awe-struck while we made a hasty examination.



"I WAS KNEELING BY HIM ON THE INSTANT."

"He was dead. I felt sure of it from the moment I saw him fall, and the merest glance at him showed us the worst. And he was not only dead, but cold and rigid. It seemed as if light and life had gone out of him at one fell stroke.

"There was, of course, an end to all merry-making for that night, and presently the house was deserted save by those who remained to attend to poor Montero. Two or three hours later we removed the body to my house, and at midnight I found myself gazing on the cold face of my dead partner and wondering what had caused his death. For neither I nor the other medical man who had seen him die could accurately say what killed him. It was not heart disease, nor apoplexy, nor a seizure of the ordinary kind. It was some mode and form of sudden death with which we were unfamiliar.

"I went into our work-room and began to think the matter over. The sight of Montero's works on toxicology lying loosely arranged on his desk suggested a thought of sinister aspect to me. Had he poisoned himself? I went across the room and began to turn the books over. Some of them I knew, others were quite unfamiliar to me. As I handled them, wondering if they contained any clue to the sad fate of my poor friend, a slip of paper, written all over in a faded ink, fell from one and fluttered to the floor. I picked it up and read it. It ran as follows: 'One of the most celebrated poisoners of Italy was accustomed to poison his victims by rubbing the inside of their gloves or gauntlets with a preparation which soaked into the flesh and produced death within a few minutes.'

"I let the paper fall from my hand, overwhelmed by a terrible conviction that Ferdinand had chosen this ingenious mode of terminating his life. I hastily left the work-room and returned to the chamber where his dead body lay. I lifted his right hand and examined it. It was cold and still, and I could at first see no mark on it. Presently, however, I noticed that there was a slight discoloration about the palm, and that a faint odour of some drug seemed to linger there. I went back to the work-room, feeling that there was some mystery. In the corridor I met our housekeeper, who evidently wished to speak to me.

"'What shall I do with Dr. Montero's

clothes, sir?' she inquired. 'Shall I put them away, or will they be wanted at the inquest?'

"'Oh, put them away,' said I. 'But stay, did you see Dr. Montero's gloves? Did they come home?'

"'I am not sure, sir,' she answered. 'But I'll look and see.'

"'Do, please—and bring them to me if you find them.'

"I went into the work-room. In a few moments the housekeeper entered, bearing a dress-coat, on the folded top of which lay a pair of white kid gloves.

"'If you please, sir,' said she, 'I think either you or poor Dr. Montero made a mistake in dressing to-night.'

"'Indeed, how so?'

"'Because, sir, he was wearing your dress-coat; and, if I am not mistaken, you are wearing his.'

"I started up and almost tore the coat from my shoulders. I had had no time to change it since coming home. The woman was right—there had been a mistake. I was wearing Montero's coat, and the one they had taken from him was mine.

"'I brushed your coats this evening, sir,' said the housekeeper, 'and laid them out in the dressing-room' (Montero and I shared one dressing-room between us—our bedrooms flanking it on either side), 'and, I suppose, as you are so much of a build, that you took Dr. Montero's coat and he took yours.'

"'Did you put any gloves out, Mrs. Jones?' I asked.

"'I put a pair of white kid gloves into the pocket of each coat, sir,' said Mrs. Jones, 'as I always do.'

"'Thank-you—that will do,' said I, and took the coat and gloves from her. When she had gone, I inspected the right-hand glove. There was nothing in its appearance to surprise me, but there hung about it the same peculiar odour which I had noticed about Montero's hand.

"I took the glove and all Montero's books on poison and locked them carefully up. The mystery of my late partner's death was solved for me."

"ON THE FOLDED TOP LAY A PAIR OF WHITE KID GLOVES."

Here Dr. Holford brought his story to an end. He was silent for a moment or two; then he looked up and spoke again:—

"I daresay you have drawn your own conclusions from the story," said he, "but it won't do any harm if I tell you what mine were. I am certain beyond doubt that Ferdinand Montero had impregnated my glove with a deadly poison of which modern toxicologists do not know the secret, and that if it had not been for an accidental oversight which led me to put on my partner's dress-coat instead of my own, I should have been a dead man instead of him."

Fables

Illustrated
by
J A Shepherd

BLACKBIRDS AND THRUSHES.

1.—"COME, SWEETHEART," SAYS HE, "LET'S HAVE THESE BLACKBIRDS FOR SUPPER."

2.—"BLACKBIRDS?" SAYS SHE. "CERTAINLY, MY LOVE; YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR THRUSHES FOR SUPPER."

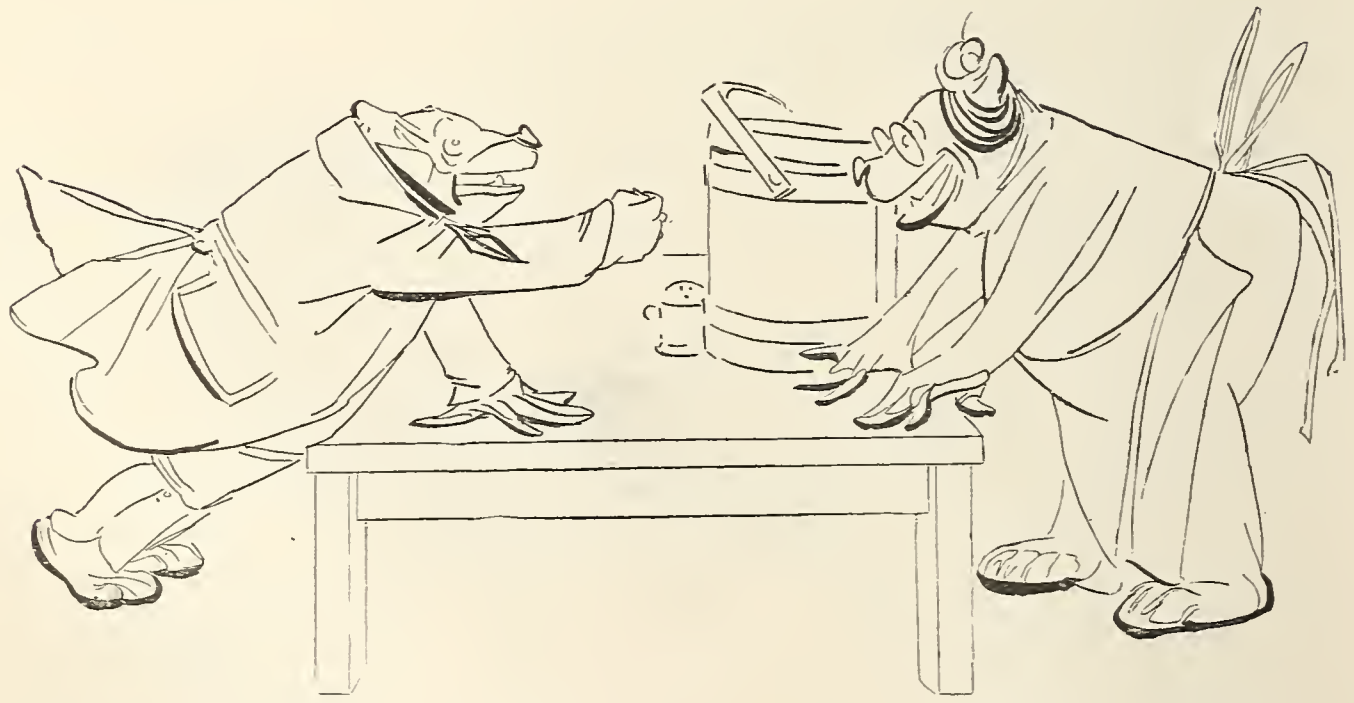
3.—"WELL," SAYS HE, "BUT I TELL YOU AGAIN I'LL HAVE THESE BLACKBIRDS FOR SUPPER."

4.—"THAT'S WELL," QUOTH THE SHE BEAR, "AND I TELL YOU AGAIN AND AGAIN THAT YOU SHALL HAVE THESE THRUSHES FOR SUPPER."

5.—"PRAY, MY DEAR," SAYS THE HE BEAR, "IF I SAY THEY ARE BLACKBIRDS, LET THEM BE BLACKBIRDS."

6.—"PRAY, MY DARLING," SAYS SHE, "IF I HAVE A FOOL FOR MY HUSBAND, IS MY HUSBAND'S WIFE BOUND TO BE A FOOL FOR COMPANY?"

7.—"HUSSY, DON'T PROVOKE ME," SAYS HE, "BUT LET THE BLACKBIRDS BE COOKED, AND DO AS I BID YOU; OBEY YOUR HUSBAND!"



8.—"GRACIOUS ME," SAYS SHE; "I KNOW NO MORE REASON I HAVE TO OBEY MY HUSBAND THAN MY HUSBAND HAS TO OBEY ME. THRUSHES, YOU VILLAIN!" SAYS SHE.

9.—"BLACKBIRDS, JADE!" SAYS THE OTHER.

10.—FROM THESE FAMILY WORDS THEY FELL TO BLOWS UPON THE QUESTION WHETHER THEY WERE BLACKBIRDS OR THRUSHES.

11.—IN THE MEANTIME THE BIRDS WERE BURNT TO A CINDER, AND SO THE POOR BEARS HAD NONE.

Diamond Mining in South Africa.

By J. Bucknall Smith.

VIEW OF THE KIMBERLEY DIAMOND FIELDS IN 1870.

THE history of the diamond mines of Griqualand West, South Africa, is one long romance—more thrilling, more varied than any yet seen on the stage of the Adelphi or Old Drury. This wonderful and very unique history is made up of sensational experiences relating to camp and detective life; shocking catastrophes; amazingly skilful robberies; equally amazing blunders; the fatuous bigotry of geological experts; and the speedy realization of colossal fortunes. For fully a decade the value of the annual output of these precious stones has averaged several million pounds sterling, and the labour involved in the production of the gems may be realized on learning that a load containing 16 cubic feet of diamondiferous ground only yields an average of one carat.

Notwithstanding this, in dealing with diamonds, an enormous value may be comprised within an exceedingly small compass; hence the terrible temptations with which the winning of these gems is beset. It is a remarkable fact that many of the most valuable stones obtained of late years have been recovered stolen property.

In their natural form diamonds possess the appearance of semi-transparent pebbles or crystals, with a dull, metallic lustre; indeed, the uninitiated might easily pass them by as of little importance or value. The stones are usually discovered in the beds of rivers and like places, but at Kimberley they are found many hundred feet below the surface of the earth, embedded in a blue ground, composed of a magnesian conglomerate. So phenomenal is the occurrence of diamonds in this particular deposit, that in the early days the alleged existence of the stones under such conditions was denounced by European geological experts as an impudent fraud. Now, however, it is considered that the mines are probably formations in extinct volcanoes.

It may be mentioned that the stones are cut and polished in Europe by grinding them on a lapidary wheel with some of their own dust.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago, before the railway was laid up country, Kimberley was at best a dreary place to live in; and, moreover, in those days the steamship service to the Cape was, to put it mildly, execrable. In order to show the cheerlessness of this district, we reproduce above a view of the diamond fields in 1870, showing the indiscriminate manner in which each proprietor worked his allotments in those primitive days. Even to-day Kimberley is far from being beautiful, the chief object in the land-

scape being the heaps of débris and "tailings" scattered over the district from the mining operations. However, the average individual does not regard Kimberley as a pleasure resort; rather the contrary, for the place has killed thousands who were bitten with the diamond mania, and ultimately succumbed to heart-break and bitter disappointment. Now let us commence this wondrous story.

Early in the year 1867 a traveller named O'Reilly, bound southwards from the Orange River, rested himself awhile at a farm in the Hope Town district. His host, one Niekerk, presently brought to his notice some nice-looking stones that had been obtained from the river; and while examining this collection of pebbles, O'Reilly pounced upon the "first diamond." This gem he at once took to Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who pronounced it to be worth £500, and this sum it very soon realized. Naturally, the lucky wayfarer then hastened back to the spot where such good fortune had befallen him, but his subsequent assiduous searches were unavailing. Some two years now elapsed without anything momentous transpiring. However, in 1869, Farmer Niekerk acquired from a native, for about £400 worth of stock, a large diamond which was readily sold to a firm in Hope Town for £10,000. This famous gem was later christened, "The Star of South Africa"; it weighed 83 carats, was estimated to be worth £25,000, and found a final resting-place among the Countess of Dudley's magnificent jewels.

One of the most peculiar incidents in connection with the diamond fields is that, although these early discoveries were made in the neighbourhood of Hope Town, no mine has ever been found there.

The very natural result of the sensational "find" just mentioned was a frantic rush of diggers to the district from all parts. Careful prospecting demonstrated later on that diamonds also existed on the banks of the Vaal River. Consequently, barely a year after the finding of "The Star of South Africa," no fewer than 10,000 persons had arrived on the scene in spite of the dreary, not to say appalling, prospects that confronted them. Good food and pure water were unknown at that time; while shelter from the scorching sun was mainly afforded by primitive canvas structures. Many miners thus succumbed to pestilence, disease, and sunstroke before they even reached the threshold of their Eldorado. At this time, however, crime was almost unknown, partly because the journey from Port Elizabeth was accomplished in rough bullock waggons over frightful roads, and occupied about three weeks, at a cost of fully £50, an amount beyond the means of the lowest class of rogues. Furthermore, the cost of living was simply prodigious.

In 1871 a new diamond deposit was discovered near Dutoitspan on a farm called Vooruintzigt, the property of a Mr. De Beers, and three years later these diggings were proclaimed by law as "mines," including those of Dutoitspan, De Beers, and Kimberley. The Bultfontein mine was not discovered until eight years after. The old native farmhouse shown in the accompanying illustration once stood on the site of the last-named mine. In the walls of this rude structure diamonds were discovered which first gave rise to the belief that the home-

FARMHOUSE IN THE WALLS OF WHICH DIAMONDS WERE DISCOVERED.

stead had been erected over a mine. The figure seen approaching the house with clasped hands is the late Mr. J. Fry, then Chief of the Police Detective Department. That this gentleman and his successors have had plenty to do will be apparent later on.

Before diamonds were found in this locality the arid land was not worth more than a few pence per acre; indeed, the homestead that was built over the Kimberley mine was originally bought for less than £8. The Vooruintzigt farm, which included the De Beers mine, was sold later on for £6,000, and was shortly afterwards acquired by the Government for £100,000, whereas the property has since proved to be worth nearly one hundred million pounds. From four to five million pounds worth of gems have been raised from these mines in the course of a single year. The feelings of the poor farmers who thus parted with their land for a mere pittance may be better imagined than described when they discovered that they had been living and sleeping over hoards of almost fabulous treasures. As we have already stated, the presence of diamonds in this district was first suspected by the detection of valuable stones in the primitive sod-walls of the farmhouse. The Boer, however, was too phlegmatic or too ignorant to recognise their nature, or inquire about their value.

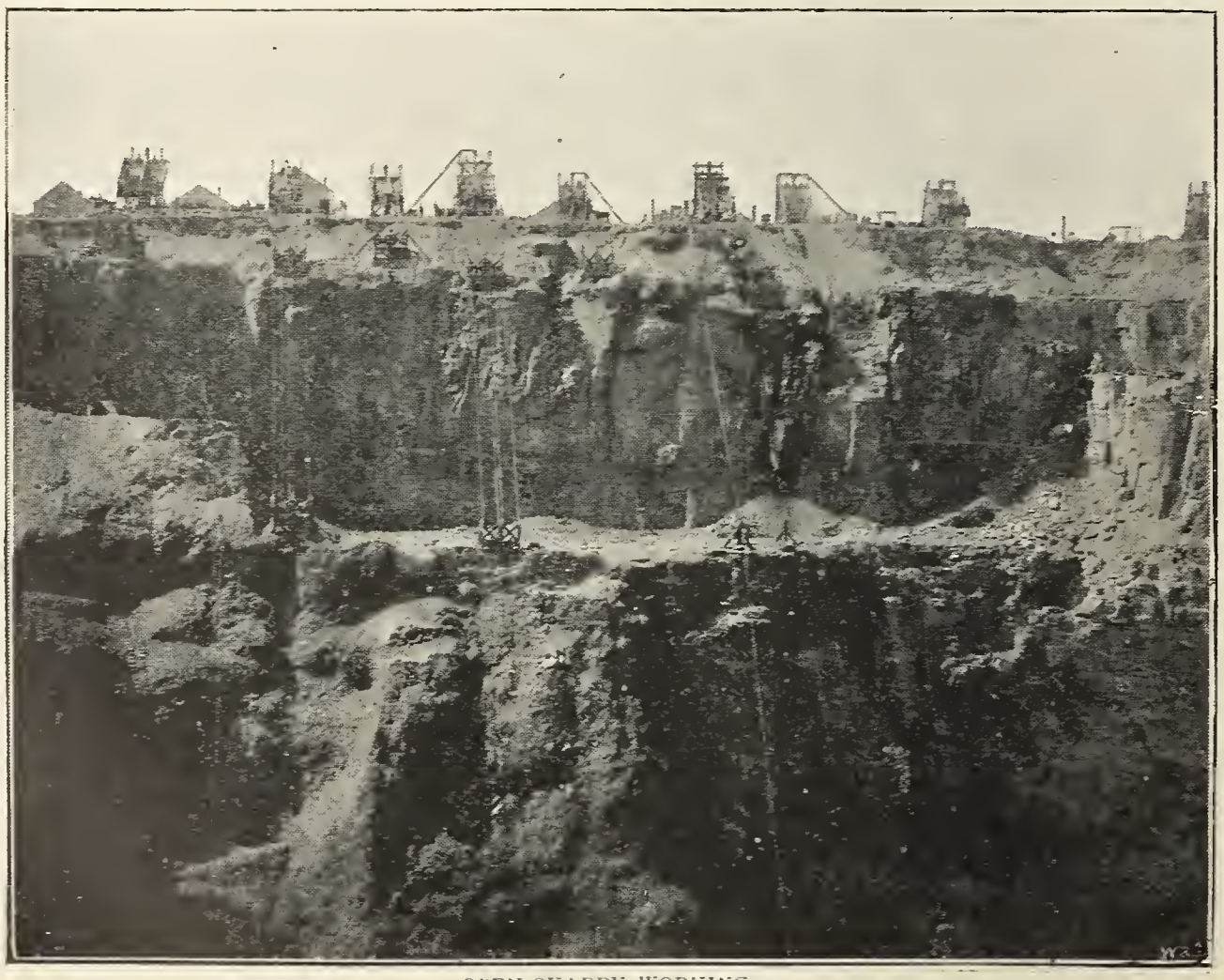
Clearly, the district was a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, for diamonds were even picked up in the old Camp Church—a unique structure of canvas and corrugated iron. Originally the Orange Free State authorities controlled the district, but they presently came into collision with Waterboer, paramount chief of the Griquas, who appealed to Queen Victoria, with the result that in 1871 both he and his people were proclaimed British subjects. The Orange Free State continued cantankerous, however, so a few years later, when President Brand came to England, the whole business was amicably settled for a consideration of £90,000.

In October, 1871, mining laws were first formulated and proclaimed in Griqualand, and then it was that the license money for mining claims was fixed at 5s. per month for areas of about 30 square feet, if not worked by more than three persons; 10s. if worked by six, and so on *pro rata*. On these easy terms many fortunate diggers acquired wealth with amazing rapidity, while others went quickly down into an untimely grave.

As there was at this time a fine go-as-you-please system of mining, the irregular excavations gradually assumed vast dimensions and depths; while the multitude of wire ropes stretching across the diggings, by which the soil was raised to the surface in buckets, resembled monstrous metallic cobwebs.

Look at this view of open-quarry working. The photograph was taken looking towards the earth's surface, and it shows the aerial rope-ways whereby the diamondiferous soil was raised.

At one time, probably, a greater quantity of wire was used in these diggings than in any other industry extant. Ropes of steel were sold for handsome sums. They were composed of thousands of fine filaments spun together, and combined the elasticity of hemp with a breaking strain of some eighty tons to the square inch, an invention with



OPEN-QUARRY WORKING.

which the name of Bullivant is indelibly associated and inseparable.

The story of the London and South African Exploration Company is typical of many similar romantic and successful ventures. This company, the only freeholders in the Cape Colony and the owners of the Dutoitspan and Bultfontein mines, located close to Kimberley, was founded in 1870 with a capital of £20,000, in £10 shares—which, by the way, not many years later fetched £600 in cash. It may, perhaps, be desirable to mention that the Kimberley mine is situated one mile west of the De Beers mine, while about two miles distant, in a south-westerly direction, are the mines of Dutoitspan and Bultfontein.

Here is another view of an open mine

AT THE BOTTOM OF AN OPEN MINE.

showing both European and native labourers excavating the "blue" ground and filling the aerial tram buckets.

Up to 1874 the industry was controlled by the Diggers' Committee, but after that date a representative Mining Board was constituted for the purpose. We are now discussing a period when the railway to Kimberley was far advanced, while hundreds of acres had been allotted in small claims to thousands of diggers from all parts of the world. The scene throughout the district at this period was animated and impressive to an astonishing degree, and white labour was energetically assisted by native tribes. About this time, windlasses worked by horses were first employed for hauling up the baskets of soil over the aerial rope-ways before mentioned. This enabled larger quantities of the deposits to be raised at a time. About a year later, the primitive cradle washing-machine was supplanted by improved mechanical rotary devices, and this is the type of washing apparatus used at this day. Shortly after, the steam engine was introduced upon the busy, but somewhat dismal, scene.

In April, 1875, the diggers armed themselves and openly rebelled against the Mining Council. This hoisting of the "black flag" and the conflict resulted in the recall of Mr. Southey, the Lieutenant-Governor.

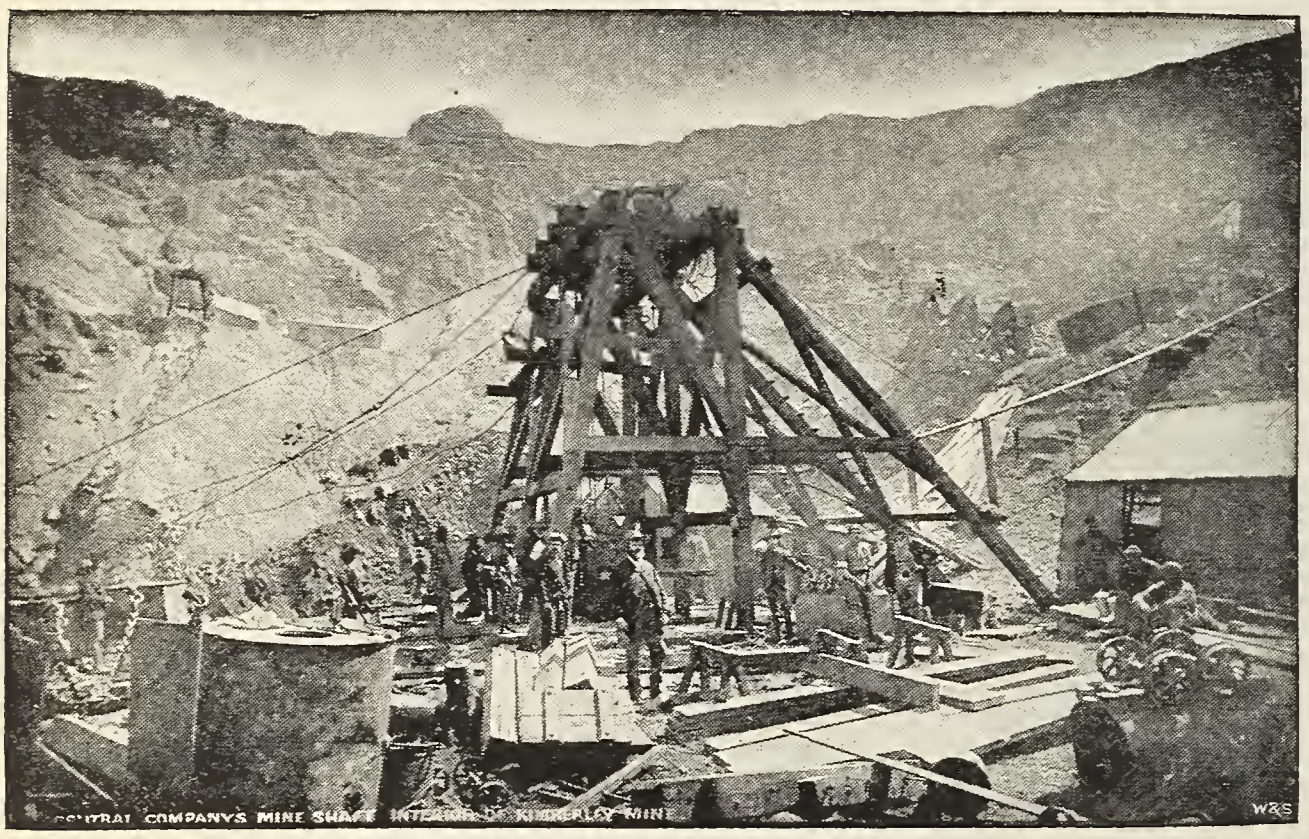
As we have already hinted, the excavations were assuming colossal dimensions, consequently landslips commenced on a pretty extensive scale. In 1878 one-quarter of the Kimberley mine was covered by a terrific avalanche of débris, and the following year the Mining Board spent over £300,000 in removing the fallen reef. Two years later over one and a half millions sterling had been spent in removing landslips alone; the total quantity of fallen débris exceeding 10,000,000 loads, each of 16 cubic feet. This led to the abolition of the "open" or quarry system of mining, which necessitated the use of an enormous quantity of blasting materials.

In 1884 something like thirty tons of dynamite blew up and wrought appalling havoc. The times of blasting in the mines were midday and sunset, when one would think one was within a besieged city. At these times things were decidedly lively. Occasionally monstrous pieces of earth and rock were hurled into the streets, killing human beings and cattle and destroying

houses—not that the latter required much demolishing.

At the period to which we now refer, the memorable share mania had arisen, when most of the private holdings were converted into public companies.

Some idea of the hugeness of the gaps dug in the earth under the old system may be gathered from the fact that the open depth of the Kimberley Mine in 1885 was about 450ft., with an area of 40 acres; St. Paul's Cathedral itself might be buried in such a cavity. This led to the introduction of shaft-sinking, by an English miner named Jones. This individual advocated a system of diamond mining after the manner in which we procure our coal at the present day, and the next illustration shown here depicts the first shaft sunk in the Kimberley Mine. The



THE FIRST SHAFT SUNK IN THE KIMBERLEY MINE.

construction of this shaft marked the abandonment of the open for underground working.

In June, 1882, the Diamond Trades Act became law, some of the objects in view being to restrict transactions with diamonds and to inflict heavy penalties on those convicted of theft or illicit diamond buying—"I. D. B.," as it is called. Some few years ago a great number of European convicts, largely Jews whose diamond hunger had got them into trouble, were always to be seen working on the Cape Town breakwater for offences committed under this Act. Some were sentenced to ten and others to fifteen years' hard labour. Experience has shown, however, that no matter how alert or shrewd the detectives may be, the natives frequently baffle them and get away with stones, in spite of a severe and marvellously thorough system of searching.

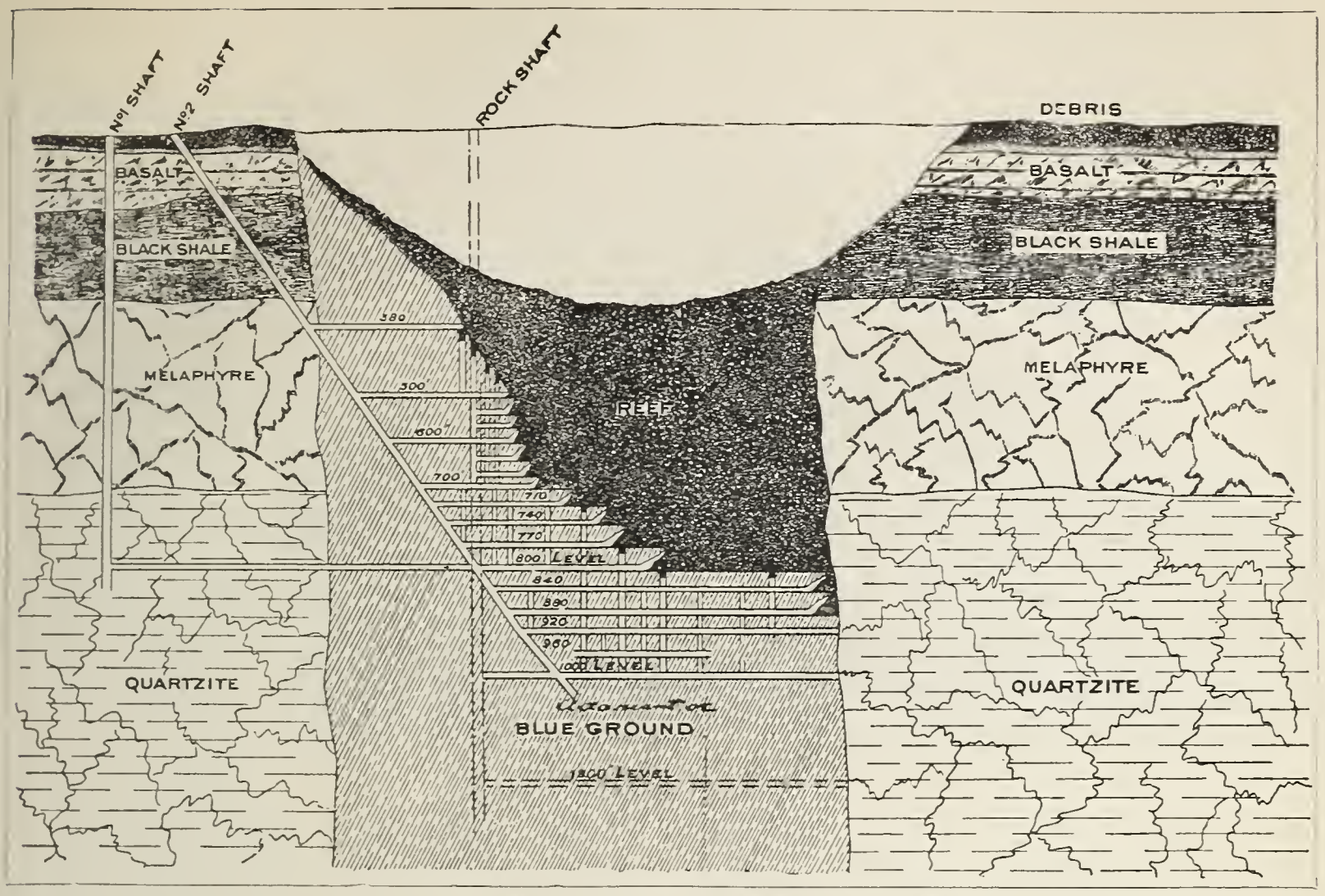
At one time Kimberley simply teemed with detectives, and all strangers and suspected persons were carefully watched, and traps were even laid for them. There are two classes of diamond thieves to be dealt with, namely, those who succeed in getting the stones clear of the mines, and those who buy or receive gems and contrive means of getting them out of the country.

For all comparatively irresponsible work in the mines natives are employed—Kaffirs, Zulus, and Basutos. The value of the diamonds raised from the Kimberley mine alone during 1883 was nearly £1,000,000 sterling, whilst the total yield up to 1885 probably exceeded the value of £20,000,000. The quantity of earth excavated during the same period would be represented by the same figures in tons.

On an average the diamondiferous soil produced gems to the value of from 30s. to 90s. per cubic yard.

Enormous net profits were about this time being earned by the various mining companies.

In 1887 Mr. Cecil Rhodes conferred with his colleagues, and suggested a plan by which the mines could be all consolidated into the property of one powerful company. One motive for this was to avoid the possibility of a plethora of diamonds flooding the market, and the consequent depreciation of the gems. After the consolidation had been achieved, the works in Dutoitspan and Bultfontein were closed. Just previously an awful conflagration had taken place in the underground galleries of the De Beers mine, resulting in a frightful loss of life and property. We show here a vertical section of the De Beers mine, representing the underground method of "winning" the diamondiferous soil through vertical and inclined shafts, connected with horizontal levels or galleries. As is well known, the



VERTICAL SECTION OF THE DE BEERS MINE, LOOKING NORTH.

Honourable C. Rhodes, the able Premier of Cape Colony, left England for the diggings in the early days, and became a millionaire in about ten years.

Let us now consider the method of subterranean diamond mining, as carried out at the present day by the De Beers Consolidated Mining Company. In the first place, vertical timbered shafts are sunk through the barren reef, or inclined ones driven through the rock to the required depth; and from the bottom of these, horizontal tunnels are advanced through the deposits. The precious soil is hewn or blasted out in these galleries, and then conveyed by small waggons to the mouths of the shafts, up which it is raised in buckets by means of wire ropes actuated by winding engines on the surface. At the ground surface the diamondiferous soil is transferred into trucks mounted on light railways and carried to depositing sites, where it is exposed to the influence of the atmosphere for several months. Our next illustration shows one of these depositing sites, on which the "blue" ground is placed after having been raised from the mine. The soil is picked and turned over most carefully by natives under the surveillance of a guard, as seen in the picture.

When the soil has been sufficiently picked, raked, and harrowed at intervals and is disintegrated generally, it is again shovelled

A DEPOSITING SITE.

A MODERN WASHING-MACHINE.

into the trucks and carried off to the great rotary washing-machines, wherein the loose ground is washed away and the stones automatically retained. The modern washing-machine is shown in the above view. The "screenings" are afterwards put into another machine provided with sieves that vibrate horizontally, and in this way is effected the separation of the different-sized stones; from among these latter the diamonds are picked out by hand. The examining and sorting of the stones are conducted upon large metal-topped tables.

In our next illustration we see Europeans at work separating the diamonds from the pebbles that are extracted by the washing and sifting machines. As the gems are picked out, they are dropped into locked cans or receptacles like money-boxes. The contents of these boxes are afterwards re-examined by experts, who sort the stones into grades of value, according to their size, colour, form, and freedom from flaws. After packing, the diamonds are ready for shipment to Europe, where they are cut and polished.

It may be mentioned that the natives employed in the mines are paid bonuses for finding stones, independently of their wages. They work in the mines in a condition of practical nudity; yet, nevertheless, when each eight hours' day is over, they are carefully searched for the secretion of gems, which the wily fellows have been known to conceal in the joints of their toes, in their hair, and even in their stomachs—by the comparatively simple process of swallowing them.

About 4,000 blacks are employed in the industry, and they earn on an average about £3 a week. During their engagement with the company these natives are never allowed to mix with the outside world, but live in "compounds" or inclosures specially constructed for their accommodation within the precincts of the company's property. These

EUROPEANS SEPARATING THE DIAMONDS FROM THE PEBBLES.

A "COMPOUND."

inclosures are fenced in with barbed wire—for all the world as though the men were cattle and had to be kept from straying into a neighbour's field. The boundaries are periodically patrolled by guards to prevent the escape of natives or their communication with scheming outsiders. There are dormitories provided for the men, also swimming baths, hospitals, instruction and recreation rooms, stores, food, and clothing. About 2,000 white men are also employed in the industry.

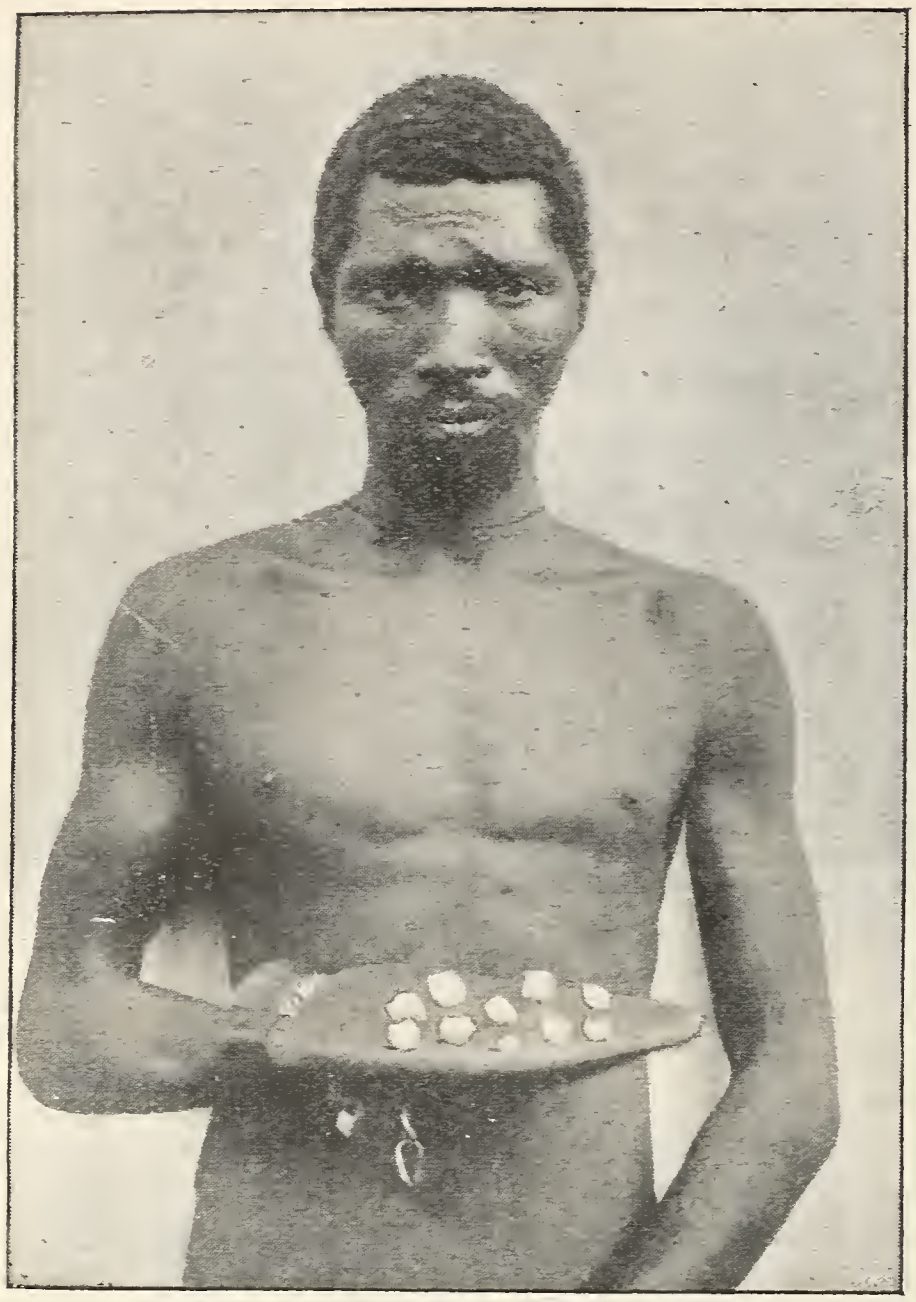
Here we see a couple of experts sorting and classifying the rough diamonds according to size and colour.

According to a recent report of the De Beers Consolidated Mining Company, the result of the year's operations produced a net profit of £1,692,397; and the total quantity of the soil raised during the twelve months is given as two million loads, each of 16 cubic feet. The average yield per load manipulated is about 30s. The working levels vary from about 625ft. to 1,000ft. below the surface. The average cost of "winning" and washing the ground is stated to amount to about 7s. per load; and the total annual cost of working the mines is about 1¼ millions sterling. From the nefarious causes before mentioned, it is estimated that no less than 25 per cent. of all the diamonds found never reach the company's coffers, notwithstanding that a bonus of 7½ per cent. of the value of all finds is allowed to natives, in addition to 2½ per cent. to the overseer of the men.

Just look at the culprit overleaf. The ten gems seen in his hand weigh 210 carats, and were swallowed by the man, but ultimately recovered. It will be seen that leather mittens are chained on his hands to prevent his further manipulation or secretion of the stones. The expression of his face clearly indicates the troubles that are in store for him, as punishment for his crime.

Amsterdam and Antwerp are the chief centres of the diamond cutting and polishing industry; and a stone that "finishes" at not less than 50 per cent. of its original weight

EXPERTS SORTING AND CLASSIFYING THE ROUGH GEMS.



A DIAMOND-STEALER WITH HIS BOOTY.

is considered a very satisfactory result. The time occupied in these processes may range between four and fourteen days, according to the size of the stone and the number of facets to be formed.

In March, 1888, a yellow diamond was found in the De Beers mine which weighed 428 carats in the rough, and 228 carats when cut. It was stolen by a native, but recovered by a detective three hours afterwards. This flawless diamond measured 1 7-8in. across the major axis, and weighed over three ounces; it is shown in the accompanying illustration.

All diamonds, however, are overshadowed by the colossal stone discovered two years ago at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State. This superb diamond weighs 970 carats, or 6½oz. avoirdupois, and is of the finest water. It is the property of a syndicate of London diamond merchants. Strange to say, as illustrating the extraordinary luck of mining speculation, it was found almost within the last hour of the above-mentioned syndicate's contract for the products of the Jagersfontein mine. The native who found the great stone evaded his overseer, and ran with it to head-quarters to obtain the whole reward, which took the substantial form of £100 in gold and a horse and cart. This diamond, however, has a black flaw in the centre, as may be seen in the accompanying

THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD—ACTUAL SIZE.

picture, which shows the actual size of this enormous gem.

Therefore it is not yet decided whether this diamond is to be cut as one large stone —"the biggest in the world"—or to be divided into two parts. To the uneducated eye this priceless piece of portable property looks like a lump of alum, and we may here mention that imitation rough stones have been formed of that substance for the purpose of testing the honesty of the operatives in the mine, it being a common trick to swallow gems. Obviously, if the most Spartan-like native or white man incontinently swallowed a mouthful of alum as large as this, his facial expression could not fail to betray him.

A RECOVERED STOLEN DIAMOND, WEIGHING 428 CARATS—ACTUAL SIZE.

The Story of the Invisible Kingdom.

A Story for Children.

From the German of Richard Leander.

IN a little house half-way up the mountain-side, and about a mile from the other houses of the village, there lived with his old father a young man called George. There was just enough land belonging to the house to enable the father and son to live free from care.

Immediately behind the house the wood began, the oak trees and beech trees in which were so old that the grandchildren of the people who had planted them had been dead for more than a hundred years, but in front of the house there lay a broken old mill-stone—who knows how it got there! Anyone sitting on the stone would have a wonderful view of the valley down below, with the river flowing through it, and of the mountains rising on the other side of the river. In the evening, when he had finished his work in the fields, George often sat here for hours at a time dreaming, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands: and because he cared little for the villagers, but generally went about silent and absorbed like one who is thinking of all sorts of things, the people nicknamed him "George the Dreamer." But he did not mind it at all.

The older he grew, the more silent he became, and when at last his old father died, and he had buried him under a great old oak tree, he became quite silent. Then, when he sat on the broken mill-stone, as he did more often than before, and looked down into the lovely valley, and saw how the evening mists came into the valley at one end and slowly climbed the mountains, and how it then became darker and darker, until at last the moon and the stars appeared in the sky in their full glory, a wonderful feeling came into his heart. The waves of the river began to sing, quite softly at first, but gradually louder, until they could be heard quite plainly; and they sang of the mountains, down from which they had come, and of the sea, to which they wished to go, and of the nixies who lived far down at the bottom of the river. Then the forest began to rustle, quite differently from an ordinary forest, and it used to relate the most wonderful tales. The old oak tree, especially, which stood at his father's grave, knew far more than all the other trees. The stars, high up in the sky, wanted so much to tumble down into the green forest and the blue water, that they twinkled and sparkled as if they could

not bear it any longer. But the angels who stand behind the stars held them firmly in their places, and said: "Stars, stars, don't be foolish! You are much too old to do silly things—many thousand years old, and more. Stay quietly in your places."

It was truly a wonderful valley! But it was only George the Dreamer who heard and saw all that. The people who lived in the valley had not a suspicion of it, for they were quite ordinary people. Now and then they hewed down a huge old tree, cut it up into firewood, and made a high stack, and then they said: "Now we shall be able to make our coffee again for some time." In the river they washed their clothes; it was very convenient. And even when the stars sparkled most beautifully, they only said, "It will be very cold to-night: let us hope our potatoes won't freeze." Once George the Dreamer tried to bring them to see differently, but they only laughed at him. They were just quite ordinary people.

Now, one day as he was sitting on the mill-stone and thinking that he was quite alone in the world, he fell asleep. Then he dreamt that he saw, hanging down from the sky, a golden swing, which was fastened to two stars by silver ropes. In the swing sat a charming Princess, who was swinging so high that each time she touched the sky, then the earth, and then the sky again. Each time the swing came near the earth, the Princess clapped her hands with joy and threw George the Dreamer a rose. But suddenly the ropes broke, and the swing, with the Princess, flew far into the sky, farther and farther, until at last he could see it no longer.

Then he woke up, and when he looked round, he saw a great bunch of roses lying beside him on the mill-stone.

The next day he went to sleep again, and dreamt the same thing, and when he woke up the roses were lying on the stone by his side.

This happened every day for a whole week. Then George said to himself that some part of the dream must be true, because he always dreamt exactly the same thing. So he shut up his house and set out to seek the Princess.

After he had travelled for many days, he saw in the distance a country, where the clouds touched the earth. He hastened towards it, but came, on his way, to a large forest. Here he suddenly heard fearful groans and cries, and on approaching the place from which they seemed to come, he saw a venerable old man with a silver-grey beard lying on the ground. Two horribly ugly, naked fellows were kneeling on him, trying to strangle him. Then George the Dreamer looked round to see whether he could find some sort of weapon with which to run the two fellows through the body; but he could find nothing, so, in mortal terror, he tore down a huge tree-trunk. He had scarcely seized it when it changed in his hands into a mighty halberd. Then he rushed at the two monsters and ran them through the body, and they let go the old man and ran away howling.

Then George lifted the old man up and comforted him, and asked him why the two

"IN THE SWING SAT A CHARMING PRINCESS."

fellows had wanted to choke him. The old man said that he was the King of Dreams, and had come by mistake into the kingdom of his greatest enemy, the King of Realities. The latter, as soon as he noticed this, had sent two of his servants to lie in wait for him and kill him.

"Have you, then, done the King of Realities any harm?" asked George the Dreamer.

"God forbid!" the old man assured him. "He is always very easily provoked, that is his character. And me he hated like poison."

"But the fellows he sent to strangle you were quite naked!"

"Yes, indeed," said the King, "stark naked. That is the fashion in the land of Realities; all the people, even the King, go about naked, and are not at all ashamed. They are an abominable nation. But now, since you have saved my life, I will prove my gratitude to you by showing you my country. It is the most glorious country in the whole world, and Dreams are my subjects."

"GEORGE COULD DO NOTHING BUT WONDER AND ADMIRE."

Then the Dream-King went on in front and George followed him. When they came to the place where the clouds touched the earth, the King showed him a trap-door that was so well hidden in the thicket that not even a person who knew it was there would have been able to find it. He lifted it up and led his companion down five hundred steps into a brightly lighted grotto that stretched for miles in undiminished splendour. It was unspeakably beautiful. There were castles on islands in the midst of large lakes, and the islands floated about like ships. If you wished to go into one of them, all you had to do was to stand on the bank and call out:—

Little castle swim to me,
That I may get into thee.

Then it came to the shore by itself. Further on were other castles, on clouds, floating slowly in the air. But if you said:—

Float down little castle in the air,
Take me up to see thy beauties rare,

they slowly floated down. Besides these, there were gardens with flowers which gave out a sweet smell by day, and a bright light by night; beautifully tinted birds, which told stories; and a host of other wonderful things. George could do nothing but wonder and admire.

"Now I will show you my subjects, the Dreams," said the King. "I have three kinds — good Dreams for good people, bad Dreams for bad people, and also Dream-goblins. With the last I amuse myself now and then, for a King must sometimes have a joke."

So he took George into one of the castles, which was so queerly built that it looked irresistibly comical.

"Here the Dream-goblins live: they are a tiny, high-spirited, roguish lot—never do any harm, but love to tease." Then he called to one of the goblins: "Come here, little man, and be serious a moment for once in your life. Do you know," he continued, addressing George, "what this rogue does if I, once in a way, allow him to go down to the earth? He runs to the next house, drags the first man he comes across, who is sound asleep, out of bed, carries him to the church tower, and throws him down, head over heels.

Then he rushes down the stairs so as to reach the bottom first, catches the man, carries him home, and flings him so roughly into bed that the bedstead creaks horribly. Then the man wakes up, rubs the sleep out of his eyes, and says: 'Dear me! I thought I was falling from the church tower. What a good thing it was only a dream.'"

"Is that the one?" cried George. "Look here, he has been to me before; but if he comes again, and I catch him, it will be the worse for him." He had scarcely finished speaking when another goblin sprang out from under the table. He looked like a little dog, for he had a very ragged waistcoat on, and he let his tongue hang out of his mouth.

"He is not much better," said the King. "He barks like a dog, and is as strong as a giant. When people in their dreams are frightened at something, he holds their hands and feet so that they cannot move."

"I know him, too," interrupted George. "When you want to run away, you feel as stiff and stark as a piece of wood. If you want to move your arms or your legs, you can't do it. But often it is not a dog, but a bear, or a robber, or some other horrid thing."

"I will never allow them to come to you again, George the Dreamer," the King assured him. "Now come and see the bad Dreams. But don't be afraid, they won't do you any harm—they are only for bad people."

Then they passed through a great iron door into a vast space, inclosed by a high wall. Here the most terrible shapes and most horrible monsters were crowded together; some looked like men, others like animals, others were half men and half animals. George was terrified, and made his way back to the iron door. But the King spoke kindly to him and persuaded him to see more closely what wicked people have to dream. Beckoning to a Dream that stood near—a hideous giant, with a mill-wheel under each arm—he commanded him to tell them what he was going to do that night.

Then the monster raised his shoulders, wriggled about with joy, grinned until his mouth met his ears, and said: "I am going to the rich man, who has let his father starve. One day, when the old man was sitting on the stone steps before his son's house, begging for bread, the son came and said to the servants: 'Drive away that fellow.' So I go to him at night and pass him through my mill-wheels, until all his bones are broken into tiny pieces. When he is properly soft and quivering, I take him by the collar and shake him and say, 'See how you tremble now, you fellow!' Then he wakes up with his teeth chattering, and calls to his wife to bring him another blanket, for he is freezing.

"GEORGE CRIED OUT THAT HE WOULD NOT STAY A MOMENT LONGER."

And when he has fallen asleep once more, I begin it all again."

When George the Dreamer heard this, he rushed out through the door, dragging the King after him, and crying out that he would not stay a moment longer with the bad Dreams. They were too horrible!

The King next led him into a lovely garden where the paths were of silver, the beds of gold, and the flowers, beautifully cut precious stones. Here the good Dreams were walking up and down. The first he

saw was a pale young woman, with a Noah's Ark under one arm, and a box of bricks under the other.

"Who is that?" asked the Dreamer.

"She goes every evening to a little sick boy, whose mother is dead. He is quite alone all day, and no one troubles about him, but towards evening she goes to him, plays with him, and stays the whole night. She goes early because he goes to sleep early. The other Dreams go much later. Let us proceed; if you want to see everything, we must make haste."

Then they went further into the garden, into the midst of the good Dreams. There were men, women, old men, and children, all with dear, good faces, and most beautifully dressed. Many of them were carrying all sorts of things: everything that the heart can possibly wish for. Suddenly George stood still and cried out so loudly that all the Dreams turned round to look.

"What is the matter?" said the King.

"There is my Princess—she who has so often appeared to me, and who gave me the roses," George the Dreamer answered, in an ecstasy.

"Certainly, certainly, it is she," said the King. "Have I not sent you a very pretty Dream? It is almost the prettiest I have."

Then George ran up to the Princess, who was sitting swinging in her little golden swing. As soon as she saw him coming she sprang down into his arms. But he took her by the hand and led her to a golden bench, on which they both sat down, telling one another how sweet it was to meet again! And when they had finished saying so, they began again. The King of Dreams meanwhile walked up and down the broad path which goes straight through the garden, with his hands behind his back. Now and then he took out his watch, to see how the time was getting on; for George the Dreamer and the Princess never came to an end of what they had to say to one another. At length he went to them, and said:—

"That's enough, children. You, Dreamer, are far from your home, and I cannot keep you here over-night, for I have no beds. You see, the Dreams never sleep, but have to go up every night to men on the earth. And you, Princess, must make yourself ready; dress yourself all in pink, and then come to me, so that I may tell you to whom you must appear to-night, and what you must say."

When George the Dreamer heard this, he felt more courageous than ever before in his life. Standing up, he said, firmly: "My lord the King, I will never more leave my Princess. You must either keep me here below or let her go up with me to the earth: I love her much too much to live without her." Then a tear big as a hazel-nut came into each of his eyes.

"But George, George," answered the King, "it is the prettiest dream I have. Still, you saved my life; so have your own way; take your Princess up with you. But as soon as you have got on to the earth take off her silver veil, and throw it down to me through the trap-door. Then she will be of flesh and blood like every other child of man; now she is only a Dream."

George the Dreamer thanked the King most heartily, and then said: "Dear King, because you are so very good, I should like to ask for one thing more. I have a Princess now—but no kingdom. A Princess without a kingdom is impossible. Cannot you get me one, if it is only a small one?"

Then the King answered: "I have no visible kingdoms to give away, Dreamer, only invisible ones; one of the latter you shall have, one of the biggest and best that I possess."

Then George asked what invisible kingdoms were like. The King told him he would find that out, and would be amazed at their beauty and magnificence.

"You see," he said, "it is often very unpleasant to have anything to do with ordinary, visible kingdoms. For example: suppose you are an ordinary King, and early one morning your Minister comes to your bedside and says: 'Your Majesty, I want a hundred pounds for the kingdom.' Then you open your treasury and find not even a farthing in it! What are you to do? Or again, you wage war and lose, and the King who has conquered you marries your Princess, and shuts you up in a tower. Such things cannot happen in invisible kingdoms."

"But if we cannot see it, of what use would our kingdom be to us?" asked George, still somewhat puzzled.

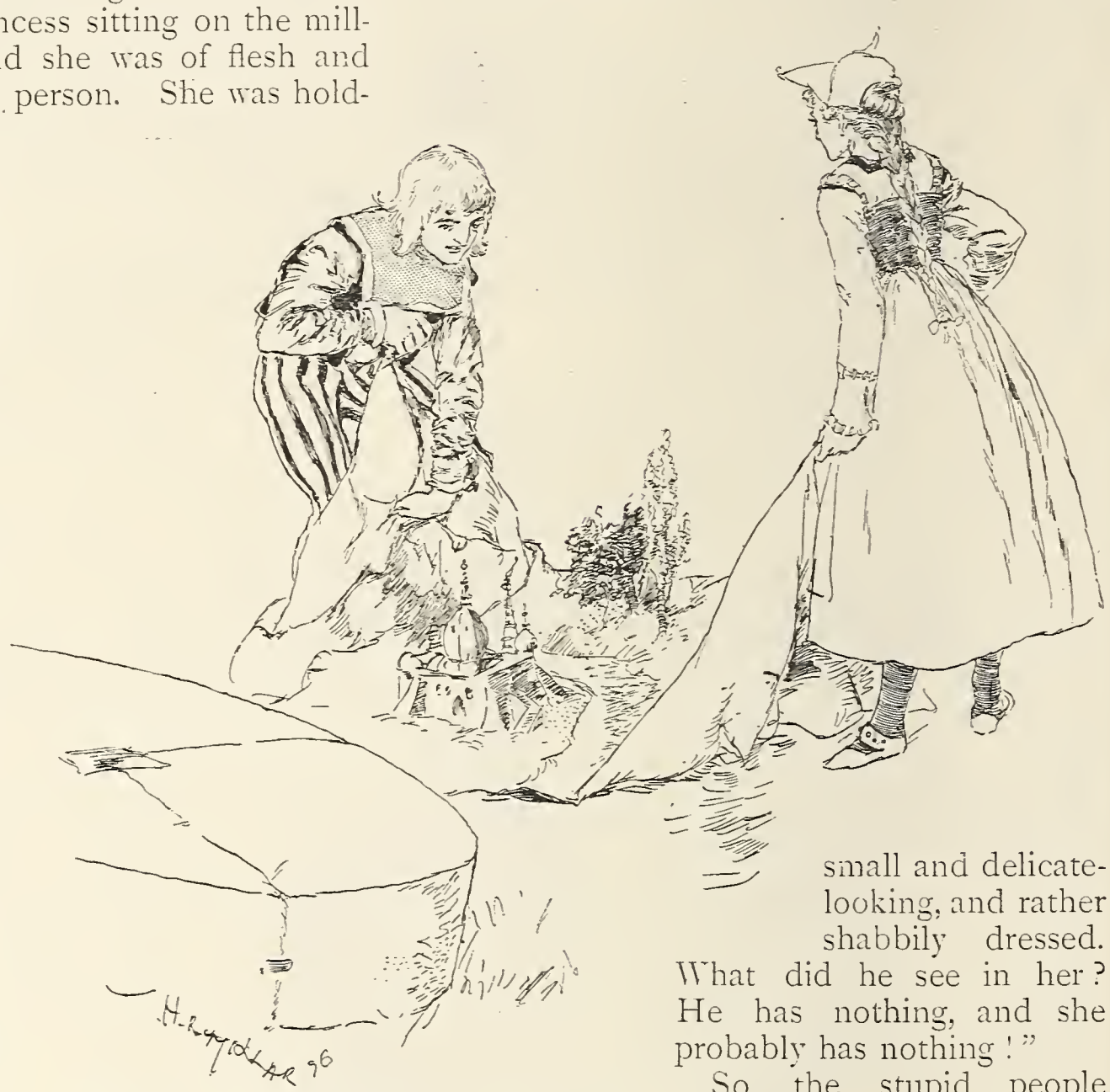
"You strange man," said the King, and pointing to his forehead, he continued: "You and your Princess see it well enough. You see the castles and gardens, the meadows and forests which belong to your kingdom. You live in it, walk in it, do what you like with it. It is only other people who do not see it."

Then the Dreamer was highly delighted, for he was beginning to be afraid lest the village people should look enviously at him

if he came home with his Princess and was King. He took a very touching leave of the King of Dreams, climbed the five hundred steps with his Princess, took the silver veil off her head and threw it down. Then he wanted to shut the trap-door, but it was so heavy that he could not hold it. So he let it fall, and the noise it made was as great as the noise of many cannons shot off at the same time, and for a moment he became unconscious. When he came to himself again he was sitting in front of his cottage with the Princess sitting on the mill-stone at his side, and she was of flesh and blood like any other person. She was holding his hand, stroking it, and saying: "You dear, good, stupid man, you have not dared tell me how much you love me, for such a long time. Have you been very much afraid of me?"

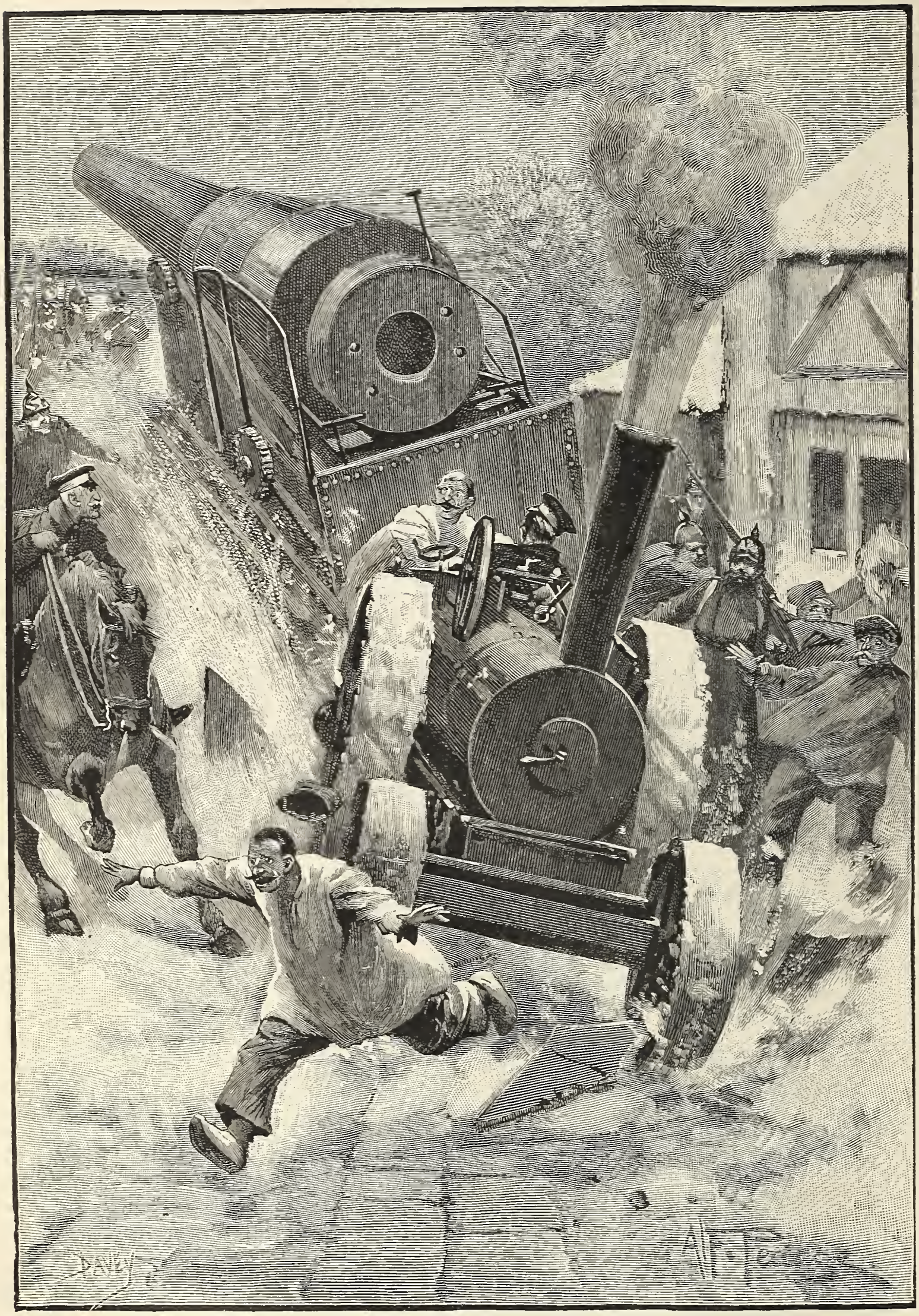
And the moon rose and illumined the river, the waves beat against the banks, and the forest rustled, but they still sat there and talked. Suddenly it seemed as if a small black cloud was passing over the moon, and all at once something like a large folded shawl fell at their feet; then the moon stood out again in her full glory. They lifted up the cloth and began to spread it out. But they took a long time over this, for it was very fine and folded many hundred times. When it was quite spread out, it looked like a large map; in the middle was a river, and on both sides were towns, forests, and lakes. Then they noticed that it was a kingdom, and knew that the good Dream-King must have sent it down to them from the sky. And when they looked at their little cottage it had become a beautiful castle, with glass stairs, marble walls, velvet carpets, and pointed blue-tiled towers. Then they took hands and went into the castle, where their subjects were already assembled. The servants bowed low, drums and trumpets sounded, and little pages went before them strewing flowers. They were King and Queen.

The next morning the news that George the Dreamer had come back, and had brought a wife with him, ran like wildfire through the village. "She is probably very clever," the people said. "I saw her early this morning, when I went into the forest," said a peasant; "she was standing at the door with him. She is nothing special, quite an ordinary person, small and delicate-looking, and rather shabbily dressed. What did he see in her? He has nothing, and she probably has nothing!"



"THEY LIFTED UP THE CLOTH AND BEGAN TO SPREAD IT OUT."

So the stupid people chattered, for they could not see that she was a Princess; and in their stupidity they did not see that the house had changed into a great, wonderful castle—for the kingdom that had come down from the sky for George the Dreamer was an invisible one. So he did not trouble about the stupid people, but lived happily and contentedly in his kingdom with his Princess, who presented him with six children, each one more beautiful than the other, and they were, all six, Princes and Princesses. But no one in the village knew it, for they were quite ordinary people, and much too silly to notice it.



"THE MACHINE SPED STRAIGHT ON, LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING."

(*See page* 370.)

Jacques Brulefert's Death.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGES RENARD.

I WAS on my way to the village, toiling up the old, paved road on a slope, known for miles around as the stiffest climb in the neighbourhood. It was a hot August day, and as I stopped to take breath, old Sauvage, the owner of the "Rising Sun," an inn most discreetly perched at the top of its thirsty summit, came up behind me, and accosted me with a cordial "Good-day!" We went on together, glad of each other's company; and at last arrived at the very steepest part of the way, a sheer incline abutting on a ravine, thickly clad with undergrowth, at the bottom of which flowed the river; and bordered by a green hedge, the only protection against a fall over its side. Right in the very middle of this hedge was a great gap, which seemed as though some massive weight had crashed through it.

"A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED THERE."

"Has there been an accident here?" I asked my companion.

"Better than that," was his answer. "That hedge wears still the scars of war, like a disabled warrior. A terrible thing happened there."

I scented a story.

"Tell me about it," I begged; and, as we advanced slowly under the burning sun, he began:—

"It was the 17th of December, in the year of misfortune 1870; a date I have good reason for remembering.

"On the afternoon of the day before, a troop of German soldiers had arrived among us. No one thought much about it at first: we had grown accustomed to such visits by then, for our village is on the road to Germany, and for the last three months, Heaven knows, we had seen nothing but Prussians and Bavarians, Uhlans and artillerymen, cuirassiers and foot-soldiers passing through — a never-ending stream. They did not stay long, but managed to consume everything they could get hold of; they devoured our corn, our oats, our cattle, and our sheep, which they were brutes enough to kill before our very eyes, and left us in their stead little scraps of paper with I don't know what sort of unintelligible stuff written on them. Afterwards they would go on down the hill, through the valley, and forward to Paris. At night, when the wind blew from the west, we used to hear dull, heavy sounds which were the voice of the cannon—Paris calling for help. But Paris called in vain,

and in vain we hoped; the *pantalons rouges* never came, and always, always there arrived fresh troops of Germans. I would wager more than a hundred thousand have been over the old, paved road where we are. But we could do nothing, and had to watch them go by in mournful helplessness, as you might watch the course of a river that had overflowed its banks.

"This time it was only an infantry battalion. It halted up there, in front of our place, by the church. But evidently something extraordinary had happened. The soldiers stood at attention; their officers were in a group, gesticulating, shouting, swearing. I could hear them at it from the house. The commandant was the most furious of all. I can see him still—a long, lean old fellow, with a red scar on his white face, a great white moustache, with occasional reddish hairs in it, and the very oddest way of walking I ever saw—just as if he were walking on egg-shells, and was afraid of breaking them—and a way of swinging himself about that made me think of a poplar swaying in the wind.

"While he was raging up and down, a captain pointed out to him the house opposite to ours. And at once he seemed overjoyed; he called out some order in his lingo; four men came out of the ranks, and followed by them and the captain, he marched forthwith to the house pointed out to him, looked at its sign-board, and read aloud: 'Jacques Brulefert, Engine and Machinery Mender'; then he opened the door and entered with the officer.

"I wondered what the Prussians could be wanting with Jacques, and said to myself: 'Look out for squalls!' for I must tell you Jacques hated the Prussians, and he was a hot-headed fellow. He had served with the army in Africa, and though now he was well past forty, had courage and daring and strength enough for a much younger man; he was not tall, nor by any means a beauty. By much fighting against Bedouins he had got almost as swarthy as they are, but he was as agile as a cat, and dexterous as a monkey, while he was as sound as only an old Zouave like himself could be.

"Ah, there was no lack of fire in him, eyes or heart, I can tell you! His rage had known no bounds ever since the campaign had begun. You should have heard him storming against the Emperor in the big room at the inn, for a coward who couldn't even die when he ought to, and against the townsfolk, who were cowards too, and the Germans who could only fight three to one. He banged on the tables as if they were Prussians. He was mad about it all. Why, I myself, sir, as true as I'm here speaking to you, I saw him cry like a child when he heard that Bazaine had surrendered Metz.

"At every fresh disaster (and, Heaven knows, there were enough of them) he wanted to be off, wherever the fighting was, and take his share of it; he said that the others had got the very job he wanted, and he would have gone, over and over again, in spite of his age, if he had not had to stay and take care of his wife and his little boy, a lad of ten years. So he stayed behind, but as if he felt disgraced, and ready for any desperate deed. Every time the Germans came through, he shut himself up so as not to see them, and if by chance some of them were billeted on him, he would rather pay to send them to the inn, than himself lodge the sauer-kraut gobblers, as he called them.

"So I said to myself, when I saw the two Prussian officers going in to friend Jacques: 'There'll be a row, I warrant.' And I wasn't far out, as you'll see. They had hardly been inside for three minutes when I heard a great uproar of doors banging and shouting. Then out came the commandant, as red as a cock's-comb, and shouted out some rigmarole to the four men who had stayed outside; they rushed in to the workshop, and I knew that they must have had orders to fetch out Jacques. But not a bit of use was it, for while they were turning the house upside down, I saw a man suddenly leap out of the loft, and run for dear life along the road. It was Jacques; and he went like a runaway horse; but a few minutes after, a Prussian showed his ugly face at the very window Jacques had jumped out through. You can imagine his looks when he saw Jacques had been under their very nose all the time. And the officers, too! They swore like anything, and the commandant looked as black as thunder.

"*He* didn't jump out (it was too far from the ground for that), but he rushed down the staircase with his men, called up the others, and set them like dogs on the track of the runner. Ah, so he did—but there was no Jacques to be seen! Every trace of him had disappeared! He was nowhere to be found, and they searched everywhere in the bushes, the corners behind the church, and the little wood! And bare and level before them stretched the road. Where the deuce could he have got to? The night was

beginning to fall; in vain the men searched everywhere round; in vain the commandant swore and raged and fumed like a madman: the soldiers had to come back jabbering and empty-handed. All the village had assembled up there at last, looking as though they understood nothing, you can imagine, but bursting with laughter to see them so dumfoundered.

"Everyone knew already what had happened. My wife had been up to Jacques's house to see what had been done, and she has a tongue of her own, you know, a regular woman. She found the poor wife frightened out of her wits, and crying with fear. It seems that the commandant had wanted Jacques to go with him at once, without a moment's notice. He wanted him to repair a great steam-engine he was escorting with his battalion, and that he had had to leave behind a mile back. The night before, the engineer had been killed as they came through a wood, by a *franctireur;* and he wanted someone to replace him in bringing along the machine which was stuck there. You can guess it was pretty serious for him. The machine was dragging along a great cannon destined for the bombardment of Paris. And the commandant had come to requisition Jacques for the job, as if he had been a Prussian soldier, at the least. He had come to the wrong shop this time. Jacques got white as a sheet, and said: 'Supposing I won't do anything of the kind?' The commandant told him, with a sneer, 'Then you'll be forced to,' for he spoke French like a schoolmaster, the great, lanky lout. But he did not know Jacques. With one bound the fellow skipped through the door behind him and, once out of their sight, got away as I told you.

"We thought that was the end of it. But there's no dealing with these obstinate folk. A few minutes after there wasn't one among us inclined to laugh, for the commandant announced to the Mayor that he would now spend the night in the village: and soon we each had our share of Prussians to lodge. And to see them there, strutting about in one's own house, stretching across the fireplace or the table, and talking a jargon no one could understand, while the very rifles they carried had probably shot down more than one brave fellow from our little village, was enough to take the laugh out of one for ever, I can tell you.

"Up at the inn, of course, we had the commandant and two captains to provide for gratis, and didn't feel particularly flattered by the honour. The commandant was striding up and down, and looking very furious. Suddenly I saw him stop and rub his hands. 'A bad sign,' thinks I. And, sure enough, he calls his men and talks away to them, pointing every now and then to Jacques's house. I didn't know yet what he was up to, but I hadn't long to wait. Outside in the street we hear a noise, loud laughs, and the cries of a woman and a child; then our door is pushed roughly open, and a woman is just thrown into the room by four great ruffians, who push, and drag, and hustle her in. It was that old wretch's idea. The cunning old thing said to himself: 'If you want to take the male, the surest way is catch the female.' And he had Jacques's wife arrested.

"A WOMAN IS JUST THROWN INTO THE ROOM."

"As for the boy, a regular son of his father, as bold as a lion, he tried to resist; yelled and screamed, fought and kicked, and was trying to bite the hand which had grasped him cruelly by the wrists. Poor little lad! they wouldn't even let him stay in with us, but kicked him outside, and for a quarter of an hour or more we heard him sobbing with rage and cold out in the dark night. The mother was like a creature possessed. She struggled until she was in such a dishevelled state you wouldn't have known her, and screamed insult after insult at the commandant, calling him 'cad,' 'villain,' 'coward.' He cared no more than if he had been a log; but laughed mockingly at her, the heartless beast, and said, quietly, 'Come, come, behave yourself! You shall be set free when your husband returns. If he doesn't come back, so much the worse for you. You will be our prisoner, and will have to come with us. That will teach your man to refuse us his services.' And while the poor woman, over whom two soldiers mounted guard, was crying quietly in a corner of our big dining-room, the commandant and two captains, seated at the other end, ate enough for six, and drank enough for ten, because they knew they were not going to pay for their dinner."

By this time we had climbed the hill, and reached the inn, where I had invited Père Sauvage to drink a glass of wine with me, and it was over a venerable bottle in a cool corner of the big room, looking on to the sunny highway and the delightful view beyond, that he continued: "Well, the Prussians were gobbling at the very table we are sitting at now, and I was serving at the bar, when Jean Lacroix, the mason, came in. He had come to fetch a pint of wine; but he looked as though something was up; so when he made me a sign, I pretended that I had to go down to the cellar, and went into the kitchen with him.

"'I've seen Jacques,' he said, softly.

"'Where?' I asked.

"'Quite close. He has hidden under the road. I found him crouched up in the little tunnel that takes off the rain-water in bad weather. The Prussians must have passed over his head at least a dozen times when they were looking for him. Wasn't it a trick to play them? But now he is cold and hungry. He whistled softly to me as I was coming in from the fields. He wants something to eat, some sort of wrap, and a little money, then he is going off to his Uncle François—who lives three leagues off. I wanted to tell his wife, and knocked at her door; but there's no one there. What am I to do?'

"I told him the Prussians had arrested her, and meant to take her off with them; that she was up there in the dining-room, and that we must somehow let Jacques know; but it was easier said than done, as one ran the risk of being caught in the act, and betraying his hiding-place. Then I thought of the boy, who was bold enough for anything, and an intelligent little fellow. It was a pitch-dark night; he could creep along and hide himself in the ditches more easily than a man; and then, once with his father, he would at least have someone to defend him.

"'He can't be far away,' I said to Jean Lacroix. 'We must find him, and send him.'

"It seemed the best thing to do, sir, and yet I have often thought, since then, that without meaning to, I was doing just what that old wretch of a commandant wanted. No one will ever persuade me that that wasn't the idea he had in his head when he let the child go: he thought he would get at the father through the child. What do *you* think? Jean Lacroix was of the same opinion as myself, that it was the only thing to be done, and he went off to see after it all.

"The Prussians had done their dinner, and were smoking like a factory chimney. Jacques's wife was still crying silently in her corner; she would neither eat nor drink; and it was heart-breaking to see her so wretched and know that we could do nothing for her. The sentinels in the street could be heard calling 'Wer da?' (Who goes?), and no one was allowed to enter or leave the village without the commandant's permission. The officers and men came in from time to time to report to him. But on the stroke of seven, Jacques's wife sat up straight, and gave a loud cry. Her husband and her little boy were being brought in by the patrol.

"Jacques was quite pale and very calm, but his jaw was set, and his look ugly. When the commandant said, with a laugh: 'I knew we should catch you, my fine fellow,' he replied, looking straight into his eyes:—

"'I was not caught at all. I knew that you had arrested my wife, and that she would be set free if I came back. So here I am. But all the same, you have acted like a coward.'

"The commandant grew quite white, then quite red, as if he were nearly choking; his

hand felt for his sword, and I thought he was going to fall upon Jacques, who stood before him with folded arms. But he contented himself with swearing big oaths, which I didn't understand; but he must have been wild, to judge by his men, who were trembling

"JACQUES STOOD BEFORE HIM WITH FOLDED ARMS."

in their shoes. Ah! if they had not had need of Jacques Brulefert and his skill, the poor fellow would have had a bad time of it. At last, when the commandant could control himself sufficiently to speak, he said:—

"'You are going to sleep here, you dog of a Frenchman. Your tools will be brought to you, and to-morrow, off you go with us. The least attempt to get away, and you'll be shot at once.'

"Jacques did not flinch. He sat down quietly at a table in the corner, while four great Germans settled themselves at the next table, with their guns charged and bayonets fixed. His wife brought him food and drink. He supped as though nothing was the matter, without saying a word; then asked for his tool-bag and a blanket; sent home his wife and the little lad, who didn't want to leave him; after which, like the old veteran he was, he rolled himself up in his blanket, stretched himself out on his table, with his box for a pillow, and went to sleep.

"The next day, at dawn, a whole company stood at attention in front of our door, sent to fetch away Jacques. He had already jumped down from his table, and stretched his limbs by a turn round the room, so he took a glass with me and was ready to go.

"He chaffed and joked his four guardians, who would not let him out of their sight for a single moment, but seemed afraid that he might vanish up the chimney. All the same, there was something very queer-looking about him. Sometimes he would stay for a whole minute staring and frowning, as if he was looking at something a long way off, and then he would suddenly rear up his head, as if he was defying someone.

"At about eight o'clock his wife and the child came to see him. The poor woman was crying so, that she was pitiful to see.

"'Listen, Catherine,' he said; 'you must promise me to leave the village at once, and go to Uncle François.'

"And when she objected, he spoke lower still. My own opinion is that the four soldiers didn't know a single word of French; but they may have been shamming, and anyway it was wiser to speak softly. So he whispered into her ear:—

"'You see, I mean to try and escape on the way. But if you are still here, they will arrest you again to get me back. I shall not feel safe, unless I see you away. Go and get your things ready, and don't be afraid, dear wife. I'll get out of it, you'll see.'

"He kissed her affectionately, almost cheerfully, to inspirit her a little, and pushed her towards the door. The boy stayed behind, sobbing — naturally enough. But Jacques caught him between his knees and said:—

"'Little man, you must be brave, and not cry; those cads are only too pleased if they see you cry. Think that I am going off to the war, and shall be coming back again. If by chance, though, things go badly with me, and I never come back any more, you must love your mother, my boy. You must

love her for two. And when you are a big man, remember to be a good soldier, so that the Prussians may get back from you some of the harm they have done us. Now, laddie, don't cry, whatever you do.'

"And the little fellow nearly choked himself in his efforts not to cry, and said :—

"'You see, father, I'm not crying now.' Only the words sounded very shaky, and two great tears ran down his cheeks. Jacques sent him off after his mother. Ah! he couldn't manage to look cheerful any longer, just then, poor Jacques! His voice was trembling when he said to me :—

"'It's cold this morning, Père Sauvage. Let's have one more drink together—perhaps it's for the last time.'

"'The last?' I said to him. 'Why, man, it's not the first time you've been in the wars: you'll come back to us, never fear!'

"He smiled without speaking, but I saw he had got something planned out in his head.

"The commandant had just come out from his room, and he was no sooner downstairs than he gave the word 'March!' Jacques took his box and followed him outside. All the village was there, sir, to see him off, and everyone had a good word for him and insisted on shaking him by the hand: he had never had so many friends. He kept looking anxiously towards his house, but when he saw his wife come out holding the boy by one hand, and in the other her bundle of things, he seemed relieved. Only, as all the good-byes were being said, and everyone wished him *au revoir* and *bon voyage*, the commandant asked, roughly: 'Where is she going?' He was a sly old thing, that commandant, to be sure; and was suspicious about this departure of hers. But Jacques replied, as quiet as you please :—

"'I shall be away some time, it seems. She is going to stay with our uncle as long as you need my services.'

"The commandant was quite taken in.

"'That's right,' he said, slapping Jacques on the shoulder. 'You are sensible this morning; and that's better all round, my lad. In a week you'll be back here. It's not so bad after all, is it?'

The wife and the child started off as he said this. Jacques followed them to the next turning with his eyes, threw them a kiss from where he stood, and gave a great sigh; but as soon as they were out of sight, sir, you would hardly have believed it was the same man: his expression changed as you might change your shirt, saving your presence. It was our Jacques at his very best; laughing and joking and snapping his fingers at the Prussians; whom he called old slow-coaches, telling them they never would get anywhere at that rate. A regular 'gamin,' sir, but a true Frenchman too, who meant to show these lanky Germans that there was nothing in *them* to frighten an old soldier of the African army.

"At last the column began to march. Jacques, who was placed in the middle, walking along quite gaily, called out to us, 'I shall see you again soon! You'll be having news of me before long.' I assure you, sir, he could not have gone off holiday-making more gaily, and more than one of the village folk were surprised, and didn't quite like to see him so soon going quietly with the Prussians. But I knew my man, and could have sworn he had in his head some trick to play them and their machine.

"The place where the Prussians had left it was not half a league away, upon the plateau above us; and, faith, we were curious to see this engine which had come from so far. 'Well,' said I, 'let's go along; the Prussians won't eat us'; and five or six of us followed after the column that was taking off Jacques.

"Soon, in the middle of the road, we saw a great black object, guarded by a little detachment that had had to camp out round it. It was that brute of a machine: a traction-engine, it was called, I think; and behind, on two great carts, themselves a mass of iron, was the gun and the carriage! Ah, sir, if you had seen the creature! A monster of a cannon! Heavens, how is it possible such engines are invented? Two men could have lain down in its mouth, and goodness knows how many tons it weighed! It could discharge shells that would demolish a whole house from garret to cellar. And when we thought that a piece of that calibre could carry two leagues at the least, we said to each other, gloomily enough, that the Parisians weren't exactly going to have a gay time of it. Only you will guess a mass like that wasn't easily conveyed about; it would have taken thirty horses at least just to move it. Steam alone could drag along such a monument, and just in the very nick of time the engine-driver had been killed, and the machine got out of gear. 'Ah!' we said to each other, 'what a pity Jacques got taken prisoner! If only he could damage its inside a little, so that it couldn't be got to move.'

"But nothing of the sort; he just gave a

look to its works, and in a few minutes had put everything right, for he was a rare workman, I can tell you. Then, while they were getting up steam, we heard him giving a heap of explanations to the commandant. The old man was afraid of the incline it had to descend. But Jacques reassured him; he understood quite well how to manage it; he would slow down at the entrance to the village; he would put on the brake; he would shut off steam; if necessary, he would reverse the engines. 'You needn't be afraid of anything,' he said. 'I'll answer for it all. It'll answer to my hand, an engine of that kind. Only, send some men on first to clear off the snow which is drifted up on the hillside. That might make us slide down.'

"For I must tell you there had been a heavy snow a week before. Since when, though it had been trodden into mud by the passers-by, some still lay between the paving-stones, and as it had frozen hard during the night, the road shone in the morning sun like a mirror. The commandant had noticed it. 'You're right,' he said to Jacques, and some minutes after, the Prussians who had stayed in the village were clearing the highway with picks and brooms, like so many road-labourers, and spreading shovelfuls of earth from top to bottom of the incline.

"YOU'LL BE SHOT."

"All this time Jacques was waiting. The machine was ready, he was seated on it, and smoking his pipe as calmly as if he had been at home. The commandant, however, did not yet feel quite safe about him. At the moment of starting he called a lieutenant and said something that I couldn't understand, though I heard him plainly. The lieutenant answered: 'Ja, commandant. Ja, commandant.' Then I saw him take a revolver from his belt, and climb up on to the locomotive by Jacques: and the commandant called to Jacques from his horse:—

"'Understand, you engineer fellow, at the first attempt to escape, you'll be shot.'

"'You'll be shot' seemed to be the words that came most natural to him. Jacques shrugged his shoulders.

"'I've no wish to get away,' was his reply. But in spite of that, for greater security, the commandant had a double file of men posted alongside, to the right and the left of the machine; then he himself went to the head of the column, calling out first something in German, and then in French for Jacques, 'Forward, march!' The machine panted and snorted and tugged with all its might; the cannon jerked off with a clash of iron; and between the two rows of soldiers who accompanied it, it all proceeded slowly along the level highway.

"We had run on to the village to announce the approach of the wonderful machine, and all our folk, men, women, and children, were out in the road to see it pass by. Soon were heard cries of 'It is coming! It's coming!' and there it appeared, clearly outlined against the sky, all black and smoking. Lean this way a little, sir: you can see the place from here. It was about ten feet from our house. You can see, just where the cobble-stones stop and the paving begins. That's where the

incline begins; there's a little slope before the big one.

"At that moment the commandant, who was prancing along on horseback, turned round to Jacques, and called out, 'Attention!'

"'Don't be alarmed,' sings out Jacques. 'I'm going to put the brake on.'

"Ah, sir, if I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget what happened then; no, nor will anyone who was there, and saw it all. Then I understood why Jacques had sent off his wife and the little one. Such a sight would have driven them crazy.

"Instead of slowing down, he put on all possible speed, jumped at the lieutenant, twisted his arms, so that the revolver fell out of his hands, and kept him fastened to the spot, shouting all the time, '*Vive la France!*' And the machine began to rush on down, leaping over the paving-stones; and the gun rushed after it, gun-carriage and all, making a very deuce of a noise. The commandant only just got out of the way in time to escape being crushed. He was yelling like a madman, and shouting out orders to his Prussians; which I expect meant: 'Stop him! Kill him!' But, all the same, they stood still, stupid with astonishment and terror. They might as well have tried to stop an express at full speed. The machine sped straight on, like a flash of lightning. The houses shook; the paving-stones were crushed under it, and sent out showers of sparks; it was a whirlwind crashing down the street with thunder and lightning. Jacques, clinging to his Prussian, looked a regular demon. Once more we heard him shout, '*Vive la France!*' Then, at the turn of the road, in a single bound through the hedge, everything rolled over into the ravine below. It was an awful crash. To have any idea of it, you must imagine a thunderbolt falling into the midst of this room. And then immediately there came a great silence. No one could speak; the women covered their heads with their aprons; we felt sick at heart.

"Can you believe it, sir? I can't think of it even yet, without creeping all over. And yet it's fifteen years now since then. I expect you'll despise me. But I can't help it.

"Well, to cut a long story short, the Prussians were more than six weeks over fishing up their big gun. At the bottom of the ravine was a horrible mess of twisted iron-work, dislocated wheels, ploughed-up soil, broken trees, and shattered stones. When at last it was all got up out of the débris, it was too late to be of any use in the bombardment—the siege of Paris was raised.

"Good old Jacques! That was what he had wished. And to think that we could never even give him a hero's funeral.

"He had been so completely crushed that nothing of him was found but a few mangled scraps of flesh some days after—one couldn't even tell if they belonged to him or the Prussian. Everything was carried off to the cemetery, almost without ceremony, for the Prussians were still in the village and furious after the smash. Later on we put up a little headstone over the grave, with the inscription, 'Died for his country,' under his name, then the date, and that was all. Thirty years hence, no one will remember who it was. The wife is dead, the house sold, the boy has gone for a soldier—now he is a sergeant in the line, and the Prussians will catch it pretty hot if ever he has a chance of getting at them. But he doesn't often get back to his old home, and with the exception of himself and a few old folk like me, who will remember Jacques Brulefert?

"I have it, sir: you, who are a scholar—you should write his story. It would only be justice to him. I tell you, spite of their great battalions, and their great guns, the Prussians would have had a bad time of it in 1870 if there had been many Frenchmen like our Jacques.

"And now, sir, I've been talking long enough. I must get to my work. Your health, sir!"

"*A la santé de la France, père Sauvage,* and the memory of Jacques Brulefert. I promise you to write his story."

By
Sir George Newnes, Bart.

PERHAPS there is no place of its size in the world that has been so much written about as Monte Carlo. Why, then, the reader will ask, after making this admission do we intrude yet one more article on this much-described spot? The fact is, it is so full of human interest, the scene of so much excitement and passion, that there is always something fresh to be said about it. Everyone likes to hear about the great gambling palace beautifully situated on the bright blue Mediterranean shores, with the glorious Alps for a background, and right and left of it the loveliest scenery of the Riviera. It ought to be the home of peace and tranquillity; instead of that it is the scene of terrible, if suppressed, excitement, and of poignant excesses in joy and anguish; alas, the latter prevails sooner or later.

It has often been told how Monsieur Blanc, the founder, when somebody commiserated him upon the fact that a visitor had won many thousands of pounds, used to curl up his lip with a disdainful smile and, looking at the apparently lucky gambler, say, "It will all come back." And so it does. Everyone knows that the Casino takes something like 3 per cent. to 5 per cent. of the amount that is staked, reserving for itself always one chance in thirty-six, and in the case of combined numbers, more chances. But it is not only in this way that the huge annual fortune of something like a million pounds is made. If a suitable inscription upon the beautiful gambling palace were writ large over its portals, it should take the form of a little sentence of four words, "They will not go." So long as visitors are winning, their confidence in their system remains: they think that they at least have found out how really to break the bank; visions of untold wealth are before them, and they will not go! They only do so when their money is exhausted.

A clerk who had been for several years in a bank at Nice, which was largely used by gamblers, says that in all the time he was there he only knew of one case where a man left with any substantial winnings. He had come with £150, and was lucky enough to

make it £10,000, but was still luckier in being able to resist the temptation to go on; and he was the solitary instance in the knowledge of the bank clerk.

Talking of banking, there is a very curious state of things at Monte Carlo. The Government of Monaco made an agreement with a firm of bankers of the name of Smith that no other bank than theirs shall have premises in the Principality. As everyone knows, the Principality is a very tiny one, especially so far as its depth is concerned. About a quarter of a mile from the Casino towards the hills Monaco ends, and the territory beyond is French. Accordingly, the Crédit Lyonnais bought land just outside the Monaco boundary, and built a large bank upon it, sixteen entrance steps to which, and the road in front, are in the Principality, the building itself being in France. Thus the Crédit Lyonnais has outwitted the Smith family, and made of none effect their agreement. That it was artful and clever no one will deny, but that it also was dishonourable many will be disposed to assert. The ethics of French banking houses are evidently not very high. Having paid for a concession, the Smith family might reasonably hope to enjoy what they had purchased.

THE CRÉDIT LYONNAIS.

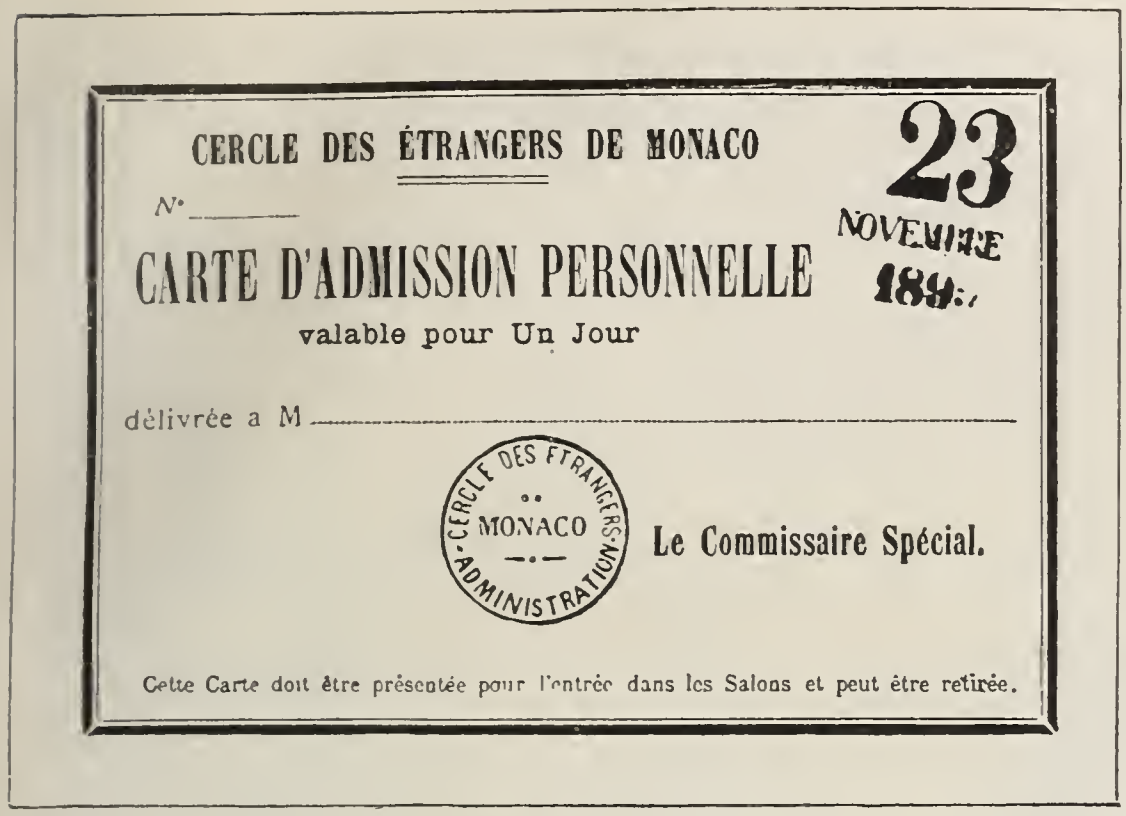
Representatives of the two banks attend daily in the large hall at the entrance of the Casino, and every now and then one sees some fortunate gambler come out through the fateful portals and hand over large sums in safe keeping.

One evening a young German, between seven and eleven o'clock, won £12,000. There was considerable excitement over his luck, and he was cheered as he left the Casino. Having put the huge roll of notes into his breast-pocket, he walked across to the Café de Paris and sat down to a champagne supper with several loose characters. "Surely he will be robbed," was the natural reflection, as he was seen to gulp down glass after glass of wine. "No," said one of the officials, "we shall keep too sharp an eye on him. No one will dare to touch that money in Monte Carlo. We shall have as many as half-a-dozen men shadowing him,

SUPPER AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS.

and he is all right as long as he stays here. If he were to go to Nice or elsewhere, he would be followed and robbed, as we should look after him no longer."

The Casino administration employ, all told, nearly 2,000 people. Each of the eight tables makes an average profit all the year round of


CERCLE DES ÉTRANGERS DE MONACO

N°_____

23 NOVEMBRE 189_.

CARTE D'ADMISSION PERSONNELLE

valable pour Un Jour

délivrée a M _____

CERCLE DES ÉTRANGERS · MONACO · ADMINISTRATION

Le Commissaire Spécial.

Cette Carte doit être présentée pour l'entrée dans les Salons et peut être retirée.

ADMISSION CARD.

£500 per day. There are 120 croupiers in connection with the eight tables; they are paid 250 francs a month, in addition to their food. Some of them are inspectors, who receive 600 to 1,000 francs a month. Then there is a little army of guards patrolling round the buildings, as well as gardeners, attendants, firemen, upholsterers, and others. The Director-General, who controls this vast institution, is paid 100,000 francs per year.

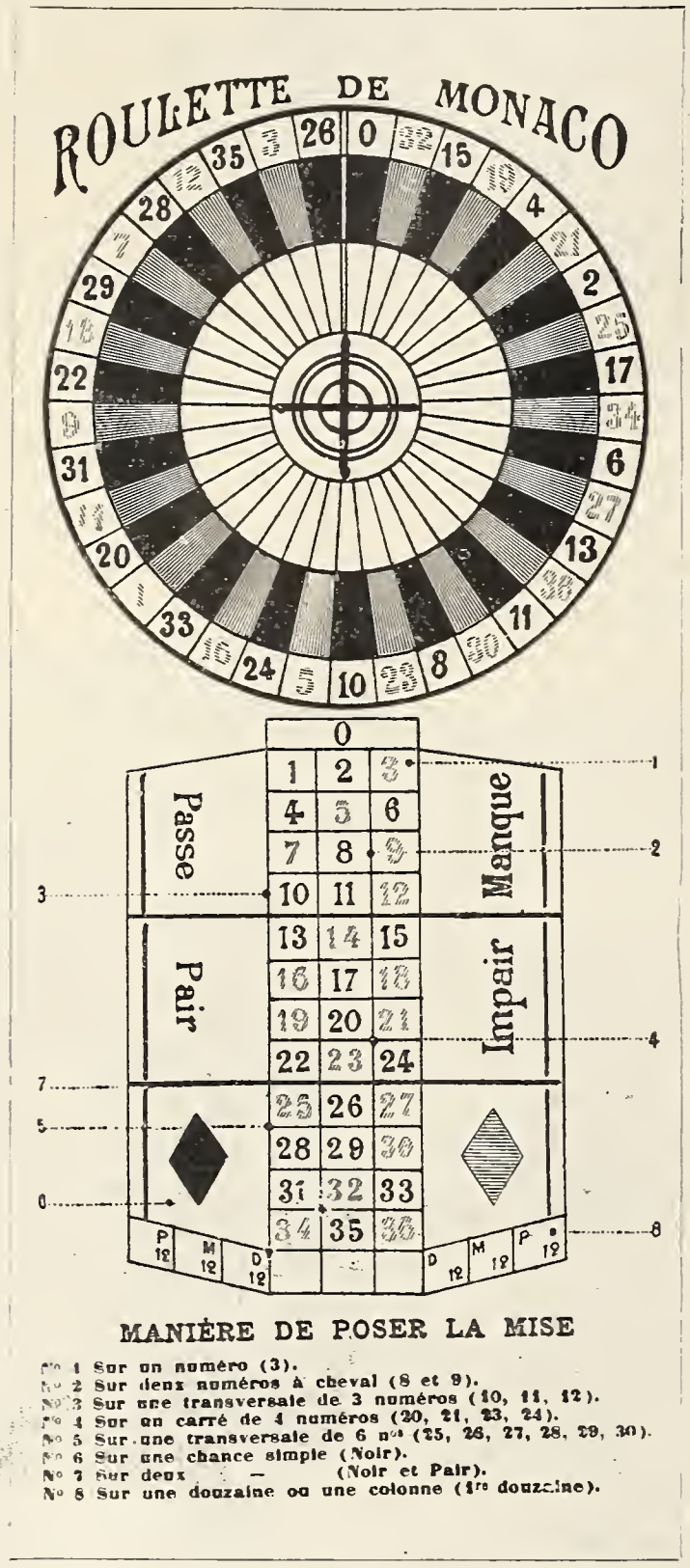
The buildings and the Casino are said to have cost £1,000,000, and, near by, a Palace of Fine Arts has been erected out of the bank winnings. There is in the Casino, besides extensive reading and writing rooms, a magnificent theatre, which is kept up at enormous cost; also, a permanent orchestra engaged all the year round of a hundred first-class instrumentalists, and during the season the most celebrated artists are engaged regardless of expense—Van Dyk, Sarah Bernhardt, Monegasque, and others; as much as 5,000 francs have been paid for a single night to one of these performers. All this is absolutely free. In the first place there is a little formality to be gone through to gain entrée to the rooms. You must give your name and address, and obtain a card which will last you for a week, but the administration distinctly impress upon visitors the fact, by notices in the entrance-hall, that they reserve to themselves the right to refuse admission to anyone if they so desire. They have certain rules about dress, but these are neither numerous nor strict. They draw the line, however, at gaiters, and some funny stories are told of men who, unaware of this rule, have gone from Nice and other places to find admission refused to them, and to put themselves in order have bribed waiters and others at the cafés to lend to them more or less ill-fitting trousers.

The lease expires in 1913, and it has been said that the Prince of Monaco has determined not to extend it, but as the shareholders are large property owners in the place, and as the bank pays all the taxes in addition to a sum of £50,000 a year to the Sovereign, it is shrewdly anticipated that His Royal Highness will not have the moral

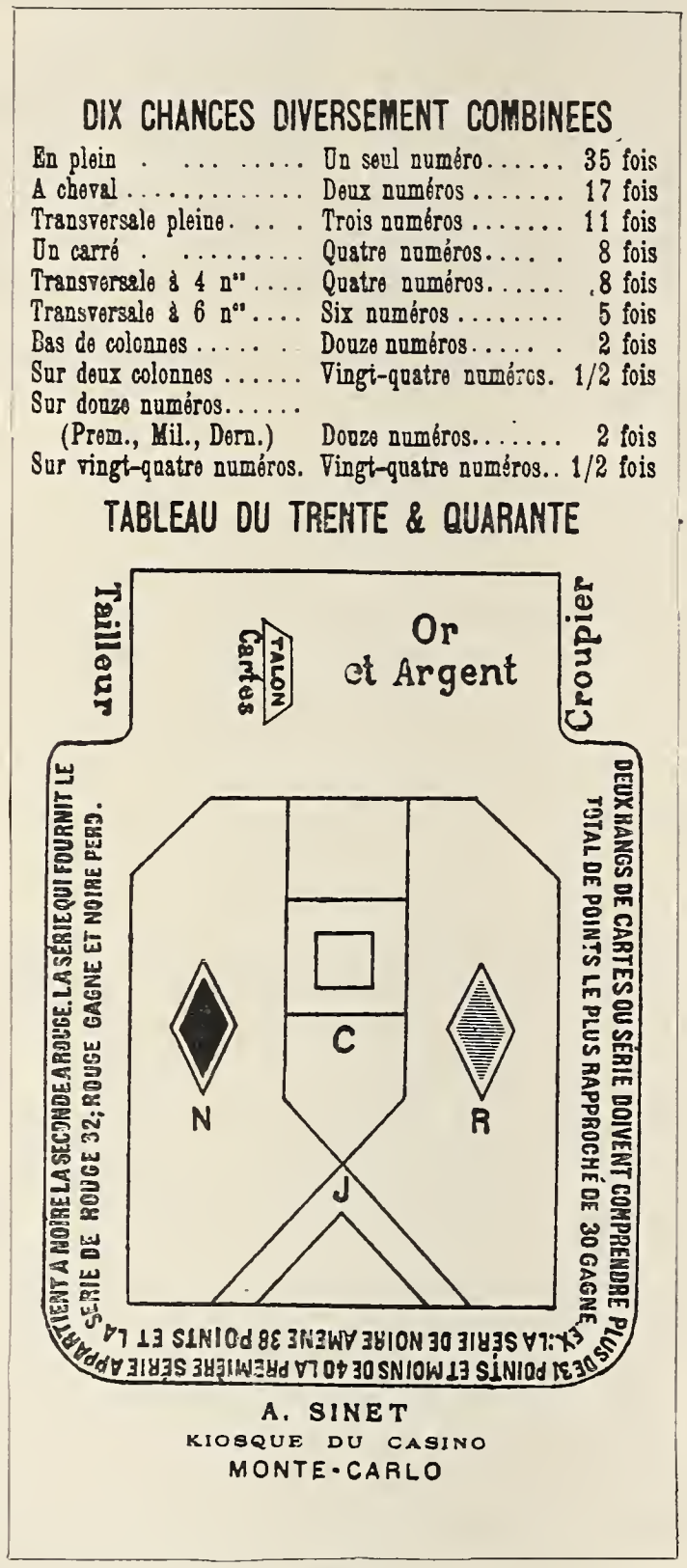
GAITERS NOT ADMITTED.

courage to forfeit all this for the sake of principle. Apart from the subsidy for the tables he is a rich man, and is married to a Jewish lady (the daughter of a wealthy banker), who brought him 20,000,000fr. Still, there is no one in Monte Carlo who seriously believes that the Prince at the end of the remaining seventeen years will shut up the Casino.

is twitching with excitement as the money comes and goes; the quiet-looking old lady, apparently cool, self-possessed, and dignified, whom you would think would be the last kind of person to be seen in such a place: all types, all ages, even very old men, whose trembling hands can hardly reach for the gold as it is passed to them, are there, spending almost the last hours of their lives


ROULETTE DE MONACO
0 32 15 19 4 21 2 25 17 34 6 27 13 36 11 30 8 23 10 5 24 16 33 1 20 31 9 22 18 29 7 28 12 35 3 26
0
1 2 3
4 5 6
7 8 9
10 11 12
13 14 15
16 17 18
19 20 21
22 23 24
25 26 27
28 29 30
31 32 33
34 35 36
Passe
Manque
Pair
Impair
P 12
M 12
D 12
D 12
M 12
P 12
MANIÈRE DE POSER LA MISE
N° 1 Sur un numéro (3).
N° 2 Sur deux numéros à cheval (8 et 9).
N° 3 Sur une transversale de 3 numéros (10, 11, 12).
N° 4 Sur un carré de 4 numéros (20, 21, 23, 24).
N° 5 Sur une transversale de 6 nos (25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30).
N° 6 Sur une chance simple (Noir).
N° 7 Sur deux — (Noir et Pair).
N° 8 Sur une douzaine ou une colonne (1re douzaine).

FRONT.


DIX CHANCES DIVERSEMENT COMBINEES
En plein . . . . . Un seul numéro . . . . . 35 fois
A cheval . . . . . Deux numéros . . . . . 17 fois
Transversale pleine . . . . Trois numéros . . . . . 11 fois
Un carré . . . . . Quatre numéros . . . . 8 fois
Transversale à 4 nos . . . . Quatre numéros . . . . . 8 fois
Transversale à 6 nos . . . . Six numéros . . . . . 5 fois
Bas de colonnes . . . . . Douze numéros . . . . . 2 fois
Sur deux colonnes . . . . . Vingt-quatre numéros. 1/2 fois
Sur douze numéros . . . . . Douze numéros . . . . . 2 fois
(Prem., Mil., Dern.)
Sur vingt-quatre numéros. Vingt-quatre numéros.. 1/2 fois
TABLEAU DU TRENTE & QUARANTE
Tailleur
Talon Cartes
Or et Argent
Croupier
DEUX RANGS DE CARTES OU SÉRIE DOIVENT COMPRENDRE PLUS DE 31 POINTS ET MOINS DE 40 LA PREMIÈRE SÉRIE APPARTIENT A NOIRE LA SECONDE A ROUGE. LA SÉRIE QUI FOURNIT LE TOTAL DE POINTS LE PLUS RAPPROCHÉ DE 30 GAGNE, EX.: LA SÉRIE DE NOIRE AMENE 38 POINTS ET LA SÉRIE DE ROUGE 32; ROUGE GAGNE ET NOIRE PERD.
C
N
R
J
A. SINET
KIOSQUE DU CASINO
MONTE-CARLO

BACK.

For the information of the uninitiated, we publish a drawing of the roulette-table, and the trente and quarante. The first is decided by the spinning of a little ball, the second by the dealing of cards.

To those who do not care for gambling, it is most interesting to study character around the tables. The variety is endless. The fashionably dressed young woman, obviously suffering from the gambling fever, whose face in this atmosphere. There is the man who has come with a large sum of money determined to have a big fling. He generally has seated by his side a pretty young woman. The true gambler has much superstition, and he thinks that to be accompanied and advised by a beautiful girl will bring him luck, and if at the end of the day he should prove a big winner, she will probably receive several notes of a thousand francs each.

ONE OF THE GAMING TABLES.

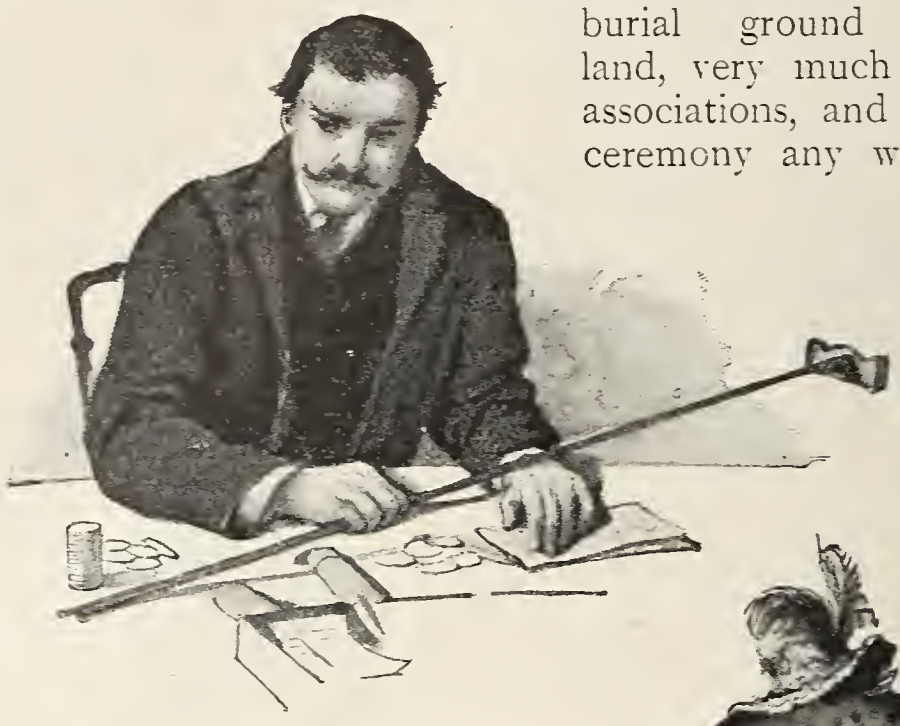
Then there is the man who tries to conceal his disappointment. Perhaps he is going in for a grand coup on a particular set of numbers. He wins the first time, and then puts all the money handed to him upon the same numbers. If he wins again he will have £500 to draw, and after a few seconds, during which the ball is spinning round and round, it is decided, the number is called out, and the croupiers sweep away his money. Lookers-on he knows are watching him, so he gives a sickly smile as though he would say, "It is nothing." Indeed, it is remarkable how, on the whole, the gamblers do conceal joy and sorrow. One young Englishman, who always bet on red or black and never upon the numbers, used to put a 1,000fr. note upon his favourite colour, and leave word if it turned up right it was to be left on with the winnings until he came back, and then he would slowly saunter round the room. As he came back to the table he might see that his note had gone, or that it had been added to by a dozen more. Five times one evening he took this curious round, and though he won during his absence, always when he got back the money had gone. So that he lost £200 in less than a quarter of an hour.

The persistency of many of the gamblers is tremendous. Having lost all the money they have taken with them, they telegraph to anyone from whom they think they can get some, with assurances that they are certain to retrieve all. As many as one hundred telegrams to different parts of Europe asking for more money have been sent off in one day from Monte Carlo. There are people there who make a very good thing out of lending money at enormous interest to gamblers. There is one man, a waiter at one of the hotels, who plies that calling only for the purposes of usury. He gets to know something about the visitors, and if he finds that they are substantial people at home he offers to lend them money should they be unlucky at the tables. One man came out five times one day in order to get from the wealthy waiter a loan of £100 a time, and at the end of the day he owed for interest to the knight of the napkin £100 according to the terms of the loans.

It is popularly supposed that if anyone has lost all their money the Casino authorities will send them back home. This is quite true, but only in such cases as they have reason to believe that the person has lost a fairly considerable amount—£80 is the sum fixed; then they will pay a first-class railway ticket to any part of Europe.

By the way, there seems to be an impression that if the bank has lost a certain sum of money on a particular day it closes its doors till the next morning. This is quite untrue. The bank never closes between twelve noon and eleven at night, no matter how much may be lost. The song about breaking the bank at Monte Carlo is responsible for a good deal of misapprehension. Each table starts in the morning with a certain sum of money, and when that is exhausted the play is stopped until a fresh supply is brought from the strong rooms. The man Wells, about whom the

song just referred to was written, caused the play to be stopped at one table two or three times whilst replenishments were obtained. No one, however, has caused them to close a table for more than a couple of minutes. The actual reserve at the bank ready for immediate use is a quarter of a million of money, and they are fully prepared for any and every emergency that may arise.



A CROUPIER.

Suicides in consequence of losses at the tables are said to be of frequent occurrence, but it is very difficult to get accurate information as to their number. People who live in Monte Carlo will tell you that the numbers are very much exaggerated, and that they rarely occur. On the other hand it is, of course, to the interest of the authorities to keep them quiet. During the writer's visit of a week it was said that there were no fewer than four suicides: one upon the hills, one in the gardens of the Casino, one in the sea, and one, a young woman, in her room in an hotel. But although the rumour was circulated it was, of course, promptly denied by every official in the place.

GAMBLING TO THE GRAVE.

There is, however, a very sad sight to be witnessed at Monaco about a mile from the rooms, viz., the Suicides' Cemetery. It is situate above and apart from the ordinary burial ground in barren, uncultivated land, very much in keeping with its dire associations, and there are buried without ceremony any who have taken their lives through their losses at the Casino. Four blank walls forming a square inclose it, and the unfortunate one's resting-place is only marked by a piece of plain wood with a number on it.

THE GAMBLER'S CHARMER.

LOST.

As the numbers only reach a little over thirty, one is apt to take comfort in thinking that there are not very many suicides; but

ALL LOST.

when you are informed that the bodies are removed after a certain time, a feeling of dreadful depression comes. Below, in the main cemetery, the graves are marked by large monuments, setting forth the virtues of those who are gone and the love for them entertained by those left behind, whilst innumerable wreaths and flowers testify to the frequent visits by the sorrowing relatives. But here, in this ghastly gamblers' acre, there is no sign that those who are buried have left behind them any to grieve at their death. Yes; there is just one. Some loving friend has taken the trouble to erect a black cross over one of the numbers, with a simple inscription of the Christian name of the deceased and the date of his death. One turns away, saddened, from this lonely cemetery, goes back into Monte Carlo, and enters again those gilded saloons, beautiful and bright as money can make them, and, oh! the contrast and the wonder if any of those who are placing their hundred or thousand-franc notes upon the numbers will some day have a number of their own up there, between those melancholy four stone walls.

THE SUICIDES' CEMETERY.

How We Outwitted Napoleon.

TOLD IN 1843.

WHEN I was a junior clerk in the house of Richepin, in Paris, at 1,500 francs a year, the narrowness of my finances allowed me to indulge in no amusement but chess; and, as a constant *habitué* of the Café de la Régence, I had attained a certain degree of force: all my leisure time was spent over the chess-board. In order to conceal the poverty of my appointments, I maintained the most rigid secrecy at the Régence as to who or what I was, and was universally supposed to be living on my means—a mere Paris *flaneur*. Well, I bore my condition cheerfully, practised the most rigid economy as to ways and means, and sat early and late at my desk during business hours; *existing* on the present, *living* for the future; watching the opportunity to better my hard fate by seizing that critical moment (should it present itself) which they say Fortune offers once at least in the life of every man.

On the 5th of March, in the year 1815, we were all at our posts in the evening, making up the monthly mail for Constantinople. It was late—between eight and nine o'clock. I was rocking on my hard wooden stool, as usual, scribbling away for dear life in company with some nine or ten other clerks, when the door flew open and our chief, Richepin, stood before us, with a face as pale as a pretty woman's when the doctor says her aged husband *will* recover.

Every sound was hushed, every pen stopped scratching. Something important had evidently happened. Richepin spoke, and his voice quivered:—

"Gentlemen," said he, "France is no longer France! The whirlwind has smitten her! The thunder-cloud has burst upon our happy shores! I may be announcing to you the ruin of the house of Richepin and Brothers!"

Ruin and Richepin! The association of terms appeared *too* ridiculous. We thought the governor mad!

"Gentlemen," resumed the mighty Israelite, "hear me out. Napoleon Buonaparte has left Elba, has landed in France; the army join him, and his eagles are flying to Paris with lightning speed. Louis XVIII. will be off for Flanders in a few days, as fast as his fat will let him. The Ministers are drawing up a bombastic proclamation to issue to-morrow to the people, but I foresee their downfall is assured. The folly of the Bourbons again breaks the peace of Europe, and France is about to plunge anew into a thirty years' war!"

"Hurrah!" shouted two or three clerks, staunch Buonapartists.

"Forgive me, my dear sir," cried one of them to Richepin, "but this cannot touch the house. This alarm is surely premature. The Emperor must have money. He will want a loan. We shall have the Crown jewels, worth fourteen millions of gold in——"

"Sir," replied Richepin, sternly, "sir, you are a fool! The Emperor must have money instantly—true enough, too true! But Louis is even now packing up the crown jewels, and all his private treasure of gold and diamonds to boot. The Emperor will tender me his note of hand—bah! and the Congress of Vienna still sitting! and the armies of the allies not disbanded! and the Russians in Germany! and the Cossacks of the Don in sunny Europe, like vultures eager to whet their filthy beaks in the dearest blood of France! Sir, you talk like a child. Do you remember that in our vaults lie five millions of golden napoleons? And, doubtless, Talleyrand and Fouché will try to make their peace with Buonaparte, by advising that this sum should be seized as a forced loan. Yes," continued Richepin, "five millions in gold, one hundred millions of francs! My brain reels—the house must go! Nothing but a miracle can save us. Five millions!"

"But," asked the Imperialist clerk, "can we not hide the gold?"

"Where can we hide it," impetuously interrupted Richepin, "that its place of concealment will not be known? I must give up this vast sum, or, perhaps, be tried by court-martial and shot for petty treason. Remember the active part I have taken in arranging the affairs of these Bourbons. A hundred millions! Oh, brother! my dear brother! Of all men on earth, you alone could save me by your counsel; and I am in Paris and you are in London."

"The Emperor cannot be here yet: why not send to your brother?" asked the Imperialist.

"The barriers are closed, and guarded by the artillery with loaded guns. I applied myself for a passport and was refused. The

gratitude of Kings! None may pass but one courier for each Ambassador. The messenger of the English Embassy this moment leaves with despatches for the Court of St. James. He is a German, named Schmidt. I have spoken with him and have offered him £500 to bear a letter to my brother, and the man refuses. May he break his neck on the road! The moment he communicates his news in London, the British funds fall 10 per cent., as they will do here to-morrow morning, and in both cities we hold consols to an immense amount. Five millions of napoleons in our cellars! Oh, my brother, why cannot the spirit of our father arise and stand before thee in London ere the arrival of this courier?"

The climax had arrived. Richepin's heart was full. He sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands. A deep silence prevailed through the office.

Now, whatever was the feeling of my fellow-clerks, I cannot convey the slightest idea of the revolution which had sprung up in my breast during the foregoing conversation. I had not spoken, but eagerly watched and devoured every word, every look, of the several speakers. Never was there more burning genius of inspiration for an enterprising man than an income limited to 1,500 francs! Anyhow, I jumped up, kicked my wooden stool away, and presented myself before Richepin.

"If being in London three hours before the courier may advantage the house," cried I, "here do I undertake the task. Give me some token of credence to hand your brother, sir, gold for my expenses on the road, and trust to me!"

"What mean you? Are you mad?" said Richepin, surprised, while my fellow-clerks began to mutter at my pretensions.

"I have my plan," returned I. "Oh, do but trust me. I am acquainted with this courier—with Schmidt. I have a hold on him—a certain hold, believe me. Though I am but the junior here, I will travel with Schmidt, aye, in his very carriage, and will win the race, though I should be guillotined afterwards for strangling him by the way. Time flies, sir—trust me—say I may go."

Richepin hesitated.

"Is he trustworthy?" asked he of the head clerk, with whom I was luckily a favourite, because I was in the habit of mending his pens and taking his children bon-bons on New Year's Day.

"He is steady as time," answered the head clerk. "I would trust him with my children—and wife too!"

There was little time for parley. Great men decide quickly. The truth was, I presented myself as a *pis-aller*—a sort of forlorn hope. Even if I went over to the enemy, nothing could be lost, matters being evidently at their worst, and the critical moment all but on the wane. Richepin resolved to trust me. All was the work of a few seconds of time. He took from his finger the carbuncle I now wear and placed it in my hand.

"Show the ring to my brother," said he; "he knows it well; and, stay—quick—give me ink."

Snatching up a slip of paper, our chief wrote in the Hebrew character, "Believe the bearer!"

"Put that in his hands. What your plan is, I know not. You have *carte blanche*. Explain all to my brother. He is the genius of the family. The fortunes of the house of Richepin are this day in your keeping. The

"TIME FLIES, SIR—SAY I MAY GO."

courier starts at the stroke of ten. It wants twelve minutes!"

"He goes, of course, from the house of the Embassy?" I asked, clapping on my hat, snatching a cloak from the wall, and pocketing a heavy bag of gold all in a breath.

"He does—he does—away with you—away!" and Richepin literally pushed me out of the door, amid the varied exclamations of the clerks. I took the steep staircase at half-a-dozen bounds, and in half-a-dozen more found myself in the Place du Palais Royal.

Here I must explain the nature of the relations that existed between me and Schmidt. We were both frequenters of the Café de la Régence. Schmidt was the slowest chess-player I have ever seen. He has been known to sit for three-quarters of an hour over a move, his head covered in his hands. We had mostly singled out each other as antagonists because prettly evenly matched. Schmidt loved me, as I knew, because it was not every man who would play with him. Nobody but a chess-player can appreciate the strong tie of brotherhood which links its amateurs. I had managed to do many little favours for Schmidt in other matters, and so he regarded me as more than a friend. He no more suspected me of being a banker's clerk than of being King of the Sandwich Islands.

The English Embassy at this time occupied an hotel adjoining the Café de la Régence, at the door of which latter temple of fame I planted myself in a careless-looking attitude, with my pulse beating like a sledge-hammer. The night was dark above, but bright below, shining forth in all the glory of lamplight. At the *porte-cochère* of the British envoy's hotel stood a light travelling-carriage. I was in the nick of time. Schmidt was ready; five horses were being caparisoned for the journey. I went up to the carriage and addressed my friend:—

"How's this, Schmidt? No chess to-night? I've been looking for you in the Régence!"

"Chess! Have you not heard the news? It's no secret. Buonaparte has landed from Elba on the coast of France. Paris will ring with the tidings in an hour or two. I'm off this moment for London with despatches."

"I don't envy you the journey!" said I. "What a bore, shut up in that machine all night; to be sure, you can read all the way, and——yes, you can study our new gambit!"

"What a pity you can't go with me!" responded Schmidt, in the pride of five horses and a carriage all to himself; "we'd play chess all the way!"

My heart leaped to my mouth. The trout was gorging the bait. Schmidt had drawn the marked card!

"Don't invite me twice!" said I, laughing, "for I am in a very lazy humour, and have no one earthly thing to do in Paris for the next few days." This was true enough.

"Come along, then, my dear fellow!" replied Schmidt; "make the jest earnest. I've a famous night-lamp, and am in no humour to sleep. I must drop you on the frontiers, because I dare not let the authorities of Calais or Boulogne see that I have a companion, lest I should be suspected of stock-jobbing, but I'll pick you up on my return. Now, are the horses ready, there?"

"Do you really mean what you say, Schmidt?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Then I'll tell you what," said I, "I'm your man, and famous fun we'll have."

I darted into the café, snatched up the first chess-board and men that came to hand, and stood in a moment again by the side of my friend. The postillions were in their saddles. In we leaped, bang went the door, round rolled the wheels, and away bounded our light calash at the rate of ten French miles an hour. For a moment we were stopped at the barrier of St. Denis. The gates were closed, and a heavy force of horse and foot drawn up by the portals. My friend's passport was strictly examined, and we learned that no other carriage could pass that night, the order being special. I may here say that, throughout the route, thanks to the telegraph, our horses were always changed at the various post-houses with lightning speed.

"Good-night, gentlemen!" cried the officer on guard, and away we went. Schmidt, poor fellow, was setting up the chess-men. By-the-bye, if ever you play chess in a carriage, and cannot make the men stand, wet the board with a little *vin de Grave*, as we did, and you'll find no difficulty.

We played chess all night, talked, laughed, and enjoyed ourselves. We supped *en route* in the carriage, and, as my courteous antagonist was busily discussing a bottle of old Markbrunner, I could but sigh that time had been denied me to put a vial of laudanum in my pocket. Schmidt should have slept so soundly!

Time wore on. "Shall I pitch him out by main force?" I reflected. "Too hazardous.

"MY FRIEND'S PASSPORT WAS STRICTLY EXAMINED."

I must take care not to find my way into that dirty old gaol at Calais. Shall I tell Schmidt the whole truth, and throw myself on his friendship? No; I should be checked and checkmated." We have rattled through Abbeville: we are even passing Montreuil, and I am just where I was. But, stop! a thought lights up my brain. Will it do?

Luckily, my adversary was the slowest of all slow players. This gave me time to ruminate, and my scheme, such as it was, became at length matured. By this time we had reached that little village, I forget the name of the dog-hole, seven miles on the Paris side of Boulogne. It was half-past four in the afternoon, and we had eaten nothing since our scanty breakfast at eight in the morning. I easily prevailed on Schmidt to alight at the little inn of the village, which was also the post-house, for a quarter of an hour to snatch a hot dinner — which I assured him was far better than his dining at Boulogne and crossing on a full stomach—so, chess-board in hand, Schmidt went into a dark, back little room to study his coming move while dinner was dishing. I rushed outside and demanded—what think you? A blacksmith! I was gazing on our carriage when the man stood before me. No one was within hearing.

"What a curious thing is a carriage like this, friend!" said I, musingly. "Now, what would follow were that large screw there taken out? Answer me promptly."

"What would follow? Why, the coach would go on very well for a few hundred yards, and then would overturn with a crash, and smash all to shivers."

"Hum!" said I. "And what if only that tiny screw were drawn?"

"The body of the vehicle would equally fall upon the hind axle, but without material consequences, causing, however, some considerable delay."

"Are you the blacksmith always in attendance here? I mean, if this carriage overturned descending yonder hill, would it fall to your lot to right it?"

"It would!" and the Frenchman's eye sparkled with intelligence. I could have hugged the swarthy man to my bosom. I adore a blacksmith!

"Here are ten napoleons. Give me out that little screw, I have a fancy for it." And the screw was in my hand. "I *hope* no accident will happen," I continued; "but, should the carriage overturn, have it brought back here to repair. And take a couple of hours to finish the job in, that you may be sure the work is done properly, you know. And remember that a man who earns ten napoleons so lightly has two ears, but only one tongue."

"I understand," grinned Vulcan; "*soyez tranquille!*"

I pocketed the precious screw, and rushed in to dinner while the horses were putting to. I intend that screw to go down in my family as a heirloom. We left the inn at full gallop. A very small quantity of a pace like ours proved a dose. The postillions pulled up.

"We are overset!" I cried.

"God forbid!" said Schmidt. "What's to be done?"

I had already sprung out.

"GIVE ME OUT THAT LITTLE SCREW."

"There seems to be little the matter, Schmidt. Back the carriage to the inn, and all will be right in a twinkling."

My friend the blacksmith assured us he would repair all damage directly; and, while he began to hammer away, we philosophers coolly resumed our chess in the inn-parlour. The position of the game was now highly critical both for Richepin and Napoleon, and also for me and Schmidt. I felt my antagonist must occupy twenty heavenly minutes over his coming move. I left the room and darted to the stable. A groom was busy at his work.

"Have you a saddle-horse ready for the road? I am sent on in advance. Tell the landlord my friend within settles all. Give me the bridle."

I mounted and galloped off like the wind.

"Boulogne! Boulogne!" cried I, aloud, as I raced through the village in a state of ungovernable excitement. In a few minutes more I had alighted at the water-side. If that horse yet lives, be sure he recollects me. The soldiers shouted behind for my passport. I threw them some gold, which they were vulgar enough to pick up from the beach. I cast my eyes around. It was six o'clock and the scene was deeply interesting. The breeze had set in well from the west. The evening was cold but bright; the air slightly frosty. It was known already that Napoleon had escaped from his prison-house, and was marching on Paris; and the English residents were flying from France like sheep before the wolf. I was hailed in a moment by several bronzed fishermen, with offers of service and vaunts of the superior qualities of their several respective vessels. I selected a stout, trim-looking boat, and leaped on board, leaving my horse to his meditations.

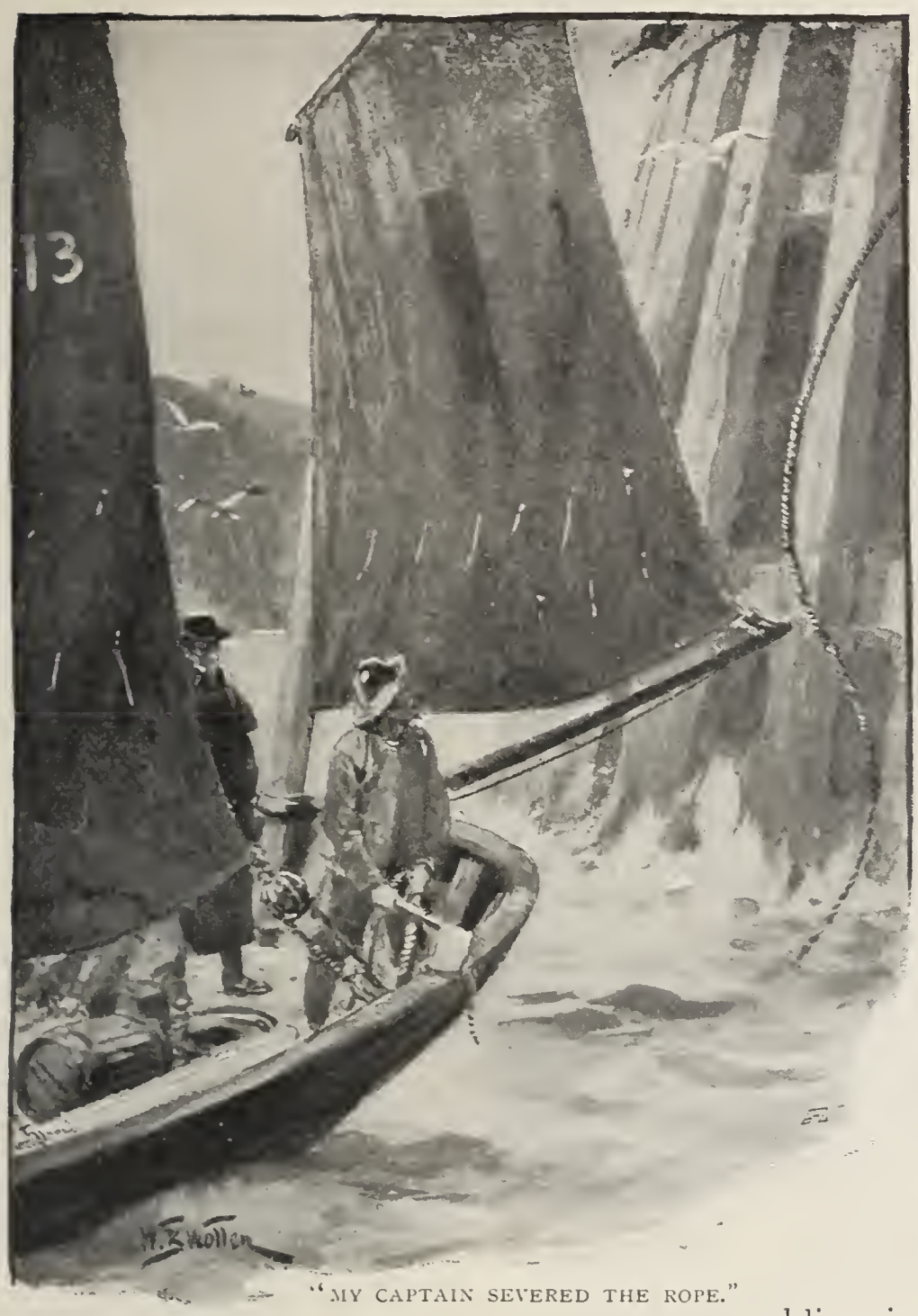
"For Dover!" cried I to the master of the boat. "My pay is five guineas a man; I must have eight men on board in case it comes on to blow. Be smart, fellows, and away!"

The men were as active as eels. The police were about to detain me with some infernal jargon about my passport again.

"Cut off," I cried, eagerly.

My captain (if I may so term a Breton sailor, half-smuggler, half-fisherman) severed the rope which held us to the pier-head, our heavy brown sails were flung to the wind, and we were sweeping across the waters. We dashed under the bows of a large English-built packet, straining at her lashings like mad. The captain was reading the very stones and windows of the town impatiently through a glass. The mob of idle spectators were so busily engaged watching his proceedings, I was hardly noticed.

"A nice craft, that, sir," said one of our men to me; "waiting for the English courier. If he don't make haste she'll lose her tide."



"MY CAPTAIN SEVERED THE ROPE."

We went ahead. Every bit of canvas we could stretch was spread, and the billows washed our deck from stem to stern. The little vessel answered gloriously to the call. At one moment I verily thought we should have been swamped. My fellows, themselves, hesitated, and seemed inclined to take in sail.

"Carry on," cried our captain.

A little more washing and we were in comparatively smooth water, under the chalk cliffs of Albion. By half-past nine I had left Dover, and was tearing along the London road behind four fleet horses. Canterbury and Rochester were won and lost. I took the direction of London, and my carriage pulled up before the gates of Richepin's villa before five o'clock in the morning. I had come from Paris in thirty hours.

The inmates must have thought I had come to take the mansion by storm, so powerful were my appeals to the great bell, as I stood at the gates in the early morning. In five minutes more I found myself by the conjugal bed of Richepin. God only knows how I got there.

By the time Richepin was fully wakened up, I handed in my credentials. I rapidly explained the circumstances of the case, and minutely detailed the situation of our Paris house. What words I used I cannot remember. Indeed, I spoke as in a state of delirium. I had not slept for two days and nights, and my brain began to reel for want of rest.

"Go into my dressing-room there," said Richepin, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*. "Do me the favour to open the shutters, and in three minutes I shall be with you."

I retired mechanically. A heavy load seemed removed already from my chest. In every tone of the great man's voice there was something more than authority: there was genius, talent, power. I threw myself upon a sofa. Richepin joined me. He wore a scarlet night-cap, and, enveloped in the blanket he had hastily dragged off the bed, looked, with his grisly beard and massive throat, like an Indian chief about to give the war-whoop. Startled abruptly from his sleep, informed that the whole fortunes of his house were trembling in the balance, that name and fame were being rent asunder, he was still Richepin.

"Return to France," said he, "to my brother with all speed. Spare no exertion to be at Paris some little time before Napoleon enters. Your services in this affair will not be forgotten by our house. To thank you here were waste of time. Now mark my words: The Napoleon dynasty will not last long. The army will declare in his favour, but the nation, torn by war, will not stand by him. The problem to be solved is this: To keep the gold out of his hands, and yet to remain friends with him. And thus would I have my brother proceed. We have undue bills to the amount of millions and millions flying about Paris. Every holder of a note of hand will be glad to allow 10 per cent. discount for gold. Any premium will be given for gold to hoard during the crisis. Seek out the holders of our paper, call it all in, and pay it off in gold. Call in all. Lock your paper in your desk, and the ship will ride out the storm. The bills will be useless to Napoleon; gold alone will meet his views.

"SEEK OUT THE HOLDERS OF OUR PAPER."

Meanwhile, bid my brother be foremost at the Tuileries' *levées*, and profuse in his assurances of devotion to the Emperor, with regret that he has no gold. And now away with you, sir, on the wings of the winds; but, hold! What is the earliest hour at which the courier of the English Embassy can be at the Foreign Office here?"

"I should say, eight or nine."

"Ha!" said Richepin; "then stop a moment."

Seating himself, Richepin hastily wrote and sealed a short note, addressed to Lord C——.

"Leave London by Westminster, and hand in this note as you pass Downing Street (of course, you know London), to be delivered as early as possible. Return by Calais. The Boulonnois might lay hold of you. But, ah! you have no passport! Fortunately, the English Government allow me to keep a few blanks for emergencies."

He filled me up a passport ready signed, describing me as on "a special mission"; and we parted with a cordial squeeze of the hand. I can truly say, I neither ate nor drank in or near the British Metropolis.

Fate was constant throughout my journey. I reached Dover and Calais without an accident, and reeled into our Paris counting-house, more dead than alive, soon after noon on the 8th day of March. I need not say how delighted was our French Richepin at the counsel I brought. All hands went immediately to work to carry out the scheme. As for me, I went to bed. The success of the house of Richepin was complete: all our gold was paid away; barely a single twenty-franc piece remained in our treasure-vaults. We stood upon our bills and waited the event.

Buonaparte had landed in France on March 1st; on the 21st of March the Emperor had a grand *levée* at the Palace of the Tuileries, to which our chief went, though with a trembling heart. Buonaparte looked at him from head to foot, with anything but a pleasant expression of countenance, and turned on his heel with this significant phrase: "I see there are two Napoleons in Europe."

The Emperor took no further notice of the matter, but subsequently alluded to it at St. Helena, in his conversation with Las Casas. He then laughed at the trick, and owned we had completely foiled him. A Napoleon to confess himself beaten is twice vanquished.

My friend, Schmidt the heavy, never can have forgotten the last game of chess we played together. We have never seen each other since I left him studying how to parry the impending checkmate; should we ever meet, I shall be happy to finish the game.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MR. CHILDERS.

AMONGST the audience listening last year to Sir William Harcourt's exposition of his famous Death Duties Budget was Mr. Childers, paying what turned out to be his last visit to the House of Commons. Thirty-five years earlier he entered it as member for Pontefract. It was an odd coincidence that, in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1868, prominent place should have been found for two returned emigrants from Australia. Mr. Lowe, member for Sydney in 1848, was, just twenty years later, Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Empire. Mr. Childers, about the same time a member of the Victorian Government, with a seat in the Cabinet as Commissioner of Trade and Customs, was Mr. Gladstone's First Lord of the Admiralty. He, too, became Chancellor of the Exchequer when, in 1882, Mr. Gladstone reached the conclusion that dual office, one being that of Leader of the House, was too much even for a comparatively young man like himself.

THE LATE MR. CHILDERS, UNDER THE GALLERY.

It was the boast of the late Lord Cottesloe that for something like half a century he had heard every Budget speech made in the House of Commons. Thomas Francis Fremantle began as Secretary to the Treasury, passed through higher Ministerial offices, and settled down with a peerage to the Chairmanship of the Board of Customs. Whether on the Treasury Bench, under the Gallery, where Treasury officials not being members sit, or in the Peers' Gallery, Lord Cottesloe, born at the close of the eighteenth century, advancing step by step with the ageing nineteenth century, was always in his place on Budget Night. Mr. Childers developed the same passion, and since he retired from Parliamentary life he was, when health permitted, ever found under the Gallery on Budget Night.

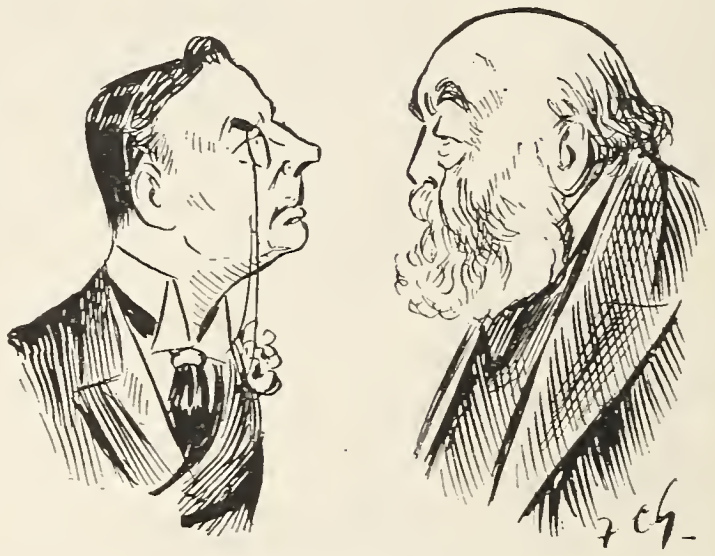
He began Ministerial life in this country as one of Mr. Gladstone's Young Men. It is true Lord Palmerston first picked him out, making him Civil Lord of the Admiralty as far back as the year 1864. When Mr. Gladstone came into office four years later he, at a bound, made the member for Pontefract First Lord of the Admiralty. Thereafter, till failing health compelled retirement, Mr. Gladstone in successive Premierships always offered Cabinet office to his whilom Secretary at the Treasury.

Mr. Childers was a type of member of Parliament not likely in present circumstances, or in the near future, to rise to the heights he reached and along which, for many years, he safely walked. He was a good head-clerk kind of a man, plodding, safe, rather than brilliant. He contributed long speeches to debate, but there was no sparkle in the ponderous mass. His social manner, like his Parliamentary style, had a fine old-world flavour about it. His portly presence, urbane but slightly pompous manner, was hit off during the Parliament of 1880 by a political and personal friend, one of a group conversing in the old smoking-room opening on to the Terrace. The worn-out senators were whiling away the time by a genial game consisting of filling up the initials of prominent men with words more or less descriptive of their personal appearance and manner. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers was the appropriately sonorous name of the then Secretary of State for War. "Here Comes Everybody Childers" was suggested as even better. As one thinks of him, with head thrown back, chest protuberant, sailing along the corridors, or marching up the floor of the House, the prefix seems not ill-fitted.

LORD SALISBURY'S MANNER OF SPEECH.

With reference to some recent remarks in this page, on the extraordinary gift possessed by the Marquis of Salisbury of delivering an important speech without the assistance of notes, a correspondent, who speaks as one having authority, writes: "I can confirm, by a remarkable instance, the accuracy of your statement. I happened to be in close communication with Lord Salisbury when he delivered his

famous speech at Newport, in October, 1885. A critical stage had been reached in the battle then raging between the advanced Radicals, led by Mr. Chamberlain, under the banner of the unauthorized programme, and the Conservative Party. The speech covered a wide range of topics at home and abroad. It contains the passage in which Lord Salisbury cautiously but significantly responded to Mr. Parnell's reference to the position of Austria and Hungary as bearing on the Irish Question. Such a manifesto, made at such a time by the leader of a great party, might well have suggested the desirability of the assistance of manuscript notes. What happened was just this: Lord Salisbury retired to his private room at the hotel where he stopped, and remained there for three-quarters of an hour thinking over his speech. When he appeared on the platform he had for sole note a few lines written on the back of a visiting-card, containing a quotation of a speech by Mr. Chamberlain. This he read in its proper place. For the rest, he went unfalteringly on, speaking for upwards of an hour, a weighty, polished, historic oration, delivered without the assistance of a single note."

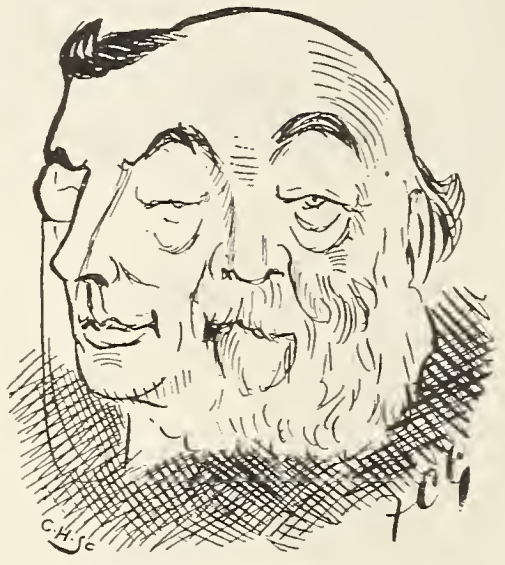


ANTAGONISM.

THE EXTRACT.

It is interesting to know what was the extract from Mr. Chamberlain's speech which thus interested Lord Salisbury and introduced a variation in his oratorical habit. I have looked up the Newport speech and find what was written on the visiting-card. The Government of Lord Salisbury, "the Stopgap Government," as Mr. Chamberlain wittily and graphically described it, had, at the date of this Newport speech, been a few months in office. Almost at the outset of his speech, Lord Salisbury replies to his critics. "Some orators," he says, "describe our conduct as slavish, others call it submissive. Lord Hartington says we have been guilty of gross political immorality—he, the great maintainer of principle, who never yielded an opinion in his life—and Mr. Chamberlain reproaches us in language so categorical that I will quote it. Mr. Chamberlain says this: 'What is the complaint that I have to make against the present Government? It is that they act and speak in office in absolute contradiction to all that they said and did in Opposition.' And then he proceeded to single me out. Well, now, as he has singled me out, I will speak for myself. I will say that this is an absolute libel; that it has not a shadow or shred of truth, and that I defy him to point out the language I used in Opposition which in office I am contradicting by my deeds. It is a simple test. If he can prove it, he confounds me. If he does not prove it, the reproach he makes recoils upon himself, and covers with the charge of dishonesty the tactics which he pursues. (A Voice: 'Affidavits!') Unfortunately, Mr. Chamberlain is not very strong on affidavits; at least, he is not very strong with affidavits that are of any value. The affidavits that he has to use his friends are obliged to purchase."

This last barbed shot is a reference to an episode in the history of the Aston Park Riots, upon which repeated debate took place in the House of Commons night after night. Mr. Chamberlain stood at bay, Lord Randolph Churchill leading the envenomed attack of the Conservative Party upon the statesman who at the time had eclipsed Mr. Bright, and even Mr. Gladstone, in power to excite their ire.



RAPPROCHEMENT.

MR. BRIGHT'S NOTES.

Another correspondent challenges the statement in the same article which affirmed that Mr. Bright, whilst he observed the precaution of supplying himself with catch notes of points in his speech, enlarged them only by writing out the full text of his peroration. My informant mentions the interesting fact that he possesses the manuscript of one of the last speeches Mr. Bright delivered in

the country. "It runs to many folios," he says, "all written in the Tribune's neat handwriting, much interlined. Not only is the peroration written out in full, but many of the more important sentences forming earlier portions of the speech."

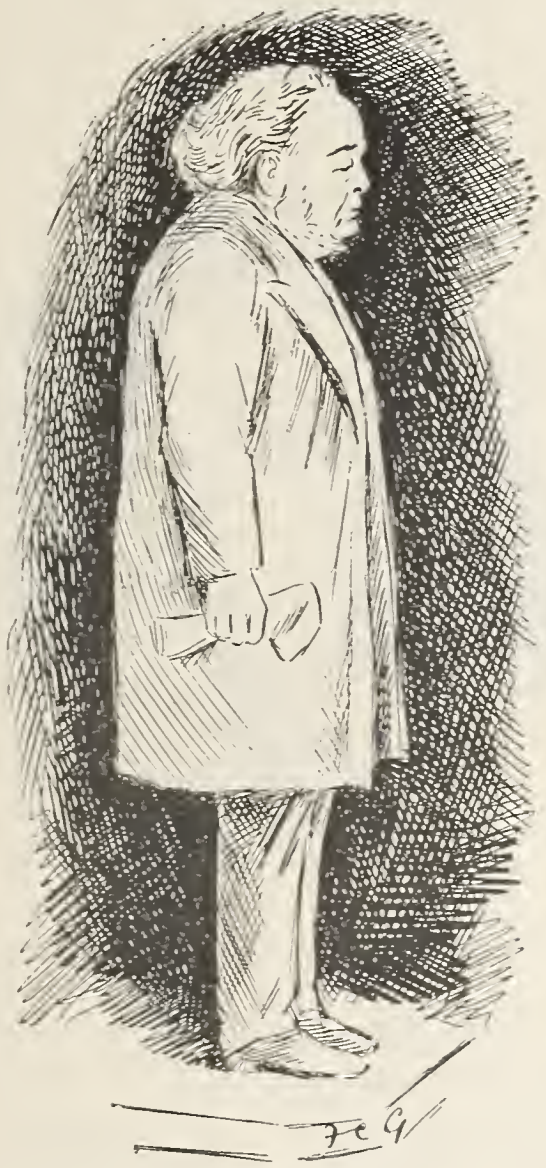
That being so, obviously does not clash with the remark challenged. I spoke of Mr. Bright's life-long habit, more especially when he was in his prime, in the plenitude of his mental and physical power. It is probable enough that, as years advanced and the grasshopper became a burden, he realized the desirability of refreshing his memory with full notes.

I well remember his appearance and manner when, in 1874, he came back to Parliamentary life after an interval forced upon him by illness. He broke the silence of many years when he unexpectedly appeared at the table and offered to share with Mr. Whalley the duty of escorting to the table Dr. Kenealy. The then redoubtable Doctor, just returned for Stoke, found himself solitary in the crowded Chamber save for the friendship of the chivalrous-minded, if wrong-headed, Mr. Whalley. The new member, holding a stout gingham umbrella in the one hand and his hat in the other, essayed to walk up the floor under their escort and so take the oath. The Speaker demurred on the ground that custom did not recognise either the umbrella or the hat, it being required that a new member should be introduced by two sitting members, prepared to testify to his identity. Only Mr. Whalley was ready to associate himself with the elect of Stoke-on-Trent.

Then, from the lower end of the bench, where he was modestly seated, Mr. Bright rose, and in voice so low and tongue so faltering that it was with difficulty he was heard, offered, as he said in deference to the will of a large constituency, to walk with the new member to the table.

Later in the same Parliament he, as he told a friend, frequently came down to the House prepared to take part in the current debate. I have often noticed him sitting on the front bench with notes in his hand, apparently waiting for the member on his legs to resume his seat, and provide opportunity for his interposition. When the moment arrived, Mr. Bright failed to rise to his feet, and so opportunity was lost. Mr. Bright told his friend that, when the very moment came that he might have spoken, his nerve failed him, and he gratefully permitted himself to be passed over.

He conquered this weakness as the Sessions passed, and regained that ancient command over the Chamber which enabled him to dispense with the assistance of all but a few notes. From first to last the peroration was fairly written out.



STATUE OF JOHN BRIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ROOM FOR A STATUE.

Within the walls of the Palace at Westminster, and on the grass-plots in its immediate neighbourhood, statues are appropriately raised to great Parliament men. The muster will surely be incomplete if place be not found for a counterfeit presentment of Lord Randolph Churchill. He was not great in the sense the title may be bestowed upon Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield, whose statues stand without, or Earl Russell and Mr. Bright, but lately added to the mementos of great Parliament men near the approaches to the House of Commons. He was not their equal in the race, since, in respect of years, he fell out of the track at half their age. But, as far as he went, his career will equal in brilliance that of any compeer.

The pity of it is that there does not seem to be left any group of men in the House of Commons, or in political ranks outside it, who are likely to move in the direction indicated. Lord Randolph, with all his brilliant talent and some lovable qualities, had a fatal gift of estrangement. He was much more ready to wound the susceptibilities of an individual or a party than he was to cajole. Naturally of imperious nature and of impatient habits, he could not endure mediocrity. Often when he might have been content

quietly to ignore it, he must needs cut it with knives or beat it about its respectable head. As there is a large leaven of mediocrity in humanity, even in the House of Commons, it will be understood that Lord Randolph made many enemies, and has left behind him undying resentments. These must fade away under the merciful influence of time, and the House of Commons will not always refrain from doing honour to one of its most brilliant, if one of its most wilful, sons.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Some day there will probably be published—as doubtless there is already fairly written out—a full account of the negotiations that followed on the retirement, at the beginning of the Session of 1884, of Mr. Brand from the Speaker's Chair. It is already well known in the inner circle of Parliamentary life that the happy chance by which the choice fell on Mr. Arthur Peel was unexpected. I believe the man really designated at the close of diversified proceedings was Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. That was a selection which as universally commended itself in 1884 as it did in 1895. Mr. Gladstone, not less than his colleagues, approved the choice. But he desired to pay a compliment to the son of his old chief, and insisted that, in the first instance, the post should be offered to Mr. Arthur Peel.

THE LATE LORD HAMPDEN.

That such a procedure meant the shelving of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's claims no one believed. Mr. Peel had a place found for him in the Home Office when, in 1880, Mr. Gladstone formed his Government. He had filled it only for a single Session, relinquishing it on the score of ill-health. A man not physically strong enough to perform the duties of Under Secretary of State could hardly be expected to face the storm and stress that hurtle round the Speaker's Chair. Fortunately for the House of Commons, Mr. Peel, after careful consideration, felt able to undertake the office, and through eleven Sessions presided over the proceedings of the House of Commons with incomparable dignity and commanding vigour.

MR. GOSCHEN.

Another former colleague turned to by Mr. Gladstone at this interesting time was Mr. Goschen. Not being able to approve certain reform projects to which the Ministry of 1880 were committed, Mr. Goschen was not included in the Ministry. But he still ranked as a Liberal, sat in friendly contiguity behind his old colleagues on the Treasury Bench, and upon occasion vigorously trounced right hon. gentlemen opposite. He had shown his loyalty to the new Ministry by accepting, at Mr. Gladstone's hand, in May, 1880, a special mission to Constantinople.

When, towards the close of the Session of 1883, Mr. Brand intimated his intention of retiring, Mr. Goschen was the first man turned to by Mr. Gladstone with invitation to step into the vacant Chair. He was by no means indisposed to undertake the duties of the high position. Only one thing debarred him. That was the physical shortsightedness which makes it difficult for him to recognise friends even on benches immediately opposite. It is hard enough for a member in ordinary circumstances to catch the Speaker's eye. Mr. Goschen felt that in his case the difficulty would be unduly increased, and therefore begged to be excused.

LORD HERSCHELL.

Mr. Gladstone next turned to Sir Farrer Herschell, at the time Solicitor-General. Inklings of overtures made to Mr. Goschen and to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman found currency in political gossip of the hour. It is, I fancy, known only within a narrow circle that in the winter of 1883–4 the Speakership was offered to Sir Farrer. It was a tempting prize to dangle before a man still comparatively young to Parliamentary life, and holding no higher position than the Solicitor-Generalship. Sir Farrer had, however, other views, and boldly declined to be drawn aside by this allurement.

Just two years later his courage was rewarded by appointment to the Woolsack. When, in 1884, he had to consider whether he would forthwith take the Chair in the Commons or live on in the hope of

presiding over the House of Lords, there was not in prospect any indication of that disruption of the Liberal Party which worked so many miracles and turned aside the current of so many lives. Sir Henry James was Attorney-General, and in the natural order of things would have next succeeded to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer when a vacancy was at the disposal of the Liberal Premier. It has been proved by events in the House of Peers that Sir Farrer Herschell would have made an admirable Speaker. As it was he stood aside, so contributing to the remarkable train of circumstances that led Mr. Arthur Peel to the Chair.

SPEAKERS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THE SPEAKER'S PERQUISITES.

Among the quaint privileges that pertain to the office and dignity of the Speaker is that of receiving every year from the Master of the Buckhounds a buck and a doe killed in the Royal preserves. The buck duly arrives in September, the doe coyly following in November. The custom goes back as far as records remain, and with it is established a fixed fee by way of honorarium to the official (of course, not the Master of the Buckhounds) who forwards the beast. There is no embarrassing modesty about the transaction. Here is the buck presented by command of her gracious Majesty, and here is a little bill for £1 15s., being the perquisites of the huntsman. Both buck and doe come from Bushey Park, said among connoisseurs to produce the daintiest venison Great Britain yields.

Later in the year, somewhere about Christmas time, the Speaker receives another tribute, the donors on this occasion being the Clothworkers' Company of London, who send a present of a generous width of the best broadcloth. I believe that one or two of Her Majesty's Ministers share with the Speaker this timely beneficence. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General are certainly kept in broadcloth by this annual and honourable charity.

THE ELECTROPHONE.

During the recess the Speaker received a communication from a well-known private member begging his assent to a proposal to connect the House of Commons with a public telephone service. The idea was that subscribers to the service, sitting at home at ease, should be enabled to follow the debates. It was represented that the agency already had communication with some of the principal theatres, concert-halls, and churches. All that was wanted to complete the happiness of their subscribers was that they should at will be able to "turn on" the House of Commons.

In view of the unremitted pressure for seats in the Strangers' Gallery, there is no doubt that hundreds of thousands of people would be willing to pay a reasonable sum to be placed on terms of permanent intimacy with the House of Commons. It is probable that a very brief experience would convince the householder that the new luxury was scarcely worth the cost. Take it throughout, hour by hour, minute by minute, of a long Session, the House of Commons is a sadly dreary place. There are whole hours during which a Scottish conventicle in a remote country district would, by comparison, be a hall of dazzling excitement.

It is true that in descriptive articles the House is presented as a place in which one moment of breathless excitement succeeds another. That is, however, a delusion kept up by the device of picking out bits here and there and stringing them together with such skill as is given to the artist. What the unfortunate man who thus ministers to the instruction and entertainment of the public suffers is a matter never talked about. He has to sit it out from beginning to end, patiently awaiting some phrase or incident that will serve his purpose.

There are times, when a big speech is in course of delivery, when the House of Commons telephone might be a prized adjunct to family life. Taken on the average, the householder would be wise to remain content with the more or less severely sifted and condensed accounts of Parliamentary proceedings given by the morning papers.

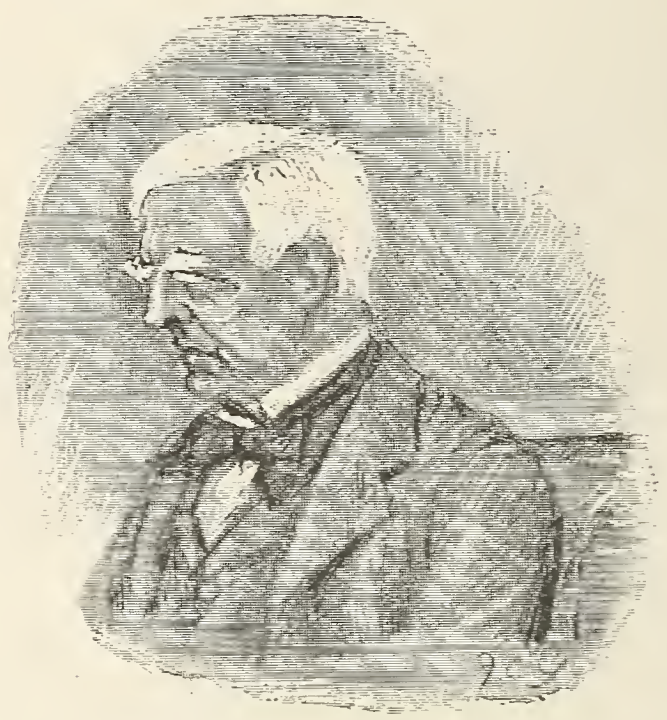
FIRST NIGHTS ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

An interesting book might be compiled if it were possible to obtain from Ministers an account of their feelings, reflections, and experiences on the first occasion they are privileged to take their seat on the Treasury Bench. It is an enormous stride (generally, by the way, taken across the gangway) when a man quits the benches where private members sit and finds himself enrolled as one of Her Majesty's Ministers. Once launched on those waters he may steer his course in various directions, and sometimes hits upon currents that carry him into the office of Prime Minister.

BOB LOWE.

Talking with a member of the late Ministry on the epoch as it affected him, the conversation took an unexpected turn.

"I don't remember anything about the first night," he said, "except that after I had been sitting on the Treasury Bench a quarter of an hour Bob Lowe dropped in, and gave me enough to think of for the rest of the night. It was early in the Session, a nasty, wet evening, the pavements thick with mud. Lowe had evidently walked, at least part of the way, for his boots were all muddy. As he crossed one leg over the other I became painfully conscious of a piece of once white tape hanging out from the trouser by the heel, evidently connected with some undergarment. He wore a curious coat, with big pockets outside below the hips, such as in quiet country places one associates with the working poacher. I should not have been at all surprised if he had brought out of one of these huge receptacles a fine hare, and out of the other a brace of pheasants. There was evidently something there. I guessed that by a certain bulkiness. In fact, as the bench filled up, I was conscious of pressing against it.



THE LATE LORD SHERBROOKE.

"With the ardour of a novice, I sat in my new place till close upon the dinner-hour. So did Lowe. Just before eight o'clock I said I would go and get some dinner. Lowe said he thought he wouldn't trouble. Then he dived into the recesses of the pocket next to me, dragged out a chunk of bread, and ate it on the Treasury Bench. That, I fancy, was his dinner."

MAKING A BOOK.

The gathering of a new Parliament provides Mr. Biddulph Martin with another world to conquer. During the existence of the House dissolved at the General Election of July, the figure of the member for Droitwich, with a stout volume under his arm, was familiar in the lobby and corridors of the House. He always seemed to be looking for someone. When he found his quarry, the book was opened, a pen produced, and an autograph added to the long list.

Mr. Martin's Parliamentary history does not date farther back than 1892. Soon after his appearance on the scene he conceived the notable idea of possessing himself of the autograph of every one of his colleagues in the memorable House of Commons that passed a Home Rule Bill for Ireland. When the Dissolution came he was able to congratulate himself upon possessing the signature of every man in the House except eight. One thus distinguished was Mr. C. P. Villiers, whose rare attendance made him hard to catch.

In some cases Mr. Martin has enriched his volume with the photograph of a member with the signature appended. As the autographs accumulated, and the value of the book increased, he became anxious for its security. It was suggested to him that, taking a hint from the customs of the peregrinating clerks of his own and other firms of bankers, he should, as he went his rounds, have the book attached to his person by a steel chain. Mr. Martin, however, resolved to trust to the honesty of his fellow-members, which was in the end triumphantly vindicated. No one stole or, as far as it is known, attempted to steal the precious volume.

It is the second book Mr. Martin has compiled. The first, published under the title, "The Grasshopper in Lombard Street," is a history of the great banking-house in which he is a partner.

MR. BIDDULPH MARTIN, THE LOMBARD STREET GRASSHOPPER.

A CIPHER DESPATCH.

Among many pretty stories of Lord Granville's Lord Wardenship which linger round Walmer Castle is one about a cipher despatch. Being suddenly called to London, Lord Granville, at the time Foreign Minister, assured himself that one of his secretaries who was staying at the Castle had with him the key to the cipher used in the private official communications of the Secretary of State. At dinner-time Lady Granville was startled by receipt of a long message from her husband. Being in cipher, it was evidently of great importance, and the secretary hastened off to hunt up the key in order to translate it.

When the task was complete, the portentous looking despatch turned out to be a playful note to his wife which, amid the complications of foreign affairs and the pressure of State work, Lord Granville had found time to compose and dispatch.

THE SPEAKER'S DINNERS.

There is a vague impression outside that the Speaker in the course of a Session dines the whole House of Commons in batches. His state is far more gracious. He gives six formal dinners in the course of a Session, assuming the Session runs its ordinary length. At one of these, just before the close of the Session, the guests are exclusively the high officials of the House, no members of Parliament being present. Other two are given to Her Majesty's Ministers and to the Leaders of the Opposition respectively. Thus there remains for ordinary members only a chance of inclusion in one of three dinners. As the guests at any one banquet do not exceed forty, it is obvious the process of exhausting the list is prolonged. As a matter of fact, it is, I believe, thought to be a reasonable matter if in a Parliament of average duration the list has been run through. Some hundreds of members elected to the Parliament of 1892, for example, returned to their constituents without having dined with the Speaker.

Pressure of competition is to some extent relieved by the fact that, still preserving the tradition of Mr. Parnell, the several sections of Irish members are united at least in this, that they do not dine with Mr. Speaker. In the later Parliaments over which he presided, Mr. Peel refrained from going through the form of inviting them. Nor were the Labour members, who figured largely in the last Parliament, at any time the Speaker's guests. With them the great Clothes Difficulty was an insuperable barrier. The only exception made in this respect was in the person of Mr. Burt. Whilst he was Secretary to the Board of Trade he was present at more than one Ministerial banquet given by the Speaker, and was distinguished amid the uniforms by wearing the dinner-dress of a private citizen.

The mover and seconder of the Address are always included in the first of the Speaker's Sessional dinner-parties. It will be remembered that a couple of years ago, when Mr. Fenwick seconded the Address, he was, in due course, invited to Speaker's house, but not having Court dress or uniform, he felt constrained to forego the privilege.

SIR DONALD MACFARLANE'S OFFICIAL COSTUME.

"Flotsam": An Ocean Incident.

By Herbert Russell.

DAWN at sea is the dreariest, bleakest, and most weird of effects which this wide world has to offer. I can conceive of nothing comparable to the sense of utter desolation produced upon the mind by the first sifting of the faint greenish streak upon the black eastern sky, and the gradual stealing out of the wide circle of waters to the slow broadening of the early twilight. So cold, so ashen, so unspeakably lonely does the ocean appear in the grey and ghostly glimmering. Of course, with the flashing of the firmament into the wide splendour of morning, the aspect of Nature changes as though by magic. But during the brief period which heralds the approach of sunrise at sea, the mind is subdued by a feeling almost of awe and sadness, such as no hour ashore could possibly exercise.

I recollect that, on the particular September morning which is the date of the opening of my story, I thought I had never beheld such a scene of solitude as was revealed by the breaking of the dawn. It was my watch on deck from four till eight; and here I may as well tell you at once that I was chief mate of the barque *Jessie*, of London, and that my name is Stanley Gordon. We were deep in the heart of the Atlantic, lying-up on a sharp bowline to the brisk gushing of the south-east trades, with our jib-boom pointing fair for Cape Town, whither we were bound.

The small hours had been uncommonly dark, with a note of storm occasionally booming through the hoarse piping of the wind, that split into a thousand wild songs amidst the invisible rigging on high; and several times I had been on the verge of reducing sail, but kept all fast on recollecting that the barometer stood pretty high, and that we were in latitudes where the wind usually holds tolerably steady. The breeze lulled suddenly just before the eastern horizon commenced to open, and sunrise found the barque pitching with uncomfortable, jerky movements upon the heavy, foamless swell that came shouldering up to her weather-bow; nearly upright, and the short, oily wake astern plainly showing that she was doing nothing over four knots an hour.

"Going to be a calm presently, Mr. Gordon, think you?" said the voice of the skipper at my elbow. The men were washing down, and in watching them swill the buckets of water along, I had not noticed him come on deck.

"Why, sir, I don't quite know what to make of the look of the weather. The sky has a sort of stony stare about it, so to speak, which I should reckon to mean more wind presently."

"Or rain," he answered. "The glass don't give indications of anything dirty."

Just then a man who was on the foreyard, doing some job or other up there, hailed the quarter-deck.

"Halloa!" cried Captain Dudley.

"There's a sail right ahead, sir, about four miles off. Looks to me to be something wrong aboard of her, as she don't seem to be heading on any perticler course."

We crossed to the bulwarks and peered ahead. Right in a line with our jib-boom end lay a small black object, looking to be upon the horizon from the comparatively low level of the barque's decks. The seaman on the foreyard must have had marvellous sight to detect anything uncommon in her appearance at that distance: to me she was just a little smudge against the dull grey of the sky. The skipper stepped to the companion-hatch, and fetched the ship's glass from the rack. He levelled it, took a long stare, and then passed the telescope on to me with the exclamation, "A derelict, or I'm mistaken!"

I pointed the tube, and after a short spell of searching, there leapt fair into the circle of weltering waters a small brig, with her fore-topmast gone, her sails in great confusion, and lying with her head right up in the wind's eye, all aback. Whether she was abandoned or not, we were as yet too far distant to perceive. The spectacle of that disabled vessel sent a thrill through me. It was impossible to conjecture of what scenes of destitution and misery she had been, or might even still be, the little floating theatre. Few sailors can view a derelict in mid-ocean without emotion,

and although this brig ahead was not a total wreck, yet her appearance was sufficiently forlorn to appeal to the mind as a tolerably complete picture of maritime distress.

We neared her slowly, and meanwhile the captain and myself continued alternately to watch her through the spy-glass for any signs of life, but never once saw any indication that there were human beings on board. When we were within a quarter of a league of her to leeward, Captain Dudley motioned to the man at the wheel to put the helm down, and the *Jessie* came slowly round, head to wind, and lay without way, curtseying in long floating plunges upon the surges.

"THE DISABLED VESSEL."

"Mr. Gordon," said the captain, "will you take a couple of hands in a boat and go and overhaul that vessel? I've a notion that she's a sound ship, abandoned for some reason, which, perhaps, you'll find out. If so, there may be a tidy salvage job for us all in her. Anyhow, go you and see what you can make of her."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered, and sang out for some men to lay aft and lower the port quarter-boat. The little fabric sank from the davits into the water. I took my seat in the stern-sheets, and two fellows pulled with powerful strokes towards the brig. As we drew near, I looked narrowly at the vessel to try and discover what was amiss with her. She sat fairly high upon the water, and it was evident that her hold was pretty dry. I seemed to find scarcely sufficient cause in her broken foretopmast to account for her abandonment. We rounded under her stern, upon which was painted in large white letters the name, *Wanderer*, Liverpool. The quarter-boat floated under the main-chains, and the seamen tossed their oars. Watching my chance, I sprang, and gained the deck.

I was satisfied in my own mind that the brig was abandoned before I boarded her, and the scene of her decks confirmed me in this belief. There were no signs of life anywhere to be seen. Yet between the bulwarks she looked as sound as though she had just come out of dock, and I began to think with Captain Dudley that there might be a tidy sum of money to be earnt as salvage if we should carry her safely into some port.

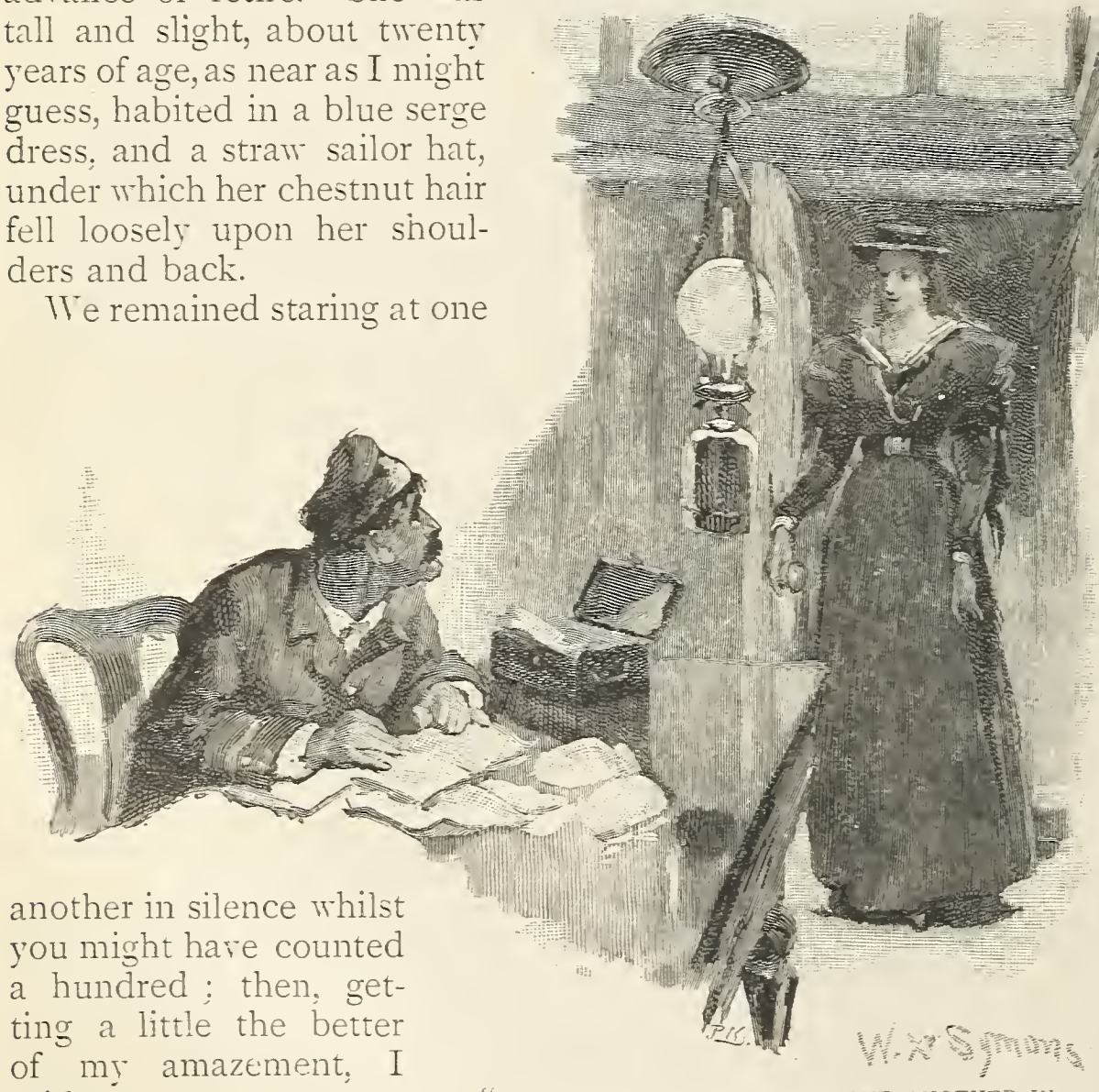
Stepping to the side, I called down to the two seamen to hitch the painter of the boat to a ring-bolt and let her ride alongside whilst I overhauled the brig below. I walked to the companion, and paused a moment gazing round at the weather. It looked rather black and dirty to windward, but I never reckoned that any change would be coming along for the present, seeing that, according to Captain Dudley, the glass stood high, and we were in tolerably dependable parallels.

I put my foot upon the ladder and descended. The cabin in which I found myself was a small, plain, seagoing interior, lighted by a skylight in the deck overhead; a narrow gangway or passage opened out of the after-end of it, which I supposed led to the sleeping berths. A row of lockers ran on either hand, serving as seats, and I began exploring these to see whether I could come across the ship's papers. I rummaged three or four of them without finding anything of note, but presently, in a corner locker, I discovered a black tin case, with the name of the vessel painted upon the lid of it. I immediately guessed that this would contain just what I wanted, and, lifting it out, placed it upon the table. The lid was

secured by a small brass padlock, but by pushing the pin out of the hinge with the point of my penknife, I succeeded in lifting the cover. The case contained a little bundle of blue and white papers, bound together with a piece of spunyarn, and looking through them, I presently found that this brig was the *Wanderer*, of 178 tons, of Liverpool, to which port she was bound from Calcutta with a general cargo, of which a large proportion consisted of palm oil; that Abraham Williams was the name of her master; and that the vessel and cargo were insured for £23,500. I whistled low when I read these figures. They gave me some idea of the value of the prize we had fallen in with.

I had probably been seated at that cabin table for about a quarter of an hour, perusing those papers, when, lifting my eyes in the direction of the passage leading aft, I half started from my chair at the spectacle which greeted me. Standing in the narrow doorway, framed in it, and forming a striking living picture, was the figure of a young girl, regarding me fixedly, in a startled, undecided posture, as though not sure whether to advance or retire. She was tall and slight, about twenty years of age, as near as I might guess, habited in a blue serge dress, and a straw sailor hat, under which her chestnut hair fell loosely upon her shoulders and back.

We remained staring at one another in silence whilst you might have counted a hundred; then, getting a little the better of my amazement, I said:—



"WE REMAINED STARING AT ONE ANOTHER IN SILENCE."

"Are you alone in this vessel, miss? I thought she was abandoned."

She brought her hands together with a convulsive gesture, and cried, hysterically, "Oh, I am so glad you speak English. I was afraid you might be a foreigner. Yes, I am alone here, and have been for the last three days. Oh, it has been frightfully lonely—fit to drive one mad at night."

She advanced into the cabin and seated herself on one of the lockers fronting me.

"How came you to be left alone here?" I inquired. "What has become of the crew?"

"I will tell you the story," said she, pushing back her hair with a little, apologetic smile. "My father is a merchant in Calcutta, and this is his ship. My mother lives in England; they are not on very good terms—in fact," she added, hesitatingly, "they are separated. I always visit my mother once a year, and have usually gone home in one of the big passenger steamers. But this time my father wanted me to come in this ship. I had been ailing for some while, and the doctor said that a long sea voyage would do me a great deal of good.

"Captain Williams, who commanded this vessel, was a very old servant of my father's, and a man under whose charge he had not the least hesitation in placing me. We sailed away from the Hooghly, and all went well for the first fortnight, except that I was very sea-sick. Then the captain was taken ill, and in three days he died, of cholera, so they said. Two more of the sailors died soon after this. The mate took command. He was a rough, horrid sort of man, but used to treat me with proper civility. The sailors, too, were a rude and coarse lot of men, and I frequently wished myself out of the ship.

"Well, three nights ago I went to my cabin, and locked the door as usual. It was very dark and stormy, and the vessel was pitching a great deal, but I was well seasoned now, and the noise and movement did not trouble me much. I got into my bunk and

went to sleep. Presently I was awakened by a crash. You know how confused one's wits usually are on being suddenly awakened, and I lay for a few minutes before I gathered my senses together. I then sat up to listen, but heard nothing except the dull roaring of the wind and the booming of the waves against the hull outside. So I thought no more of the crash that had aroused me, being pretty well accustomed to all sorts of alarming noises by this time, and presently I fell asleep again. When I awoke it was daylight, and the sun shining in at my porthole. I got up, dressed, and went on deck. To my astonishment the ship was deserted, the boats gone, and her mast broken. There was nothing in sight upon the sea, as far as I could see. That is all I can tell you."

"The only solution I can offer is that another ship must have been in collision with this vessel," said I, "and that the crew, fancying she was foundering, hastily abandoned her, and took refuge upon the other craft. Yet she shows no traces of having been run into. Anyhow, the seamen who manned this vessel must have been a noble set of fellows to have deserted her, leaving you behind to perish."

"They were cowards — ruffians!" she exclaimed, with a little, angry stamp of her foot. Then changing her voice she said: "You belong to a ship somewhere near?"

"Aye, to the barque *Jessie*, lying hove-to within a mile. My captain sent me on board to overhaul this vessel. Lucky he did!"

"You are one of the officers?"

"Yes, miss; Stanley Gordon, chief mate, at your service. May I inquire your name?"

"Violet Carey." After a pause, she continued: "Will you take me with you on board your ship?"

I was about to reply when my ear caught a muffled roaring sound, and now for the first time I observed that the heavens—or as much of them as was visible through the square of the skylight—had turned black as ink. I said, "Excuse me a moment: I think a squall is coming down upon us," and clapping my cap on to my head, I sprang up the companion ladder. The instant I gained the deck, I beheld a white smother of wind and wet bearing down upon us, not above a hundred yards away, churning the sea at its base into a race of froth. To leeward, the *Jessie* was clewing up her topgallant-sails, and had a flag flying at her peak, doubtless as a signal of recall. I sprang to the bulwark to look for the boat: she had gone adrift, and was blowing away at the distance of a cable's length from the brig. I made a funnel of my hands, and roared through them to the fellows in her. They heard me and turned their heads, and one of them held up an oar with which he was sculling over the stern. I guessed the rest. They had lost the other oar overboard, had cast off the painter to pick it up, and now the wind and the send of the waves were drifting the little quarter-boat away.

But even in the brief instant in which I stood thus gazing, the squall was hooting through the rigging of the brig, and the wet blowing along like clouds of steam, hissing sharply upon the decks. The vessel was under topsail and forecourse, and under the pressure of these spaces of canvas she heeled over, and over, and yet over, till the force of the first outfly had borne her nearly down to her beam-ends. I sprang to the wheel and put it hard up, that the vessel might have a chance to pay off. The sea was shrouded by the squall to within biscuit-toss of the brig, and the boat swallowed up by the flying wet gloom. The girl was standing in the companion, with her head and shoulders just above the level of the hatch, clinging with both hands and gazing around her, but with no appearance of alarm. For my own part, I felt no particular uneasiness. I reckoned this was but a passing squall, and that when it cleared away the *Jessie* would still be within sight, ready to bear up again and take us off. Indeed, I felt more immediate anxiety for the two men in the boat than for the safety of the girl and myself.

The brig's head fell off presently, and away she went scudding before it, regaining a level deck as her veering brought the weight of the wind right astern. Miss Carey quitted the shelter of the companion, and came to my side.

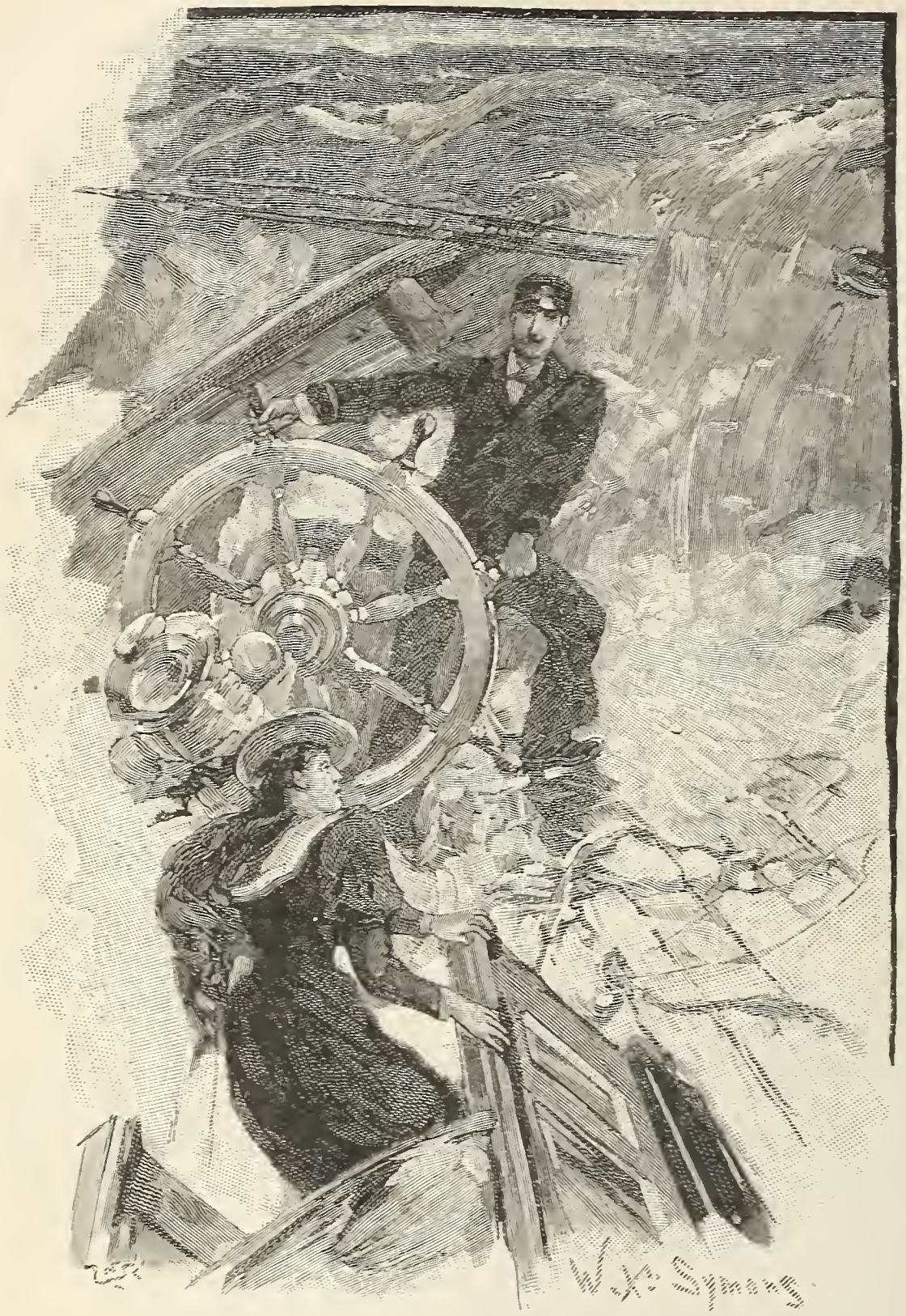
"Where is your ship?" said she.

"We have lost sight of her in the thickness of this squall. The weather will be clearing again presently, and then we shall sight her afresh. Won't you go below? You will be drenched to the skin if you remain on deck."

"I will go and put on my mackintosh."

She disappeared and presently emerged again, clad in a waterproof, and bearing a seaman's oilskin overall, which she extended to me.

"Put this on; it will keep you dry," said she.



"I SPRANG TO THE WHEEL AND PUT IT HARD UP"

I was grateful for the little act of attention, and proceeded to swathe myself in the painted coat. The sea was beginning to rise under the furious rush of the wind, but as yet the waves were nothing to take notice of. I eyed the masts anxiously, not knowing but that they might have been damaged beyond the mere breaking off of the fore-topmast. But although the sails were swollen rigid as iron to the wet pouring of the blast, the spars seemed to stand the strain staunchly enough.

I continued to grasp the wheel and keep an amidship helm. It seemed to me, after we had been scudding in this fashion for about a quarter of an hour, that instead of abating, the wind slightly increased in violence, and the atmosphere remained thick as a feather bed with the clouds of wet driving along. The girl sat down on the grating just abaft the wheel, and we continued to talk. I said I was surprised that the men should have abandoned the brig so readily, seeing what a valuable freight she carried, and how trifling the damage was. She answered that she supposed they hurried away in a panic.

"But," said she, "since the damage is so slight, as you say, wouldn't it be a pity to desert the poor old *Wanderer?* How far off is the nearest port?"

"Buenos Ayres will be about 500 miles west-sou'-west from here. It is not my intention to abandon the brig. I was sent on board to report whether she was sound and tight, with a view to carrying her to the nearest port. When the weather moderates, we will communicate with my ship, into which you can transfer if you wish, and Captain Dudley will send three or four men on board to help navigate the *Wanderer*."

"Where is your vessel bound?"

"Cape Town. You could easily take steamer there for England."

"When is it going to clear up?" she asked, rising and shaking a shower of sparkling raindrops off her mackintosh. "If this storm is going to last, we may be blown out of sight of your ship."

"I was just beginning to fear the same thing," I answered, noticing with admiration the length of her hair, which, being loose, streamed in the wind in sinuous chestnut folds. A thought entered my head. I said, "Are you not hungry or thirsty?"

"I have not had any breakfast yet," she replied, "but there is plenty of food and drink in the little pantry downstairs."

In this wise we chatted. As time went on, and the weather showed no signs of clearing, I began to feel a trifle anxious. Unless the *Jessie* were making a free wind of it like ourselves, the pace at which we were surging

through the seas would soon carry us out of the sphere of her horizon. I wondered whether the two men in the boat had succeeded in fetching the barque, because if not their chances of keeping their tiny fabric afloat in such a sea as was beginning to mount would be small. Running dead before it as we were took much of the spite out of the wind, and enabled us to carry the canvas which the brig had been under when I boarded her. But to have altered the course, so as to bring the weight of the blow abeam, would have been as much as the spars were worth; and I durst not leave the wheel to start any halliards or sheets lest the vessel should broach-to.

It might have been about nine o'clock when the first of this dirty weather burst down upon us, and not until after the hour of noon did it show any signs of mending. Miss Carey had brought me a plate of salt beef and some ship's biscuits, along with a mug of sherry and water, and I contrived to make something of a meal, although the sea was running heavily. The helm kicked viciously, and needed close attention to prevent the brig coming-to. The wind was about north, with a touch of easterly in it, and therefore our course was slightly to the westwards of south. Well, as I have said, the blinding smother continued to shroud the ocean to within pistol-shot of us until past noon, by which time I guessed we could not have run less than five-and-twenty miles; it then suddenly ceased to rain, and the horizon opened for a league around. I anxiously swept the sea with my sight, but there was nothing in view. The wind lost none of its violence with this clearing of the weather, the heavens were dark with low-flying vapour, and the gale looked like lasting.

"No signs of your ship," said the girl, shading her eyes with a delicate little hand and scanning the circle around.

"Not yet. We cannot see more than three miles on every side, and it would be strange indeed if we had not run more than that distance apart in all this time. It will clear still further presently, I expect, and then we may sight her."

"'NO SIGNS OF YOUR SHIP,' SAID THE GIRL."

"And suppose we don't?"

"Then, so far as I can see, we shall not be very badly off. We have a good staunch hull under our feet—at least, she seems sound enough — with plenty of provisions below, and we are in a well-navigated ocean, where ships are abundant."

"I wish I could relieve you at the wheel," said she.

"My dear young lady, the kick of the spokes would fling you to the deck. I can manage very well for the present; but if a very heavy sea is going to mount presently, we must try and heave-to, at the risk of losing our spars. Fortunately, the wind is fair for the South American coast."

I should but weary you, besides spinning out my story to unreasonable limits, were I to detail in full the passage of the hours of that day. Suffice it, then, if I tell you that, until sunset, the gale continued to blow with unabated force. The horizon, during all this while, remained hazy, and we sighted nothing —eagerly as I swept the circle around every few minutes. A long, regular sea chased us, and my arms ached again to the strain of

keeping the wheel steady. Yet it would have imperilled the safety of the brig had I quitted my post. But shortly before the going of the sun, the scowling heavens opened into a number of patches of watery blue; a few misty beams shot slantwise across the western sky, and the weight of the wind very sensibly diminished.

"I cannot make up my mind," said I, looking into the binnacle to see that the lamp was trimmed, "whether to lash the helm amidships, and continue blowing away towards the South American coast all through the night; or whether to heave-to on the chance that any ship may be in sight when the morning breaks."

"You talked of heading for Buenos Ayres in any case," said Miss Carey.

"Aye, it's not my intention to quit this ship until her anchor is down in port. We have been blown so far to the west-'ards that I look upon the chances of our falling in with the *Jessie* as very small now. I shall make up my mind to continue running. The wind is dropping fast, and it will presently be quite safe for me to leave the helm."

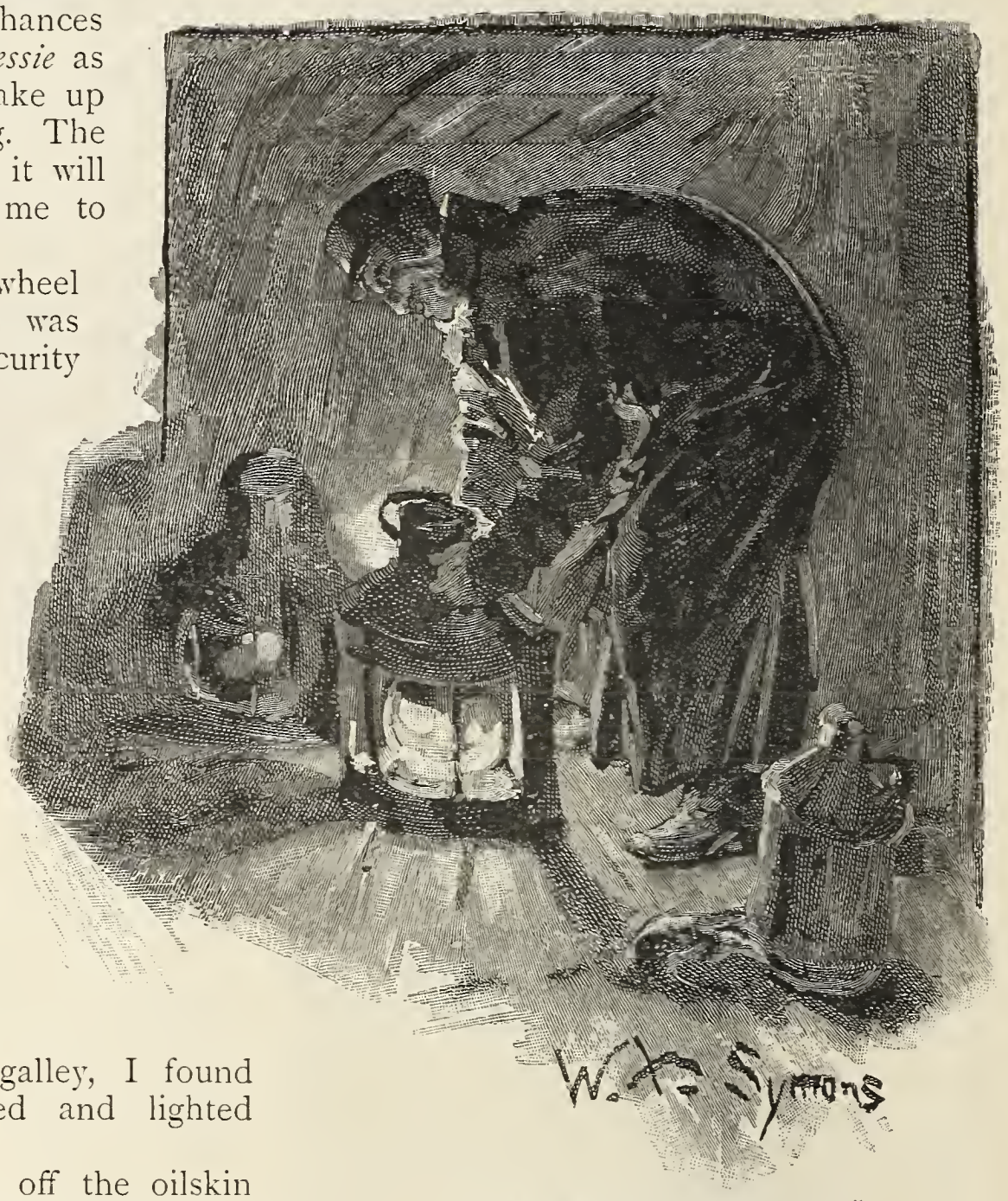
So I remained at the wheel until the dusk of evening was fast changing into the obscurity of night, by which time the stars were shining brightly over our mast-heads, and the wind was no more than a stiff breeze. I then secured the helm amidships, and stood aside to watch whether the vessel would continue to run without attention. To my satisfaction I found that the amount of head-sail she carried held her as true as a hair before the wind. The side-lights were in their screens, but had burnt out; however, after rummaging awhile in the galley, I found a can of oil, and trimmed and lighted them.

"Now," said I, throwing off the oilskin overall I had worn all day, "I think we may leave the ship to take care of herself for a little while, Miss Carey, and go below and rest."

Without a moment's hesitation she led the way to the companion and descended. I followed. A swing lamp was slung under the skylight, which I lighted.

"If you will excuse me, I will go to my cabin for a few minutes," said the girl, passing her hand over her long tresses of hair. "Really, my appearance must be quite disgraceful."

She vanished through the little passage; and thinking I might find a few conveniences in the captain's or mate's cabin, I went exploring, and the first door I opened proved to be that of the late skipper's berth. Here I refreshed myself, exchanged the wet jacket I wore for a decent-looking pea-coat hanging against the bulkhead, and made myself as presentable as the means at my disposal would admit. I then returned to the cabin, and was almost immediately rejoined by the young lady. She had removed her mackintosh and hat, twisted her hair into a pile



"I TRIMMED AND LIGHTED THEM."

upon the top of her head, surmounted by a comb; and now—perhaps because I had more leisure than heretofore to observe her—I seemed suddenly to discover that she

was a very pretty young woman. She noted my change of attire, and said, with a smile :—

"I am glad to see you have been making yourself at home. I will go and get the materials for a meal."

Whilst she was putting some food upon the table, I stepped on deck for a few moments, and found the brig still running all right; the weather continued to moderate, and the night was dark, but clear for a league ahead. The side-lights burnt brightly, and no vessel in the neighbourhood could fail to see us.

We sat down to quite a sumptuous meal, evidently furnished forth from delicacies shipped specially by the Calcutta merchant for the use of his daughter. The girl was in good spirits, and chatted much to me about her home in India and such-like matters. It was a queer situation, and one which well illustrates the vicissitudes of a sailor's life. I felt wearied. Apart from the fact that I had been up since four o'clock in the morning, it had been a most fatiguing day for me, standing at the wheel, and steering the brig throughout the height of the gale. The young lady, too, told me she had scarcely closed her eyes during the two nights in which she had been alone on board the *Wanderer*.

"It will not be safe for me to leave the brig entirely to herself," said I, "so I shall make a bed for myself at the foot of the companion-ladder, in order that I can be up and down at intervals during the night."

"But it will be very uncomfortable for you, Mr. Gordon," said she.

I laughed, and answered that people in our plight mustn't trouble too much about comfort. Shortly after this she arose with a little yawn, and bidding me good-night, added that she should sleep with a feeling of security to-night, and went to her berth. I stepped on deck to take a last look around, and found all well; the brig bowling along with much seething of foam all about her sides, rolling in regular swaying motions, and holding her course with scarcely a couple of points of yawing. On this I returned below, and going to the captain's cabin, dragged the mattress from the bunk, and was about to make myself a shake-down upon it, when, recollecting that Miss Carey had told me he had died of cholera, I dropped the thing as if I had been stung, and went and lay down upon one of the lockers, using my jacket as a pillow.

Hard and uncomfortable as my bed was, I slept well—that is to say, for a sailor. Several times during the night I was up and down. The morning broke fine and clear, with a smart breeze, which showed a tendency to veer into the south-east, the proper quarter for the trade wind. There was nothing in sight, although I mounted as high as the main cross-trees, when it was light enough to see the horizon around, and swept the sea with my sight. But, in truth, I was not very much concerned by this discovery, for already I had formed some tolerably definite notions of the practicability of navigating the brig to Buenos Ayres single-handed, always supposing, of course, that the weather favoured me. I gathered in the slack of the braces, which were allowing the yards too much play, shifted the wheel by a spoke or so, and returned to the cabin, where I found Miss Carey, looking wonderfully fresh and pretty, engaged in getting some breakfast. She inquired if my ship was in sight, and I said, "No, I did not suppose she would be. We have been running dead on the American coast right through the night, and have made great progress." And then, whilst we sat down to eat, I told her of my scheme to carry the ship to port single-handed.

It was bright and clear at noon on this day, and I succeeded in getting an observation by the aid of a sextant I found in the captain's cabin, making our position to be 37° 20′ S., and about 45° W.; for the chronometer had stopped, and I had only my watch to go by. I set course for the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, but this change of direction brought the wind more abeam, and I found the vessel would not steer herself as she had done whilst running. This was awkward, as unless the breeze shifted again, it meant I should have to stand at the wheel all the time.

But our troubles were nearer ending than I had supposed, for, at about four o'clock this same afternoon, we sighted the smoke of a steamer coming up astern; and a couple of hours later a British man-of-war, on surveying service, lay floating within hailing distance of us. A boat put off, and a lieutenant stepped on board. I told him my story, and after he had looked at the brig's papers, he said his captain would gladly lend me half-a-dozen men to carry the brig to Buenos Ayres, whither they themselves were bound. And, to cut this part of my narrative short, half an hour later we were buzzing merrily along in the wake of the war-ship, with a couple of hands aloft loosing the main-royal, and the foam sluicing into cataracts astern.

Three days later I brought the *Wanderer* to anchor off the city of Buenos Ayres, close alongside H.M.S. *C——o*, which had arrived the night before. Miss Carey and myself immediately went ashore, and after visiting the British Consul, who received us very pleasantly, and promised us any assistance in his power that we might need, the young lady cabled to her father a brief account of the disaster which had befallen his ship, stating that the vessel was safe and sound at Buenos Ayres, in my charge, and that she herself proposed proceeding to England by steamer. On the following day came back the reply: "Arrange with the gentleman to carry *Wanderer* to Liverpool, and go in her yourself."

I was willing enough to undertake the job, and Miss Carey said she would sooner go home in the brig than have to wait a fortnight for the next steamer. There was no trouble in shipping a crew, as Buenos Ayres seemed full of seamen out of employ. I found that the rules of the service precluded the men-of-warsmen who had assisted me from making any claims for salvage; so, on our arrival, I made each of them a substantial gift from a bag of money I had discovered in the captain's cabin, making a note of the circumstance in the log-book. Whilst we lay at Buenos Ayres, I had such repairs executed as were necessary, and a week later, with a fair wind, a stout ship, and a good crew, we got under way, and put to sea.

Our voyage home was uneventful enough, lasting just one month to the day. At least, when I say it was uneventful, I mean that it was productive of nothing in the shape of maritime adventure; but to me it proved very eventful, to be sure, for long before the *Wanderer* arrived in the Mersey, Violet Carey and I were in love with one another. I never put in any claim for salvage of the ship, for the reason that eventually old Mr. Carey settled £10,000 upon his daughter and me; gave us his blessing; and said that I ought to consider myself a very lucky fellow; which I certainly did, and, thank God, have never yet found occasion to change my opinion.

The Silver Greyhound.

An Account of the Queen's Foreign Messenger Service.

By J. Holt Schooling.

THE silver greyhound has been from time immemorial the badge set apart for the Queen's (or King's) Foreign Service Messengers. Most of us know that such persons exist, but there is only a very hazy notion of who Queen's Messengers are, and, beyond the fact that "they carry the despatches," very little is generally known about these gentlemen and their duties.

Catching a Queen's messenger is not the easiest thing in the world, as there are only nine of them, and, moreover, they are kept fairly actively employed — fifty to sixty thousand miles per annum is the average "mileage" of a Royal Courier. However, I have been finding out all I can about a very interesting and out-of-the-way bit of Foreign Office work, and I am now going to condense the results of my inquiries and interviews into a short account of the Queen's Foreign Messenger Service.

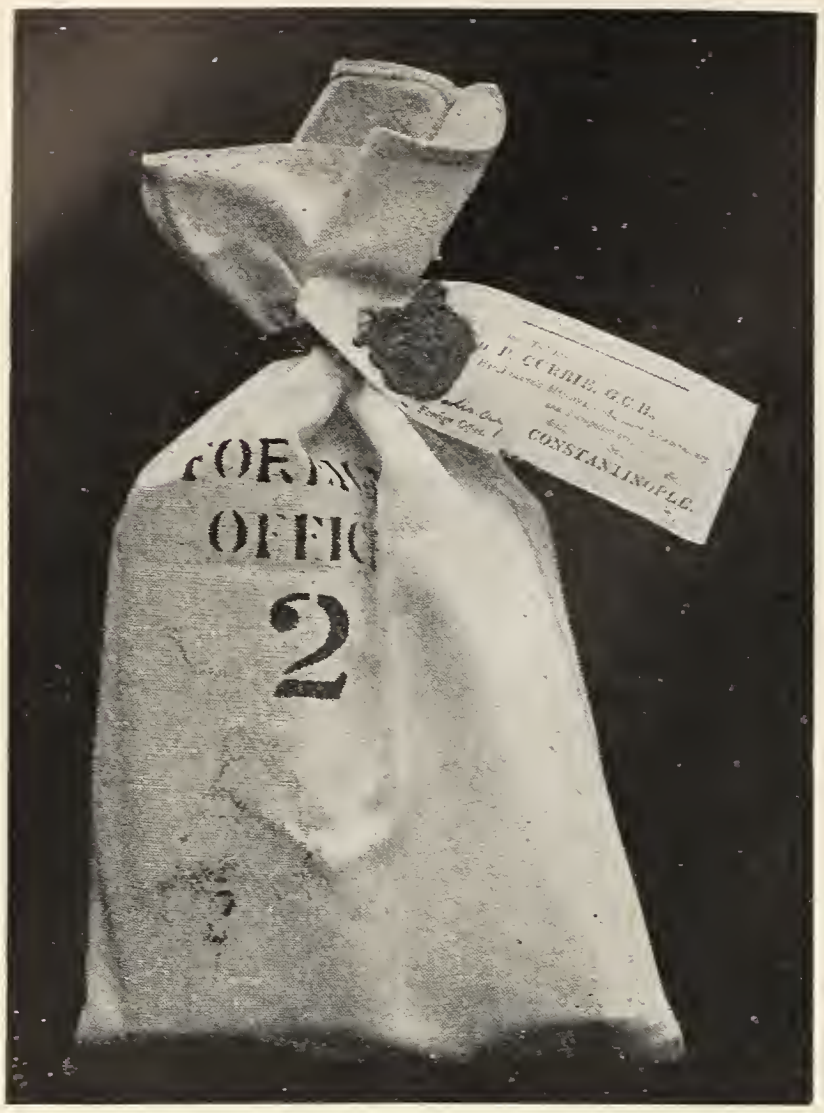
A "Q.F.S.M." is not to be had by any system of competitive examination as yet known to the official torturers of candidates for Government service. The very nature of their duties makes it imperative that these messengers should be men of good social position, and of whom something is known; for they carry the actual despatches sent to and fro our Foreign Office and the Embassies abroad, which are not in cipher, and which, on occasions, are big with the fate of nations. A slip in diplomacy, a single card prematurely played, or accidentally shown to an opposing Power, and — Poof! There might be a European war before the unlucky messenger could get back to Downing Street. The Turkey-Armenia-Venezuela-United-States-Transvaal-Germanic difficulty of last January showed us how very thin the diplomatic ice sometimes becomes, and how delicate are these little matters of International controversy.

No. 1.—The Badge always carried on the person by a Queen's Foreign Service Messenger when on duty.

But there *is* an examination to be passed before a man can be appointed Queen's Foreign Service Messenger: after a candidate has been nominated by the Secretary of State, he must satisfy the Civil Service Commissioner that he is between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five; that he is a British subject; that he has a good knowledge of either French, German, or Italian; that he has such a knowledge of the first four rules of arithmetic as will enable him to make out his accounts in the simplest form; that he possesses sound bodily health [the physical examination is a very severe one]; and that he is able to ride and to perform journeys on horseback. The necessity for expert horsemanship is not, of course, so great now as it was before the extension of railways, when a Queen's Messenger would ride continuously for five or six days.

On one occasion, and in the depth of winter, a Q.M., bearing very important despatches to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, covered the last 820 miles of his journey on horseback, in the record time of five days and eleven hours. However, and as one of these Royal Couriers told me just after his return from St. Petersburg, the continuous and prolonged railway travelling is very trying to even the strongest man: an average of one thousand miles per week, year in and year out, is travelling enough to glut the appetite of the most hardened traveller, and this fact may perhaps be one of the reasons why retired Queen's Messengers go and bury themselves in quiet, out-of-the-way country places.

The badge shown in No. 1 is a handsome piece of silver-gilt work, with a silver greyhound



No. 2.—A Foreign Office Despatch-bag, sealed, and addressed to the British Ambassador at Constantinople; ready for delivery to a Queen's Foreign Service Messenger.

hanging to it, and the whole thing is just over five inches long. At the back there is engraved the "No." of the Messenger who carries the badge, and "Foreign Office, V.R. 1876" (the date of the appointment). By the Foreign Office Regulations which apply to Queen's Messengers this badge is to be worn round the neck—a regulation more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Also by the Regulations, a special uniform ought to be worn when on duty—but it never is, except in war-time. The uniform consists of a dark blue cloth double-breasted frock-coat, with turn-down collar; blue single-breasted waistcoat, buttoned up to the throat, with edging of gold lace; trousers of Oxford mixture, with a scarlet cord down the side seams; gilt buttons embossed with the Royal Cipher, encircled by the Crown and Garter, and having a greyhound pendant; blue cloth cap with leather peak, band of black braid, and the Royal Cipher and Crown gilt in front.

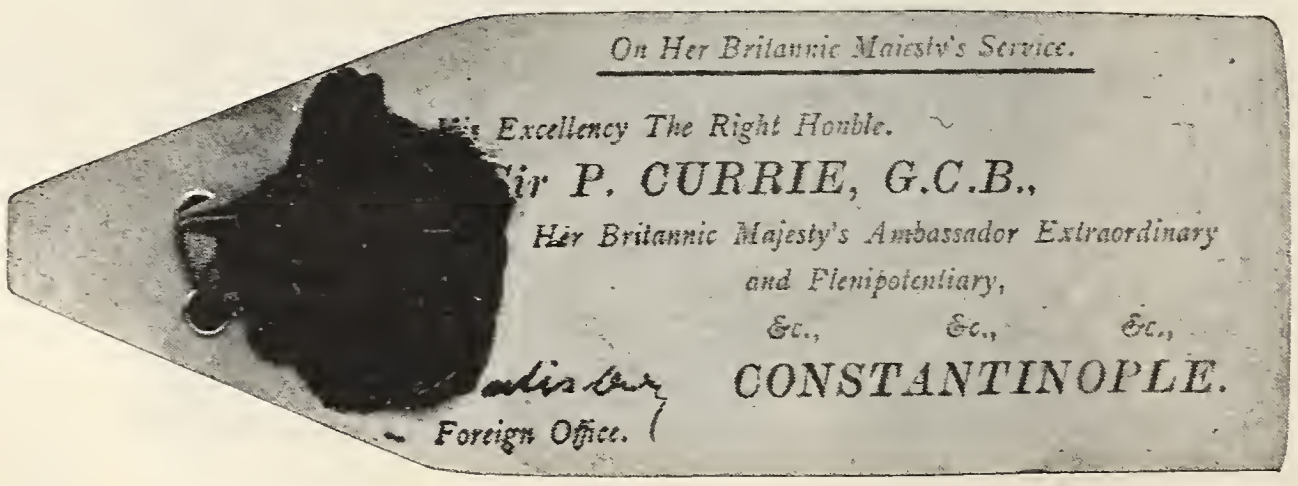
The pay of a Queen's Messenger is £400 a year, with an allowance of £1 per day for subsistence whilst on actual duty, all travelling expenses being, of course, paid by Government. A messenger is engaged on actual service during rather less than one-half of the days in a year, for we must omit annual holidays and the intervals between each journey, so that he would thus receive about £150+£400=£550 per annum. There is also the advantage of a pension on retirement from the Service.

In No. 2 we have a picture of a bag of despatches sealed and addressed to Sir Philip Currie, Ambassador at Constantinople, and ready to be handed over to a Queen's Messenger. This bag was done up just at the time when the Turkish-Armenian trouble was at its height, and I dare say a good many bags similar to that shown here were handed to Queen's Messengers for safe bestowal in their large leather bag. This one is of fine white canvas, about eighteen inches long, and, like all these despatch-bags, it was tied and sealed by the Chief Clerk at the F.O., Henry A. W. Hervey, Esquire, whose courteous assistance was of great value in the preparation of this article.

I asked Mr. Hervey if a despatch-bag had ever been lost by a Queen's Messenger, and I learnt that there was no record of this having happened. Many years ago, when Mr. Hervey was, as a F.O. clerk, acting as substitute for a Royal Courier, his travelling carriage was upset in the snow near Berlin, and he and his despatches were temporarily separated—but the bag was found and the journey completed.

No. 3 shows the label attached to the bag in No. 2, and Lord Salisbury's signature can be read at the left hand, partly covered by the Royal Seal.

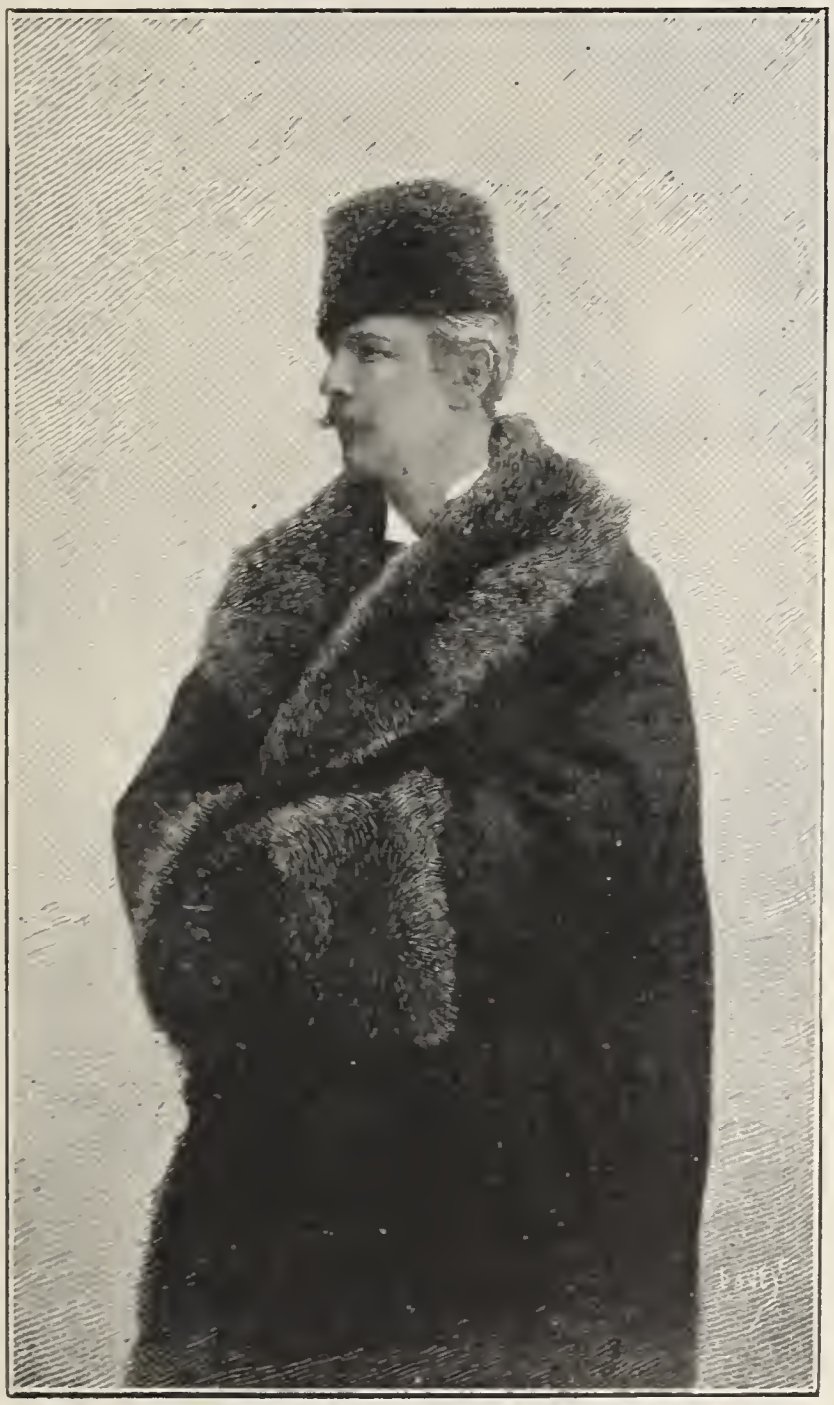
I have described the uniform that *ought* to be worn by these Royal Messengers, and in No. 4 there is a picture of Mr. Harry Taylor ready for a Russian journey with despatches



No. 3.—The Label on the Foreign Office Despatch-bag shown in No. 2.

—not much uniform, but the badge is in his pocket. Mr. Taylor told me that, with one exception, he and his comrades receive the utmost attention and civility on the European railways. The one exception is the Paris-Mediterranean line that runs south to the Riviera; and Mr. Taylor evidently has some cause to dislike the management of this line, for he asked me to mention the fact just stated.

Another thing which Mr. Taylor said ought to be known is the remarkable hospitality received by Queen's Messengers from the Ambassadors abroad, and, indeed, from society generally in all the European cities. So féted are these gentlemen when they arrive in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, etc., and so onerous are their social duties, that one Q.M. is reputed to keep a new silk hat in every European capital ready to don when he gets rid of his travelling gear.



No. 4.—Harry A. Taylor, Esquire, ready for a St. Petersburg journey.
From a Photo. by C. Vandyk.

Queen's Messengers are largely recruited from officers in the Army, and this, with the very responsible nature of their duties, may go some way to account for the fact that, when on duty, they are very important personages. Perhaps some of my older readers who have chanced to be at Charing Cross Station when the outward Continental mail has been at the platform, have seen a great, big man marching down the platform, shouting "Room for Her Majesty's Despatches!" The late Cecil Johnstone had this idiosyncrasy, and he it was who, when in charge of despatches to the United States, was invited to visit Niagara, rooms in the hotel being reserved for him which had the best view of the Falls. The burly Q.M. marched into his room, followed by an attendant and by two porters with his luggage. He strode up to the window overlooking the Falls, and then, turning to the obsequious attendant, exclaimed, "Does that d——d thing never stop?" as he pointed to the rushing water. History does not record the man's reply.

Three or four years ago, the Q.M. who told me this Niagara story was travelling on a French railway, and had reserved a compartment for himself and his despatches. The German Ambassador in Constantinople, Herr Von Radowitz, son-in-law of Prince Bismarck, happened to be travelling along the same line, and, on the arrival of the train which contained our Queen's Messenger, the Ambassador was very anxious to secure a compartment. The station-master went along the train, and then reported to His Excellency's private secretary that there was only one reserved compartment, and only one occupant of it—"but he is a Queen's Messenger, something more than an Ambassador"; the actual words spoken to the discomfited German Ambassador by his private secretary being: "J'ai fait demander, M'sieur l'Ambassadeur, mais il parait que sur ce train ci les Ambassadeurs et les Couriers de la Reine sont sur le même plan." *(I have made inquiry, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, but it seems that on this train Ambassadors and Queen's Messengers are on the same footing).*

Just now, I referred to a journey with despatches to the United States. For a good many years, about fifteen, the Foreign Office has ceased to send Queen's Messengers to Washington: the despatches are now sent in the care of the captain of one of the liners, who hands them over to an official from the British Embassy.

"Our orders are: 'Go the shortest way in the shortest time'"—said to me a Q.M. who once had to start for Constantinople in his dress clothes; and, in No. 5, I show a diagram of Europe which emphasizes this order, and which illustrates the lines of travel most often frequented by these "silver greyhounds."

Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, are the cities most frequently visited; there are occasional journeys to Madrid and Rome, and once a month a Q.M. sets out for Teheran. Messengers are dispatched every Wednesday to Brussels and Berlin, every alternate Wednesday to St. Petersburg, and every alternate Tuesday to Constantinople. There is a long list printed each month for use at the Foreign Office, which contains the details of every F.O. despatch-bag and Q.M. to be sent away during the month.

No. 5.—"Our orders are: 'Go the shortest way in the shortest time . . . .'"

As a rule, the Queen's Messengers are not called upon to start so suddenly as was the gentleman who had to rush off to Constantinople without having time to change his clothes: each of them knows that, in ordinary circumstances, he will, on such and such a date, be due to start for one or other of the European centres, and as those messengers who have just returned are placed at the bottom of the list of future despatches to be sent away, only the two or three gentlemen whose names are at the top of the list hold themselves in readiness to start at a moment's notice. Sometimes, of course, there is a run on all available Messengers, and, in this connection, I may relate an amusing incident that happened to one of them.

Captain A., having just returned from St. Petersburg, saw his name placed at the bottom of the list of Messengers ready for duty, and decided to spend his anticipated fortnight in the south of France. About a week after his arrival at Monte Carlo, he was startled and annoyed by the receipt of the following strange and apparently impertinent telegram from head-quarters: "*Chief Clerk, Foreign Office, to Captain A. You are fast and dirty. Return at once.*"

Having puzzled awhile over this enigma, it occurred to Captain A. that, whatever might be the explanation of the first sentence, the last was an order which his sense of duty compelled him to obey. So he packed his traps and returned forthwith, to find on his arrival at Downing Street, that the telegram, as originally dispatched, ran as follows: "*You are first on duty. Return at once.*"

The most famous Queen's Messenger now living is the gentleman whose portrait is shown in No. 6—Conway F. C. Seymour, Esquire. The most notable Q.M. of modern days, and who is no longer living, was the Cecil Johnstone about whom I have narrated the little Niagara story as it was told to me by a present member of this honourable corps. He was a man of immense physique, and his personal demeanour commanded the greatest respect and attention from officials of every class and nationality. To him the most difficult journey might be intrusted, with the certainty that he would turn up at the desired spot at any given moment, true to time. When at length the cruel hand of time brought about the moment

for the gallant Q.M. to retire upon a pension, it is said that he was loth to quit his long familiar work, and that, seeking an interview with the Foreign Secretary, he said, "Well, my lord, if I must retire, I must; but all I can say is that I am willing to ride, swim, walk, or run with any man of my age in the three kingdoms for a thousand pounds!"—and there is little doubt that he would have won his wager.

I have already mentioned the answer I received at the Foreign Office to my inquiry about the loss of despatch-bags by Queen's Messengers, and, among the adventures of these trusty couriers, there is included the following incident, which went very near to being a most serious diplomatic "accident."

Once, when Great Britain was on the verge of a war with a great Continental Power, a certain Q.M. was intrusted with despatches of the highest importance, and was instructed to make the best of his way *viâ* Athens to Constantinople, in order to deliver them to the British Ambassador in the latter city. The route chosen was by Marseilles, and thence by sea to Athens, where, the messenger was told, an English man-of-war would be on the look out, and take him on to Constantinople. The Q.M. embarked in due time at Marseilles on board a vessel bound for Athens, and after a good voyage was approaching his destination. When, however, the vessel was just rounding the point of land some little distance before the harbour of the Piræus is reached, a man-of-war's boat, manned by sailors in the British uniform, and flying the British flag, was seen coming round the opposite point, and signalling the in-coming vessel. The Queen's Messenger accordingly asked the captain to heave to, in order that he might be put on board the boat sent to fetch him. The captain at first demurred, saying it was an inconvenient spot to stop in, that the British man-of-war must be in the harbour of the Piræus, and that the Q.M. could more easily go on board of her there. Ultimately, however, at the messenger's renewed request, the captain was about to stop his ship, when, from the opposite direction, was seen coming from the harbour *a second British man-of-war's boat*, rowing towards them at full speed, and signalling violently. Immediately this second boat came into view, the first boat turned round, and rowing quickly round the opposite point, disappeared from sight. The second boat on nearing the vessel was found to be in command of a British naval officer, and the Q.M. was soon safely deposited on board the British man-of-war in the harbour. Subsequent investigation is said to have made it evident that an attempt had been made to kidnap the Queen's Messenger with his important despatches. by means of a boat got up under false colours! I cannot, of course, personally vouch for the whole truth of this strange incident, but a Q.M. of fifteen years' service told me that the authority responsible for it is someone behind the scenes of Foreign Office experience.

No. 6.—Conway F. C. Seymour, Esquire, the *doyen* of Queen's Messengers.
By permission of the Editor of "Vanity Fair."

Ready wit, prompt courage, and quick resource in difficulty are some of the cardinal points of a good Messenger, and in this connection I may tell a little tale of one of our Queen's Messengers which, although it refers to events of many years ago, is yet a

sample of what might even nowadays be expected from a Q.M. in times of political disturbance and anxiety.

A burning political question had arisen at a certain European capital, in which question both Great Britain and another great Power were largely interested. Two messengers were dispatched from that capital one evening. One, an English Foreign Service Messenger, conveying despatches of a most pressing nature, regarding the pending controversy, to be delivered in Downing Street to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; the other, a courier of the great Power in question, charged with the conveyance of similar intelligence to his Ambassador in London. Both messengers were strictly enjoined not to lose a moment on the road, but to press on at the highest possible rate of speed. The Englishman, however, was privately informed that if he could by any means outstrip his colleague, or delay him on the way, so as to place the despatches in the hands of the Secretary of State before the Foreign Ambassador in London could have received the same information, the time thus gained would be of great advantage to England.

The two messengers fraternized on the journey to London, the Englishman all the while casting about for any scheme whereby he might delay his companion, or advance himself. No possible opening presented itself until Calais was reached, when fortune favoured his enterprise in the shape of a severe storm, which prevented the mail-boat from getting away from Calais harbour that night. The astute Q.M. at once saw and grasped his chance. Approaching his travelling companion, he proposed that, as the boat could not start that evening, they should at once seek quarters for the night at the neighbouring hotel. No sooner said than done; the foreign courier seeing no help for it, and easy in the thought that his English colleague was in the same plight as himself, willingly consented, in the circumstances, to take a night's rest, and the two speedily reached the hotel and engaged their beds. Directly, however, the English messenger had seen his foreign companion safe into his bedroom, he himself, instead of going to his room, quietly slipped out of the hotel. By dint of liberal offers of money he at length succeeded in persuading the owner of a lugger in port to face the stormy passage to Dover. A start was soon made, and, after a very rough passage, this stout-hearted Queen's Messenger had the satisfaction to place his foot on British soil a good twelve hours ahead of his rival. He hurried up to London, and safely delivered his precious despatches. It is said that the Foreign Secretary gave this Q.M. an honorarium of 100 guineas, on the spot, as a token of his admiration for the pluck and resourceful energy displayed by the feat, the success of which enabled the Minister to deal with a critical International question as the sole possessor—for twelve hours—of most important information, and in such a way as to secure the best interests of this country.

This episode serves to illustrate the very important duties of these Royal couriers,

4086

We Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil
Marquess of Salisbury Earl of Salisbury
Viscount Cranborne Baron Cecil a Peer of the
United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland a Member of
Her Britannic Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council
Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter Her Majesty's
Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs &c &c &c

Request and require in the Name of
Her Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow

John Holt Schooling (British Subject) travelling
on his Lawful

to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him every
assistance and protection of which he may stand in need.

Given at the Foreign Office London the 22 day of November 1895

Signature of the Bearer

John Holt Schooling.

Salisbury

No. 7.—A Foreign Office Passport, nearly identical with that carried by a Queen's Messenger when carrying despatches.
[*The black patch covers a stamp which cannot legally be shown here.*]

No. 8.—Captain PHILIP H. M. WYNTER, Queen's Messenger.
From a Photo. by W. Forshaw, Oxford.

and if such incidents do not occur as part of the daily routine of a Queen's Messenger's life, the outbreak of war between European Powers may at any time render the Service one of danger, and expose the Messenger to hairbreadth escapes and to all the vicissitudes of war. During the Franco-German War, in 1870, Captain Robbins, when employed on Queen's Messenger Service, was as nearly as possible shot as a spy by the French. The badge he produced (see No. 1), and his passport (see No. 7), were totally disregarded as evidences of his official mission, and he was saved from death only by the friendly action of the landlord of his hotel, aided by a lucky chance.

The passport in No. 7 is not quite identical with that always carried by a Q.M. when he is on duty, but the difference is very slight. A Queen's Messenger's special passport has the Royal Arms in red instead of in black, as in No. 7, and the words "Courier's Passport" appear above the crown. In all other respects—so I am told by one of the messengers—these special passports for the Silver Greyhounds of the Foreign Office are identical with that facsimiled in No. 7. The coat of arms at the bottom, at the left of Lord Salisbury's signature, is that of the great House of Cecil, and Lord Salisbury's motto, which is seen on the scroll, *Sero sed Serio*, means *Late, but in earnest.* The black patch in the bottom left-hand corner of No. 7 covers the stamp, to show which, I am told, might entail the confiscation of the whole of the present issue of this Magazine, besides being the possible cause of other calamities too dreadful to mention.

By the way, it may be useful to say that a passport is always worth taking abroad when one travels. We may not have occasion to use it, but if any difficulty arise [and in these days of amateur photographers and jealous French and German sentries, difficulties *do* arise] the possession of a passport goes a long way to smooth things down, and to prove to a suspicious military or police official that you are really an English tourist, and not a spy in the disguise of one.

In Nos. 8 and 9 are two more portraits of Queen's Messengers, Captain Philip H. M. Wynter and Captain the Hon. Hugh H. Hare. Inspection of these photographs suggests that neither of these gentlemen, and especially Captain Wynter, could be easily deterred or circumvented in the delivery of the despatches intrusted to them. Incidentally, I may say that the duties of a Q.M. are not entirely confined to the conveyance of the despatch-bags to and fro our Foreign Office in Downing Street and the British Embassies abroad. For example, when the Queen or the Secretary for Foreign Affairs is out of England, one or more of these "silver greyhounds" is constantly travelling to and fro with Royal and official despatches; similarly, when the Prince of Wales is travelling as the Prince of Wales [not when he travels as Count ——] the duties of a Queen's Messenger extend to the conveyance of despatches to and from the Prince.

No. 9.—Captain the Hon. HUGH H. HARE, Queen's Messenger.
From a Photo. by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

The 8.15 p.m. Continental mail from Charing Cross is the train most used by Queen's Messengers for setting out on their journeys, and sometimes when political affairs are strained, and when there is a high degree of diplomatic pressure, as in January last, a scanty "grace" of ten minutes or so is allowed for the departing courier to catch this 8.15 train to the Continent. In the case of illness or accident interfering with the fulfilment of his duty by a Q.M., one of the Foreign Office clerks would be sent with the despatches if no other Queen's Messenger were immediately available; and a Park Lane physician is retained by the Foreign Office the pleasure of paying for it ourselves." The late Major Byng Hall was no less famous as a collector of works of art and of curios than as a Queen's Messenger. His house at Petersham was stored with the fruits of his many travels, and, in No. 10, I show a picture of the gallant Major surrounded by his treasures.

As regards the future of this very interesting Queen's Foreign Message Service, it may be safely said that so long as we have diplomatists to look after our interests abroad, so long shall we have Queen's Messengers. But if a time should come when Ambassadors are improved out of existence, why then we

No. 10.—The late Major H. Byng Hall, Queen's Messenger, surrounded by the fruits of his many travels.

for special service in connection with the Queen's Foreign Messenger Service.

Some of the incidents I have narrated show that the bearers of these important despatches—which, as I have already stated, are not in cipher—must not only be well supplied with ready money for travelling expenses, but that they must have considerable latitude allowed to them as regards the mode of travelling, especially when on urgent business. I asked one of the Messengers if members of the corps were allowed by the Regulations to charter a special train or a special steamer, and his answer was: "Yes, if there's cause for it, but if we engage a special train without due necessity, we have shall have no despatches to send to them. It may be that the Foreign Secretary of State will, at some future date, sit in his chair at Downing Street, surrounded by Continental telephone tubes, and, speaking an International volapuk, will personally settle with Foreign States all those affairs which are now handled by our Ambassadors abroad: meanwhile, and until this ideal state of things is realized, the "Silver Greyhounds" of the Foreign Office will continue to perform their many journeys, and to combine with the fulfilment of their duties the very important capacity of "being silent in five languages"—a gift of the highest value to a Queen's Messenger.

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOPE OF ENGLAND.

MY uncle drove for some time in silence, but I was conscious that his eye was always coming round to me, and I had an uneasy conviction that he was already beginning to ask himself whether he could make anything of me, or whether he had been betrayed into an indiscretion when he had allowed his sister to persuade him to show her son something of the grand world in which he lived.

"You sing, don't you, nephew?" he asked, suddenly.

"Yes, sir, a little."

"A baritone, I should fancy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your mother tells me that you play the fiddle. These things will be of service to you with the Prince. Music runs in his family. Your education has been what you could get at a village school. Well, you are not examined in Greek roots in polite society, which is lucky for some of us. It is as well just to have a tag or two of Horace or Virgil: 'sub tegmine fagi,' or 'habet fœnum in cornu,' which gives a flavour to one's conversation like the touch of garlic in a salad. It is not *bon ton* to be learned, but it is a graceful thing to indicate that you have forgotten a good deal. Can you write verse?"

"I fear not, sir."

"A small book of rhymes may be had for half a crown. Vers de Société are a great assistance to a young man. If you have the ladies on your side, it does not matter whom you have against you. You must learn to open a door, to enter a room, to present a snuff-box, raising the lid with the forefinger of the hand in which you hold it. You must acquire the bow for a man, with its necessary touch of dignity, and that for a lady, which cannot be too humble, and should still contain the least suspicion of abandon. You must cultivate a manner with women which shall be deprecating and yet audacious. Have you any eccentricity?"

It made me laugh, the easy way in which he asked the question, as if it were a most natural thing to possess.

"You have a pleasant, catching laugh, at all events," said he. "But an eccentricity is very *bon ton* at present, and if you feel any leaning towards one, I should certainly advise you to let it run its course. Peterham would have remained a mere peer all his life had it not come out that he had a snuff-box for every day in the year, and that he had caught cold through a mistake of his valet, who sent him out on a bitter winter day with a thin Sèvres china box instead of a thick tortoiseshell. That brought him out of the ruck, you see, and people remember him. Even some small characteristic, such as having an apricot tart on your sideboard all the year round, or putting your candle out at night by stuffing it under your pillow, serves to separate you from your neighbour. In my own case, it is my precise judgment upon matters of dress and decorum which has placed me where I am. I do not profess to follow a law. I set one. For example, I am taking you to-day to see the Prince in a nankeen vest. What do you think will be the consequence of that?"

My fears told me that it might be my own very great discomfiture, but I did not say so.

"Why, the night coach will carry the news to London. It will be in Brookes's and White's to-morrow morning. Within a week St. James's Street and the Mall will be full of nankeen waistcoats. A most painful incident happened to me once. My cravat came undone in the street, and I actually walked from Carlton House to Watier's in Bruton Street with the two ends hanging loose. Do you suppose it shook my position? The same evening there were dozens of young bloods walking the streets of London with their cravats loose. If I had not re-arranged mine there would not be one tied in the whole kingdom now, and a great art would have been prematurely lost. You have not yet began to practise it?"

I confessed that I had not.

"You should begin now in your youth. I will myself teach you the *coup d'archet*. By using a few hours in each day which would otherwise be wasted, you may hope to have excellent cravats in middle life. The whole knack lies in pointing your chin to the sky, and then arranging your folds by the gradual descent of your lower jaw."

When my uncle spoke like this there was always that dancing, mischievous light in his large blue eyes, which showed me that this

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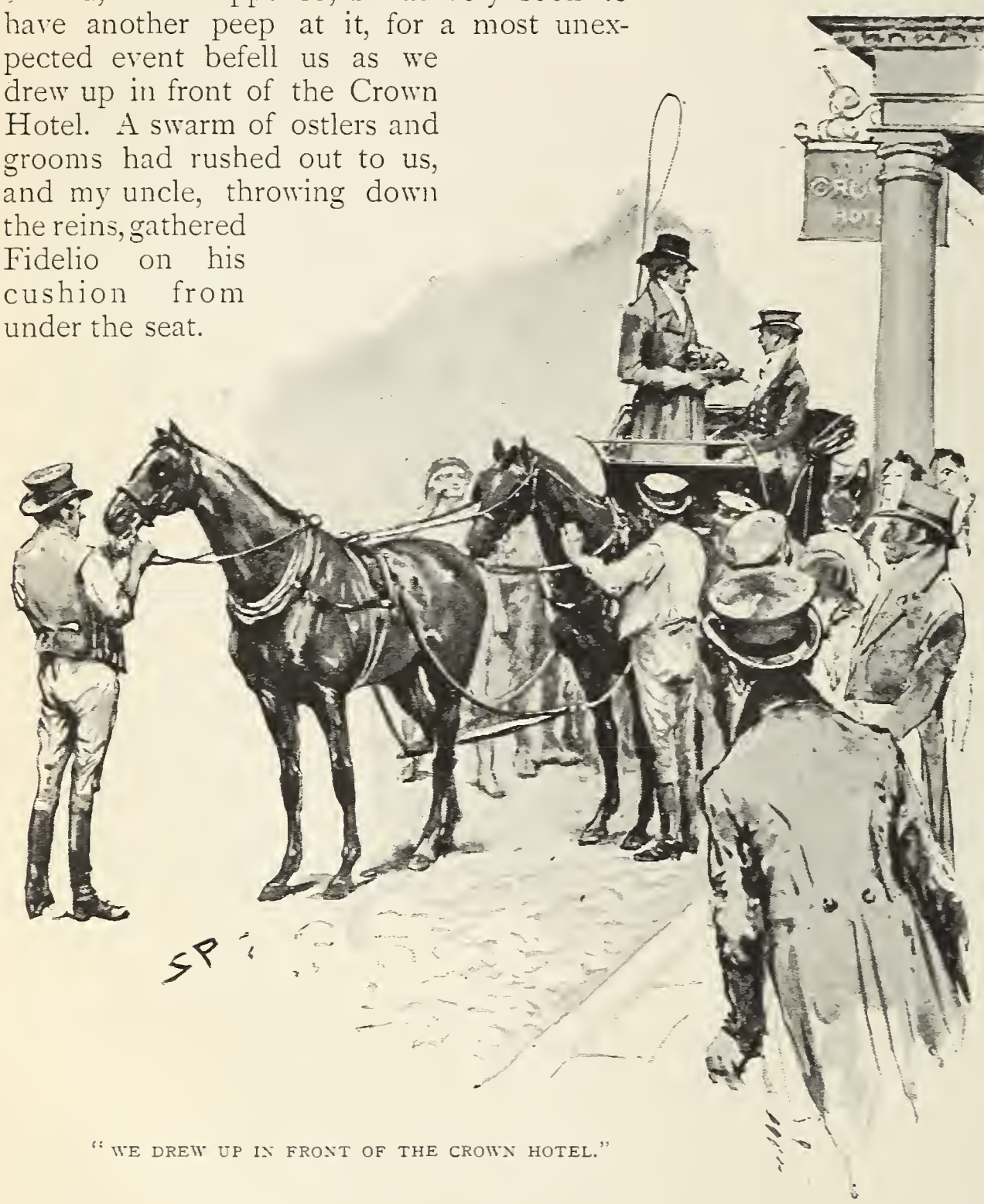
humour of his was a conscious eccentricity, depending, as I believe, upon a natural fastidiousness of taste, but wilfully driven to grotesque lengths for the very reason which made him recommend me also to develop some peculiarity of my own. When I thought of the way in which he had spoken of his unhappy friend, Lord Avon, upon the evening before, and of the emotion which he showed as he told the horrible story, I was glad to think that there was the heart of a man there, however much it might please him to conceal it.

And, as it happened, I was very soon to have another peep at it, for a most unexpected event befell us as we drew up in front of the Crown Hotel. A swarm of ostlers and grooms had rushed out to us, and my uncle, throwing down the reins, gathered Fidelio on his cushion from under the seat.



"WE DREW UP IN FRONT OF THE CROWN HOTEL."

"Ambrose," he cried, "you may take Fidelio."

But there came no answer. The seat behind was unoccupied. Ambrose was gone.

We could hardly believe our eyes when we alighted and found that it was really so. He had most certainly taken his seat there at Friar's Oak, and from there on we had come without a break as fast as the mares could travel. Where, then, could he have vanished to?

"He's fallen off in a fit!" cried my uncle. "I'd drive back, but the Prince is expecting us. Where's the landlord? Here, Coppinger, send your best man back to Friar's Oak as fast as his horse can go, to find news of my valet, Ambrose. See that no pains be spared. Now, nephew, we shall lunch, and then go up to the Pavilion."

My uncle was much disturbed by the strange loss of his valet, the more so as it was his custom to go through a whole series of washings and changings after even the shortest journey. For my own part, mindful of my mother's advice, I carefully brushed the dust from my clothes and made myself as neat as possible. My heart was down in the soles of my little silver-buckled shoes now that I had the immediate prospect of meeting so great and terrible a person as the Prince of Wales. I had seen his flaring yellow barouche flying through Friar's Oak many a time, and had halloaed and waved my hat with the others as it passed, but never in my wildest dreams had it entered my head that I should ever be called upon to look him in the face and answer his questions. My mother had taught me to regard him with reverence, as one of those whom God had placed to rule over us, but my uncle laughed when I told him of her teaching.

"You are old enough to see things as they are, nephew," said he, "and your knowledge of them is the badge that you are in that inner circle where I mean to place you. There is no one who knows the Prince

better than I do, and there is no one who trusts him less. A stranger contradiction of qualities was never gathered under one hat. He is a man who is always in a hurry, and yet has never anything to do. He fusses about things with which he has no concern, and he neglects every obvious duty. He is generous to those who have no claim upon him, but he has ruined his tradesmen by refusing to pay his just debts. He is affectionate to casual acquaintances, but he dislikes his father, loathes his mother, and is not on speaking terms with his wife. He claims to be the first gentleman of England, but the gentlemen of England have responded by blackballing his friends at their clubs, and by warning him off from Newmarket under suspicion of having tampered with a horse. He spends his days in uttering noble sentiments, and contradicting them by ignoble actions. He tells stories of his own doings which are so grotesque that they can only be explained by the madness which runs in his blood. And yet with all this, he can be courteous, dignified and kindly upon occasion, and I have seen an impulsive good-heartedness in the man which has made me overlook faults which come mainly from his being placed in a position which no one upon this earth was ever less fitted to fill. But this is between ourselves, nephew; and now you will come with me and you will form an opinion for yourself."

"MY UNCLE STALKED ALONG WITH GREAT DIGNITY."

It was but a short walk, and yet it took us some time, for my uncle stalked along with great dignity, his lace-bordered handkerchief in one hand, and his cane with the clouded amber head dangling from the other. Everyone that we met seemed to know him, and their hats flew from their heads as we passed. He took little notice of these greetings save to give a nod to one, or to slightly raise his forefinger to another. It chanced, however, that as we turned into the Pavilion Grounds, we met a magnificent team of four coal-black horses, driven by a rough-looking, middle-aged fellow in an old, weather-stained cape. There was nothing that I could see to distinguish him from any professional driver, save that he was chatting very freely with a dainty little woman who was perched on the box beside him.

"Halloa, Charlie! Good drive down?" he cried.

My uncle bowed and smiled to the lady.

"Broke it at Friar's Oak," said he. "I've my light curricle and two new mares, half thorough bred, half Cleveland bay."

"What d'ye think of my team of blacks?" cried the other.

"Yes, Sir Charles, what d'ye think of them? Ain't they damnation smart?" cried the little woman.

"Plenty of power. Good horses for the Sussex clay. Too thick about the fetlocks for me. I like to travel."

"Travel!" cried the woman, with extraordinary vehemence. "Why, what the——" and she broke into such language as I had never heard from a man's lips before. "We'd start with our swingle-bars touching, and we'd have your dinner ordered, cooked, laid and eaten before you were there to claim it."

"By George, yes, Letty is right!" cried the man. "D'you start to-morrow?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Well, I'll make you an offer. Look ye here, Charlie! I'll spring my cattle from the Castle Square at quarter before nine. You can follow as the clock strikes. I've double the horses and double the weight. If you so much as see me before we cross

Westminster Bridge, I'll pay you a cool hundred. If not, it's my money—play or pay. Is it a match?"

"Very good," said my uncle, and, raising his hat, he led the way into the grounds. As I followed, I saw the woman take the reins, while the man looked after us, and squirted a jet of tobacco-juice from between his teeth in coachman fashion.

"That's Sir John Lade," said my uncle, "one of the richest men and best whips in England. There isn't a professional on the road that can handle either his tongue or his ribbons better; but his wife, Lady Letty, is his match with the one or the other."

"It was dreadful to hear her," said I.

"Oh, it's her eccentricity. We all have them, and she amuses the Prince. Now, nephew, keep close at my elbow, and have your eyes open and your mouth shut."

Two lines of magnificent red and gold footmen who guarded the door bowed deeply as my uncle and I passed between them, he with his head in the air and a manner as if he entered into his own, whilst I tried to look assured though my heart was beating thin and fast. Within there was a high and large hall, ornamented with Eastern decorations, which harmonized with the domes and minarets of the exterior. A number of people were moving quietly about, forming into groups and whispering to each other. One of these, a short, burly, red-faced man, full of fuss and self-importance, came hurrying up to my uncle.

"I have de goot news, Sir Charles," said he, sinking his voice as one who speaks of weighty measures. "*Es ist vollendet*—dat is, I have it at last thoroughly done."

"Well, serve it hot," said my uncle, coldly, "and see that the sauces are a little better than when last I dined at Carlton House."

"Ah, mine Gott, you tink I talk of de cuisine. It is de affair of de Prince dat I speak of. Dat is one little *vol-au-vent* dat is worth one hundred tousand pound. Ten per cent. and double to be repaid when de Royal pappa die. *Alles ist fertig.* Goldshmidt of de Hague have took it up, and de Dutch public has subscribe de money."

"God help the Dutch public!" muttered my uncle, as the fat little man bustled off with his news to some new-comer. "That's the Prince's famous cook, nephew. He has not his equal in England for a *filet sauté aux champignons.* He manages his master's money affairs."

"The cook!" I exclaimed, in bewilderment.

"You look surprised, nephew."

"I should have thought that some respectable banking firm——"

My uncle inclined his lips to my ear.

"No respectable house would touch them," he whispered. "Ah, Mellish, is the Prince within?"

"In the private saloon, Sir Charles," said the gentleman addressed.

"Anyone with him?"

"Sheridan and Francis. He said he expected you."

"Then we shall go through."

I followed him through the strangest succession of rooms, full of curious barbaric splendour which impressed me as being very rich and wonderful, though perhaps I should think differently now. Gold and scarlet in arabesque designs gleamed upon the walls, with gilt dragons and monsters writhing along cornices and out of corners. Look where I would, on panel or ceiling, a score of mirrors flashed back the picture of the tall, proud, white-faced man, and the youth who walked so demurely at his elbow. Finally, a footman opened a door, and we found ourselves in the Prince's own private apartment.

Two gentlemen were lounging in a very easy fashion upon luxurious fauteuils at the further end of the room, and a third stood between them, his thick, well-formed legs somewhat apart and his hands clasped behind him. The sun was shining in upon them through a side-window, and I can see the three faces now—one in the dusk, one in the light, and one cut across by the shadow. Of those at the sides, I recall the reddish nose and dark, flashing eyes of the one, and the hard, austere face of the other, with the high coat-collars and many-wreathed cravats. These I took in at a glance, but it was upon the man in the centre that my gaze was fixed, for this I knew must be the Prince of Wales.

George was then in his forty-first year, and with the help of his tailor and his hairdresser, he might have passed as somewhat less. The sight of him put me at my ease, for he was a merry-looking man, handsome too in a portly, full-blooded way, with laughing eyes and pouting, sensitive lips. His nose was turned upwards, which increased the good-humoured effect of his countenance at the expense of its dignity. His cheeks were pale and sodden like those of a man who lived too well and took too little exercise. He was dressed in a single-breasted black coat buttoned up, a pair of leather pantaloons stretched tightly across his broad thighs, polished Hessian boots, and a huge white neckcloth.

"Halloa, Tregellis!" he cried, in the cheeriest fashion, as my uncle crossed the threshold, and then suddenly the smile faded from his face, and his eyes gleamed with resentment. "What the deuce is this?" he shouted, angrily.

A thrill of fear passed through me as I thought that it was my appearance which had produced this outburst. But his eyes were gazing past us, and glancing round we saw that a man in a brown coat and scratch wig had followed so closely at our heels, that the footmen had let him pass under the impression that he was of our party. His face was very red, and the folded blue paper which he carried in his hand shook and crackled in his excitement.

"Why, it's Vuillamy, the furniture man,"

"WHY, IT'S VUILLAMY, THE FURNITURE MAN."

cried the Prince. "What, am I to be dunned in my own private room? Where's Mellish? Where's Townshend? What the deuce is Tom Tring doing?"

"I wouldn't have intruded, your Royal Highness, but I must have the money—or even a thousand on account would do."

"Must have it, must you, Vuillamy? That's a fine word to use. I pay my debts in my own time, and I'm not to be bullied. Turn him out, footman! Take him away!"

"If I don't get it by Monday, I shall be in your papa's Bench," wailed the little man, and as the footman led him out we could hear him, amidst shouts of laughter, still protesting that he would wind up in "papa's Bench."

"That's the very place for a furniture man," said the man with the red nose.

"It should be the longest bench in the world, Sherry," answered the Prince, "for a good many of his subjects will want seats on it. Very glad to see you back, Tregellis, but you must really be more careful what you bring in upon your skirts. It was only yesterday that we had an infernal Dutchman here howling about some arrears of interest and the deuce knows what. 'My good fellow,' said I, 'as long as the Commons starve me, I have to starve you,' and so the matter ended."

"I think, sir, that the Commons would respond now if the matter were fairly put before them by Charlie Fox or myself," said Sheridan.

The Prince burst out against the Commons with an energy of hatred that one would scarce expect from that chubby, good-humoured face.

"Why, curse them!" he cried. "After all their preaching and throwing my father's model life, as they called it, in my teeth, they had to pay *his* debts to the tune of nearly a million, whilst I can't get a hundred thousand out of them. And look at all they've done for my brothers! York is Commander-in-Chief. Clarence is Admiral. What am I? Colonel of a paltry dragoon regiment under the orders of my own younger brother. It's my mother that's at the bottom of it all. She always tried to hold me back. But what's this you've brought, Tregellis, eh?"

My uncle put his hand on my sleeve and led me forward.

"This is my sister's son, sir; Rodney Stone by name," said he. "He is coming with me

to London, and I thought it right to begin by presenting him to your Royal Highness."

"Quite right! Quite right!" said the Prince, with a good-natured smile, patting me in a friendly way upon the shoulder. "Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"If you are a good son to her you will never go wrong. And, mark my words, Mr. Rodney Stone, you should honour the King, love your country, and uphold the glorious British Constitution."

"IF YOU ARE A GOOD SON TO HER YOU WILL NEVER GO WRONG."

When I thought of the energy with which he had just been cursing the House of Commons, I could scarce keep from smiling, and I saw Sheridan put his hand up to his lips.

"You have only to do this, to show a regard for your word, and to keep out of debt in order to insure a happy and respected life. What is your father, Mr. Stone? Royal Navy! Well, it is a glorious service. I have had a touch of it myself. Did I ever tell you how we laid aboard the French sloop of war *Minerve*—eh, Tregellis?"

"No, sir," said my uncle. Sheridan and Francis exchanged glances behind the Prince's back.

"She was flying her tricolour out there within sight of my pavilion windows. Never saw such monstrous impudence in my life! It would take a man of less mettle than me to stand it. Out I went in my little cock-boat—you know my sixty-ton yawl, Charlie?—with two four-pounders on each side and a six-pounder in the bows."

"Well, sir! Well, sir! And what then, sir?" cried Francis, who appeared to be an irascible, rough-tongued man.

"You will permit me to tell the story in my own way, Sir Phillip," said the Prince, with dignity. "I was about to say that our metal was so light that I give you my word, gentlemen, that I carried my port broadside in one coat pocket, and my starboard in the other. Up we came to the big Frenchman, took her fire, and scraped the paint off her before we let drive. But it was no use. By George, gentlemen, our balls just stuck in her timbers like stones in a mud wall. She had her nettings up, but we scrambled aboard, and at it we went hammer and anvil. It was a sharp twenty minutes, but we beat her people down below, made the hatches fast on them, and towed her into Seaham. Surely you were with us, Sherry?"

"I was in London at the time," said Sheridan, gravely.

"You can vouch for it, Francis!"

"I can vouch to having heard your Highness tell the story."

"It was a rough little bit of cutlass and pistol work. But, for my own part, I like the rapier. It's a gentleman's weapon. You heard of my bout with the Chevalier d'Eon? I had him at my sword-point for forty minutes at Angelo's. He was one of the best blades in Europe, but I was a little too supple in the wrist for him. 'I thank God there was a button on your Highness's foil,' said he, when we had finished our breather. By the way, you're a bit of a duellist yourself, Tregellis. How often have you been out?"

"I used to go when I needed exercise," said my uncle, carelessly. "But I have

taken to tennis now instead. A painful incident happened the last time that I was out, and it sickened me of it."

"You killed your man——?"

"No, no, sir, it was worse than that. I had a coat that Weston has never equalled. To say that it fitted me is not to express it. It *was* me—like the hide on a horse. I've had sixty from him since, but he could never approach it. The sit of the collar brought tears into my eyes, sir, when first I saw it, and as to the waist——"

"But the duel, Tregellis!" cried the Prince.

"Well, sir, I wore it at the duel, like the thoughtless fool that I was. It was Major Hunter of the Guards, with whom I had had a little *tracasserie*, because I hinted that he should not come into Brookes's smelling of the stables. I fired first and missed. He fired, and I shrieked in despair. 'He's hit! A surgeon! A surgeon!' they cried. 'A tailor! A tailor!' said I, for there was a double hole through the tails of my masterpiece. No, it was past all repair. You may laugh, sir, but I'll never see the like of it again."

I had seated myself on a settee in the corner, upon the Prince's invitation, and very glad I was to remain quiet and unnoticed, listening to the talk of these men. It was all in the same extravagant vein, garnished with many senseless oaths; but I observed this difference, that, whereas my uncle and Sheridan had something of humour in their exaggeration, Francis tended always to ill-nature, and the Prince to self-glorification. Finally, the conversation turned to music—I am not sure that my uncle did not artfully bring it there, and the Prince, hearing from him of my tastes, would have it that I should then and there sit down at the wonderful little piano, all inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which stood in the corner, and play him the accompaniment to his song. It was called, as I remember, "The Briton Conquers but to Save," and he rolled it out in a very fair bass voice, the others joining into the chorus, and clapping vigorously when he finished.

"Bravo, Mr. Stone," said he; "you have an excellent touch, and I know what I am talking about when I speak of music. Cramer of the opera said only the other day that he had rather hand his bâton to me than to any amateur in England. Halloa, it's Charlie Fox, by all that's wonderful!"

He had run forward with much warmth and was shaking the hand of a singular-looking person who had just entered the room. The new-comer was a stout, square-built man, plainly and almost carelessly dressed, with an uncouth manner and a rolling gait. His age might have been something over fifty, and his swarthy, harshly-featured face was already deeply lined either by his years or by his excesses. I have never in all my life seen a countenance in which the angel and the devil were more obviously wedded. Above, was the high, broad forehead of the philosopher, with keen, humorous eyes looking out from under thick, strong brows. Below, was the heavy jowl of the sensualist curving in a broad crease over his cravat. That brow was the brow of the public Charles Fox, the thinker, the philanthropist, the man who rallied and led the Liberal party during the twenty most hazardous years of its existence. That jaw was the jaw of the private Charles Fox, the gambler, the libertine, the drunkard. Yet to his sins he never added the crowning one of hypocrisy. His vices were as open as his virtues. In some quaint freak of Nature, two spirits seemed to have been joined in one body, and the same frame to contain the best and the worst man of his age.

"I've run down from Chertsey, sir, just to shake you by the hand, and to make sure that the Tories have not carried you off."

"Hang it, Charlie, you know that I sink or swim with my friends! A Whig I started, and a Whig I shall remain."

I thought that I could read upon Fox's dark face that he was by no means so confident about the Prince's principles.

"Pitt has been at you, sir, I understand?"

"Yes, confound him! I hate the sight of that sharp-pointed snout of his which he wants to be ever poking into my affairs. He and Addington have been boggling about the debts again. Why, look ye, Charlie, if Pitt held me in contempt he could not behave different."

I gathered from the smile which flitted over Sheridan's expressive face that this was exactly what Pitt did do. But straightway they all plunged into politics, varied by the drinking of sweet maraschino which a footman brought round upon a salver. The King, the Queen, the Lords, and the Commons were each in succession cursed by the Prince, in spite of the excellent advice which he had given me about the British Constitution.

"Why, they allow me so little that I can't look after my own people. There are a dozen annuities to old servants and the like, and it's all I can do to scrape the money

"THEY ALL PLUNGED INTO POLITICS."

together to pay them. However, my——" he pulled himself up and coughed in a consequential way—"my financial agent has arranged for a loan, repayable upon the King's death. This liqueur isn't good for either of us, Charlie. We're both getting monstrous stout."

"I can't get any exercise for the gout," said Fox.

"I am blooded fifty ounces a month, but the more I take the more I make. You wouldn't think, to look at us, Tregellis, that we could do what we have done. We've had some days and nights together, Charlie!"

Fox smiled and shook his head.

"You remember how we posted to Newmarket before the races. We took a public coach, Tregellis, clapped the postillions into the rumble, and jumped on to their places. Charlie rode the leader and I the wheeler. One fellow wouldn't let us through his turnpike, and Charlie hopped off, and had his coat off in a minute. The fellow thought he had to do with a fighting man, and soon cleared the way for us."

"By the way, sir, speaking of fighting men, I give a supper to the Fancy at the 'Waggon and Horses' on Friday next," said my uncle. "If you should chance to be in town, they would think it a great honour if you should condescend to look in upon us."

"I've not seen a fight since I saw Tom Tyne, the tailor, kill Earl fourteen years ago. I swore off then, and you know me as a man of my word, Tregellis. Of course, I've been at the ringside *incog.* many a time, but never as the Prince of Wales."

"We should be vastly honoured if you would come *incog.* to our supper, sir."

"Well, well, Sherry, make a note of it. We'll be at Carlton House on Friday. The Prince can't come, you know, Tregellis, but you might reserve a chair for the Earl of Chester."

"Sir, we shall be proud to see the Earl of Chester there," said my uncle.

"By the way, Tregellis," said Fox, "there's some rumour about your having a sporting bet with Sir Lothian Hume. What's the truth of it?"

"Only a small matter of a couple of thous to a thou, he giving the odds. He has a fancy to this new Gloucester man, Crab Wilson, and I'm to find a man to beat him. Anything under twenty or over thirty-five, at or about thirteen stone."

"You take Charlie Fox's advice, then," cried the Prince. "When it comes to handicapping a horse, playing a hand, matching a cock, or picking a man, he has the best judgment in England. Now, Charlie, whom have we upon the list who can beat Crab Wilson, of Gloucester?"

I was amazed at the interest and knowledge which all these great people showed about the ring, for they not only had the deeds of the principal men of the time—Belcher, Mendoza, Jackson, or Dutch Sam—at their fingers' ends, but there was no fighting man so obscure that they did not know the details of his deeds and prospects. The old ones and then the young were discussed—their weight, their gameness, their hitting power, and their constitution. Who, as he saw Sheridan and Fox eagerly arguing as to whether Caleb Baldwin, the Westminster costermonger, could hold his own with Isaac Bittoon, the Jew, would have guessed that

the one was the deepest political philosopher in Europe, and that the other would be remembered as the author of the wittiest comedy and of the finest speech of his generation?

The name of Champion Harrison came very early into the discussion, and Fox, who had a high idea of Crab Wilson's powers, was of opinion that my uncle's only chance lay in the veteran taking the field again. "He may be slow on his pins, but he fights with his head, and he hits like the kick of a horse. When he finished Black Baruk the man flew across the outer ring as well as the inner, and fell among the spectators. If he isn't absolutely stale, Tregellis, he is your best chance."

My uncle shrugged his shoulders.

"If poor Avon were here we might do something with him, for he was Harrison's first patron, and the man was devoted to him. But his wife is too strong for me. And now, sir, I must leave you, for I have had the misfortune to-day to lose the best valet in England, and I must make inquiry for him. I thank your Royal Highness for your kindness in receiving my nephew in so gracious a fashion."

"Till Friday, then," said the Prince, holding out his hand. "I have to go up to town in any case, for there is a poor devil of an East India Company's officer who has written to me in his distress. If I can raise a few hundreds, I shall see him and set things right for him. Now, Mr. Stone, you have your life before you, and I hope it will be one which your uncle may be proud of. You will honour the King and show respect for the Constitution, Mr. Stone. And, hark ye, you will avoid debt and bear in mind that your honour is a sacred thing."

So I carried away a last impression of his sensual, good-humoured face, his high cravat, and his broad leather thighs. Again we passed the strange rooms, the gilded monsters, and the gorgeous footmen, and it was with relief that I found myself out in the open air once more, with the broad blue sea in front of us, and the fresh evening breeze upon our faces.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRIGHTON ROAD.

My uncle and I were up betimes next morning, but he was much out of temper, for no news had been heard of his valet Ambrose. He had indeed become like one of those ants of which I have read, who are so accustomed to be fed by smaller ants that when they are left to themselves they die of hunger. It was only by the aid of a man whom the landlord procured, and of Fox's valet, who had been sent expressly across, that his toilet was at last performed.

"I must win this race, nephew," said he, when we had finished breakfast; "I can't afford to be beat. Look out of the window and see if the Lades are there."

"I see a red four-in-hand in the square, and there is a crowd round it. Yes, I see the lady upon the box seat."

"Is our tandem out?"

"It is at the door."

"Come, then, and you shall have such a drive as you never had before."

He stood at the door pulling on his long brown driving gauntlets and giving his orders to the ostlers.

"Every ounce will tell," said he. "We'll leave that dinner-basket behind. And you can keep my dog for me, Coppinger. You know him and understand him. Let him have his warm milk and curaçoa the same as usual. Whoa, my darlings, you'll have your fill of it before you see Westminster Bridge."

"Shall I put in the toilet case?" asked the landlord.

I saw the struggle upon my uncle's face, but he was true to his principles.

"Put it under the seat—the front seat," said he. "Nephew, you must keep your weight as far forward as possible. Can you do anything on a yard of tin? Well, if you can't, we'll leave the trumpet. Buckle that girth up, Thomas. Have you greased the hubs, as I told you? Well, jump up, nephew, and we'll see them off."

Quite a crowd had gathered in the Old Square: men and women, dark-coated tradesmen, bucks from the Prince's Court, and officers from Hove, all in a buzz of excitement; for Sir John Lade and my uncle were two of the most famous whips of the time, and a match between them was a thing to talk of for many a long day.

"The Prince will be sorry to have missed the start," said my uncle. "He doesn't show before mid-day. Ah, Jack, good-morning! Your servant, madam! It's a fine day for a little bit of waggoning."

As our tandem came alongside of the four-in-hand, with the two bonny bay mares gleaming like shot-silk in the sunshine, a murmur of admiration rose from the crowd. My uncle in his fawn-coloured driving-coat, with all his harness of the same tint, looked the ideal of a Corinthian whip;

while Sir John Lade, with his many-caped coat, his white hat, and his rough, weather-beaten face, might have taken his seat with a line of professionals upon any alehouse bench without anyone being able to pick him out as one of the wealthiest landowners in England. It was an age of eccentricity, but he had carried his peculiarities to a length which surprised even the out-and-outers by marrying the sweetheart of a famous highwayman when the gallows had come between her and her lover. She was perched by his side, looking very smart in a flowered bonnet and a grey travelling dress, while in front of them the four splendid coal-black horses, with a flickering touch of gold upon their powerful, well-curved quarters, were pawing the dust in their eagerness to be off.

"OUR TANDEM CAME ALONGSIDE OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND."

"It's a hundred that you don't see us before Westminster with quarter of an hour's start," said Sir John.

"I'll take you another hundred that we pass you," answered my uncle.

"Very good. Time's up. Good-bye!" He gave a *tchk* of the tongue, shook his reins, saluted with his whip, in true coachman's style, and away he went, taking the curve out of the square in a workmanlike fashion that fetched a cheer from the crowd. We heard the dwindling roar of his wheels upon the cobblestones until they died away in the distance.

It seemed one of the longest quarters of an hour that I had ever known before the first stroke of nine boomed from the parish clock. For my part, I was fidgeting in my seat in my impatience, but my uncle's calm, pale face and large, blue eyes were as tranquil and demure as those of the most unconcerned spectator. He was keenly on the alert, however, and it seemed to me that the stroke of the clock and the thong of his whip fell together—not in a blow, but in a sharp snap over the leader, which sent us flying with a jingle and a rattle upon our fifty miles journey. I heard a roar from behind us, saw the gliding lines of windows with staring faces and waving handkerchiefs, and then we were off the stones and on to the good white road which curved away in front of us, with the sweep of the green downs upon either side.

I had been provided with shillings that the turnpike-gate might not stop us, but my uncle reined in the mares and took them at a very easy trot up all the heavy stretch which ends in Clayton Hill. He let them go then, and we flashed through Friar's Oak and across St. John's Common without more than catching a glimpse of the yellow cottage

which contained all that I loved best. Never have I travelled at such a pace, and never have I felt such a sense of exhilaration from the rush of keen upland air upon our faces, and from the sight of those two glorious creatures stretched to their utmost, with the roar of their hoofs and the rattle of our wheels as the light curricle bounded and swayed behind them.

"It's a long four miles uphill from here to Hand Cross," said my uncle, as we flew through Cuckfield. "I must ease them a bit, for I cannot afford to break the hearts of my cattle. They have the right blood in them, and they would gallop until they dropped if I were brute enough to let them. Stand up on the seat, nephew, and see if you can get a glimpse of them."

I stood up, steadying myself upon my uncle's shoulder, but though I could see for a mile, or perhaps a quarter more, there was not a sign of the four-in-hand.

"If he has sprung his cattle up all these hills they'll be spent ere they see Croydon," said he.

"They have four to two," said I.

"*J'en suis bien aisé.* Sir John's black strain makes a good, honest creature, but not fliers like these. There lies Cuckfield Place, where the towers are, yonder. Get your weight right forward on the splashboard now that we are going uphill, nephew. Look at the action of that leader: did ever you see anything more easy and more beautiful?"

We were taking the hill at a quiet trot, but even so, we made the carrier, walking in the shadow of his huge, broad-wheeled, canvas-covered waggon, stare at us in amazement. Close to Hand Cross we passed the Royal Brighton stage, which had left at half-past seven, dragging heavily up the slope, and its passengers, toiling along through the dust behind, gave us a cheer as we whirled by. At Hand Cross we caught a glimpse of the old landlord, hurrying out with his gin and his gingerbread, but the dip of the ground was downwards now, and away we flew as fast as eight gallant hoofs could take us.

"STEADYING MYSELF UPON MY UNCLE'S SHOULDER.

"Do you drive, nephew?"

"Very little, sir."

"There is no driving on the Brighton Road."

"How is that, sir?"

"Too good a road, nephew. I have only to give them their heads, and they will race me into Westminster. It wasn't always so. When I was a very young man one might

learn to handle his twenty yards of tape here as well as elsewhere. There's not much really good waggoning now south of Leicestershire. Show me a man who can hit 'em and hold 'em on a Yorkshire dale-side, and that's the man who comes from the right school."

We had raced over Crawley Down and into the broad main street of Crawley village, flying between two country waggons in a way which showed me that even now a driver might do something on the road. With every turn I peered ahead, looking for our opponents, but my uncle seemed to concern himself very little about them, and occupied himself in giving me advice mixed up with so many phrases of the craft that it was all that I could do to follow him.

"Keep a finger for each, or you will have your reins clubbed," said he. "As to the whip, the less fanning the better if you have willing cattle; but when you want to put a little life into a coach, see that you get your thong on to the one that needs it, and don't let it fly round after you've hit. I've seen a driver warm up the off-side passenger on the roof behind him every time he tried to cut his off-side wheeler. I believe that is their dust over yonder."

A long stretch of road lay before us, barred with the shadows of wayside trees. Through the green fields a lazy blue river was drawing itself slowly along, passing under a bridge in front of us. Beyond was a young fir plantation, and over its olive line there rose a white whirl which drifted swiftly, like a cloud-scud on a breezy day.

"Yes, yes, it's they!" cried my uncle. "No one else would travel as fast. Come, nephew, we're half-way when we cross the mole at Kimberham Bridge, and we've done it in two hours and fourteen minutes. The Prince drove to Carlton House with a three tandem in four hours and a half. The first half is the worst half, and we might cut his time if all goes well. We should make up between this and Reigate."

And we flew. The bay mares seemed to know what that white puff in front of us signified, and they stretched themselves like greyhounds. We passed a phaeton and pair London-bound, and we left it behind as if it had been standing still. Trees, gates, cottages went dancing by. We heard the folks shouting from the fields, under the impression that we were a runaway. Faster and faster yet they raced, the hoofs rattling like castanets, the yellow manes flying, the wheels buzzing, and every joint and rivet creaking and groaning, while the curricle swung and swayed until I found myself clutching to the side-rail. My uncle eased them and glanced at his watch as we saw the grey tiles and dingy red houses of Reigate in the hollow beneath us.

"We did the last six well under twenty minutes," said he. "We've time in hand now, and a little water at the Red Lion will do them no harm. Red four-in-hand passed, ostler?"

"Just gone, sir."

"Going hard?"

"Galloping full split, sir! Took the wheel off a butcher's cart at the corner of the High Street, and was out o' sight before the butcher's boy could see what had hurt him."

Z-z-z-z-ack! went the long thong, and away we flew once more. It was market day at Redhill, and the road was crowded with carts of produce, droves of bullocks, and farmers' gigs. It was a sight to see how my uncle threaded his way amongst them all. Through the market-place we dashed amidst the shouting of men, the screaming of women, and the scuttling of poultry, and then we were out in the country again, with the long, steep incline of the Redhill Road before us. My uncle waved his whip in the air with a shrill view-halloa.

There was the dust-cloud rolling up the hill in front of us, and through it we had a shadowy peep of the backs of our opponents, with a flash of brass-work and a gleam of scarlet.

"There's half the game won, nephew. Now we must pass them. Hark forrard, my beauties! By George, if Kitty isn't foundered!"

The leader had suddenly gone dead lame. In an instant we were both out of the curricle and on our knees beside her. It was but a stone, wedged between frog and shoe in the off fore-foot, but it was a minute or two before we could wrench it out. When we had regained our places the Lades were round the curve of the hill and out of sight.

"Bad luck!" growled my uncle. "But they can't get away from us!" For the first time he touched the mares up, for he had but cracked the whip over their heads before. "If we catch them in the next few miles we can spare them for the rest of the way."

They were beginning to show signs of exhaustion. Their breath came quick and hoarse, and their beautiful coats were matted with moisture. At the top of the hill, however, they settled down into their swing once more.

"Where on earth have they got to?" cried my uncle. "Can you make them out on the road, nephew?"

We could see a long white ribbon of it,

"A STONE IN THE OFF FORE-FOOT."

all dotted with carts and waggons coming from Croydon to Redhill, but there was no sign of the big red four-in-hand.

"There they are! Stole away! Stole away!" he cried, wheeling the mares round into a side road which struck to the right out of that which we had travelled. "There you are, nephew! On the brow of the hill!"

Sure enough, on the rise of a curve upon our right the four-in-hand had appeared, the horses stretched to the utmost. Our mares laid themselves out gallantly, and the distance between us began slowly to decrease. I found that I could see the black band upon Sir John's white hat, then that I could count the folds of his cape; finally, that I could see the pretty features of his wife as she looked back at us.

"We're on the side road to Godstone and Warlingham," said my uncle. "I suppose he thought that he could make better time by getting out of the way of the market carts. But we've got the deuce of a hill to come down. You'll see some fun, nephew, or I am mistaken."

As he spoke I suddenly saw the wheels of the four-in-hand disappear, then the body of it, and then the two figures upon the box, so suddenly and abruptly as if it had bumped down the first three steps of some gigantic stairs. An instant later we had reached the same spot, and there was the road beneath us, steep and narrow, winding in long curves into the valley. The four-in-hand was swishing down it as hard as the horses could gallop.

"Thought so!" cried my uncle. "If he doesn't brake, why should I? Now, my darlings, one good spurt, and we'll show them the colour of our tail-board."

We shot over the brow and flew madly down the hill with the great red coach roaring and thundering before us. Already we were in her dust, so that we could see nothing but the dim scarlet blur in the heart of it, rocking and rolling, with its outline hardening at every stride. We could hear the crack of the whip in front of us, and the shrill voice of Lady Lade as she screamed to the horses. My uncle was very quiet, but when I glanced up at him I saw that his lips were set and his eyes shining, with just a little flush upon each pale cheek. There was no need to urge on the mares, for they were already flying at a pace which could neither be stopped nor controlled. Our leader's head came abreast of the off hind wheel, then of the off front one—then for a hundred yards we did not gain an inch, and then with a spurt the bay leader was neck to neck with the black wheeler, and our fore wheel within an inch of their hind one.

"Dusty work!" said my uncle, quietly.

"DOWN WE THUNDERED TOGETHER."

"Fan 'em, Jack! Fan 'em!" shrieked the lady.

He sprang up and lashed at his horses.

"Look out, Tregellis!" he shouted. "There's a damnation spill coming for somebody."

We had got fairly abreast of them now, the rumps of the horses exactly a-line and the fore wheels whizzing together. There was not six inches to spare in the breadth of the road, and every instant I expected to feel the jar of a locking wheel. But now as we came out from the dust we could see what was ahead, and my uncle whistled between his teeth at the sight.

Two hundred yards or so in front of us there was a bridge with wooden posts and rails upon either side. The road narrowed

down at the point, so that it was obvious that the two carriages abreast could not possibly get over. One must give way to the other. Already our wheels were abreast of their wheelers.

"I lead!" shouted my uncle. "You must pull them, Lade!"

"Not I," he roared.

"No, by George!" shrieked her ladyship. "Fan 'em, Jack; keep on fanning 'em!"

It seemed to me that we were all going to eternity together. But my uncle did the only thing that could have saved us. By a desperate effort we might just clear the coach before reaching the mouth of the bridge. He sprang up, and lashed right and left at the mares, who, maddened by the unaccustomed pain, hurled themselves on in a frenzy. Down we thundered together, all shouting, I believe, at the top of our voices in the madness of the moment; but still we were drawing steadily away, and we were almost clear of the leaders when we flew on to the bridge. I glanced back at the coach, and I saw Lady Lade, with her savage little white teeth clenched together, throw herself forward and tug with both hands at the off-side reins.

"Jam them, Jack!" she cried. "Jam the——before they can pass."

Had she done it an instant sooner we should have crashed against the wood-work, carried it away, and been hurled into the deep gully below. As it was, it was not the powerful haunch of the black leader which caught our wheel, but the forequarter, which had not weight enough to turn us from our course. I saw a red wet seam gape suddenly through the black hair, and next instant we were flying alone down the road, whilst the four-in-hand had halted, and Sir John and his lady were down in the road together tending to the wounded horse.

"Easy now, my beauties!" cried my uncle, settling down into his seat again, and looking back over his shoulder. "I could not have believed that Sir John Lade would have been guilty of such a trick as pulling that leader across. I do not permit a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of that sort. He shall hear from me to-night."

"It was the lady," said I.

My uncle's brow cleared, and he began to laugh.

"It was little Letty, was it?" said he. "I might have known it. There's a touch of the late lamented Sixteen-string Jack about the trick. Well, it is only messages of another kind that I send to a lady, so we'll just drive on our way, nephew, and thank our stars that we bring whole bones over the Thames."

We stopped at the Greyhound, at Croydon, where the two good little mares were sponged and petted and fed, after which, at an easier pace, we made our way through Norbury and Streatham. At last the fields grew fewer and the walls longer. The outlying villas closed up thicker and thicker, until their shoulders met, and we were driving between a double line of houses with garish shops at the corners, and such a stream of traffic as I had never seen, roaring down the centre. Then suddenly we were on a broad bridge with a dark coffee-brown river flowing sulkily beneath it, and bluff-bowed barges drifting down upon its bosom. To right and left stretched a broken, irregular line of many-coloured houses winding along either bank as far as I could see.

"That's the House of Parliament, nephew," said my uncle, pointing with his whip, "and the black towers are Westminster Abbey. How do, your Grace? How do? That's the Duke of Norfolk, the stout man in blue upon the swish-tailed mare. Now we are in Whitehall. There's the Treasury on the left, and the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty, where the stone dolphins are carved above the gate."

I had the idea, which a country-bred lad brings up with him, that London was merely a wilderness of houses, but I was astonished now to see the green slopes and the lovely spring trees showing between.

"Yes, those are the Privy Gardens," said my uncle, "and there is the window out of which Charles took his last step on to the scaffold. You wouldn't think the mares had come fifty miles, would you? See how *les petites cheries* step out for the credit of their master. Look at the barouche, with the sharp-featured man peeping out of the window. That's Pitt, going down to the House. We are coming into Pall Mall now, and this great building on the left is Carlton House, the Prince's Palace. There's St. James's, the big, dingy place with the clock, and the two red-coated sentries before it. And here's the famous street of the same name, nephew, which is the very centre of the world, and here's Jermyn Street opening out of it, and finally here's my own little box, and we are well under the five hours from Brighton Old Square.

(To be continued.)

The Romance of the Museums.

IV.

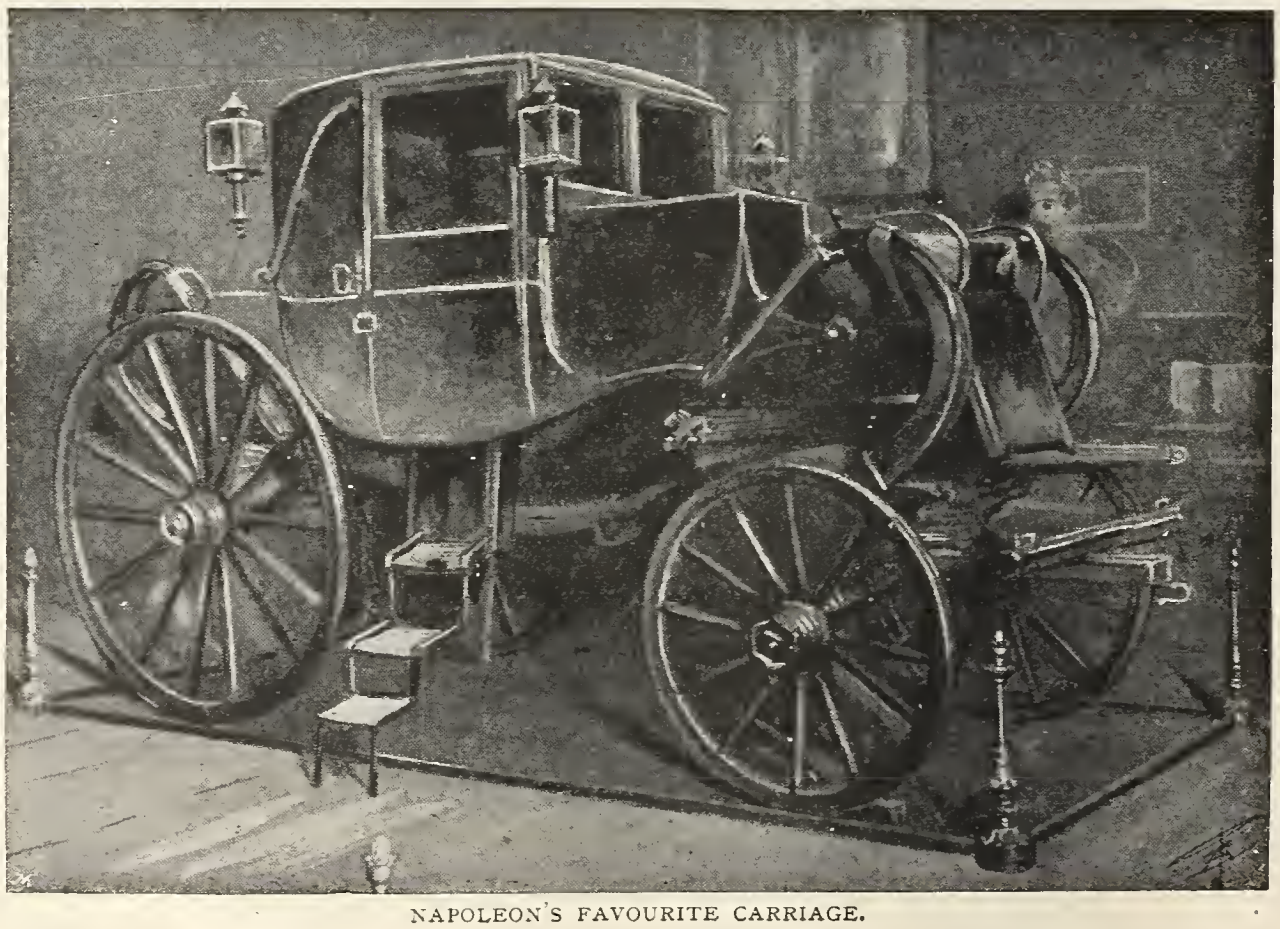
By William G. FitzGerald.

THE bright particular star of the Napoleonic Museum in Madame Tussaud's is the extraordinary carriage depicted on this page. Now, why is not this unique vehicle at South Kensington, instead of in the Marylebone Road? It seems to me that the more essentially popular a relic is, the less inclined are our museum authorities to purchase it. This carriage was built by M. Simon, of Brussels, in the year 1812, and was originally intended by Napoleon for use during the expedition to Russia. It went on to Moscow, and constituted almost the whole equipage, either of the Emperor or of his army, that escaped the disastrous retreat. It afterwards carried Napoleon back to Dresden, and brought him back a second time to France. He used it also in Paris, and it subsequently bore him to the shores of the Mediterranean, and was shipped with him to Elba, and used in all his excursions around the island.

Napoleon would never enter any other vehicle than this. When he planned his bold attempt to regain his throne, the troops were forbidden to take baggage of any kind; but, notwithstanding this, the favourite travelling carriage was carefully shipped and landed at Cannes. Napoleon made his triumphant journey to Paris in it; nor would he quit it for the State carriage that had been dispatched to convey him in triumph to his capital. When he again departed to rejoin his army in the north of France, this carriage again accompanied him, and in it his marvellous political career terminated. It is a curious fact that the fall of Napoleon can be traced to the hour he entered this carriage, which was as fatal to him as was the Chariot of the Sun to Phæton; for, lastly, it bore him to the fatal field of Waterloo.

Now for the description. In colour the carriage is a dark blue, ornamented with gold, with the Imperial arms on the panels. There is a lamp at each corner of the roof and a lamp at the back, throwing a strong light into the interior. The panels are bullet-proof, and behind is a projecting sword-case. The springs are semi-circular, and each seems capable of bearing half a ton. The pole is a lever, by means of which the carriage was kept level on even the most villainous of roads. The interior was adapted to the various purposes of kitchen, bedroom, dressing-room, office, and dining-room. Beneath the front seat was a compartment for utensils of probable utility; and, by the aid of a lamp, anything could be heated in the carriage. And to this day—also beneath the coachman's seat—may be seen a small box, 2½ft. long by 4in. square, holding a polished steel bedstead, in sections, which could be fitted together in a minute or two. The carriage also contained a mahogany liqueur-case, in which was originally some Malaga wine and some Old Tom. There were also innumerable miscellaneous articles of silver; mahogany cases, holding plates; toilet articles, in gold and silver; perfumes; Windsor soap; court plaster; Eau de Cologne; and maps and telescopes. On the ceiling was a network rack for small articles, and inside one of the doors was fixed a pistol holster.

The story of the capture of the carriage is



NAPOLEON'S FAVOURITE CARRIAGE.

most interesting, and for it I am indebted to Mr. John T. Tussaud, whose skill as an artist is only equalled by his boundless *bonhomie*.

At eleven o'clock at night, on the 18th of June, 1815, Major von Keller, an officer under Blucher, arrived at Jenappe, some fifteen miles from that Waterloo which has nothing to do with the South-Western Railway Company. Near the entrance to the town the Major met this carriage, which was rumbling along at a tremendous rate, drawn by six brown horses of Norman breed. The gallant Major, feeling confident that he was intercepting the "God in the Car," called on the coachman to stop, but that silly man, like the Levite in the parable, turned a deaf ear and went his way—or tried to. Not many moments after this the postillion was shot dead, and the two foremost horses were also dropped by well-directed shots. The obstinate coachman was cut down by the Major himself, and the lucky officer then forced open one of the doors of this carriage, only to find, however, that Napoleon had escaped on the other side and had ridden off on horseback. In his haste to escape, however, the Emperor had dropped his hat, sword, and mantle, which were promptly picked up and placed in the carriage—which, by the way, is an almost miraculous example of *multum in parvo*.

Its builder, the M. Simon aforesaid, has publicly stated that most of the wonderful contrivances in this carriage for economizing space and insuring comfort and convenience were suggested by the Emperor himself.

It was a Royal prize—even considering merely the intrinsic worth of its contents. Besides the numerous articles of gold and silver plate taken from the carriage, a lot of diamonds were also found, besides money treasure of enormous value. The carriage, with its four horses, was sent as a present to the Prince Regent. At this time a man of the odious name of Bullock had an exhibition at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, and after some negotiations he got permission from the Government, first to exhibit the carriage, and then to purchase it.

Bullock bought the carriage from George IV. for the sum of £2,500. It was a good investment, for, in the month of March, 1817, it was stated that the showman had cleared £26,000 by exhibiting the carriage; and the previous year no fewer than 100,000 persons gratified themselves by sitting in it. As a matter of fact, the enthusiasm with which the populace regarded this carriage was so great, that the Government requested Mr. Bullock to exhibit it in every town in the three kingdoms. And, altogether, about 900,000 people paid to see it.

After this "provincial tour," the carriage was sold by auction, the man who bought it intending to exhibit it in the United States; and in this one would think there was a huge fortune. This purchaser was, however, compelled to re-sell the carriage; and, curiously enough, the next owner had the same intention as his predecessor, but failed likewise to carry it out. At last, Mr. Robert Jeffreys, a decent, respectable coachmaker in Gray's Inn Road, took the thing in part payment of a very bad debt. And in the year 1842 it was acquired by the proprietors of Madame Tussaud's.

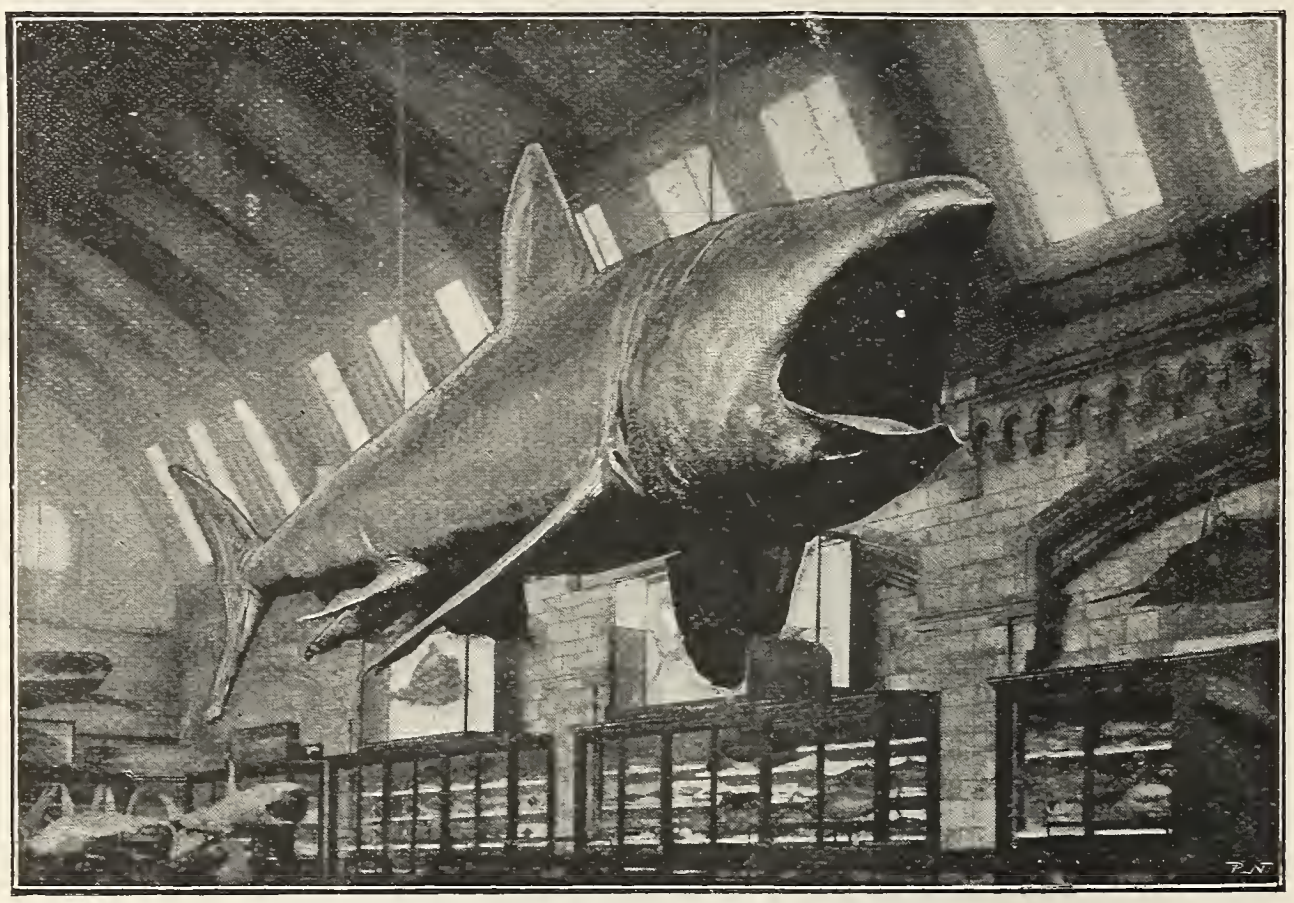
Mr. Tussaud tells me that the original lining of the carriage was all cut away within a year or two by relic-hunters. This necessitated the re-lining of the vehicle, but nothing could appease the desire of the public for scraps of the leather, and the re-lining process has had to be repeated periodically ever since.

"Thousands of people all over the world," remarked Mr. Tussaud to me, "must now be gleefully showing to friends a precious relic which is in reality only a bit of leather, bought at wholesale price from a City warehouse."

THE BRASS COLLAR FROM THE CONGO, SHOWING SHOT-MARK.

This is a massive brass collar, weighing something like 30lb., brought from the very heart of the Congo Free State by the Rev. Harry Grattan Guinness—whom to know is to love—and by him deposited in the very interesting museum of the Congo-Baloto Mission at

Harley House, 53, Bow Road. The story of this collar is as follows: Dr. Grattan Guinness chanced to be some 800 miles in the interior of the Congo some four or five years ago, when he met Major Lothaire, famous in connection with *L'affaire Stokes*. I cannot dwell here on the awful cruelties perpetrated by this man, who pays the wages of his native carriers and servants in trade gin at 2½d. a bottle; and who would wipe out a village for the sake of a few perfect tusks. As a matter of fact, Lothaire's men were sacking and burning a village when Dr. Grattan Guinness arrived on the scene. The wearer of the collar—a young native girl—fled in terror to the Doctor's hut; but, before she could reach cover, her savage pursuers opened fire, one of the balls striking the affrighted fugitive with tremendous force on the extraordinary collar here depicted. Of course, this terrible encumbrance saved her life. It seems that these things are fixed on the native youngsters at an early age, and are considered ornamental in a high degree. This collar was afterwards removed from the girl's neck by a blacksmith, acting under orders from Lothaire himself, who desired the article, probably as a souvenir of a rich haul. A day or two afterwards, however, chancing to meet Dr. Grattan Guinness, the redoutable Major incidentally remarked that he had no boots, whereupon the Doctor promptly suggested that if Lothaire would make over to him the shot-marked brass collar he would make him a present of a pair of military riding-boots. The exchange was soon effected, and the gentle, courteous Doctor took the relic home with him.



THE BASKING SHARK CAST ASHORE AT SHANKLIN.

Now turn your attention for a moment to the next picture, which depicts, *more* Mahomet's Coffin, one of the Basking or Thirsty varieties of shark. One morning, some years ago, this monster was cast ashore dead on the beach at Shanklin, causing a flutter of excitement at that delightful little watering-place—though it was during the winter season. Then ensued a dispute between the coastguards who were officials and the fishermen who were not, but who found the thing and were, therefore—as they argued—entitled to it. In one way, the basking shark was something of a white elephant, because the fishermen, although they wanted it awfully, could not take it home with them, it being 28ft. long and 13ft. in circumference. The coastguards said nothing; they just sallied forth and imprinted a few broad arrows on the vast expanse of the shark's flanks; then they retired, feeling sure they had done the right thing. Somebody in the town wrote to the British Museum authorities, giving some information about this interesting flotsam, and in due time the well-known naturalist and taxidermist, Mr. Edward Gerrard, was dispatched to Shanklin to inquire into things. On seeing the monster on the beach, Mr. Gerrard resolved to buy it for the sake of its skin, although this was torn in places where the shark had been dragged along the shingle. The crux of the affair was to find the owner; and at last Mr. Gerrard, animated by the *esprit de corps* of officialdom, went to the coastguards' little office in a private house, "planked down" about £45, and the shark was his. There could not have been a very exhilarating sense of ownership in this case, because Mr. Gerrard and his many tons of dead shark were at Shanklin, and all that was wanted at Bloomsbury (where the Natural

History Museum then was) was the skin. But the Museum's envoy set to work briskly. First of all he went into the town and bought up all the butchers' knives he could find; then he engaged eight surly fishermen, who blasphemed horribly when they heard of the "deal" that had just been completed. After this commenced the work of skinning the shark; but this work was so unpleasant—for one thing, the spines on the skin of the monster scratched and tore the men's arms—that presently four of them "jacked it up"; they struck, drew their 10s., and departed. When the upper side of the prostrate shark had been skinned, no appliances were forthcoming for turning the monster over. So Mr. Gerrard had to direct his men to cut right through the 13ft. of cartilaginous flesh until the skin on the other side was reached. At ten o'clock in the morning the work commenced, and at four o'clock the shark was wholly denuded of its skin; while the remainder of his body was distributed over a large extent of beach. A small spring cart was then procured, but it was found impossible to raise the skin into it. Accordingly, holes had to be dug in the sand to receive the wheels in order that the cart might sink almost level with the beach. Then things went on famously; only, unfortunately, when the skin was "on board," the cart could not be got out, and an inclined plane, dug on strict geometrical principles, had to be made. Howbeit, the skin was dispatched to Waterloo by the night mail and it was set up on Mr. Gerrard's premises in Camden Town. When this enormous specimen was ready for delivery to the Museum, and lay in the taxidermist's grounds, Mr. and Mrs Gerrard and their five children entered the capacious jaws and partook of that mysterious meal known as "high tea."

IBEGI, THE GOD OF TWINS.

Before me, as I write, is the original of this photograph—a stumpy little wooden idol, about 10in. high, and adorned with ten rows of cowrie shells, five on each side. This is Ibegi, the God of Twins, brought by one of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society from West Africa. At the Igbein mission station of the society there was formerly a certain catechist, who was a more or less converted savage; also, he had a sister who resisted obdurately the exhortations of every missionary for seven-and-twenty years. Ibegi was her favourite idol, purchased for three pounds from a village priest after years of scrupulous economy. This being so, it is no wonder that the lady clung to her idol, on whose face, by the way, are the family and tribal signs of the Yoruba people As a matter of fact, the woman had one child, and she was firmly convinced that if she embraced Christianity and gave up this image to the missionary, that child would surely die.

One day, a certain distinguished representative of the Church Missionary Society, who cured bodies as well as souls, and studied human nature as well as theology, took this idol from the woman, and before her eyes lopped off the greater part of one of its ears. On this the mental agony of the horrified woman was piteously manifested; but at last she was compelled to acknowledge that sturdy little Ibegi was something of a humbug, and she ceremoniously made him over to her brother the catechist exactly six months before her death. The idol can be seen at any time in the Church Missionary Society's Museum in Salisbury Square.

In the next picture is shown a model of the largest gold nugget ever found—the famous "Welcome Stranger," which was unearthed by John Beason and Richard Oates at Dunolly, forty miles north of Ballarat, in Victoria, on the 5th of February, 1869. Of course, the nugget was melted down into ingots almost immediately. In the rough this nugget weighed exactly 2,250oz. 10 dwts.

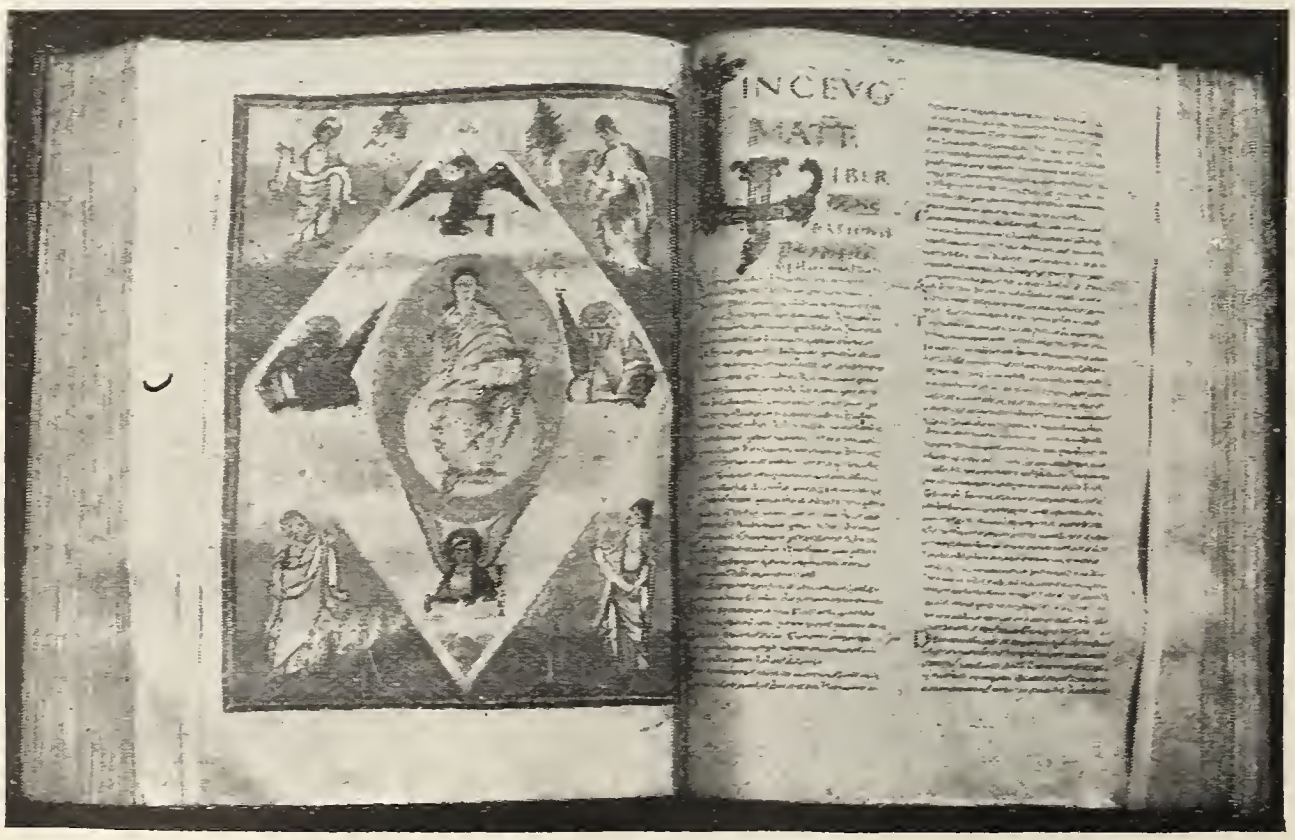
THE "WELCOME STRANGER"—LARGEST GOLD NUGGET EVER FOUND.

14grs. It was found on the extreme margin of a patch of auriferous alluvium running from Bulldog Reef, and was about 21in. in length and 10in. in thickness; although mixed with quartz, the greater part of it was solid gold. The lucky owners appear to have heated it in the fire in their hut in order to get rid of the quartz, and thus reduce its weight before taking it to the bank at Dunolly. The pure melted gold given away to their friends by the fortunate finders amounted to 2,228oz.; its value at the Bank of England being £9,534. Near the spot where this precious mass was found there were also unearthed two other nuggets, weighing respectively 114oz. and 36oz.

This cast of the "Welcome Stranger" nugget is now to be seen in the mineral gallery of the Natural History Museum, where it is under the charge of Mr. L. Fletcher. The courtesy of this gentleman is such that all his correspondents, from Ruskin downwards, meet with the same attention. Some little time ago, Mr. Fletcher received a letter from a gentleman in the office of a steamship company in Vancouver. The writer wanted Mr. Fletcher to furnish him with particulars of the largest gold nugget ever found. He wanted to know the weight and value of it; also where it was found and the date. The fact was that Mr. Fletcher's description of the "Welcome Stranger" nugget was required for the definitive settlement of a bet!

The Charlemagne Bible is next shown. This wonderful book is to be seen in the British Museum, exhibited in Case G., in the department of manuscripts. It is of the largest folio size, measuring 20in. by 14½in., and containing 449 pages of extraordinarily fine vellum, with double columns 15in. in length.

About the year 778, Charlemagne commissioned the favourite disciple of Bede to revise the Latin version of the Scriptures, in order that it might be freed from the numerous errors that had been committed by unskilful copyists. This manuscript was then commenced, and completed in the year



THE CHARLEMAGNE BIBLE.

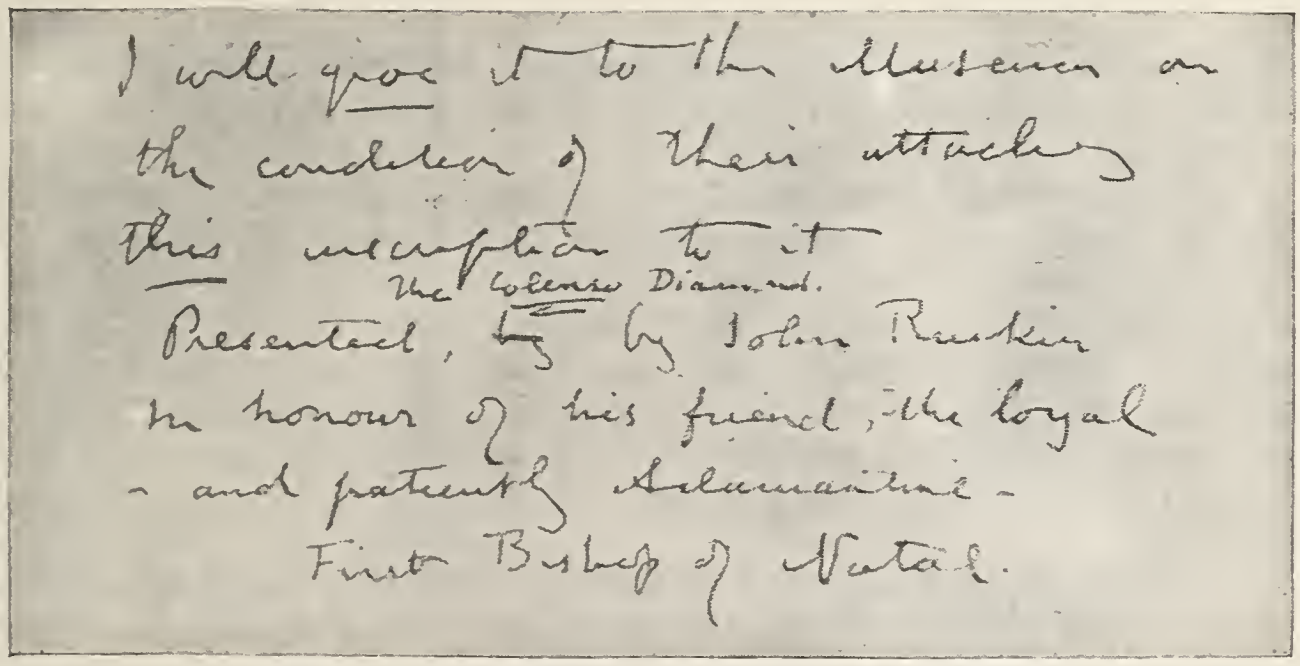
800. Being then too old to undertake the long journey, the scribe sent the fruit of his labours to Rome by his friend and pupil, one Nathanael, who presented it to Charlemagne on the first day of 801, during his coronation. Lothaire, grandson of Charlemagne, lost the throne of France, and entered the Monastery of Prum, in Lorraine, as a monk. Here he deposited this Bible. In 1516 the convent dissolved, and the Benedictine monks preserved the manuscript carefully and carried it with them to a place near Basle. Here it remained until the occupation of the Episcopal territory of Basle by the French troops in 1793, when all the property of the abbey was sequestrated, the Bible becoming the property of M. Bennot, Vice-President of the Tribune of Declemont, from whom, in 1822, it was bought by M. de Spey Passavant, of Basle. An album accompanied it containing the opinions of nearly all the European *litterati* acquainted with old manuscripts. It was put up at £7,000 and afterwards bought at £1,500.

On the 30th of April, 1829, M. de Passavant offered the Bible for sale to Lord Stuart de Rothsay, at that time the English Ambassador to France. In January, 1836, this indefatigable salesman came to London for the purpose of selling his Bible to the British Museum, or, rather, submitting it to the trustees. Much correspondence took place. The owner first of all asked £12,000, then £8,000, and lastly £6,500, declaring that he feared he would go down into his grave on accepting the last-named sum. At last, finding he could not part with it on anything like these terms, M. de Passavant resolved to sell the manuscript by auction. On the 27th of April, 1836, the Bible was knocked down by Mr. Evans, of Oxford, for £1,500—to the proprietor himself! Overtures were again made to the owners of the British Museum, and, ultimately, the Charlemagne Bible was bought for £750.

I next show a photograph of the Colenso Diamond, which was presented to the Natural History Museum by Professor John

THE COLENSO DIAMOND.

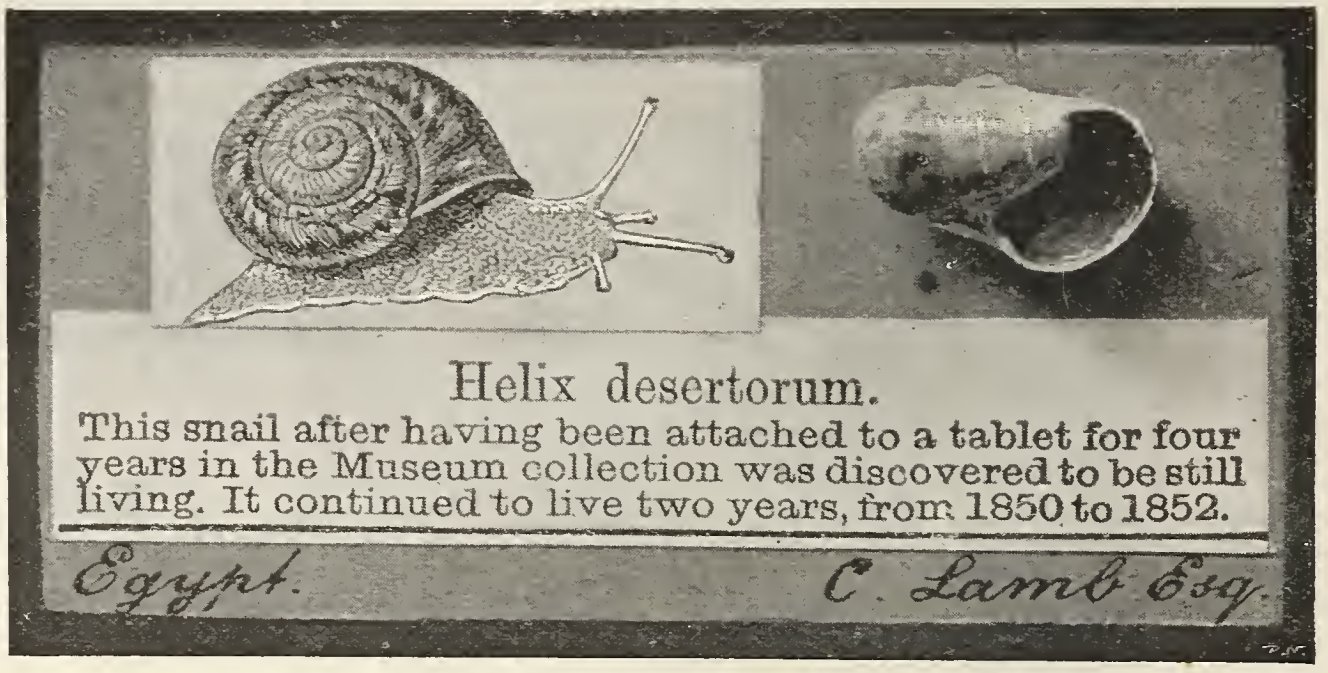
Ruskin. Our artist has also photographed that portion of Ruskin's letter to Mr. L. Fletcher which indicates the character of the label he wished to be affixed to the specimen. Now, this diamond has a singularly interest-


I will give it to the Museum on
the condition of their attaching
this inscription to it
The Colenso Diamond.
Presented, by by John Ruskin
in honour of his friend, the loyal
- and patiently Salamanitic -
First Bishop of Natal.

FACSIMILE OF RUSKIN'S LABEL FOR THE COLENSO DIAMOND.

ing history, and I will tell this as briefly as possible. In 1883, a storekeeper at the Cape left his shop and went up country with £2,000 and an acute attack of diamond fever. With this capital our friend purchased a claim in which two other men were also interested. The three worked frightfully hard for a long time, until they were at their wits' end for money, their claim being, apparently, quite valueless. One morning two of the partners declared they would work at the claim no longer, and the third set out to try his luck alone. Of course, misfortune had fallen heavily on the men who remained at home, but it fell with far greater force on the third man; so did the mine, burying the solitary worker in the débris. On seeing

what had happened the unfortunate man's colleagues decamped, lest they should be accused of his murder. Some months after this the ex-storekeeper came back, probably conscience-stricken, and he dug out his comrade's body. One result of this charitable act was the finding, near the decomposed body, of a number of loose diamonds, among them being the splendid yellow specimen stone seen in the picture. After this the finder came to England, and was recommended by the Hatton Garden dealers to take his most valuable find to Mr. R. Nockold, the dealer of Frith Street, Soho. After some preliminary negotiations with the man, Mr. Nockold bought the specimen, and promptly sent a description of it to Mr. Ruskin, at Brantwood; the diamond itself presently followed this description.


Helix desertorum.
This snail after having been attached to a tablet for four years in the Museum collection was discovered to be still living. It continued to live two years, from 1850 to 1852.
Egypt.
C. Lamb Esq.

I should explain here that, until quite recently, Ruskin was a constant visitor at the dingy little house in Soho—a visit to which, he declared, reminded him of the "Arabian Nights." Ruskin, however, had no idea that this was such a valuable specimen. His letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Nockold is before me as I write. It is dated from

"Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

"My dear Couple,—I had nearly congealed into a diamond myself with fright when I opened the box. I thought in your first letter that 130 (it was written like that) meant 13½ carats, or I never should have asked for the loan! I'm most thankful to have it, for it is safe here and is invaluable to me just now; but what on earth is the value of it? I don't tell *anybody* I've got such a thing in the house.

"Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

"J. Ruskin."

Four days later there is another letter from Brantwood, to Mrs. Nockold. It contains the following:—

"And now, please, will Mr. Nockold and you *advise* me whether to buy this diamond for Sheffield Museum or not?"

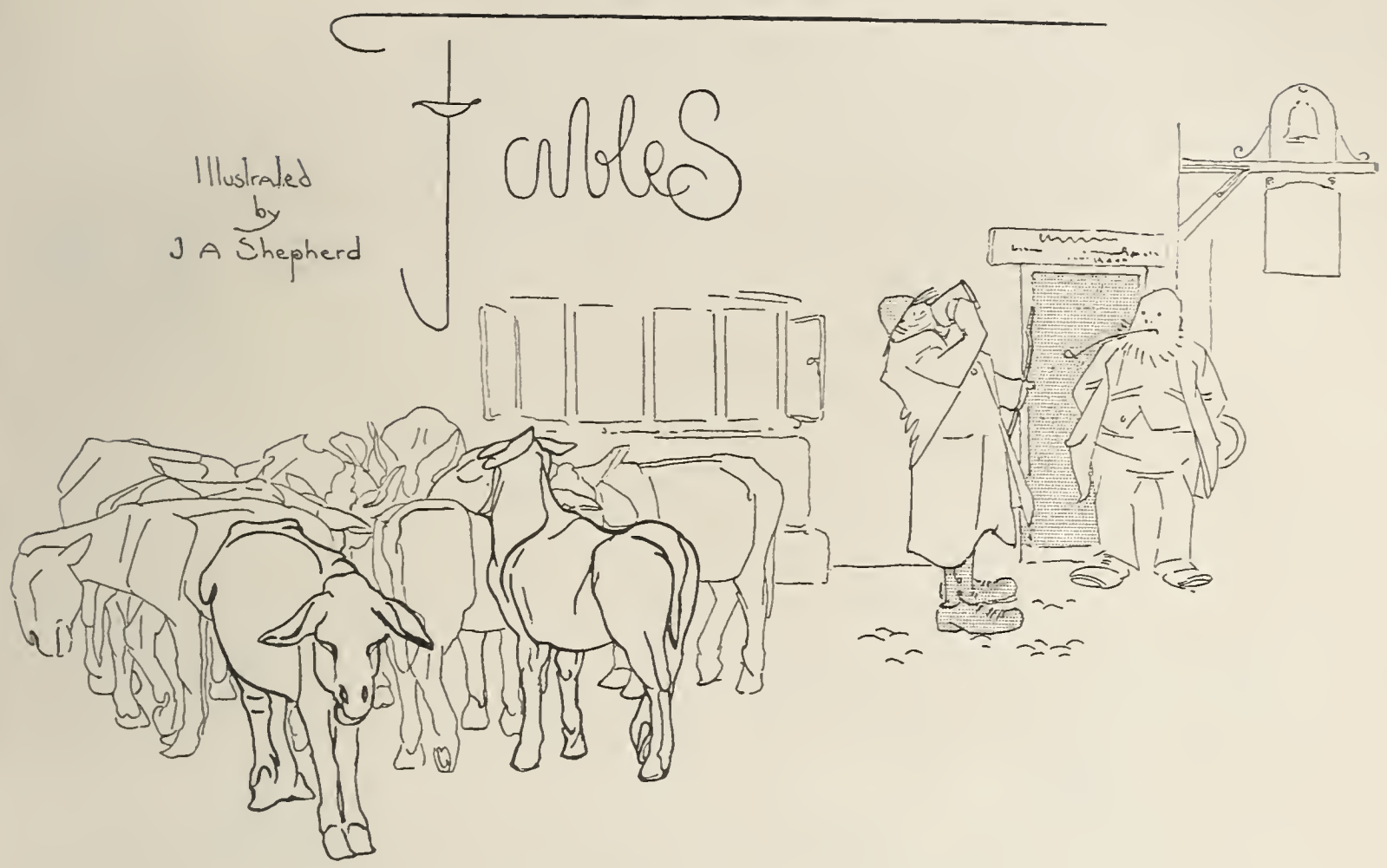
Ruskin did buy the stone from Mr. Nockold for £1,000, and, as we have seen, he presented it in 1887, with certain stipulations of his own, to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

The story of the wonderful snail seen in the next illustration will be long remembered at the Natural History Museum. In March, 1846, a number of shells were presented to the British Museum by Mr. Charles Lamb, who had collected these specimens in Egypt and Greece. Among them were two specimens from Egypt of the snail of the desert; and on the 25th of March, 1846, these were fixed on tablets and placed among the other mollusca of the Museum. Here they remained, summer and winter, until March 15th, 1850, when Dr. W. Baird, Mr. E. A. Smith's predecessor in the shell gallery of the Museum, had occasion to examine some specimens in the same case. On this occasion Dr. Baird noticed that the cardboard beneath one of the shells was a little discoloured, while over its mouth was spread a thin, glassy covering. "The epiphragm," remarked the doctor, luminously, "had spread over its mouth—and that with evident signs of recent formation." Of course, the good man was surprised, and he removed both specimens and placed them in tepid water.

In less than ten minutes out crawled one of the snails, after having "lain low" for upwards of four years. Next day Dr. Baird fed his *protégé* with some cabbage leaf, but he subsequently found that the fastidious little creature preferred lettuce. He allowed it to complete certain repairs in its domicile, and then he placed it in a glass jar, 18in. high, up the sides of which it climbed daily, presumably by way of exercise after a long period of inactivity. In due time the doctor placed a companion with his snail, and it is gratifying to learn that the two lived harmoniously together for two years.

Fables

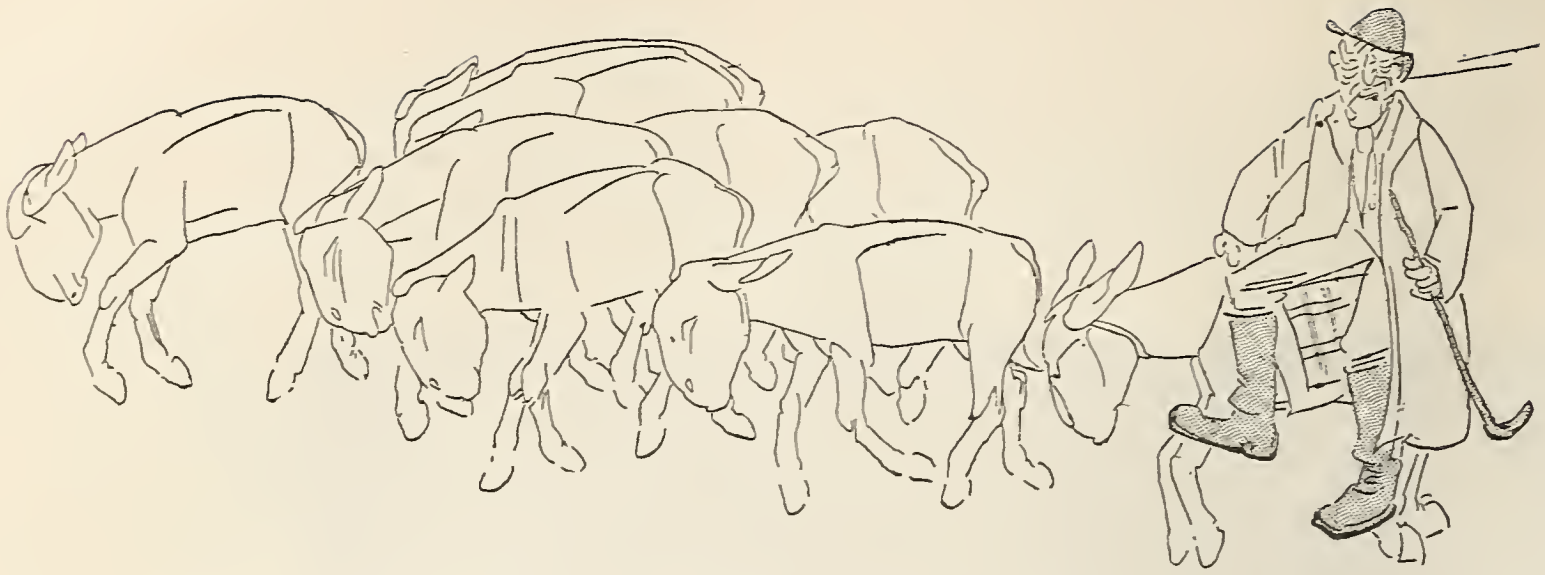
Illustrated
by
J A Shepherd



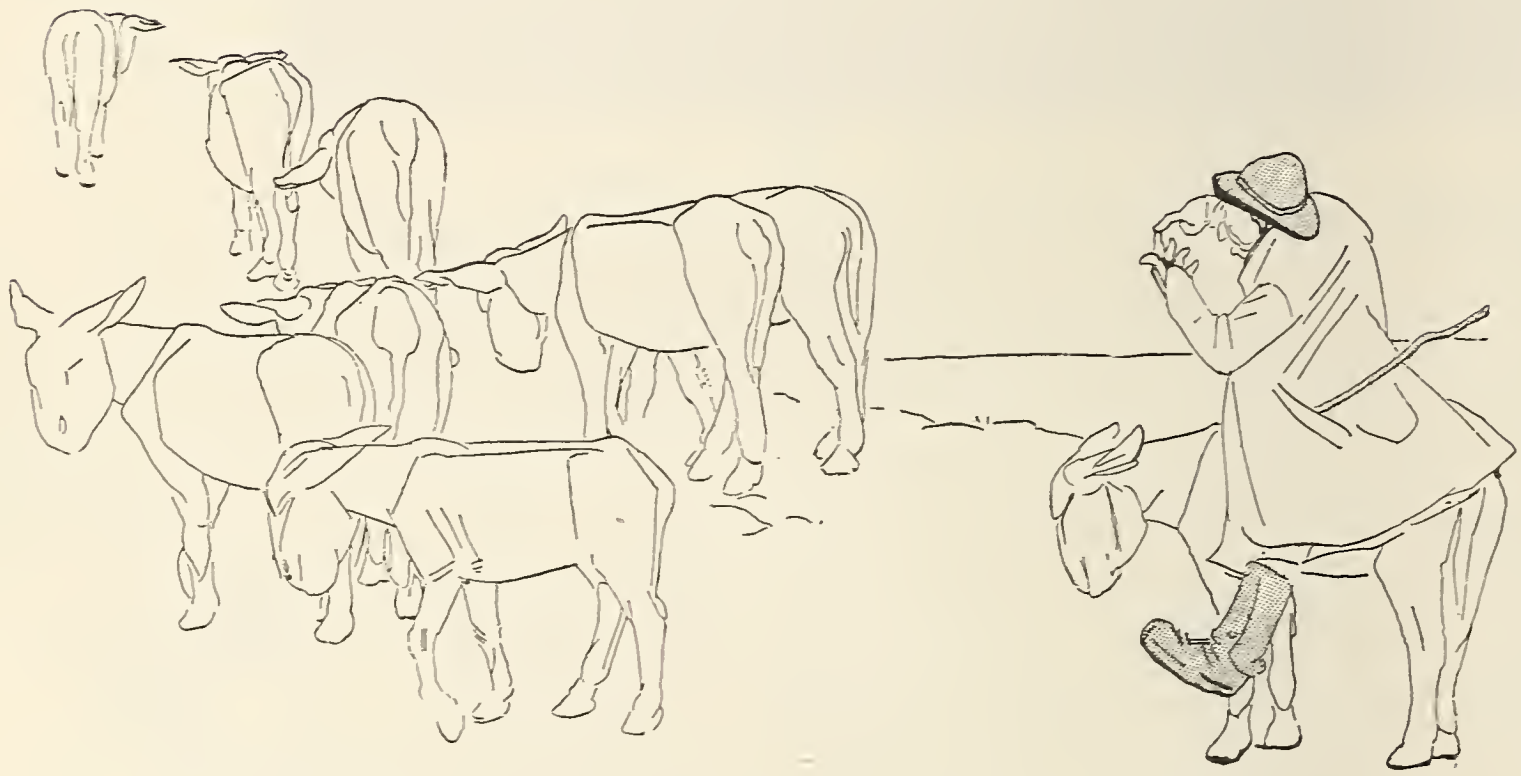
A COUNTRYMAN AND HIS ASSES.

1.—A COUNTRYMAN HAD BEEN TO MARKET WITH HIS CORN—

2.—AND, DRIVING HIS ASSES HOME AGAIN—

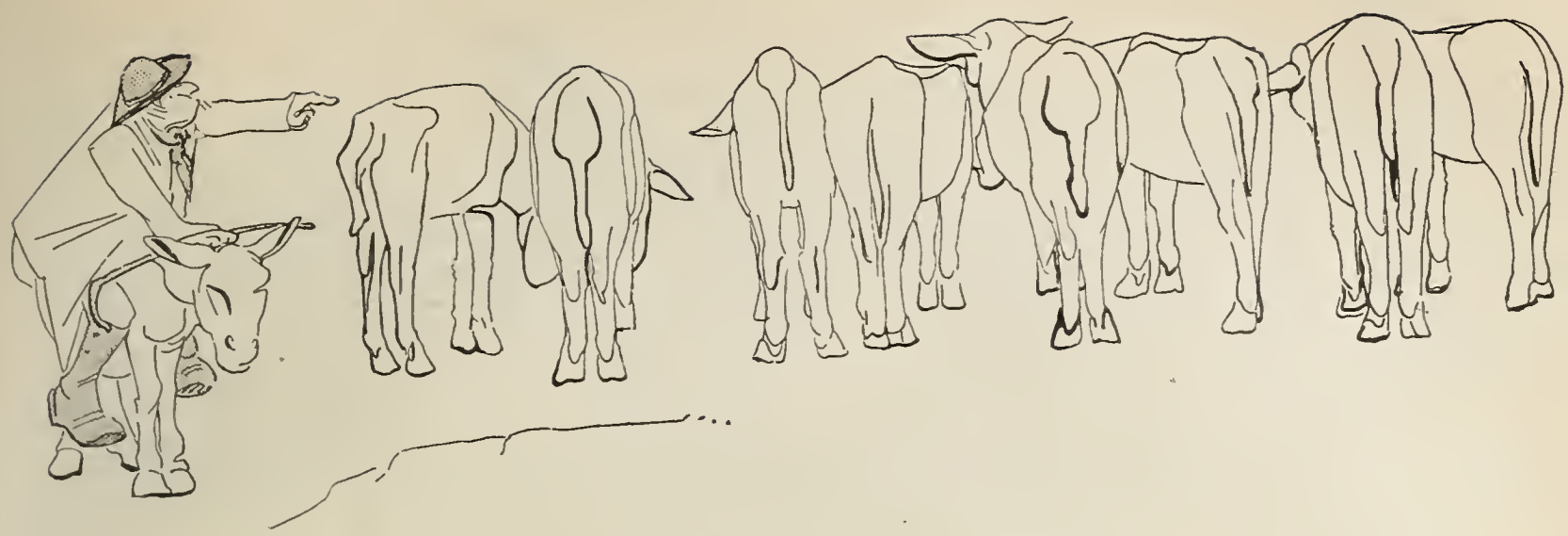


3.—MOUNTED ONE OF THEM TO REST HIMSELF.



4.—WHEN HE WAS UP HE FELL TO COUNTING THEM--

5.—AND SO KEPT TELLING THEM OVER AND OVER AGAIN—



6.--FORE AND AFT, LEFT AND RIGHT.

7.—BUT STILL WANTED ONE OF HIS NUMBER.

8.—UPON THIS, BACK HE GOES—

9.—INQUIRING OF ALL HE MET IF ANYBODY HAD SEEN HIS ASS.

10.—SO ON TO THE MARKET TOWN, WHENCE HE CAME (A MATTER OF SEVEN MILES OR SO)—

11.—BUT HE COULD LEARN NO TIDINGS OF HIM.

12.—AND SO HOME HE WENT, LATE AT NIGHT, WEARY AND WORN, AS BIG A FOOL AS HE SET OUT.

13.—THE LOSS WENT TO THE HEART OF HIM;

14.—BUT HIS WIFE, GIVING HIM THE HINT, HE FOUND HIS BEAST AGAIN, AND THAT THE ASS HE RODE UPON WAS FORGOT IN THE RECKONING.

HUGH'S HOME-COMING

By John D. Sykes.

I.

MY brother Hugh and I were twins, and loved each other with a fervour that grew in intensity as we advanced in years. Perhaps the peculiar affection which is said to exist between twins was strong in us.

Our home, a little cottage of rough-hewn stone, was situated in one of the wild but beautiful vales that lie north of Bala.

We played together, Hugh and I; climbed the rocky hills together; boated on the tiny lakelet together; and when we were old enough, tramped over the hills to school together. We were inseparable. The dangers of one were the dangers of the other; his sorrows were also mine, and my joys were his. He was my bravest, readiest champion, even as I tried to be his. So our lives passed in simple, childlike happiness until we were eighteen, when a thing happened that strained the strength even of our love to its very uttermost tension.

We would either of us have willingly and cheerfully died for her—the girl we loved; but we would also, if there had been need, as cheerfully and willingly died for each other.

Many times we walked together to her home at Bala, and pulled across the lake. Sometimes Hugh rowed, and she and I sat side by side in the stern and steered the little boat; sometimes the position was reversed, and I pulled while he sat by Jenny's side and held the rudder-lines. But it could not go on so always. We knew that she could not make us both happy, though, so far, as we thought it over, she had shown no preference for either, unless, as I sometimes fancied, her eyes rested longer, and with different expression, on me than on him. Yet it must come to an end, and so, one gloriously bright summer day, we strolled arm in arm, up the mountain side, and sat down at the turn of the foot-path, from whence we could see the white cottage, and the beautiful lake behind it.

It was there she lived, and, oh, for long did we gaze lovingly, with full, tremulous hearts, at the dear place. That scene; the lake, its wavelets dancing and sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight; the great mountains which encircled it as with a rampart—nay, rather as a gem is encircled by the metal which protects it; and the cottage, with its clinging ivy and jasmine, and scented honeysuckle, and fair roses, which she—fairer even than they—had tended; how it spoke to us that day. Yet it was not of sparkling lake, nor of swelling hills, nor even of the embowered cottage that we thought, but of what we knew was in that cottage; to us the centre of the whole scene, the jewel in its casket.

"Jim," at last said my brother, and his voice sounded far away, so faint was it, and choked with emotion; "Jim, we cannot always be together. She must choose one of us. Promise me that whichever of us she takes, you or me—and we will take no unfair advantage, one over the other—promise me, that you will still be friend and brother, that nothing in the world shall come between us."

I dared not trust myself to speak, but grasped tight the hard, rough hand he held out to me. Then, each with one long look into the other's face, to see perchance the honouring, trustful love mirrored there,

silently, with a foreboding of a great sorrow, we went down the mountain arm in arm, as we had gone up. And so, for the future, we never went to see her together, but took our little simple presents on different days ; and never did either return without the other meeting him on the way, to see by his face whether it had ended.

But there was nothing unfair, nothing below-board. We could always look one another straight in the face, give the honest grip of the hand, and walk home together as we had always done. Jenny soon showed that she cared for me most, yet I am sure she shed many tears that she should need to pain him, for I know she was aware that my brother loved her as well and truly as I.

However that be, one bright day, the brightest and most glorious in all that glorious summer, I told her all my thoughts and asked her to be mine—to live with me always. I could not help it. Something within me, of which I had no control, seemed to be speaking from my mouth, as though all my power and will had been taken from me and given to that strange, throbbing soul within.

But though my heart thrilled with intensest joy, when I folded my arms round her, and she lifted up her face in love and trust, and I kissed her, even then I thought of Hugh, and felt like a mean coward, a sneaking, underhand supplanter, as though I were taking a cruel advantage over him. So, when I went home, my joy was tempered with a feeling almost of shame. For the first time in my life I was unwilling to meet him ; for the first time unable to look him in the face, and, as I saw his figure in the purple distance, I felt that I would do anything to avoid the eager scrutiny of his eyes.

"MY HEART THRILLED WITH INTENSEST JOY."

It was as I feared, for, even as he came towards me with his arm outstretched, he saw how it was, and stopped, still mechanically holding out his hand to greet me. The while a great sorrow swept over his face, he tried to smile and wish me joy. I took him by the hand and led him into the ash wood, where the shadows lay deepest, and, with much stammering and hesitation, told him all. Never shall I forget the deadly pallor—the look of agony that seemed to have frozen on his handsome, sunburnt face. I saw the tears fill his eyes, and his broad chest heave with his strong, manly emotions, and longed to comfort him. At last, in a low, trembling voice, he said : "God bless thee, lad—and Jenny, too" ; and then, with his hands clenched and his head low down, he staggered slowly away. And I sat there, feeling that I would rather a thousand times have died than have caused him that cruel pain.

Once only did I see him after that ; for when at last I mustered courage to go home, they told me how he had gone in, and kissed them one by one, with tremulous lips, and, while they were wondering fearfully why he was so pale, had gone out and had not come back. I knew.

II.

THREE years passed away—three years of happiness only marred by the memory of that last sad scene. I remembered his agony ; saw, over and over again, his heaving chest : heard his panting breath, and knew that he could not have forgotten Jenny. I knew not then that the truest happiness a man can have comes from the doing of a noble, self-sacrificing action, and that, surely, must have been his. We never saw him. Occasionally he wrote to us, never, however, giving any address, and his letters were posted at widely separated places. He was an engine-driver, and that was all we knew.

But there was one thing he never omitted

in his letters, and that, though we knew it was there before we saw it, always made our eyes fill: "Give my love to Jenny."

We were going to be married early in the spring, and I was looking forward with ardent longing to the consummation of my hopes. Happy times they were, and to-day was happier than that in the summer, when, the farm work being done, she and I went for a holiday to Chester.

On our journey back, a strange, awful thing happened. I was close to Jenny; her hand was in mine; and we were dreaming of the happy time to come, when suddenly we were aroused by the shrill whistle of the engine, and a few seconds after, the carriage began to rock violently from side to side. I cannot say that I was not alarmed, but when Jenny put her arm round me, and clung to me for protection, as trustfully as a child to its mother, my courage returned. For I was proud of that implicit trust, so that I forgot my fear in a feeling of sweet responsibility. Almost immediately the train began to slacken down in speed, and at last came to a standstill, and at the same instant we heard a fearful crash. Then all was silent.

I let down the window and looked up the line. Great soft clouds of steam were rolling silently towards us, their under surface glowing a dull red as though dyed with blood. Our train was without engine, and, as the steam slowly drifted away, and our eyes got accustomed to the gloom, we made out, about a couple of hundred yards up the line, two engines locked together as in a death embrace, while the fragments of a goods train lay scattered around.

III.

We hurried towards the scene of the accident. The heavy goods engine lay on its side, and jammed between it and the rocky bank was the passenger engine. The fire had been shaken out, and the dying embers glowed with a dull red light, as they lay spread out on the ground, among fragments of wheels and twisted rods. From under the goods engine we dragged one poor fellow with many groans, for his leg was broken, and the escaping steam had scalded him fearfully; and then, with half his body crushed hopelessly under a tangled mass of iron and steel, we found another with his eyes closed.

Oh! 'twas a horrid sight. It turned me sick, and I tried to prevent Jenny seeing it. But she, eager to be of service, pushed me aside, and gazed at the poor, wounded figure lying there so helplessly, and then gave a little scream of anguish and clung more closely to me.

"Jim, Jim!" she exclaimed, "don't you see who it is? It's Hugh!"

"'JIM, JIM!' SHE EXCLAIMED, 'IT'S HUGH!'"

And Hugh it was, in his rough, engine-driver's clothes, with a deadly paleness showing through the soot on his face, and great drops of perspiration on his brow. We thought him dead at first, but, at Jenny's exclamation, he opened his eyes and smiled faintly at us. We were powerless to help him; we could not move that great mass

of steel, nor could we draw him away from it, for, even as we but touched him, with a vague idea of saving him, he groaned in agony. And so, though it made us faint with horror, we knelt by his side and watched the tide of life quickly ebbing.

His right hand was crushed under him, but his left was free, and as Jenny tenderly and gently stroked it — all greasy and sooty as it was—his fingers closed over hers and held them. It seemed to give him relief, for a smile, more beautiful than I have ever seen on the face of man, either before or since, lit up his face with a great joy.

"Jim," he panted, and his voice was faint and low, so low that I had to place my ear close to his lips to catch the whispered words, "I cannot last—many minutes—pray God—it may be short. It was—for your—sakes. I saw you—on the train. Kiss me, Jim—kiss me, Jenny—only once—the first—and last—I'm coming home again."

In silence, with eyes brimming over, we kissed the pale lips, and gently wiping the death drops from his forehead, waited for the end. It was not long. We saw the film fast dimming his eyes, the eyelids gently closing. We saw the lines of agony on his face gradually softening, the panting of his heart quieting, and knew that the end was come.

With one sweet smile—in which it seemed to me there was more of Heaven than of earth—one last convulsive effort, he placed Jenny's hand in mine, and whispered, "Jim, make her happy."

That was all. The poor, bruised body lay still—the spirit had flown. Hugh had "come home" at last.

IV.

I KNOW not how long we knelt there reverently, not daring to speak, but with the tears streaming down our faces—tears of which I have never been ashamed. But, as I helped Jenny up, and was leading her away, still sobbing, someone touched me on the shoulder, and, turning round, I saw a man whom I recognised instantly as the stoker of our engine. His left arm was hanging loosely and helplessly in a rough sling, which some thoughtful passenger had extemporized. He drew his right hand across his eyes, and looking not at me, but at the dead, said: "You're his brother, sir, aren't you?" I nodded—I could not speak, for at the moment any words would have choked me.

"Sir," he said, "I know all about you and the young lady. Him"—it did not need anything to tell me that he meant Hugh—"Him and me were pals. I went to the shed, sir, just two months after he did, and we've just stuck together like brothers ever since. And, sir, he has told me many a time about you. He was never jealous of you; he always said that you deserved her, and would make her happier than ever he could. But I was certain that beneath his kind, quiet manner, he must often have been miserable, for I could tell that he never ceased to love her. Do you know, sir, very often when he's fallen asleep off duty, I've seen him smile as sweetly as a child, and murmur, 'Jenny, Jenny!' Don't cry, miss, he's a lot happier now, where he is, than he ever would have been——

"We've never been on this line before, sir, and shouldn't have been to-night, only just as they were getting the engine ready to bring your train, she went off the turnstile, somehow or other, and the driver was thrown off and his head hurt. Of course, you wouldn't hear of it, sir; there's many a hundred accidents

"SOMEONE TOUCHED ME ON THE SHOULDER."

that people never hear of, because a railway man's life isn't of much account, and if one's killed they can easily get another. At any rate, that's why we were told to take the excursion back.

"We didn't like it. It's very awkward, you see, sir, when you are on a strange line, because you don't know exactly when to look for the signals, nor where the curves and inclines come. However, it had to be done, and so we backed down in good time, and waited for the signal. Just about two minutes before we were due to start, you went up the platform, and I saw you and the young lady get into one of the carriages. I didn't know how it was, but somehow your faces seemed strangely familiar, and I was wondering who you were, when suddenly he saw you and gave a great start, and the blood rushed into his face. Then he looked at me with such an appealing, miserable look, that I felt quite scared.

"'Bill,' he said, in a hoarse whisper, 'it's them.' I knew in a minute who you were then, but I didn't like that look; it was just as though he was going mad. However, there wasn't much time to think of it; for just then the signal was given and we were off. We went splendidly, and rattled past the station in fine style, until, just as we got on the single line, we saw this goods train slipping along towards us at a fearful rate down the incline, and knew that in two minutes at most there'd be a smash. She was a long way off, but, then, you see, a goods train has no brakes, and we hadn't any worth speaking of.

"It's awful, sir, when a thing comes to you like that, just when you are least expecting it. You feel choked like—as though you must do something, and don't know what it is. Hugh turned off steam and whistled, while I screwed down the brake until I heard the wheels grinding on the rails, but we both knew that we could never stop in time, or, if we could, the goods train would be smashing into us before we could reverse.

"Suddenly Hugh sprang on the tender, yelling out like mad: 'Bill, she's in, she's in!'

"I didn't know what he meant, but I saw him fling himself over the back of the tender, in front of the carriages, and a few seconds after, I heard the clank of iron, and knew he had unlinked the couplings. How he did it, sir, I don't know. He must have laid himself over the buffers somehow and leaned over, lifting the heavy links.

"In ten seconds he was back, shouting madly: 'Off with the brake, man, off with the brake.' I began to understand what he wanted to do, and unscrewed the brake; and then, under a full head of steam, the engine left the carriages behind. 'Bill,' he shouted, 'jump off! jump off!' Of course, I wouldn't, and said so. He didn't stop to argue, but turned to attend to the lever, pushing as far open as it would go, still shouting, 'Jump off! jump off!'

"I thought of my little ones at home, sir, and all in a twinkling, like a flash of lightning, I saw them fatherless, and my wife weeping bitterly for me; and, for an instant, I thought of jumping off. But it was only for an instant, for even as the thought came, something told me my duty was to stop. And there I stopped, and now I'm glad I did.

"'Bill,' he cried, turning to me, with a wild light of triumph in his eyes, 'Bill, we shall save the passengers; and—Jenny and Jim. Don't you see, lad, how it will be? We shall stop the goods train, by throwing it off the line; and the carriages are nearly stopped now—look!' I glanced behind. The train of carriages was a hundred yards away, and slowing down rapidly; the passengers were saved.

"In silence, save for the panting of the engine, we gripped each other's hand and waited. Oh, that waiting! I felt—nay heard—my heart thumping like the engine itself. I tried to pray, but my brain was in a whirl. I longed for the tension to cease; for the end to come. Just then the goods train reappeared round the curve. They hadn't seen us, for steam was on, but instantly we heard the sharp whistle and knew they were doing their best to stop. I saw Hugh glance quickly from the goods train to the carriages, and his eyes lit up once more with a great, triumphant joy, as he gazed up to the sky; then, before I could say a word, or lift a finger, he seized hold of me, and crying, 'It's your only chance, lad!' lifted me clean off the engine and swung me on to the bank. I remember falling and hearing a dull crash and a fearful scream, and then all was silent.

"That is all, sir," he continued, turning from me to the crushed figure under the engine. "He gave his life for you."

Then kneeling down, he took Hugh's cold hand into his own, and tenderly caressed it, the tears—no shame to him—rolling down his cheeks, and said: "God bless thee, Hugh, my best and only friend. Good-bye!" and walked slowly away.

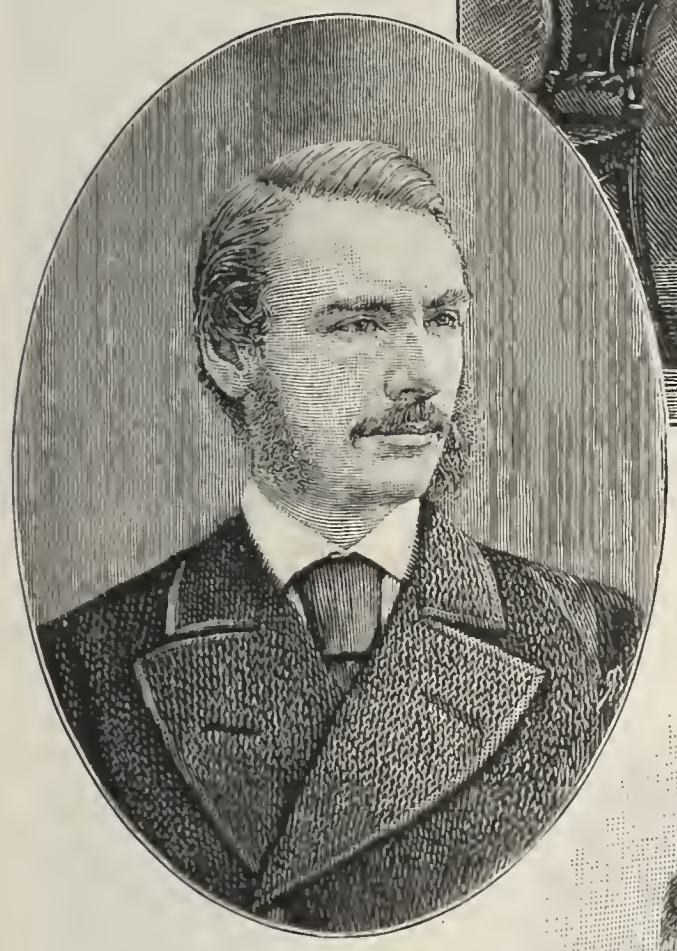
Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

IAN MACLAREN.

(The Rev. John Watson.)

THERE are, we may venture to say, but few readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who are not familiar with "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by the Rev. John Watson, better known, perhaps, as Ian Maclaren, and it will be a pleasure to many to behold the various portraits of one who has so skilfully roused their tenderest feelings of emotion in the perusal of his book. "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" was, curiously enough, Ian Maclaren's first attempt at popular literature, yet its success was phenomenal; and it is remarkable how an aptitude so wonderful, and a power of production, as it seems, so spontaneous, should have remained in abeyance for nearly half a century. On the other hand, we must remember that Mr. Watson is a clergyman, and the minister of Sefton Park Church, Liverpool, and as such has always placed his ministerial duties in the front rank. That he is a no less able preacher than a skilful writer is proved by the crowded congregations who listen to him as an orator of great common sense and persuasive eloquence.

AGE 16.
From a Photograph.



AGE 20.
From a Photograph.

AGE 24.
From a Photograph.

From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 4.
From a Photo. by Henry Heath, Regent Street.

MR. LEWIS WALLER.

Born 1862.

MR. WALLER, who was born in Bilbao, Spain, was educated for a commercial life. After five or six years' experience in this direction, having always been an enthusiastic amateur actor, he obtained an engagement with Mr. Toole, in whose theatre

From a Photo. by] AGE 14. *[S. Poole, Putney.*

he made his first appearance in the early part of 1883. After remaining with Mr. Toole for a year and a half, Mr. Waller obtained a varied experience of his profession in the English provinces. He subsequently came to London, and has since played under most of the West-end managers. It was not long, however, before he commenced his managerial career with the production of "An Ideal Husband," at the Haymarket Theatre. Latterly he was associated with Mr. Wyndham in Mr. Carton's latest success, "The Home Secretary." His principal parts include: *Captain Mathews*, in "Dick Sheridan"; *Karloo Van der Knoot*, in "Patrie"; *Cavaradossi*, in "La Tosca"; *Orestes*, in "Hypatia"; *Philip Chaloner*, in "Fortune's Fool"; *Sir Robert Chilton*, in

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[Wm. Gillard, Gloucester.*

"An Ideal Husband"; *Hugh Murray*, in "The Profligate"; *Maurice Lecaile*, in "The Home Secretary; and a host of others.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[H. S. Mendelssohn.*

AGE 5.
From a Photo. by H. W. Mertens, Clapham Park Road.

From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Le Jeune, Paris.*

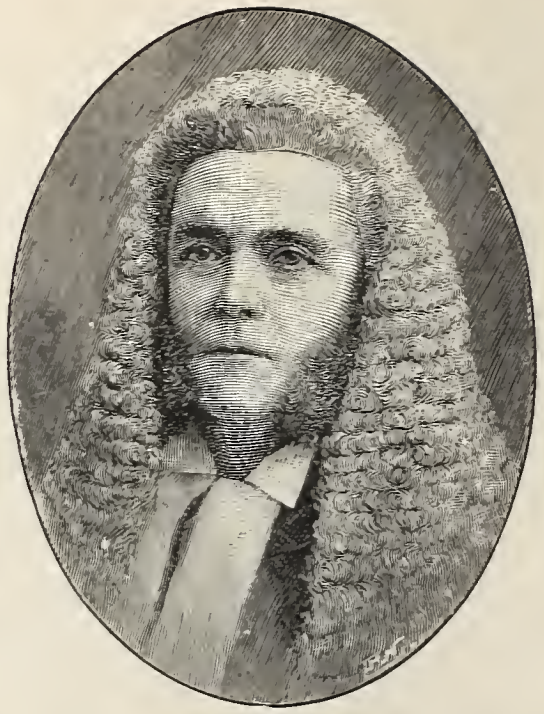
MISS FLORENCE WEST
(Mrs. Lewis Waller).

NEW of our well-known actresses have risen quicker to the foremost coveted ranks than Mrs. Lewis Waller, perhaps better known to playgoers as Miss Florence West, nor is there any actress on the stage who has better deserved the success which she has obtained and the high esteem in which she is held by the general public of theatre-goers as well as by the most exacting critics. Miss Florence West is, at the time of writing, making another hit as *Leah d'Acosta* in "A Woman's Reason," by Messrs. C. H. Brookfield and F. C. Phillips, at the Shaftesbury. Miss West's first appearance on the stage was in 1883, as *May Belton* in "Uncle Dick's Darling" at Toole's Theatre, in which part, by the way, Adelaide Wilson made her first appearance, and also scored her first success. Her next engagement was as *Mary Melrose* in a revival of "Our Boys"; shortly afterwards she created the part of *Marita* in "Mr. Barnes of New York," and also the chief part in "In Danger," by Lestocq and Henry Creswell, the novelist. Her favourite parts were *Pauline* in "Called Back," and *Mrs. Arbuthnot* in "A Woman of No Importance." More recently, however, Miss West has scored considerably in the part of *Mrs. Cheverley* in "An Ideal Husband," at the Haymarket, the part of the unscrupulous little adventuress serving to display her style of acting to rare advantage. The portraits of Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Florence West's husband, are given on the opposite page.

AGE 23.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

From a Painting by] AGE 2. *[Mrs. Morgan.*



AGE 45.
From a Photo. by Boning & Small, Baker Street.

AGE 55.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

SIR G. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P.

BORN 1826.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN, BART., P.C., M.P., Chairman of the Committee of Welsh members, was called to the Bar in 1853, and made a Q.C. and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in 1869, and Treasurer of that Inn in 1890. Sir G. O. Morgan represented the county of Denbigh from 1868 to 1885; in 1886 he was re-elected for the same constituency. He was appointed Judge Advocate-General and Privy Councillor in 1880, and Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1886, and was made a baronet in 1892. He has carried through Parliament (besides other measures) the Burials Act, 1880, the Married Woman's Property Act, 1882, and the Act for Abolishing Corporal Punishment in the Army. He also acted as Chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Land Titles and Transfer in 1877–8, and as Chairman of the Standing Committees of the House of Commons on Law and Trade Bills from 1888 to 1893.

From a] AGE 28. *[Painting.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Walery.*

Through a Telescope.

By Sir Robert Ball.

MAP OF THE MOON.

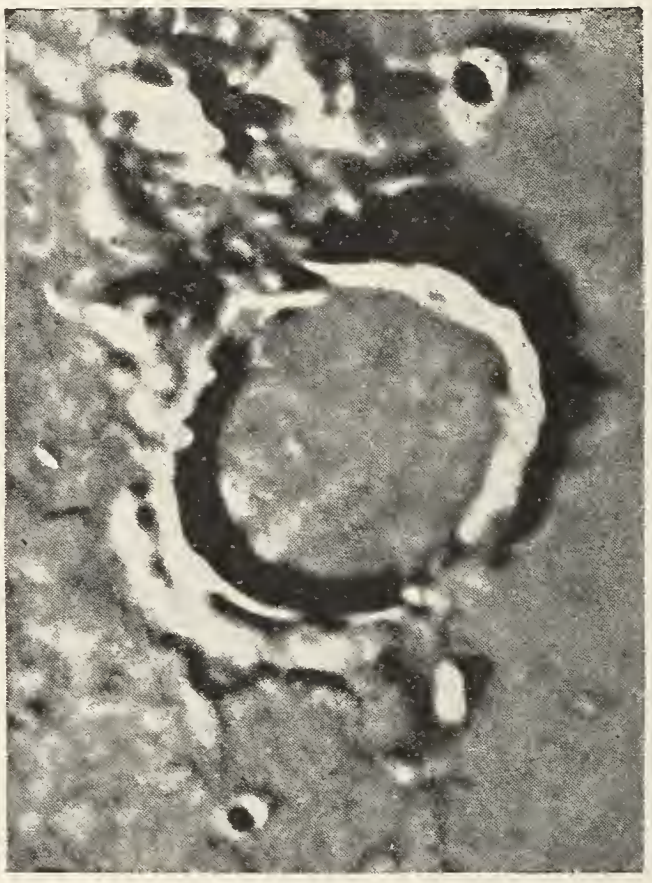
By permission of Messrs. Horne and Thornthwaite, 416, Strand.

I.—THE SCENERY OF THE MOON.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the moon is 240,000 miles distant from the earth, it would in some respects be hardly an exaggeration to assert that we are better acquainted with the topography of our satellite than we are with that of the globe which forms our home. No doubt it may at once be admitted that, with respect to a large portion of the moon, dwellers on the earth are necessarily in total ignorance. It is a peculiarity of our satellite that it manages its movements in such a manner as to withhold nearly half of its surface from ever being inspected. It follows that we have no means of learning what is on the other side of the moon. I do not, however, suppose that in these days anyone believes that, if we could see it, we would find any characteristic difference between the scenery on the remote side of the moon and that on the side which is turned towards the earth. So far, however, as the neighbouring globe is displayed for our observation, we can certainly assert that there is hardly a spot possessing the size of

an ordinary parish which has not been studied and photographed, sketched by competent draughtsmen, duly laid down on elaborate charts of the lunar surface, and in many cases been assigned the dignity of a special name.

The circumstances of the moon's situation render it much easier for us to survey its scenery than it is to survey the scenery of any other celestial body. For, in the first place, the moon may be regarded as quite close to the earth in comparison with the distances by which we are separated from the other heavenly objects. The sun is nearly 400 times as far away as the moon; and that planetary globe whose surface we have studied to the greatest advantage—I mean, of course, Mars—is, even under the most favourable conditions, still at a distance from the earth which is not less than 140 times as great as that of the moon. But besides its comparative proximity, there is another circumstance which renders it comparatively easy for us to study the features on our satellite. If a globe like the earth in size, as well as in other particulars, had been situated at the same distance from us as that at which the moon now revolves, it seems quite possible that we should never have been able to obtain any clear notion as to the geography of such a globe. For our earth is, of course, surrounded by a thick coat of atmosphere; this atmosphere is at all times, and in all parts, more or less opaque from the presence of large quantities of floating material, while there are always some regions where there is temporarily complete obstruction, from the presence of clouds. The atmosphere would thus oppose great difficulties to the study of the geography of our earth by an outside observer. It may, indeed, be well doubted whether even the outlines of the continents could be completely discerned, notwithstanding that the area of the earth at the distance of the moon would be thirteen times larger than the area of the moon as presented to us.



LUNAR CRATER HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.
DRAWN BY DR. WEINEK, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

For the purpose of the terrestrial astronomer, it fortunately happens that the moon is almost entirely destitute of atmosphere. The features of its surface are consequently never obscured by any of those causes which would tend to hide the features of the earth from outside scrutiny. Whenever the clouds on our globe are out of the way, it is then possible to observe the moon with but little obstruction. If we also remember that many of the features of our satellite are within reach of a telescope of comparatively moderate power, it will not be surprising that the lunar scenery has attracted so much attention, and that thousands of minute features on its surface have been carefully identified. In some cases, accomplished observers have devoted themselves with praiseworthy assiduity to the detailed examination of special minute parts on the surface.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the astronomers of recent times whose labours have been directed to the study of the lunar scenery. I may, however, here mention a few names, adding the remark that there are doubtless many others whose valuable labours could not be overlooked if it had been possible to give a more complete account of the subject than would be practicable within the limits of the present article.

First, I must mention Mr. Nasmyth, who was at once a famous mechanical engineer, a skilful artist, and a devoted student of the stars. He employed his well-earned leisure in the study of celestial objects, and he devoted especial attention to the moon. The work which he produced in conjunction with Mr. Carpenter is a standard authority on the lunar scenery, and is perhaps one of the most beautifully illustrated books that has ever been devoted to the subject of the heavens. I must also refer to Professor Holden and other distinguished astronomers at the Lick Observatory, on the top of Mount Hamilton in California. They have applied their resources to the photography of the moon with remarkable success, and some of

their pictures of our satellite have formed the basis upon which Dr. Weinek has produced exquisite drawings of the lunar features.

As, perhaps, the latest book on the topography of the moon, I may mention the elaborate work by Mr. Thomas Gwyn Elger, who is himself one of the most assiduous of lunar observers. He has collected together the most interesting facts relative to the topography of our satellite. I am much indebted to the various authorities I have named for information which I am utilizing in the present paper.

When we look up at the full moon, even without calling the telescope to our aid, we at once notice the presence of a number of large dark patches. It is certainly true that there are no sheets of water, nor anything like water, at present visible on the moon, even with the highest powers of our telescope. In fact, there are sound physical reasons why it does not seem the least likely that there could be any water in the fluid form present in our satellite. At the same time, the appearance of these dark spots, in days before telescopes were employed, suggested that those objects were basins of water, and accordingly they were anciently called "seas." In modern days, astronomers have somewhat awkwardly retained this name, or its Latin equivalent, to designate these peculiar dark tracts, notwithstanding the absence of water. Many of these so-called seas are of enormous extent, to be reckoned in thousands of square miles. In fact, nearly half the visible surface of the moon is so occupied.

It is still an open question as to whether these regions have ever been covered with water. No doubt it seems the simplest supposition, so far as certain phenomena are concerned, to believe that they are the basins in which great seas did once roll, but that as the moon has gradually cooled down from a primeval state in which it was largely composed of molten matter, the water from the seas penetrated into the interior, and there entered into chemical union with the materials which were crystallizing. It certainly does seem that whole oceans full of water could have been thus disposed of. There are, however, many who believe that these dark regions are due to the pouring forth from the interior of vast volumes of molten lava which spread over deep hollows, burying more or less completely the objects which had previously occupied them. In some places indications are found that these regions were once occupied by other structures, of

MARE CRISIUM. DRAWN BY PROFESSOR DR. L. WEINEK, FROM THE NEGATIVE TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY, ON AUGUST 23RD, 1888.

The bay in the centre of the picture is the Mare Crisium. Of the two little craters it contains, the upper is Picard and the lower is Peirce. The large crater immediately below the Mare Crisium is Cleomedes.

which only vestiges are any longer to be discerned.

There can be no doubt that these so-called seas lie lower than the general surface of the moon. If water were to be poured on our satellite, it would certainly tend to fill the basins once again. Close examination of these remarkable tracts show that the greyish, slaty tint that they usually present is by no means uniform. As Mr. Elger remarks: "I have frequently seen the surface in many places covered with minute glittering points of light, shining with a silvery lustre, intermingled with darker spots and a network of streaks, far too delicate and ethereal to represent in a drawing." In certain places in the lunar "seas," regions of a yellowish or a greenish hue have been occasionally noticed when the illumination is under suitable conditions; such tints have sometimes been attributed to the possible presence of some form of vegetation, though this would hardly be compatible with the absence of a lunar atmosphere.

The grandest illustration of this class of objects is the great Oceanus Procellarum, which covers an area not very different from that occupied by European Russia. If, however, we desire to look at one of the objects of this class which seems most emphatically to suggest its origin to have been an ancient sea basin, I would specially call attention to the Mare Crisium. It needs but little effort of the imagination to fill this remarkable gulf with water, and then to see how its margin forms the cliffs against which the waves have hurled themselves for centuries. Close examination reveals that the floors of these "seas" are marked over with various irregularities, so that when such features are spoken of as smooth, it must be understood that this is merely by way of contrast to the extreme ruggedness which prevails over the greater part of the lunar surface.

The most characteristic features of the scenery on our satellite are, however, the remarkable objects which are the results of volcanic phenomena. There are many classes into which these objects can be divided, but for our present purpose it will, perhaps, be sufficient if we attempt to give some brief account of what may be called the walled plains, and of the volcanic craters properly so termed. According to Mr. Elger, the authority to whom we have already referred, the most perfect example of a walled plain on the moon is the great object known as Ptolemæus. The remarkable district so designated covers an area on our satellite considerably larger than Wales. It is situated nearly centrally on that face of the moon directed towards us, so that it generally lies very conveniently placed for examination. It will be recognised as the last of a chain of four magnificent objects of the same character, which lie along the coast of that darkest of lunar seas, known as the Mare Nubium. Ptolemæus may be described as almost circular in outline, though sometimes it might be regarded as a rudely six-sided figure. Its appearance may be compared to

THE MOON, AGE 7 DAYS 3 HRS. TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. EXPOSURE 3 SEC.

The dark patch nearest to the left-hand lower corner of the picture is the Mare Crisium. The contrast between this and the picture of the Mare Crisium shown in another plate illustrates the effect which different aspects have on the lunar scenery. The upper part of the picture shows the volcanoes crowded together in that superb part of the lunar surface.

that of an eye-glass, whereof the little handle is formed by a beautifully shaped crater bearing the name of Herschel. The floor of Ptolemæus is a plain, not much depressed below the general level of the lunar surface. It is so vast that an observer placed in its midst would see a boundless horizon stretching away from him on all sides. He would not realize the fact that Ptolemæus was surrounded, more or less completely, by a noble circle of lofty mountains, for these mountains would be below his horizon. Some of their peaks ascend one mile, and in certain cases even two miles, above the interior of the plain. At certain points the mountain chains will be found interrupted by mighty passes; especially is this the case on the margin between Ptolemæus and the next adjoining walled plain, which is called Alphonsus.

To my mind, however, the most interesting of these objects, as well as perhaps the most perfect representative of its class, is the beautiful walled plain named Plato. This is so well placed, and has such a striking appearance, that it is probably one of the first objects which a student of lunar topography succeeds in identifying. No other object of the same character happens to lie in its neighbourhood, and, consequently, there is but little difficulty in distinguishing the walled plain referred to. For it may be remarked that the aspect of the moon changes so frequently that the identification of some features is at times a little troublesome. This partly arises from the never-ending varieties of light and shade as the moon changes from day to day.

There is also another circumstance which is sometimes apt to puzzle the beginner, for, owing to what is called the moon's libration, the face which is directed towards us is not always exactly the same. Hence it follows that at different times the distances of objects from the circular edge of the moon to which they are lying nearest will be found to vary. The difficulties will, however, not prevent the student from readily identifying the superb object known as Plato. It lies in the northern region of the moon, and as our telescopes exhibit the object inverted, this means that Plato must be sought at the lower part of the field.

THE MOON, AGE 12 DAYS 6½ HRS. TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. EXPOSURE 2 SEC.

The white spot a little to the right of the centre is the crater Copernicus. The white spot at the top is the crater Tycho, from which a notable series of rays are seen to diverge.

This walled plain is situated on the coast-line of a magnificent lunar sea, namely, the Mare Imbrium, which may, perhaps, be described as a stupendous gulf branching off from the Oceanus Procellarum. This is, indeed, the region of the moon towards which we would specially direct the attention of the student. There he will find magnificent examples of the most striking types of lunar scenery. The floor of Plato measures about sixty miles across. It may be said to be flat, with the exception of certain small irregularities; but the fact which chiefly strikes the attention of the observer, and which is specially noticeable in the photographs, is the unusual darkness of that floor as compared with other parts of the moon. The rampart of mountains which surrounds Plato is comparatively perfect, and no more

pleasing lunar picture can be beheld than when the shadows of these mountain peaks lie stretched along the dark central floor, as they do when the sun is in such a position that it would just appear to be rising to a lunar inhabitant who was stationed in the neighbourhood.

I may mention that the shadows of lunar mountain peaks not only greatly enhance the beauty of our lunar picture from a spectacular point of view, but they have another importance. They present to the astronomer the only means which he possesses for measuring the altitudes of the lunar mountains. For, as a lunar mountain is more or less pointed towards the observer, its elevation above the surface cannot be obtained by direct measurements.

THE MOON, AGE 16 DAYS 18 HRS. TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. EXPOSURE 2 SEC.

The bay to the left a little below the centre of the picture is the Mare Crisium, and just above that is the Mare Fœcunditatis. The two other dark patches towards the centre are the Mare Tranquillitatis and the Mare Serenitatis. The rays from Copernicus, the white spot to the right of the centre, are here very conspicuous.

We may illustrate the process employed in the determination of the altitude of a lunar mountain by the operation of calculating the height of a flag-staff from knowing the length of the shadow which it casts at noon. If the length of that shadow be measured on certain days, which will, of course, vary with the latitude of the observer, then the length of the noon-tide shadow of the flag-staff would not be different from the height of the flag-staff itself. If the observations be made on any other days save those which have just been mentioned, then the length of the noon-tide shadow would be greater or less than the altitude of the flag-staff. However, by a little calculation, which anyone who has learned mathematics can easily understand, it is possible from knowing the length of the shadow and the true altitude of the sun at noon on the day in question to determine the height of the flag-staff by which that shadow has been cast.

We can measure the lengths of the shadows which are cast by the mountain peaks on the surface of the moon. Suppose, for instance, the shadows were observed to extend half-way across the floor of Plato, in such a case we know that the length of the shadow would be about thirty miles. From our knowledge of the relative positions of the earth and the moon, we can determine the height of the sun as it would have appeared to a lunar observer. These facts suffice to enable us to ascertain the altitude of the corresponding peaks.

The isthmus on which Plato is situated contains many other interesting objects. In fact, the student could have no better study than to familiarize himself with the characteristics of the several objects in and about the Mare Imbrium. Beginning at the northern point, we first come to the very remarkable bay known as the Sinus Iridum. Then comes Plato, and then the gulf sweeps round by a noble range of mountains called the Caucasus, between which and the range of the Apennines there is a passage which leads into the Mare Serenitatis.

At this point the observer will not fail to notice three splendid rings lying out in the Mare Imbrium. The smallest of these is Autolycus; directly below that is the larger ring, known as Aristillus, which is thirty-four

miles in diameter. Its rampart rises upwards of two miles above the surrounding plain, while the interior of it is depressed some 3,000ft. below the level of the general lunar surface. Aristillus may be regarded as a typical lunar crater, inasmuch as it is adorned by a lofty mountain peak ascending from the centre. A view of multitudes of details in this mighty extinct volcano will reward the diligent student who has the use of a good telescope. If he should be an artist, he will find ample scope for practice with his pencil in delineating the many features of this superb piece of lunar scenery. The third of the three craters which form this noteworthy group lies far out in the Mare Imbrium, and is the famous lunar object known as Archimedes. This crater is not quite so large as Plato, but its floor presents multitudes of points of interest to assiduous lunar observers.

Returning, however, to the neighbouring coasts from our survey of these objects out in the Mare Imbrium, we perceive the splendid range of the lunar Apennines. The objects so called are by far the most magnificent range of mountains that can be seen on the moon, ascending, as some of its peaks do, to an altitude of about 18,000ft. above the surrounding plain. This superb range extends for a distance of no less than 400 miles along the shore of the Mare Imbrium, and the special summits which have been noticed upon it are to be numbered in hundreds. The Apennines project a mighty promontory into the Mare Imbrium, which terminates in the crater known as Eratosthenes. This object is of interest as being, perhaps, the volcanic vent for the mighty forces which were once concerned in the upheaval of this mountain range connected with it.

The promontory thus magnificently ended points to another lunar feature. This is the great crater Copernicus, which is regarded, and I believe justly regarded, as the most noteworthy object on the moon. It stands isolated in the Oceanus Procellarum, and this peculiar situation gives to Copernicus a distinctness which makes it very easy to recognise. The central regions of the ring are adorned by a mountain, some of whose peaks attain about half a mile in altitude. Among the features which make Copernicus specially interesting as a telescopic object are the remarkable terraces which are to be seen in its interior. They are apparently due to successive floodings of the crater by lava. It seems probable that they were produced in the following manner: Suppose that in connection with some outbreak the crater became filled with lava, then, after a period of quiescence, the surface of this would become congealed. If the molten lava beneath subsided, it would doubtless leave a margin of solidified material, which would thus form the first or highest terrace. At a subsequent outbreak the basin might have been only partially filled, so that the lava did not ascend to so great an altitude. This would in due course become congealed on the surface, and again the

THE MOON, AGE 23 DAYS 8 HRS. TAKEN AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. EXPOSURE 4 SEC.

At one-fifth of the distance from the lower horn to the upper horn a crescent bay is seen. This is the Sinus Iridum. One-third of the way from the Sinus Iridum to the upper horn a crater is just visible in the dark region. This is Eratosthenes.

lava would subside, thus forming a second terrace.

I must here specially mention a remarkable characteristic of lunar scenery which is displayed on a grand scale by Copernicus. I allude to the presence of bright radiating streaks which extend from the great crater for many hundreds of miles over the lunar case possess the peculiar brightness which characterizes them.

Near the southern pole of the moon is the remarkable crater known as Tycho. This is situated in a region where the scenery indicates the wildest and most magnificent confusion. Tycho is specially noticeable for the number of bright streaks which radiate

ALPS, ARCHIMEDES, APENNINES. TAKEN AT THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.

The rugged portions at the top are the Apennines. Nearly meeting this range in the centre is the Caucasus, while the Alps occupy the bottom part of the picture to the right. On the right hand is the Mare Imbrium, and the prominent oval object a little above the centre is Archimedes. Two craters will be seen to the left; the upper of these, on the same horizontal as Archimedes, is Autolycus, while directly underneath it is the larger object, Aristillus. Near the bottom of the picture is the remarkable Alpine valley. Notice also Cassini, a large crater with two small ones in its interior.

surface. The explanation of these bright streaks offers one of the most difficult problems in lunar physics. They are sometimes thought to mark lava-flows from the central spot at some earlier phase of eruption than the crater as it now stands would indicate. It does not, however, seem apparent why these streaks should in this from it. Indeed, at the time of full moon, when these streaks are peculiarly visible, they have frequently been likened to meridians diverging from a pole. Nasmyth supposed that these streaks were due to cracks in the moon, and that through these cracks lava had welled out from beneath. He gives a striking illustration of the mechanical possi-

bility of this doctrine, by showing how a glass globe has been observed to crack in such a way as to produce a system of streaks exactly resembling those seen to diverge from Tycho on the moon.

It is known that great volcanic outbreaks on the earth, such for example as the renowned discharge which took place at Krakatoa in 1883, have been attended with the evolution of enormous quantities of volcanic dust, or comminuted pumice, sequently, the dust would remain, and its characteristic whiteness would present just the same appearance that the streaks now seem to have. This view seems to present the most reasonable explanation at present available as to the origin of these remarkable lunar characteristics.

One more striking feature in the scenery of our satellite should be referred to. I mean the deep but narrow clefts or chasms which extend for hundreds, or often for

THE CRATER COPERNICUS. DRAWN BY PROFESSOR WEINEK FROM A NEGATIVE MADE AT LICK OBSERVATORY. MOON'S DIAMETER ABOUT 10FT.

which was of a light greyish colour. It may perhaps have happened, as Mr. Elger suggests, that volumes of volcanic dust have issued from the fissures produced in the moon, under the influence of the cracking suggested by Nasmyth. This dust would accumulate along the lines of fissure ; for it must be remembered that as there is no air on the moon, there would be no wind to blow the dust away, as there would be on the earth. There, con- thousands, of miles across the lunar surface. These chasms seem in all probability to owe their origin to earthquake shocks, by which the moon was shaken in the days when its volcanoes were still active. Those days seem, however, to have long since passed. The volcanoes on the moon no longer give any manifestation of energy. They are all extinct and silent, for though one or two cases have been recorded in which apparent

THE CRATER TYCHO. ENLARGED BY PROFESSOR WEINEK FROM A NEGATIVE MADE AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY. MOON'S DIAMETER 10FT.

changes have been thought to have taken place, yet even if we admitted the reality of such changes, they are but insignificant.

The fact is that the moon appears to have lost its volcanic energy. This is doubtless due to the circumstance that our satellite, being a small globe relatively to the earth, has already cooled down to such a point that there is no longer sufficient internal energy left to produce a volcanic outbreak. The earth is so much larger, that it still retains large quantities of internal heat, which manifests itself occasionally in the eruption of volcanoes. The difference between the earth and the moon in this respect may be expressed in this way: that while we have many extinct volcanoes on the earth, and comparatively few active ones, yet, on our neighbouring globe, all the volcanoes seem to have passed into the extinct condition.

Her Majesty's Judges.

By E.

HER MAJESTY'S Judges! The theme is certainly awe-inspiring and not altogether unambitious. It is, further, one which a junior barrister is particularly qualified to deal with, for what more thorough and impartial critic could be found than the victim of much judicial indigestion, the unresponsive subject of much judicial wit! And, what is even more important, the ordinary junior knows next to nothing of the judges in their social avocations and domestic retirement, and consequently is better able to paint them in their appropriate heroic colours than one who has heard them converse about the ordinary details of stupid, everyday life; talked to them of ailments real and imaginary, and watched them dancing "kitchen Lancers" and otherwise disporting themselves as mere human beings.

I myself am the last person who should attempt to write of these sublime entities, for have I not the melancholy privilege of the friendship of more than one of their number, and did I not on one occasion assist a very learned judge to concoct a certain unwholesome stimulating beverage—yes, on the very evening of the day on which I had heard him sentence a criminal to death? It will be readily apparent that no ideals could sustain the shock of such an anti-climax as that, and I fear that to me there is no very striking difference between A, the blood-and-thunder judge of Saturday, and A, the individual who absents himself from church in order to go over his wife's dressmaking bills on the Sunday. Alas! both personalities make about an equal impression on my unromantic mind! And again, I labour under other disadvantages in the matter of my subject, some of which I will set forth below.

In the first place, I have always been kindly treated by the judges whom I have patronized; secondly, I have never suggested that the entire Bench were in a conspiracy to prevent my attaining to the Woolsack, no judge, to my shame be it said, having consistently evinced a spiteful interest in my ultimate downfall; in short, my professional experience has been totally dissimilar to that of the large majority of my brethren. And now, having faithfully confessed my inability to properly cope with my subject, and thereby I hope having discounted the merciless attacks of my friends, let me commence my work by the imposition of a necessary limitation.

My subject does *not* include in its scope the comparatively harmless county court judge. Exigencies of space have made his proscription necessary, but even if I had the whole magazine to myself for twelve months, I very much doubt whether I should deal with him.

For, melancholy though the fact must necessarily be, the public are not interested — except spasmodically — in him. Every county court judge is—well, a county court judge, and that's about all. There's nothing heroic about him—not even when he is wielding the weapons of the Debtors' Act—and, unlike Metropolitan Police Magistrates, his powers of doing mischief are so absurdly curtailed by the Legislature! He is like the lily of the field: if he is a fine specimen somebody may admire him, but it is only pityingly and because he is not in the judicial hot-house; if he is a bad plant, no one notices him, and so I will leave him undiscussed, and deal with as many of the higher judges as I can.

Of course the Lord Chancellor comes first, and of him it is not too much to say that he is one of the most popular of our judges. At the Bar, he was noted, among other things, for his unfailing kindness to his juniors and his skill in "opening" a case he had not read. As leader of the South Wales Circuit, despite the fact that he smoked not at all, drank little and seldom, and was never heard to utter or smile at an equivocal expression, he was an immense favourite, and "the circuit" even now teems with stories of his ability and doings.

Many years ago I listened to my first case in a public court. The scene was the ancient town of Haverfordwest, and the case was the trial of Doctor Alder for the murder of a brother officer. Lord Halsbury "led" for the defence, and young as I was then, his brilliant advocacy made a deep and lasting impression on me. A forensic orator of the very highest order, a platform speaker of more than ordinary merit, a judge whose achievements have surpassed the most ambitious dreams of his friends, and silenced his political enemies; an honourable and keen party fighter, Lord Halsbury is well worthy of his great reputation.

Naturally enough, endless anecdotes, some

true, some destitute of any other basis than the honour of their relaters, are told about him, but there is one which has hitherto escaped the *raconteur*, and as it illustrates the readiness and resource which characterize the Chancellor, I will give it here.

Little Haven is a remote fishing village in Pembrokeshire. It possesses, in addition to a lovely coast line and a picturesque site, two public buildings: one a hostelry of dingy aspect and mediæval structure, known as the Castle Hotel; the other a diminutive police-station, in whose cell, it used to be rumoured, the solitary village constable was customarily locked by his wife, when he had displayed too great anxiety in enforcing the licensing regulations of the district. In the Castle Hotel Mr. Hardinge Giffard—as Lord Halsbury then was—once a year held his Revision Court. During the progress of business on one of these occasions it was found necessary to call in *the* constable to maintain order, and the constable duly came, saw, and ejected a fisherman. Order was thereby restored. The rest of the proceedings, barring a friendly oath or two, passed off quietly enough. In the evening Mr. Giffard closed his court, strolled about the sands, dined, I presume—for fashions haven't changed greatly during the last fifty years in Pembrokeshire—on the regulation lack of everything but mackerel and bacon, and, in due course, went to bed.

From a Photo. by] LORD HALSBURY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

In the morning he was told that the constable wished to see him, and he directed that the officer should be shown up. This was done, and the constable informed the horrified barrister that he had kept the *prisoner* on bread and water since the preceding morning, and was desirous of being further instructed in the matter.

"The prisoner?"

"Yes, my lord; you gave him into custody at 12.15 on the morning of yesterday. His wife hopes you won't send him to penal servitude this time, my lord, though even she admits he deserves it."

Mr. Giffard had grasped the position. If he blinked an eyebrow, the constable would notice it. The air was full of damages, and newspaper articles on the liberty of the subject. The constable had made the mistake; still, juries were stubborn things. He thought over the position as calmly as in the circumstances was humanly possible, and quickly arrived at a conclusion. He would see it out. He had made up his mind, and sent for the prisoner.

The man was brought in *handcuffed*. Mr. Giffard ordered the handcuffs to be removed, accepted the prisoner's apology, read him a severe lecture on the enormity of his crime, and slipping a sovereign into his hand told him to go and lead a better and nobler life. What he said to the constable history does not relate, but it should be remembered that the Lord Chancellor has never been known to swear. Now, this story was told me by a leading member of the Bar, and unless a long course of forensic advocacy has imperceptibly impaired his moral faculties, I should be inclined to consider him credible. Still, I vouch for no

man's accuracy, and there is a good deal of latent improbability in every story.

A well-known lady litigant once told me that Lord Esher was "a perfect darling," and there is probably no woman who would dispute the appropriateness of the epithet. Strikingly handsome, resolute, and kind-hearted, the Master of the Rolls would have been an ideal hero had he lived in the age of Romance; and, as it is, in this dull, State-ridden epoch, he lends a charm and refining grace to even such a dry-as-dust place as the Court of Appeal.

From a Photo. by] LORD ESHER. *[Window & Grove.*

He is not a favourite judge with "silks" and veteran juniors, for although every capable man at the Bar would admit that, as a commercial lawyer, he is unrivalled, and, moreover, is both sharp and endowed with common-sense in an exceptional degree, still, in palliation of his virtues, they would urge that he is not sufficiently considerate to them. Well, as to that, Lord Esher is certainly a little severe at times, but it is only to those who ought to know better, and I have never heard him administer an undeserved rebuke. I remember him once saying to a certain "silk":—

"Mr. ——, yesterday the same muddle as you are now making was made by another counsel, but there was this difference between you: he was young, and you——! Go on."

To young barristers he is ever kind, and has helped many a one out of serious difficulties. He makes endless jokes himself, but he never minds the laugh being turned against him; in fact, on these occasions he leads the laughter himself.

A little time back he told a lady litigant that her case had been sent to be tried by a certain learned judge without a jury, adding: "He is a capital lawyer, you know, and will try your case very nicely."

But she demurred, and in the course of her application for a jury said:—

"Oh, yes, my lord, Lord Justice——is all very well as to law; but, my lord—and in this respect I am also in a difficulty in your lordship's court — my case requires so much common-sense."

Lord Esher was so delighted with this that he persuaded the Court to dismiss the lady's application *without* costs.

Mr. Justice Cave is the originator of the celebrated phrase, "That won't do, you know," and when he is not as near dozing as a judge can possibly be, is a very capable judge, possessing that agglomeration of qualities which justifies one in applying to him the attribute of "strong." A little severe on criminals, he is a great authority on bankruptcy and all branches of the common law. He is certainly no respecter of persons, and conducts the business of his court—taking his ease there as occasion prompts—with absolute impartiality and great ability.

Recently, a much bepuffed and self-conscious Q.C. was addressing the Divisional Court of which this learned judge was a member.

It was after luncheon, and the said Q.C. was arguing closely and vehemently. About an hour had passed, when it chanced

that Mr. Justice Cave looked up, and asked :—

"What did the prisoner say?"

"My lord," the ruffled Q.C. complained, "I was arguing that an admission——"

"Exactly," said the judge. "It is not available against the other prisoner," and, with a sigh, he beautifully toyed with sleep, leaving his colleague to trace the connection between county court costs and a joint indictment. And in this connection I will give another slender anecdote.

It is recorded of a certain judge that, on a certain occasion, both he and another learned judge who sat with him slept, or appeared to sleep, throughout the entire afternoon, only awaking at the conclusion of the arguments to adjourn the case for further consideration and re-argument.

This story is absolutely true, and as I happen to know the counsel who argued—and his opponent—I shouldn't in the least degree have marvelled had the learned judges really gone to sleep. Indeed, it would have been wonderful had they been able to resist the soporific influence of his oratorical display! But, apart from that, the facts of this case are peculiar, and suggest something very like occultism. Let me narrate them for the benefit of the few scientists the Bar possesses. Immediately after luncheon counsel rose to argue an absolutely untenable point. Indeed, before coming into court he had admitted to his opponent his disinclination to say anything at all, except for the purpose of withdrawing his appeal. *Pro hac vice*, I will assume that the judges were — as usual —punctual, and came into court at 2 o'clock. The subsequent proceedings were as follows : At 2.10 the judges told the counsel they were irrevocably against him ; at 2.15 they pointed out, with more *fortiter in re* than *suaviter in modo*, that he was wasting the time of the Court ; at 2.20 the opposing counsel rose to remonstrate with his "friend," and object to the scope of the argument being even further enlarged. The Bench merely nodded—feebly and hesitatingly. Counsel continued his argument ; at 2.30 the judges appeared to be asleep. Counsel continued his argument after a fiery conflict with his solicitor on the difference between High Court and County Court costs, and by degrees worked himself into a state of eloquent frenzy. Briefly alluding to such topics as the inefficacy of Bar Councils, and the appointment of Assize Commissioners, he roamed at will over current light literature, suggested improvements in law-reporting, and the regulations of Freemasonry ; and with biting scorn directed attention to certain prevalent economic fallacies. Then he glanced at the constitution of the House of Lords, criticised the Law List, which he described as an "outrage on æstheticism," and was about to deal with lady litigants, when four o'clock struck, and he sat down. At the same minute—indeed, I ought to say, second—the judges *seemed to awake*, and, as I have already said, adjourned the case for re-argument! I have since then talked of hypnotism to that learned counsel, and he has admitted taking an interest in these subjects. This, perhaps, partially solves the difficulty!

From a Photo. by MR. JUSTICE CAVE. [*Bassano,*

Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams, who has taken the place of Mr. Justice Cave in the Bankruptcy Court, is a very great judge. Absolutely fearless in the performance of the troublesome duties his position in the Bankruptcy Court entails; just, and well versed in legal principles, he is thoroughly at home in every department of law. He is perhaps too lenient with criminals, but that seems to me to be his only fault — if, indeed, it can be reckoned a fault. Among the other striking characteristics which distinguish the learned judge is his love of unconventionality. He has an absolute contempt for fine clothes, despises such symbols of namby-pambyism as gloves and umbrellas, and altogether dresses in a very unobtrusive fashion. And these views and habits are responsible for a true, if somewhat remarkable, story. Some short time ago, Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams was going the Western Circuit. At a certain assize town, the sheriff, who was determined to do things well and without regard to the vulgar detail of expense, was waiting at the station to meet the judge. Accompanying him were the other necessary officials and a large retinue of policemen and those survivals of archaic stupidity, "Javelin Men." The train came in, its usual hour late, and the sheriff anxiously scanned the carriages to discover the judge. He looked here, there, and everywhere, and at last his discriminating eye fixed on the august personage. Hat in hand, he approached a fur-coated commercial traveller and introduced himself. The commercial traveller was highly pleased with the preparations which had been made in his honour, and when he had given a footman some directions as to his baggage, samples, etc., went off with the sheriff in his state carriage.

MR. JUSTICE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Now, at this point, two accounts conflict. One says that the guard discovered the mistake, and drove away the intruder with everything terrible short of kicks. Another has it that the traveller was taken to the judge's lodgings, where the real judge, who had chartered a cab and driven in the train of the pseudo-judicial procession, politely expressed his fear that there had been some error! Which account is true, I will not decide. And really, if the story is a good one, what does it matter?

One of the very smartest things that have ever emanated from the judicial mouth is ascribed to this judge. It is concerned with a certain barrister whose forensic methods are rather above than below the capabilities of his vocabulary. The occasion was a "judge's dinner," and the conversation veered round to the subject of the barrister in question. The point most vehemently agitated was whether or no he understood "Welsh"; and, after a somewhat lengthy discussion, it was agreed that "Welsh" was not one of his intellectual acquisitions. During the progress of the argument (!) the judge sat silent, but when the final resolution was arrived at, he lifted his eyebrows, and half interrogatively, said:—

"Ah! Then Mr.—— speaks *no* language that I understand."

And here I must get in an anecdote which, it must be clearly understood, does not expressly refer to any particular judge. A certain solicitor in a country town happening to recognise in the assize judge an old school friend—at least, so he said—invited him to dine at his house on the

following Sunday. The judge in question, being both good-natured and kind-hearted, consented to come, and asked the hour.

"One o'clock, my lord; if you please," and away the solicitor went to spread the delightful news. Sunday came: a hot, dusty, midsummer day; and the judge and his marshal strolled along the mile or two of road which led to the solicitor's house. Arrived there, they were received by the host, attired not in the regulation dress of humdrum society, but in evening clothes and dancing pumps. A frilled shirt and black tie of extraordinary dimensions, in combination with a flaring button-hole, added dignity to his picturesque appearance, and his hands were tightly encased in six-button white kid gloves. On going into the drawing-room, the astonished guests were introduced to the hostess and half-a-dozen daughters, all of whom wore ball dresses square-cut without shoulder-straps, and were decked out with jewels in great quantity, and of any and every reasonably conceivable quality. This was surprising enough, and disconcerting, too, to one who knew the Parable of the Wedding Garment; but the farce only became tragedy when the bedizened and bedecked hostess accompanied the judge on an afternoon drive, and called on at least a dozen of her friends, to all of whom she presented her guest. "She would have been overdressed even for a Belgravian ball," the judge afterwards remarked, and from that day, it is rumoured, he has refused to even look on a fashion-plate or to glance at a ladies' newspaper. These facts I commend to the notice of the numerous men at the Bar who aspire to literary fame and are afflicted with dramatic tendencies.

"What did the prisoner say?"

"The prisoner said, my lord," said the constable, "'God grant I sha'n't come before 'Awkins, for if I do, he'll bring my hairs down in sorrow to the grave.'" And this represents the popular opinion of Mr. Justice—or, as he prefers to be called, Sir Henry—Hawkins.

It is an erroneous opinion, for this judge is most merciful to prisoners, and rarely errs on the side of severity. Although I am certain no thoroughly guilty persons have ever "got off" before him, I should think a large number of the merely legally guilty have been by his efforts acquitted. If counsel for the defence allows him to do the case himself, he will in a proper case defend, and do it well too. He does not unduly study the convenience or feelings of members of the Bar when an opportunity for smart repartee presents itself, and yet it would be impossible to say that he is unpopular.

"If that is done, my lord," said a very junior barrister to him one day, "I shall be satisfied."

"And do you imagine that I care whether you are or not?" Sir Henry asked, deliberately, enjoying the effect of his retort on the people in court.

It is well known that as a criminal lawyer he is almost unrivalled, principles and details of the law being alike completely within his intellectual grasp. At the Bar, his skill in cross-examining was little short of wonderful, and in every respect he was an admirable advocate. Since he has attained the honour of the Judicial Bench he has become much attached to horse-racing, and it is but seldom that professional duties prevent him witnessing the summer solstice at Epsom on the Derby Day.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS.
From a Photo. by Medrington's, Ltd., Liverpool.

The appended story, even if untrue—and I do not say it is not—is characteristic of this learned judge. A year or so ago, Sir Henry was due to dine with a local

magnate somewhere near Chester. It was the commission day of the assizes, and a large party had been invited to meet him, including the bishop of the diocese. Now, it happened that Sir Henry arrived at the house nearly an hour late, and it also happened that one of the party had earlier in the day seen the learned judge quit the London train at Chester; therefore it was generally agreed that the Chester Cup—which was being run for that day—was not altogether unconnected with the lateness of arrival of the distinguished guest.

"Do you know what won the Cup?" the host asked the judge, by way of imparting a free and easy humour into the hunger-stricken assembly.

Sir Henry looked surprised. "The Chester Cup! Ah! yes. I saw a number of people in a field near the railway, and I heard the newspaper boys call out, 'Winner of the Cup,' so I concluded that this *was* the Cup day."

"And you didn't buy a paper?" the bishop maliciously put in.

The judge assumed the air of bland condescension which he wears when sentencing a man to death, and said: "No; I thought it was unnecessary to buy one. I had been told I should have the privilege of meeting your lordship to-night."

And yet another story may be told about Sir Henry. In days long past, there was a certain expert valuer who was much in request in what are known as compensation cases—that is, such cases as arise when a railway company proposes to take over certain land, and it is necessary to fix the amount of money the company shall give the landowner to compensate him for the loss of his land. We will call him by the useful and compendious name of "Jones."

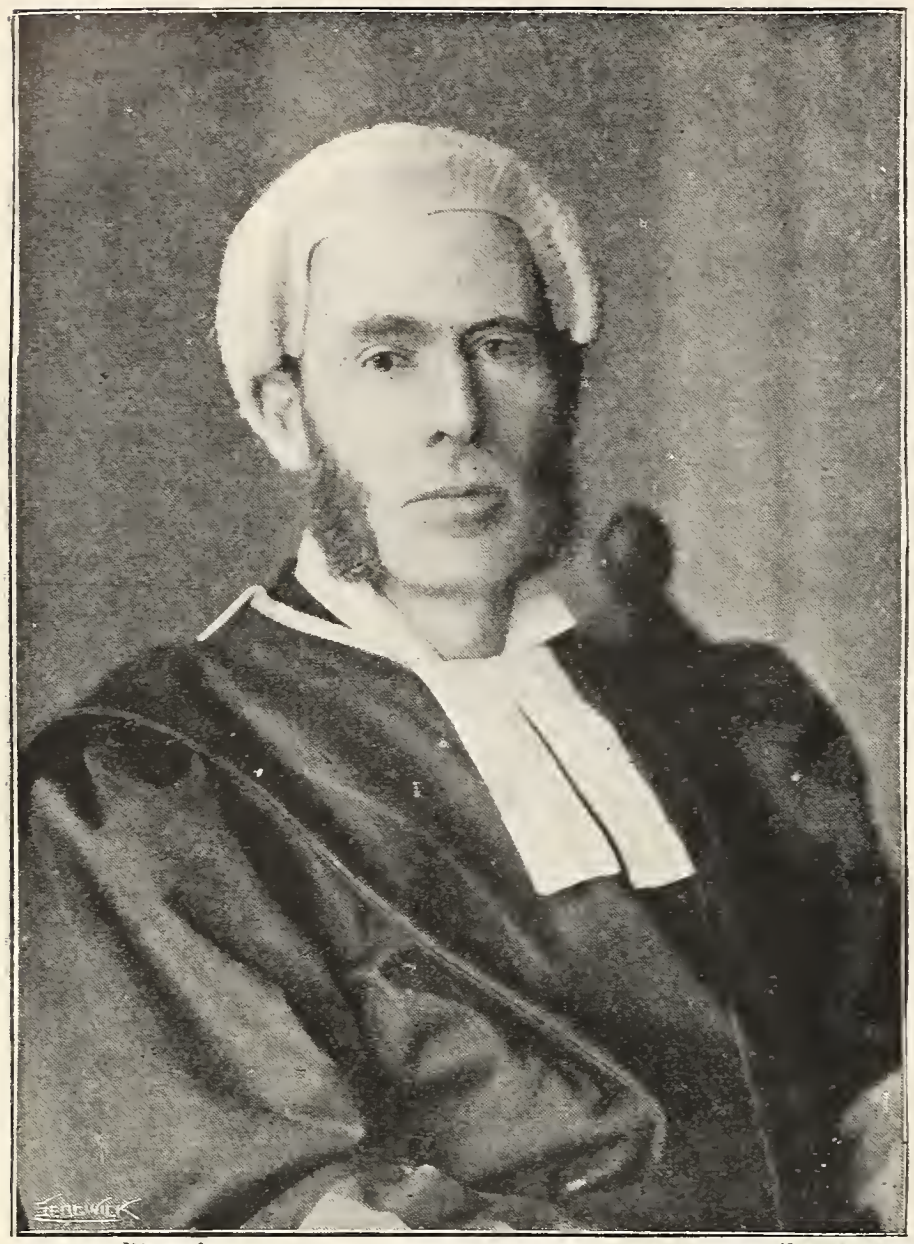
In a certain compensation case involving over £100,000, Mr. Jones was retained by the railway company to give evidence as to the value of the land in question. For the other side, the then Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., appeared as counsel. He called before the jury local valuers and small farmers, who bore out the case of his client, fixing the damages at a very high figure, and the company in their turn put in the box Mr. "Jones," who depreciated the value of the land in the course of a lengthy examination. Afterwards, Mr. Hawkins rose to cross-examine him shortly, and asked him whether he did not plough fifty acres or so, keep a few cows and sheep, and do a little general farming. To all of this Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative, and then, to the manifest surprise of everyone, Mr. Hawkins sat down, not having even incidentally referred to the evidence of the great expert at all. At the conclusion of the company's case, Mr. Hawkins addressed the jury, and asked them to rely on the local valuers, and to throw aside the evidence of Mr. Jones.

"Mr. Jones! Who is Mr. Jones?" he asked. "An amateur farmer who keeps a cow or two, and a dozen odd sheep. Forsooth! What does he know about land? Is he the sort of man, gentlemen, you will oppose to these valuers I have put into the box—men whom you know, and with whose abilities in such matters you are thoroughly well acquainted? Who is he that he should oppose his opinion to that of Mr. Smith, whose reputation in this locality as a valuer is deservedly high? Mr. Jones keeps a few sheep, we are told. Well and good! But is that any reason why you should throw overboard the estimate of Mr. Brown, who has spent a lifetime in the district and knows the value of every blade of grass in your fields? Gentlemen, the issue is in your hands and not in those of any stranger, no matter how amiable he be, or how enthusiastically devoted to the pursuits of the small farmer."

It is hardly necessary to state that a heavy verdict was given against the company, and that Mr. "Jones" ever afterwards nourished a keen hatred for the counsel who had beaten him at his own game. This may not be true—it really doesn't matter whether it is or not, as far as the purposes of illustration go—but it certainly was told me by a credible person.

Mr. Justice Henn Collins is an eminent authority in law, but it is open to doubt whether his intellectual refinement does not assert itself too thoroughly in criminal trials. In a manslaughter case tried some little time ago at a certain assize town, the question was whether the deceased had died from the effects of the blows certain police-officers had dealt him, or had been killed by the injudicious treatment of the prison medical officer. The learned judge in question was understood to ask the jury whether they thought there was "a link missing in the chain of causality which connected the prisoners and the deceased." Now, an assize jury is highly intelligent, but after all, it is common jurors who try manslaughter cases, and not savants.

In civil causes there is no more satisfactory judge than Mr. Justice Henn Collins,

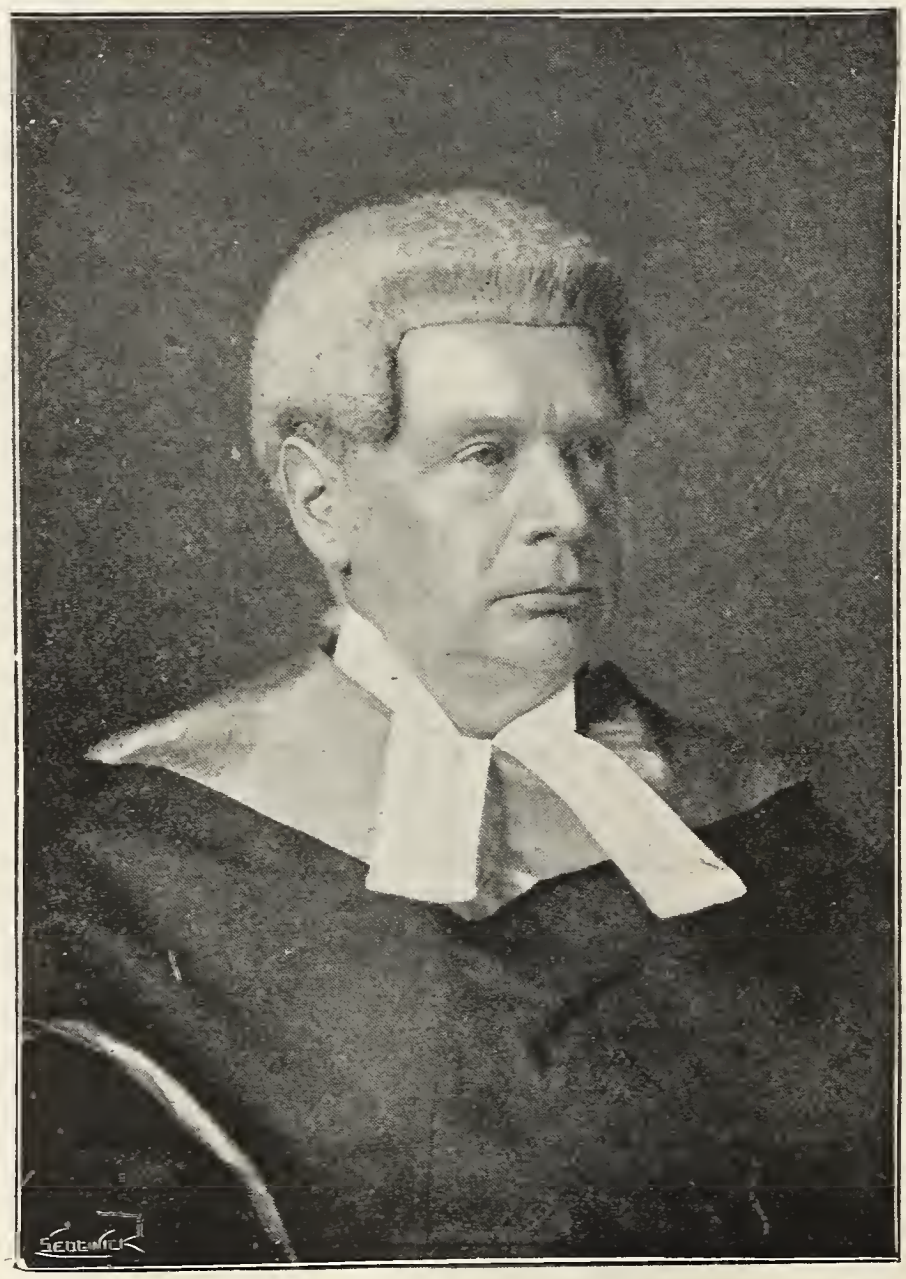


From a Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE COLLINS. *[Russell & Sons.*

and rare indeed are the occasions when his decisions are over-ruled by superior Courts. He spends much of his time in London in the Railway Commission Court, but the wisdom of relegating so good a lawyer to such a court is certainly open to question!

On the whole, taking one thing with another, I am inclined to think that one of our best judges is Mr. Justice Lawrance. As a criminal judge he is eminently fair; generally refrains from attempting to influence the jury one way or the other; apportions his sentences adequately, and does not treat the counsel for the defence as a personal foe. At Nisi Prius, too, he is good; he takes a broad view of the case before him, and looks at the facts in the light of a man of the world and not as an expert in criminal pathology. Further, he is one of the very few judges on the Bench who can and do occasionally say "a good thing"; and what is more, I have never known him to make merry at the expense of a nervous junior to whom a jest might mean starvation. This fact partially accounts for his popularity among members of the Bar. It was the fashion at one time to say that he knew no law—and the people who said it were for the most part office boys, or barristers who, beyond "devilling" in county courts, had never done a case—but now things are different, and Mr. Justice Lawrance is by the profession accounted a very capable judge.

The funniest scene I have ever witnessed in an assize court occurred when this learned judge was presiding. A habitual criminal of the most dangerous type had addressed the jury in his own defence, and at the conclusion of his speech announced that he had a witness to call—one, John Kelly. The man was called over and over again, but without success, and the judge told the prisoner that his witness had not answered, and there appeared no reasonable probability of his turning up. The prisoner muttered something about expense, and asked if he might address the jury again. But just at this moment a great commotion was heard outside, and the door opened, and there entered two constables who were literally drag-



From a Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE LAWRANCE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

ging a man into the witness-box. The man, who seemed half-dazed, and looked as though he were on the verge of an attack of St. Vitus' dance, said his name was John Kelly, and he was duly sworn.

"Here's your witness," said the judge; "ask him any questions you wish."

The prisoner stared at the witness, his eyes blazed with fury, and throwing off his coat, he screamed:—

"Who's 'e? What's 'e 'ere for? —— 'im!"

Why the man should have become so enraged, I do not know, for the constables had only made a mistake and insisted on a juror-in-waiting with a similar name to the person called tendering himself as a witness. But he *was* enraged, and even after he had been sentenced to a long term of penal servitude, he left the dock bitterly complaining of the conduct of the constables, saying:—

"It ain't fair, I sez; why, they knowed all 'long as my witness was down at the Moor on a seven 'stretch' for 'smashing.'"

There is one reform which Mr. Justice Lawrance has introduced which is extremely popular. It is no less than the abolition of the dinner which once or twice during a circuit the judges formerly gave — and now as a rule give —to the Bar. Now, of all nuisances, both to Bench and Bar, the "judge's dinner" cannot well be beaten. The judges, I believe, hate it, and it is not too much to say that it invariably is a period of depression and gloom to the barristers who, out of mere respect to their hosts, attend the dreary function. Instead of this ghostly gathering, Mr. Justice Lawrance asks half-a-dozen or so of the leading barristers on the particular circuit to dine with him privately, and such a dinner is pleasant to everyone concerned.

From a Photo. by] SIR FRANCIS JEUNE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The other kind of official dinner may have been all very well in the days when a few men, all of whom were personally known to the judge, comprised the circuit; but now that every circuit is overgrown, the reason and the reasonableness of the thing are gone. The men whom the judges would like to see do not attend the official dinner, because they do not feel inclined to put their work aside in order to participate in an empty compliment, and the men whom the judges hardly know by sight thrust themselves into front places.

On the other hand, the private dinner is not only infinitely better, from a gastronomical point of view, but an invitation implies a real compliment. If Mr. Justice Lawrance will only adhere to his precedent, other judges will follow it, and Bench and Bar will be the happier.

If the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice has a fault—and in these days of competition it is dangerous to assert that any judge is not perfect, besides being ungracious—it lies in the kindness with which he habitually treats the barristers who practise before him. Not that I for a moment deprecate judicial kindness, but in the circumstances it is slightly deplorable. And for this reason: the members of the Divorce and Admiralty Bar never were unduly sprightly, and there is reason to fear that the forbearance of the learned President will superinduce a morbidly atrophic condition.

I at once admit that every divorce man is gloomy; and that he should be is but natural after all, for one might as reasonably expect an undertaker to continually rejoice as look for merriment in the morgue of the law. But,

unfortunately, coma has given signs of its near approach, and there are but too good grounds for believing that soon it will clutch its intended victims—among whom I number many friends. I earnestly hope these gloomy forebodings may not be realized; but at present the outlook is black, and threatens a blighted future to Divorce Court practitioners.

Now, is it fair to blame Sir Francis Jeune for this state of things? Is it right to expect him to rouse into something like activity barristers, in comparison with whom the lotus-eaters were so many extraordinary manifestations of the principle of physical and intellectual Energy? I do not think that it is. The learned President is so kind and considerate that I do not think he could bustle up his barristers and so save them from inanimation and consequent vital extinction, and thus the only thing to do is to bemoan the fact: that kindness is killing slowly and attractively the gentle members of the Divorce and Admiralty Bar. And they are so very gentle and timid, are these members!

Not long ago, I met one of the most prominent of the sect, pacing the Law Courts, with halting step and folded arms, apparently in a very flustered condition. Struck by the peculiarity of his demeanour, I asked him what was the matter. For answer he tugged violently at his gown, and said, in tones so sublimely pathetic that it roused a Law Courts' messenger from his usual torpor to a state bordering on animation: "My dear fellow, what I have gone through this morning, you can never know."

I expressed my sorrow, and suggested he should "tell me all." He hesitated, wavered, and then dismally unburdened himself.

"Lopes is taking 'common juries' to-day; I have been before him, and *twice*—you may not believe it, but on my honour it is true—*twice* he interrupted me. I feared he might break in a third time, so I have left the case to my junior, and am going home."

He refused all consolation, and shortly afterwards I saw his clerk put the vexed soul into a cab and send him home.

Now, Lord Justice Lopes is himself a very pleasant judge to appear before, and—but the moral is obvious. But I would here sound a note of warning, lest anyone should imagine that Mr. Justice Jeune is a weak judge. For, as a matter of fact, although kind and considerate, he is particularly "strong," and I have never known or heard of anyone treating him indifferently. As the President of his Division he does his work admirably, and it would be difficult to conceive how anyone could discharge the duties appertaining to that position more thoroughly or with greater tact than he displays.

From a Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE LOPES. *[Bassano.*

One of our most deeply-read lawyers, he is a painstaking and conscientious judge, who allows nothing to stand in the way of an equitable and just performance of his frequently very delicate duties. Socially, there is not a nicer man living. Popular at the Bar, and popular on the Bench, he is one of those judges whom added honour has in no way spoiled.

Many judges live a sort of dual existence, one personality being the judge, and the other the ordinary humdrum man. But happily in this case there is no duality, there being no difference as far as demeanour is concerned between Mr. Justice Jeune the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, and Sir Francis Jeune the man of the world. And one is tempted to piously pray that all the other judges were even as the "President" is.

Mr. Justice Grantham once casually remarked that all Welshmen are liars; but that is probably the only discourteous thing he has ever said—and even then he merely made the slight mistake of particularizing where generalization was appropriate.

Still, the Welsh people and the customary "others" were angered, and failed to see that, by demonstrating their annoyance, they were essentially and formally making patent their lack of philosophy. Now, it seems to me very clear that every man is born into this world a potential liar, and further, that the man who has not at some time or other wilfully created a false impression, *i.e.*, lied, belongs to a species which may have existed about the date of the making of "Le Contrat Social," but which has, long ere this, been improved off the face of this earth. In our own times everybody, from the girl who says "Engaged," to avoid dancing with a man she dislikes, to the expert witness who invariably discerns the truth on the side of the party who has paid him a retaining fee, habitually says and does the thing that is not. I don't attack the habit, neither do I, on the other hand, aver that it is defensible on the ground that it alone makes life tolerable. I merely state the fact of the universality of the practice.

From a Photo. by] MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM. *[Russell & Sons.*

As to the Law Courts, it is honourable in certain circumstances to lie in the Divorce Court: in the Admiralty or Chancery Courts, deponents cheerfully and in accordance with immemorial custom swear to the existence of *facts* which are solely based on the word of a solicitor. In other courts, imperfect recollection and a desire to tone down the angularities of a case are responsible for a great deal of sin. Everywhere, wilful inaccuracy is to be found in costly profusion. This being the case, the Welsh were badly advised in crying out. If they had been wise, they would have muttered a *tu quoque*, and turned aside to contemplate the general inappropriateness of human methods! As it was, they went into the merits of the case — and then there was chaos! Welshmen love disputation, and therefore the judge did, perhaps, after all, do them no inconsiderable good when he inveighed against them.

Mr. Justice Grantham is a good all-round sportsman, and rides uncommonly good horses to the Law Courts of a morning. In that respect he is unlike the majority of his professional brethren and barristers, whose steeds irresistibly remind one of a certain society in connection with which the term "knacker" is sometimes used.

He is an extremely popular judge, and deservedly so, for he is invariably kind to the veriest junior who appears before him, and is thoroughly independent. Possessed of a large fund of common-sense, and endowed with those qualities which comprise a man of the world, he makes a capital criminal judge, and contrives to do practical justice between man and man. There is nothing petty or mean about Mr. Justice Grantham, and if his decisions are sometimes upset, is not that the fate of every judge?

(To be continued.)

Some Peculiar Entertainments.

II.

By Framley Steelcroft.

IT was, I suppose, the apocryphal feat of William Tell that suggested this item of sensational "business" to the crack rifle-shot, Mlle. Diana, who appears in this picture, and recently fulfilled a London engagement. But the analogy is not complete. It is no loving, fearful father that takes aim at the "apple" (in this case an evil-smelling, hollow globe of resin), but just a Winchester rifle of uncertain habits, and addicted to the vagaries and cussednesses common to all firearms.

In the first place, the resinous ball is suspended in mid-air by a string, and then the stand is rigged up with its rifle. The latter is then sighted by the expert with scrupulous care, so as to cover the pendant globe. After this has been done, Mlle. Diana takes up her position, rifle in hand, exactly beneath the "apple," and blazes away at the trigger of the other gun. Simple, isn't it? The discharges are practically simultaneous, and the lady's dark hair is in most cases instantly powdered with particles of the shattered ball of resin. I say "in most cases" advisedly, because it sometimes happens that the bullet passes over or at the side of the "apple," and on one occasion the rifle-ball actually passed between the globe and Mlle. Diana's scalp, the weapon having been aimed a shade too low.

"I must say," remarked the lady rifle-shot, "that it wants a lot of nerve to face and fire at that rifle. You see, the slightest deviation in sighting may be fatal; and then, again, the cartridge may be a poor one, causing the rifle to hang fire. In such cases the first thing to be done, of course, is to get out of the line of fire without a moment's delay, for the rifle may go off immediately on its own account, as, indeed, it has done more than once."

Now, was ever such an opportunity given an experienced angler as that suggested by my next picture? And he *is* an experienced angler—perhaps I ought to say a professional angler—who has played bigger salmon in the Fraser River than ever Scotland produced. And surely this is a novel angling contest—Rod *v.* Woman. I witnessed the interesting event in a specially-arranged swimming-bath, the "fish" being the well-known expert, Miss Annie Luker, whose father trained Captain Webb, and who is herself engaged at this day in imparting the natatory art to a couple of thousand London Board School children. Miss Luker's biggest feat was a swim from Kew to Rotherhithe.

This angling contest is tremendous fun. The salmon-line is hooked in the lady's belt, and she certainly gives fine play. Sometimes the line breaks, sometimes the rod. Occasionally the fair "fish" is too much for her would-be captor, who, *nolens volens*, is drawn into what is emphatically *not* his element. If Miss Luker is landed in the corner within

MLLE. DIANA SHOOTING THE "APPLE" FROM HER OWN HEAD.

A NOVEL ANGLING CONTEST—ROD *v.* WOMAN.

ten minutes, however, the victory is given to the angler, who, it is significant to note, does not stand at the shilling side of the bath. This is, of course, in order that when the "fish" allows herself to be drawn quite close, and then dashes away through the water, splashing frightfully, the sixpenny public only get the benefit of whatever moisture may be going about.

A very different kind of entertainment is provided by the blindfold child pianist, Jennie Gabrielle, a Birmingham girl, who, at the age of seven, could positively play anything that was set before her. A few years ago the child was taken to the Gaiety Theatre to see a burlesque, and next morning she surprised her parents by sitting down to the piano and playing off the whole score—songs and all.

Not only is Miss Gabrielle blindfolded by any member of her audience who may wish to undertake the task, but the keys of the instrument are completely covered with silk; and yet, under these difficult conditions, you may give her elaborate pieces from such masters as Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, and Schubert, which will be rendered with surprising accuracy and delicacy of touch.

Chimah was born in Ning-po fifty-seven years ago, and, briefly, he may be described as a diminutive man with monstrous ideas. I saw him in Kohl and Middleton's Museum at Chicago. As a rule, the showman gives an exhaustive and sometimes exhausting description of each individual freak in the show. The bearded lady beams benignly, while the

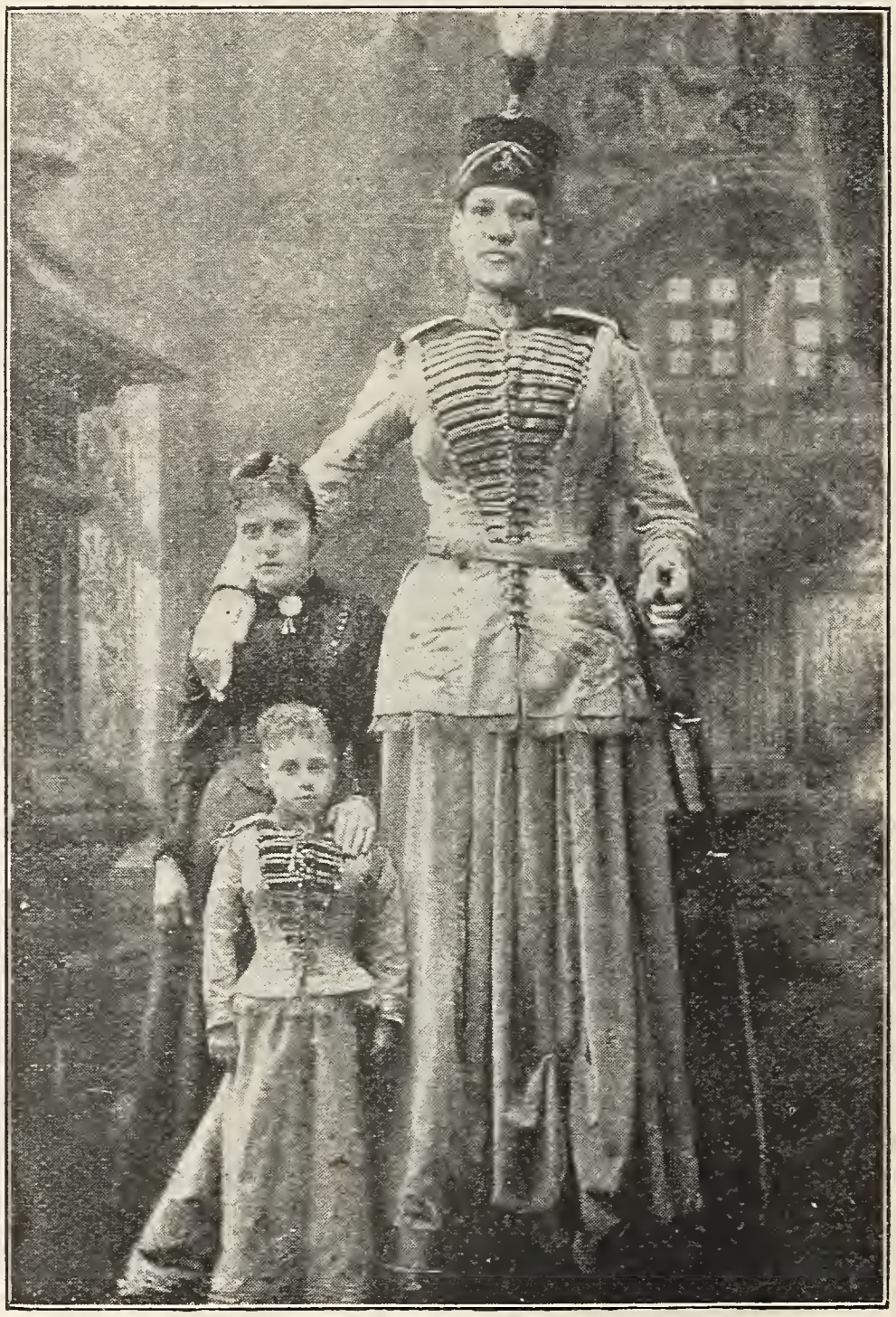
JENNIE GABRIELLE, THE BLINDFOLD CHILD PIANIST.

CHIMAH, THE CHINESE DWARF.

length of her hirsute appendage is measured for an appreciative public; and the armless man paints dexterously with his toes, what time the showman indicates the beauties of the landscape that is growing under his artistic foot. But Chimah needs no one to tell his story. His height is exactly 24½in., and in his best days he received nearly £500 a week; for, to the potent attraction of his diminutive stature, he added the great reputation of a *raconteur* skilled in the lore of many lands. Also, he smoked cigars nearly as big as himself; and his appetite was prodigious. I have seen him eat a great dinner, whereof a pound-and-a-half of steak was but a part. Last summer Chimah bought a farm of 20,000 acres in Ohio, and celebrated his establishment thereon with a big house-party, Cliquot, the sword-swallower, referred to last month, being among the number of invited guests. The tiny Chinaman is very fond of jewellery, owning quite a fortune in diamonds and rubies; and he is extremely religious, after the manner of his kind. He worships his ancestors—as, indeed, he ought, seeing that they did a big thing for him in bringing him into the world so small. At home Chimah's hobby is singing, and he is for ever practising duets with his wife, the midget Princess Josepha, who is seen by the side of her gigantic sister in the next illustration.

Lady Amma, the French giantess, and her two sisters stand next on my programme, and, mind, they *are* her sisters. In this case age—and appetite—is in an inverse ratio to size. The smallest of the three is known as Princess Josepha, and is thirty-two years of age; there are not nearly so many inches in her stature, however. The next sister is shown with the giantess and the dwarf simply to emphasize Nature's strange freak. There is nothing abnormal about her, though—"just an or'nary cuss," as her unfeeling showman remarked.

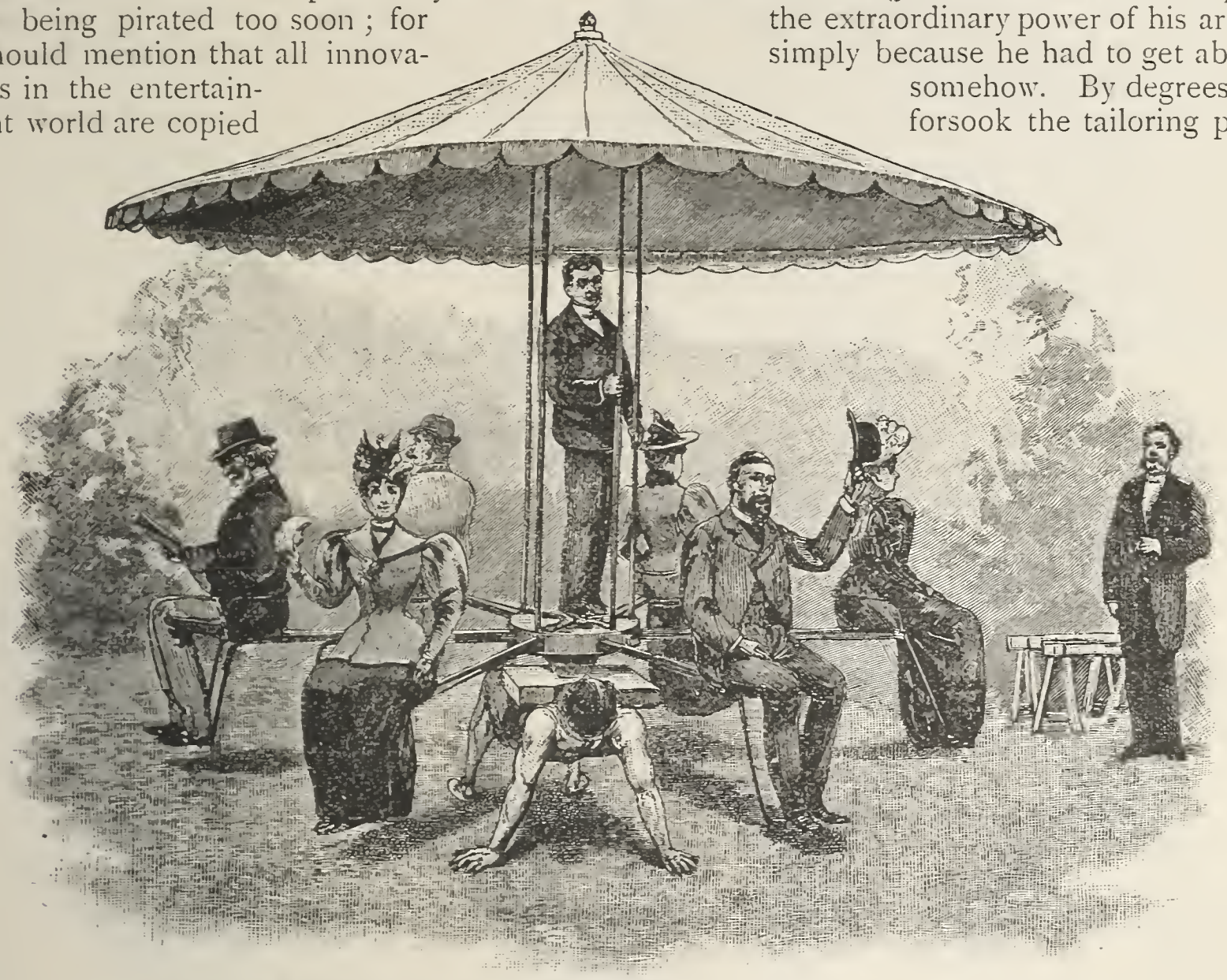
Lady Amma herself, although only twenty-two years old, is nearly 7ft. 9in. in height; and yet I am assured that she eats less than an ordinary woman. I last saw her in Harry Davis's Museum, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where she had a special conveyance built for her convenience. The curious thing is, that her eldest and smallest sister, Princess Josepha, fell in love with and



LADY AMMA, THE FRENCH GIANTESS, AND HER TWO ELDER SISTERS.

married Chimah, the extraordinary Chinese dwarf whose portrait is seen at the top of the preceding page.

The next illustration depicts the "strong-man" craze *in excelsis*. The individual upon whom all this responsibility rests is one Milo, a young Italian, whose novel turn was first introduced to a British audience on August 24th, 1891. The roundabout which he supports on his chest was made by half-a-dozen different people, and fitted together by Milo himself, who is something of a mechanic. This was to obviate the possibility of the idea being pirated too soon; for I should mention that all innovations in the entertainment world are copied sooner or later by unintelligent performers whose creative power is a minus quantity.



MILO, THE STRONG MAN, SUPPORTING A LOADED ROUNDABOUT.

Without passengers, the apparatus weighs 8½cwt.; loaded, more than a ton. Although only seven persons are being carried in the illustration (and notice the gentleman saluting as though he were doing a smart thing) it is possible to accommodate a round dozen on the machine, by means of extra seats placed on the bars. Moreover, on occasion, a barrel organ is placed in the centre and slowly ground by a dismal-looking Italian, who seems utterly unconscious of the fact that he is rendering himself and his music a heavy burden to at least one of his neighbours.

The roundabout is about 12ft. high and 14ft. in diameter across the ornamental top; it cost a trifle over £50.

Next comes Jules Keller, the upside-down man, whose arms are to him what legs are to more ordinary folk. He is a Polish Jew, thirty-three years of age, and is a giant of strength from his waist upwards. Keller has managed to support himself, independently of his lower extremities, with very great success. His legs, although outwardly almost perfect, contain no bone, or next to none; consequently his people very properly apprenticed him to the tailoring business. He developed the extraordinary power of his arms, simply because he had to get about somehow. By degrees he forsook the tailoring platform on which he had squatted for years, and took to another and far more profitable stage.

Amazing as it may seem, the "upside-down man" can take a clear leap of 4ft. over an obstacle on his hands; and he can in the same way jump down from a platform 9ft. high. I saw him do this, and noticed that his tremendously powerful arms yielded as he struck, letting his chin almost touch the ground in order to break the fall. Keller's elastic "step" cannot be described. In Vienna he walked on his hands for a wager against a young athlete, and beat him; of course he had a little start, and his opponent walked after the manner of men.

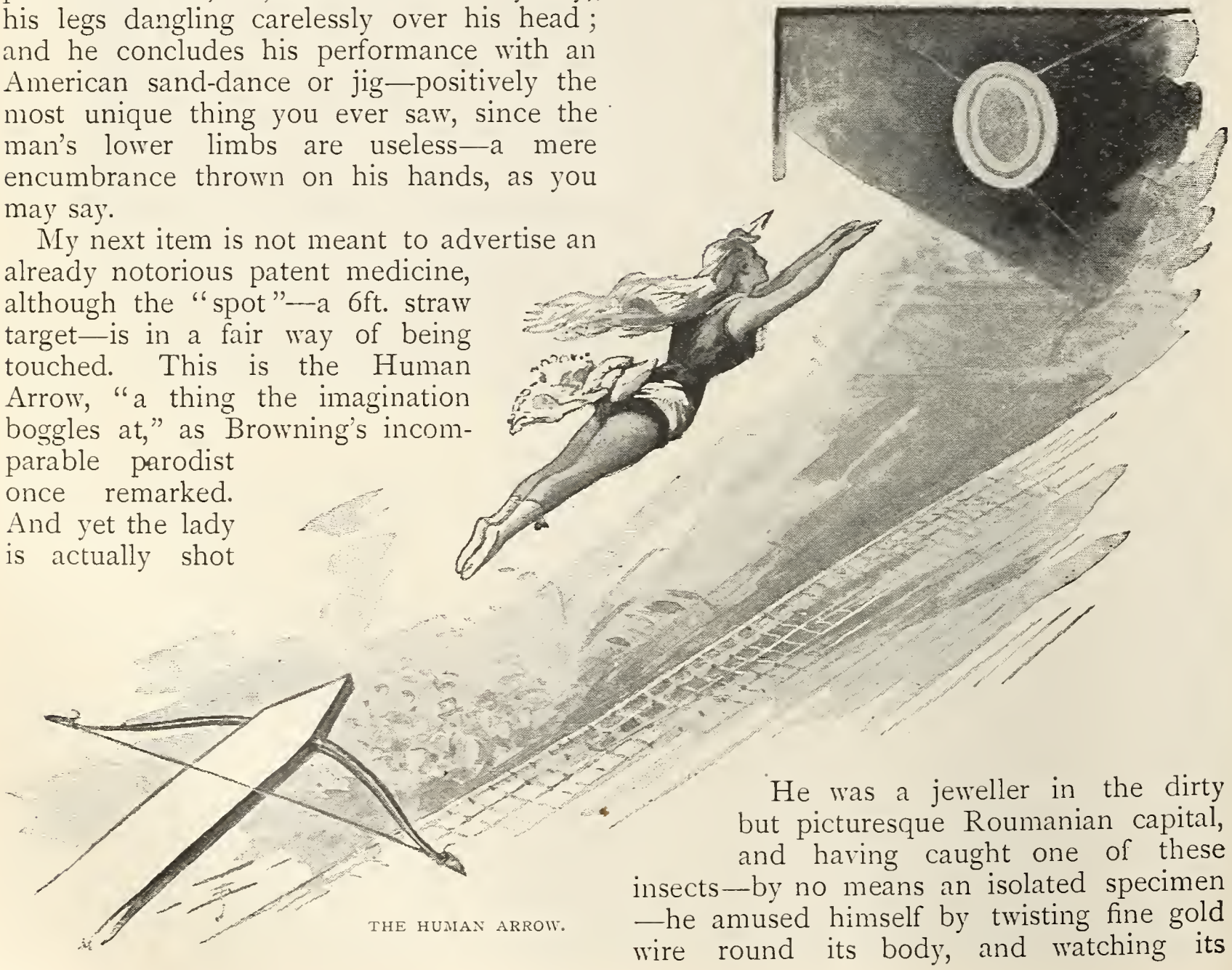
JULES KELLER, THE "UPSIDE-DOWN MAN."

In the photograph Keller is seen going up one side of a double ladder at a fine springy pace. He runs, too, in an extraordinary way, his legs dangling carelessly over his head; and he concludes his performance with an American sand-dance or jig—positively the most unique thing you ever saw, since the man's lower limbs are useless—a mere encumbrance thrown on his hands, as you may say.

My next item is not meant to advertise an already notorious patent medicine, although the "spot"—a 6ft. straw target—is in a fair way of being touched. This is the Human Arrow, "a thing the imagination boggles at," as Browning's incomparable parodist once remarked. And yet the lady is actually shot from a monstrous cross-bow, and traverses some 30ft. of hot, vitiated atmosphere before striking the target.

I think it was Dr. Johnson who remarked, speaking of a dog that walked on its hind legs, "the thing is not well done, but the wonder is that 'tis done at all." So with this startling feat. You can't expect the girl to be sent hurtling half a mile against a brick wall. The distance is short, the regulation net is used, and the target, on being touched, retires as gently and gracefully as the "Arrow" herself does shortly afterwards. Then, again, I must confess that powerful springs have more to do with this aërial flight than the string of the bow.

Fleas, like the poor, are always with us; of course, I refer to performing fleas. And I was fortunate enough to light upon the only original discoverer, inventor, trainer—call him what you will—of these interesting creatures. He is a Roumanian (a native of Bucharest), so that you may say, "Here is another irritating Eastern question sprung upon us," more especially since the "Professor" (all he professes is fleas) obtains his stock in the wilds of Bethnal Green.



THE HUMAN ARROW.

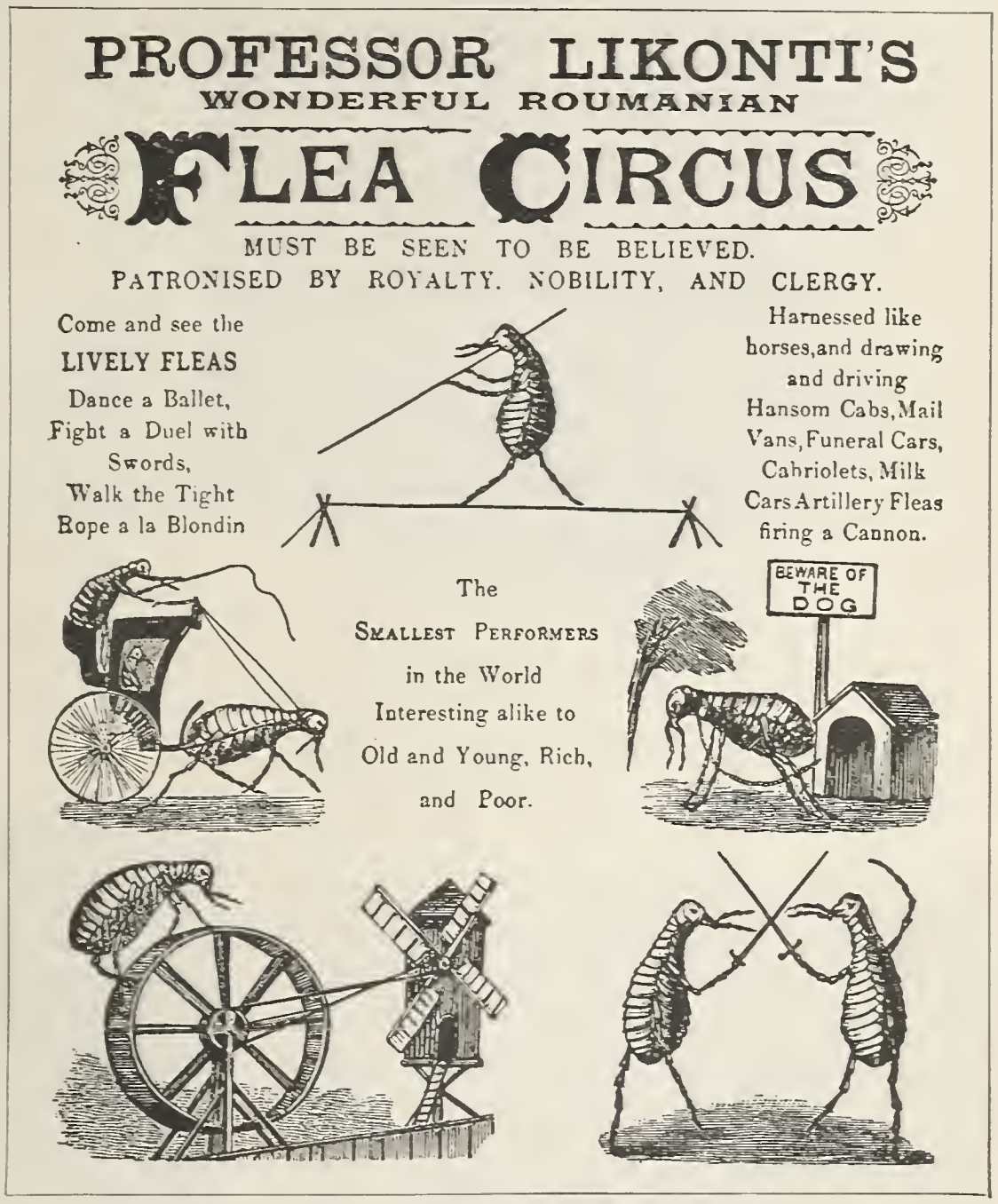
He was a jeweller in the dirty but picturesque Roumanian capital, and having caught one of these insects—by no means an isolated specimen—he amused himself by twisting fine gold wire round its body, and watching its

struggles. These must have been diverting, for the idle assistant presently fixed his captive flea in a little box beneath one of those peculiar eye-glasses used by watchmakers when inspecting the works of a watch. This was the nucleus of a show which, in its palmy days, brought its lucky owner £40 a day in the European capitals.

When the young jeweller, encouraged by his fellow-assistants and his master's patrons, resolved to give up his calling and go into the trained-flea line, his people very properly objected; and, indeed, finding him obdurate, they shut their doors against him when he chanced to be in their vicinity —"*In propria venit, et sui eum non receperunt*"—if the quotation be not irreverent.

I asked the Professor how he fed his insects. He promptly pulled up his coat-sleeve and bared his arm. "I lives on dem, an' dey lives on me"; and he laughed heartily at what was evidently a stock witticism.

The fleas are shown on a circular, white-topped table. They are "stabled," as the Professor puts it, in a shallow box filled with cotton wool. As the insects themselves could not be photographed in their performance, I reproduce here a facsimile of the showman's "play-bill." The draughtsmanship may not be anatomically correct, but beyond question it is funny. The tiny vehicles are of brass; and for harnessing, fine gold wire is used. Wire is also used for chaining up the odious "house-dog," and it figures likewise in the balancing-pole of the tight-rope performer, the swords of the duellists, and the tackle of the windmill.

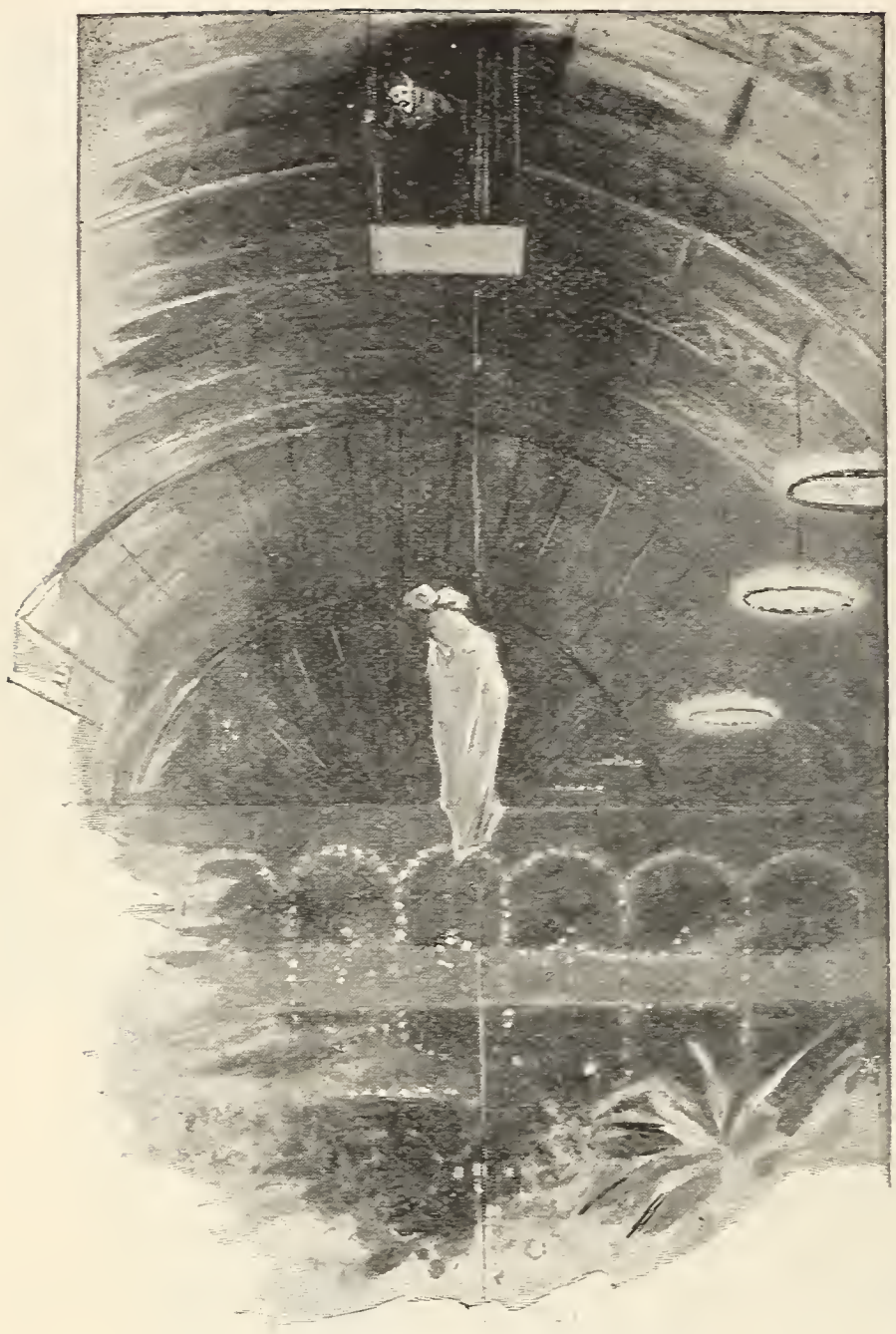

PROFESSOR LIKONTI'S
WONDERFUL ROUMANIAN
FLEA CIRCUS
MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED.
PATRONISED BY ROYALTY, NOBILITY, AND CLERGY.
Come and see the
LIVELY FLEAS
Dance a Ballet,
Fight a Duel with Swords,
Walk the Tight Rope a la Blondin
Harnessed like horses, and drawing and driving Hansom Cabs, Mail Vans, Funeral Cars, Cabriolets, Milk Cars Artillery Fleas firing a Cannon.
The
SMALLEST PERFORMERS
in the World
Interesting alike to
Old and Young, Rich,
and Poor.
BEWARE OF THE DOG

"PLAY-BILL" OF THE PERFORMING FLEAS.

Noticing the dejected aspect of the "house-dog," I asked if the fleas lived long at this sort of work. "Ubbowd doo year," was the reply. The only remarkable incident the Professor recalls took place in Berlin, at the time when the insects were kept in a glass bottle. One morning, just as the show was about to commence for the amusement of a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, some awkward individual knocked the jar, "stock" and all, on the ground. "Dat dime," remarked the Professor in tones of reminiscent sadness, "my badrons garried avay de vlees, an I ad to ged zum more."

The dangerous "Monte Christo" diving feat, which forms the subject of the next two illustrations, is performed by Baume, the swimming expert, who has already saved more than twenty lives from drowning. Baume first appears clad in a shabby suit of clothes, which, however, conceals the smart diving costume he wears beneath. He is then hoisted by means of a rope and pulley to the platform, seventy or eighty feet above the tank and the audience. Here the diver is bound hand and foot, and then enveloped in a sack which is tied over his head.

All that remains for the gratification of an expectant public is a well-judged leap into the tank of water below, and a subsequent re-appearance—unfettered and free from the sack; in short, "without encumbrance of any kind," as the advertisements have it. This is far easier said than done. The leap is one of over 70ft., and that very much in



THE MONTE CHRISTO DIVE—FALLING.

the dark, not to speak of the transformation beneath the water. When all is ready, the shapeless bundle bends over to glance at the bright spot far below; this is the tank, containing 7ft. of water, on which powerful beams of lime-light are flashed. Finally, Baume gives the sack a hitch up, in order that it may not get entangled in his legs or be caught by the rush of wind during the descent, and then he takes a long breath before leaving the platform. On striking the water (the mighty splash very literally damps the ardour of many of his incautious admirers) the diver executes a somersault, during which he unties his bonds, and kicks the sack upwards off his body. A man is in waiting to seize the sack the moment it reaches the surface. The next thing Baume has to do beneath the water is to divest himself of his outer garments—the shabby suit aforesaid—and then he is free to rise to the surface, amid thunderous applause, climb the iron ladder at the side, and finally retire breathless and dripping.

It was at the Soldiers' Club in Cairo that I witnessed the very peculiar entertainment given by the King of Clubs—Tom Burrows, champion club-swinger of the world. Burrows was born at Ballarat, in January, 1867, and came to England in 1891, when he became teacher of boxing and club-swinging at the Royal Military Gymnasium, Aldershot.

On March 20th, 1895, Burrows swung a pair of clubs for twenty-four hours at our famous camp; and it was in order to break this record that he gave an exhibition in Cairo before Lord and Lady Cromer, the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, and many other distinguished folk.

The champion made the following conditions for the undertaking: (1) The clubs were to weigh 2lb. each, and to be 24in. long; (2) To swing at least 50 complete circles each minute; (3) No rest or stop allowed during the 25 hours; (4) No artificial aid of any sort allowed; (5) To swing no fewer than 70,000 complete circles in the record; and (6) That there should always be at least two judges present to watch the swinging.

Burrows commenced swinging the clubs at 9.18 on Wednesday evening, every person in the distinguished gathering being filled with admiration at the graceful way in which he manœuvred

THE MONTE CHRISTO DIVE—GETTING OUT OF THE TANK.

SWINGING CLUBS FOR 26¼ HOURS WITHOUT REST.

his clubs—circling, curving, twirling. From thence onward through the evening, and throughout the whole of the night, and all next day, this athlete swung the clubs without stopping for a moment: until a mighty burst of cheering at 9.18, on Thursday night, proclaimed that he had equalled his Aldershot feat. At 10.18 further enthusiastic cheering greeted Burrows, having established a world's record of twenty-five hours' continuous swinging.

Still, the indomitable fellow went on, until he finally stopped at 11.33, on Thursday night, having swung the clubs without one moment's cessation for twenty-six hours and fifteen minutes.

But surely thirty-five years' manipulation of marionette strings is also something of a record; this is claimed by Mr. R. Barnard, who had the old witch and her satellites in hand when this photograph was taken. The smaller figures are, in the first place, secreted in the witch's pockets, so that the operator had to control no fewer than fifty strings at once while putting this one figure through its performance.

These marionettes have quite a charming little portable theatre of their own, besides scenery to the value of £150. Altogether Mr. Barnard possesses seventy figures, which cost, undressed, about £2 each. And although the clever little man knows no more about art than he does about the integral calculus, yet he carves the heads himself out of yellow pine, while his wife dresses the perfect puppets; and the result is creditable in the highest degree to the taste and skill of both. A surprising amount of attention is paid to small details of dress. The satins and silks used in the dresses of the "ladies"

THE OLD WITCH AND HER SATELLITES—A MARIONETTE FIGURE WITH FIFTY STRINGS.

MOUNTING THE LADDER OF SWORDS.

(there are 2½yds. in that of the fairy) cost from 3s. 11d. to 5s. 11d. a yard; and then there are numerous costly items of underclothing, lace, spangles, bead and bugle trimmings, and innumerable miscellaneous "properties." I was confidentially assured that the columbine wears silk stockings and twelve or fourteen petticoats; and also that the clown has to be repainted once a week, owing to the tremendous lot of knocking about he receives at the hands of impossible policemen.

The string used is bought white at eighteen-pence per ball, and then dyed by a special process. Of course, the strings get entangled sometimes, but the ready wit of the operator, who stands on the narrow platform above the scene, hardly ever fails; and when such awkward incidents do occur, dialogue and business are swiftly changed to meet the emergency. I can only say that Barnard's marionettes constitute a miniature theatre and variety show combined. The figures are infinitely more amusing than many *lions comiques* who drive from hall to hall of an evening, and far less vulgar.

Talk about a sharp climb up the ladder of fame! Just look at this Japanese girl—one of the Chyochis family—who made her *début* in the City of Mexico, as a sword-walker, six years ago. As will be seen in the photograph, the rungs of the step-ladder consist of Japanese scimitars, and there is no mistake about the keenness of their edge. The lady tells me that the secret of the thing lies in gripping the edge of each sword in a fearless way with the toes, and stepping up briskly when the bare foot is properly placed. Of course, the slightest cutting or sawing movement must be avoided. And she needs no apostle to admonish her to "walk circumspectly."

I have now to introduce with becoming gravity the Boneless Wonder—one Ames—a man with an accommodating vertebra. Nor am I jesting when I assert that this contortionist has quite a bump—one of those hard, permanent bumps—on his chin, caused by strumming upon the latter with his heels whilst in the position shown in the photograph. The bump, which I had an opportunity of carefully examining for myself, might be truthfully translated by an astute phrenologist or

AMES, THE BONELESS WONDER.

physiognomist as indicating an extremely pliable disposition.

In the picture, Ames is seen performing his most extraordinary feat. An adjustable iron rod, terminating in a leather mouthpiece, is fixed to a massive table, and on this the acrobat raises his body over his head, resting his whole weight on his teeth, and folding his arms with an appearance of placidity he must be very far from feeling.

But, plainly, we cannot all be "boneless wonders." Not unto everyone is it given to perform such feats, and certainly not unto Mrs. Johnson, a lady of strongly marked individuality, whose portrait next appears. The last time I had the pleasure of meeting this substantial person was at Huber's Museum, in Fourteenth Street, New York, where she was in receipt of seventy-five dollars a week. Mrs. Johnson was a remarkably healthy woman, and one who exasperated her lecturer beyond everything by correcting him forcibly when in the midst of his harangue to the crowd. Like the less bulky members of her sex, she was amazingly fond of dress and jewellery. In the photograph she is wearing her favourite robe—acres of black silk, with raised flowers worked in gorgeous colours.

THE FAT LADY, MRS. JOHNSON.

The most stringent regulations ever made by a flint-hearted agent could not keep Mrs. Johnson indoors; probably this is why her salary dwindled from 200 dollars a week down to a paltry seventy-five. She *would* assert herself—not a difficult thing, you would think, at any time—and she took long walks very early in the morning. Then, of course, with that superhuman energy that springs eternal in the breast of man when free shows are available, people got up early and followed her at a respectful distance. This latter was as it should be, for the great lady was of uncertain temper, and if she took it into her massive head to assault anyone (as she once did the unfortunate dog-faced man—himself no chicken), it would mean utter annihilation, Mrs. Johnson being 7ft. high and weighing 28 stone. Curiously, no one ever thought to ask why Mr. J. was not on the spot to share the glory and the seventy-five dollars.

HOW SAMPO LAPPELILL SAW THE MOUNTAIN KING

A Story for Children.

(From the Swedish of Z. Topelius.)

FAR away in Lapland, at a place called Aïmïo, near the River Jana, there lived, in a little hut, a Laplander and his wife, with their small son, Sampo.

Sampo Lappelill was now between seven and eight years of age. He had black hair, brown eyes, a snub nose, and a wide mouth, which last is considered a mark of beauty in curious Lapland. Sampo was a strong child for his age; he delighted to dance down the hills in his little snow-shoes, and to drive his own reindeer in his own little sledge. The snow whirled about him as he passed through the deep drifts, until nothing of him could be seen except the tuft of his black forelock.

"I shall never feel comfortable while he is from home!" said the mother. "He may meet Hisü's reindeer with the golden antlers."

Sampo overheard these words, and wondered what reindeer it could be that had golden antlers. "It must be a splendid animal!" said he; "how much I should like to drive to Rastekaïs with it!" Rastekaïs is a high, dreary mountain, and can be seen from Aïmïo, from which it is five or six miles distant.

"You audacious boy!" exclaimed the mother; "how dare you talk so? Rastekaïs is the home of the trolls, and Hisü dwells there also."

"Who is Hisü?" inquired Sampo.

"What ears that boy has!" thought the Lapp-wife. "But I ought not to have spoken of such things in his presence; the best thing I can do now is to frighten him well." Then she said aloud: "Take care, Lappelill, that you never go near Rastekaïs, for there lives Hisü, the Mountain-King, who can eat a whole reindeer at one mouthful, and who swallows little boys like flies."

Upon hearing these words, Sampo could not help thinking what good fun it would be to have a peep at such a wonderful being—from a safe distance, of course!

Three or four weeks had elapsed since Christmas, and darkness brooded still over Lapland. There was no morning, noon, or evening; it was always night. Sampo was feeling dull. It was so long since he had seen the sun that he had nearly forgotten what it was like. Yet he did not desire the return of summer, for the only thing he remembered about that season was that it was a time when the gnats stung very severely. His one wish was that it might soon become light enough for him to use his snow-shoes.

One day, at noon (although it was dark), Sampo's father said: "Come here! I have something to show you."

Sampo came out of the hut. His father pointed towards the south.

"Do you know what that is?" asked he.

"A southern light," replied the boy.

"No," said his father, "it is the herald of the sun. To-morrow, maybe, or the day after that, we shall see the sun himself. Look, Sampo, how weirdly the red light glows on the top of Rastekaïs!"

Sampo perceived that the snow upon the

gloomy summit, which had been so long shrouded in darkness, was coloured red. Again the idea flashed into his mind what a grand sight the terrible Mountain-King would be—from a distance. The boy brooded on this for the remainder of the day, and throughout half the night, when he should have been asleep.

He thought, and thought, until at length he crept silently out of the reindeer skins which formed his bed, and then through the door-hole. The cold was intense. Far above him the stars were shining, the snow scrunched beneath his feet. Sampo Lappelill was a brave boy, who did not fear the cold. He was, moreover, well wrapped up in fur. He stood gazing at the stars, considering what to do next.

Then he heard a suggestive sound. His little reindeer pawed the ground with its feet. "Why should I not take a drive?" thought Sampo, and proceeded straightway to put his thought into action. He harnessed the reindeer to the sledge, and drove forth into the wilderness of snow.

"I will drive only a little way towards Rastekaïs," said Sampo to himself, and off he went, crossing the frozen River Jana to the opposite shore, which—although the child was unaware of this fact—belonged to the kingdom of Norway.

As Sampo drove, he sang a bright little song. The wolves were running round his sledge like grey dogs, but he did not mind them. He knew well that no wolf could keep pace with his dear, swift little reindeer. Up hill and down dale he drove on, with the wind whistling in his ears. The moon seemed to be racing with him, and the rocks to be running backwards. It was thoroughly delightful!

Alas! at a sudden turning upon the downward slope of a hill the sledge overturned, and Sampo was pitched into a snow-drift. The reindeer did not observe this, and, in the belief that its master was still sitting behind it, it ran on. Sampo could not cry "Stop!" for his mouth was stuffed with snow.

He lay there in the darkness, in the midst of the vast, snowy wilderness, in which was no human habitation for miles around.

At first, he naturally felt somewhat bewildered. He scrambled unhurt out of the big snow-drift. Then, by the wan moonlight, he saw that he was surrounded on all sides by snow-drifts and huge mountains. One mountain towered above the others, and this he knew must be Rastekaïs, the home of the fierce Mountain-King, who swallowed little boys like flies!

Sampo Lappelill was frightened now, and heartily wished himself safe at home. But how was he to get there?

There sat the poor child, alone in the darkness, amongst the desolate, snow-covered rocks, with the big, black shadow of Rastekaïs frowning down upon him. As he wept his tears froze immediately, and rolled down over his jacket in little round lumps like peas; so Sampo thought that he had better leave off crying, and run about in order to keep himself warm.

"Rather than freeze to death here," he said to himself, "I would go straight to the Mountain-King. If he has a mind to swallow me, he must do so, I suppose; but I shall advise him to eat instead some of the wolves in this neighbourhood. They are much fatter than I, and their fur would not be so difficult to swallow."

Sampo began to ascend the mountain. Before he had gone far, he heard the trotting of some creature behind him, and a moment after a large wolf overtook him. Although inwardly trembling, Sampo would not betray his fear. He shouted:—

"Keep out of my way! I am the bearer of a message to the King, and you hinder me at your peril!"

"Dear me!" said the wolf (on Rastekaïs all the animals can speak). "And, pray, what little shrimp are you, wriggling through the snow?"

"My name is Sampo Lappelill," replied the boy. "Who are you?"

"I," answered the wolf, "am first gentleman-usher to the Mountain-King. I have just been all over the kingdom to call together his subjects for the great sun festival. As you are going my way, you may, if you please, get upon my back, and so ride up the mountain."

Sampo instantly accepted the invitation. He climbed upon the shaggy back of the wolf, and they went off at a gallop.

"What do you mean by the sun festival?" inquired Sampo.

"Don't you know *that?*" said the wolf. "We celebrate the sun's feast the day he first appears on the horizon, after the long night of winter. All trolls, goblins, and animals in the north then assemble on Rastekaïs, and on that day they are not permitted to hurt each other. Lucky it was for you, my boy, that you came here to-day. On any other day, I should have devoured you long ago."

"Is the King bound by the same law?" asked Sampo, anxiously.

"THEY WENT OFF AT A GALLOP."

"Of course he is," answered the wolf. "From one hour before sunrise until one hour after sunset, he will not dare to harm you. If, however, you are on the mountain when the time expires, you will be in great danger. For the King will then seize whoever comes first, and a thousand bears and a hundred thousand wolves will also be ready to rush upon you. There will soon be an end of Sampo Lappelill!"

"But perhaps, sir," said Sampo, timidly, "you would be so kind as to help me back again before the danger begins?"

The wolf laughed. "Don't count on any such thing, my dear Sampo; on the contrary, I mean to seize you first myself. You are such a very nice, plump little boy! I see that you have been fattened on reindeer milk and cheese. You will be splendid for breakfast to-morrow morning!"

Sampo began to think that his best course might be to jump off the wolf's back at once. But it was too late. They had now arrived at the top of Rastekaïs. Many curious and marvellous things were there to be seen. There sat the terrible Mountain-King on his throne of cloudy rocks, gazing out over the snow-fields. He wore on his head a cap of white snow-clouds; his eyes were like a full moon; his nose resembled a mountain-ridge. His mouth was an abyss; his beard was like tufts of immense icicles; his arms were as thick and strong as fir trees; his coat was like an enormous snow mountain. Sampo Lappelill had a good view of the King and his subjects, for a bow of dazzling northern lights shone in the sky and illuminated the scene.

All around the King stood millions of goblins, trolls, and brownies; tiny, grey creatures, who had come from remotest parts of the world to worship the sun. This they did from fear, not from love; for trolls and goblins hate the sun, and always hope that he will never return when they see him disappear at the end of summer.

Farther off stood all the animals of Lapland, thousands and thousands of them of all sizes; from the bear, the wolf, and the glutton, to the little mountain-rat, and the brisk, tiny reindeer-flea. No gnats appeared, however; *they* had all been frozen.

Sampo was greatly astonished at what he saw. Unobserved, he slipped from the wolf's back, and hid behind a ponderous stone, to watch the proceedings.

The Mountain-King shook his head, and the snow whirled about him. The northern lights shone around his head like a crown of glory, sending long, red streamers across the deep blue sky; they whizzed and sparkled, expanded and drew together, fading sometimes, then again darting out like lightning over the snow-clad mountains. This performance amused the King. He clapped with his icy hands until the sound echoed like thunder, causing the trolls to scream with joy, and the animals to howl with fear. At this the King was still more delighted, and he shouted across the desert:—

"This is to my mind! Eternal darkness! Eternal night! May they never end!"

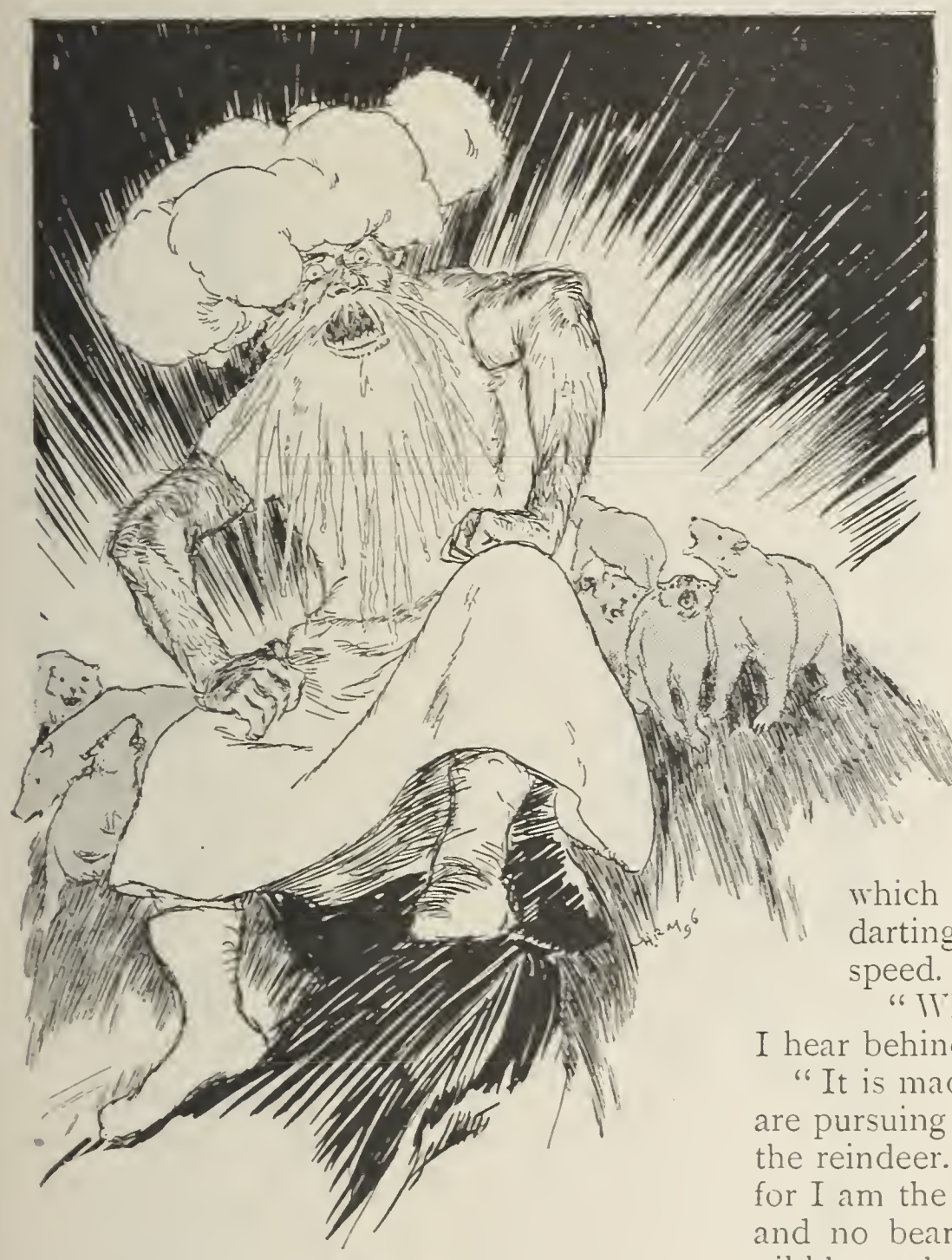
"May they never end!" repeated all the trolls at the top of their voices. Then arose a dispute amongst the animals. All the beasts of prey agreed with the trolls, but the reindeer and other gentle creatures felt that they should like to have summer back again, although they disliked the gnats that would certainly return with it. One creature alone was ready to welcome summer quite unreservedly. This was the reindeer-flea. She piped out as loudly as she could:—

"If you please, your Majesty, have we not come here to worship the sun, and to watch for his coming?"

"Nonsense!" growled a Polar bear. "Our

meeting here springs from a stupid old custom. The sooner it ends the better! In my opinion, the sun has set for ever; he is dead!"

At these words the animals shuddered, but the trolls and goblins were much pleased with them, and reiterated them gaily, shaking with laughter to such an extent that their



"THE TERRIBLE MOUNTAIN-KING."

tiny caps fell off their heads. Then the King roared, in a voice of thunder:—

"Yea! Dead is the sun! Now must the whole world worship me, the King of Eternal Night and Eternal Winter!"

Sampo, sitting behind the stone, was so greatly enraged by this speech that he came forth from his hiding-place, exclaiming:—

"That, O King, is a lie as big as yourself! The sun is *not* dead, for only yesterday I saw his forerunner. He will be here very shortly, bringing sweet summer with him, and thawing the icicles in your funny, frozen beard!"

The King's brow grew black as a thundercloud. Forgetful of the law, he lifted his tremendous arm to strike Sampo; but at that moment the northern light faded. A red streak shot suddenly across the sky, shining with such brilliancy into the King's face that it entirely dazzled him. His arm fell useless at his side. Then the golden sun rose in slow stateliness on the horizon, and that flood of glorious light caused even those who had rejoiced in his supposed death to welcome his re-appearance.

But the goblins were considerably astonished. From under their red caps they stared at the sun with their little grey eyes, and grew so excited that they stood on their heads in the snow. The beard of the Mountain-King began to melt and drip, until it was flowing down his jacket like a running stream.

By-and-by, Sampo heard a reindeer say to her little one:—

"Come, my child, we must be going, or we shall be eaten by the wolves."

"Such will be *my* fate also if I linger longer," thought Sampo. So he sprang upon the back of a beautiful reindeer with golden antlers, which started off with him at once, darting down the rocks with lightning speed.

"What is that rustling sound that I hear behind us?" asked the boy, presently.

"It is made by the thousand bears; they are pursuing us in order to eat us up," replied the reindeer. "You need not fear, however, for I am the King's own enchanted reindeer, and no bear has ever been able as yet to nibble my heels!"

They went on in silence for a time, then Sampo put another question.

"What," asked he, "is that strange panting I hear behind us?"

"That," returned the reindeer, "is made by the hundred thousand wolves; they are at full gallop behind us, and wish to tear us in pieces. But fear nothing from them! No wolf has ever beaten me in a race yet!"

Again Sampo spoke:—

"Is it not thundering over there amongst the rocky mountains?"

"No," answered the now trembling reindeer: "that noise is made by the King, who is chasing us. Now, indeed, all hope has fled, for no one can escape *him*!"

"Can we do nothing?" asked Sampo.

"There is no safety to be found here," said the reindeer, "but there is just one chance for us. We must try to reach the priest's house over yonder by Lake Enare. Once there, we shall be safe, for the King has no power over Christians."

"Oh, make haste! make haste! dear reindeer!" cried Sampo, "and you shall feed on golden oats, and out of a silver manger."

On sped the reindeer. As they entered the priest's house, the Mountain-King crossed the courtyard, and knocked at the door with such violence that it is a wonder he did not knock the house down.

"Who is there?" called the priest from within.

"It is I!" answered a thundering voice; "it is the mighty Mountain-King! Open the door! You have there a child, whom I claim as my prey."

"Wait a moment!" cried the priest. "Permit me to robe myself, in order that I may give your Majesty a worthier reception."

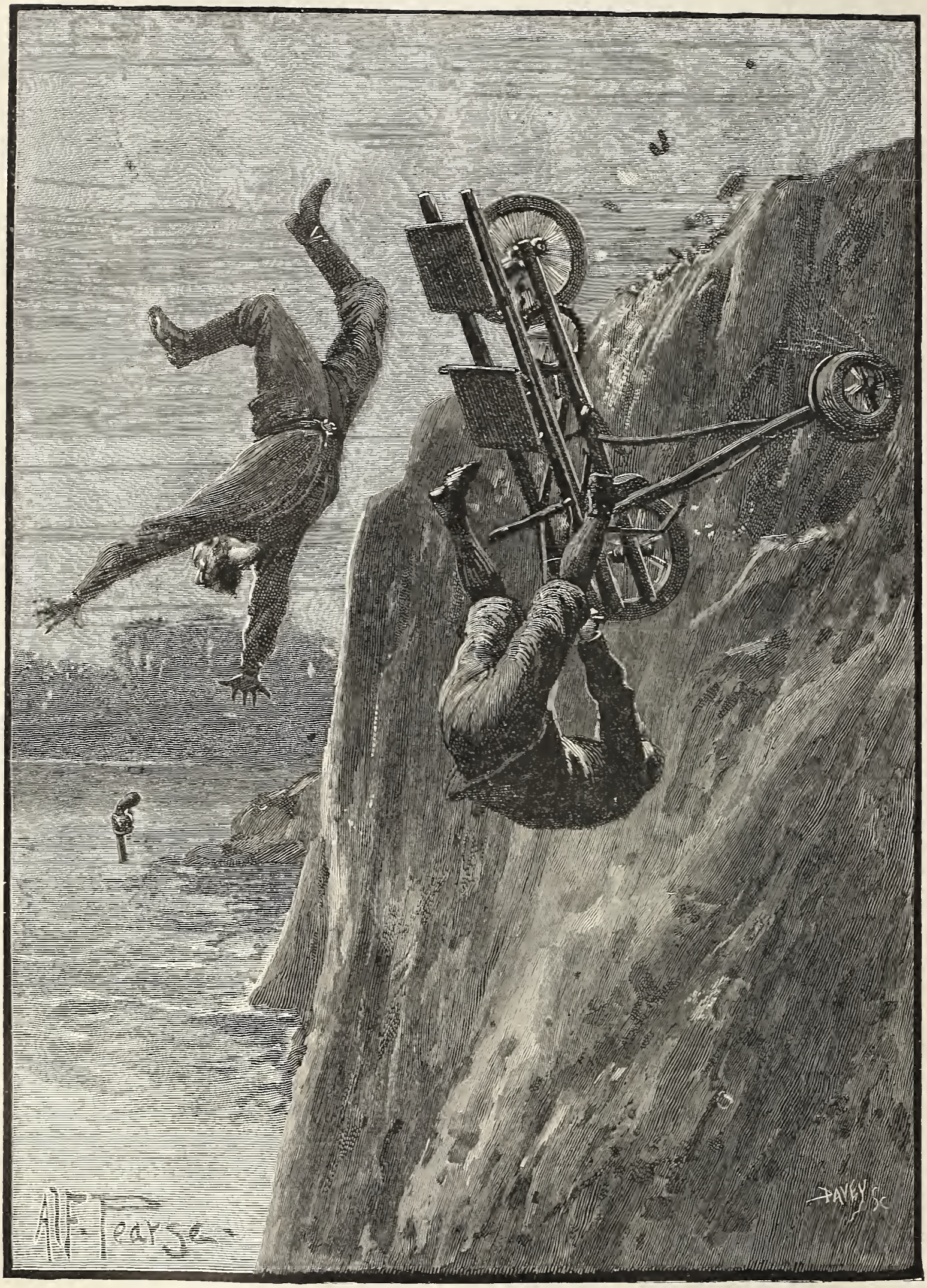
"All right!" roared the King; "but be quick about it, or I may break down your walls!" A moment later he raised his enormous foot for a kick, yelling: "Are you not ready yet?"

Then the priest opened the door, and said, solemnly, "Begone, King of Night and Winter! Sampo Lappelill is under my protection, and he shall never be yours!"

Upon this, the King flew into such a violent passion that he exploded in a great storm of snow and wind. The flakes fell and fell, until the snow reached the roof of the priest's house, so that everyone inside it expected to be buried alive. But as soon as the sun rose, the snow began to melt, and all was well. The Mountain-King had completely vanished, and no one knows exactly what became of him, although some think that he is still reigning on Rastekaïs.

Sampo thanked the priest heartily for his kindness, and begged, as an additional favour, the loan of a sledge. To this sledge the boy harnessed the golden-antlered reindeer, and drove home to his parents, who were exceedingly glad to see him.

How Sampo became a great man, who fed his reindeer with golden oats out of a silver manger, is too lengthy a story to tell now.



"C-R-A-S-H!"

(*See page* 486.)

An Unwelcome Passenger.

By F. H. F. Mercer.

I FELT the want of exercise one June evening — real muscle-trying work, that would loosen my joints and dispel the cob-webs that several days of close confinement had woven in my brain. The lake was still covered by cakes of rotten ice, hence rowing was quite out of the question; walking, even, was unpleasant, for the warm sun of the Canadian spring-time had not yet rid the earth of its moisture and converted the sticky clay into all-pervading, choking dust. Riding, also, was undesirable, for my horse was a short stepper and a born mud-slinger, who could plant a clod in my mouth or eyes, alternately, at every other stride. Exercise I must have, but how to get it was the question.

"You had better take the road-master's velocipede and run a few miles up the line," suggested the local "boss" of the quarter-horse railway that started from our shabby little town, and, after wandering through a sparsely settled district for seventy miles and more, terminated *nowhere* in the "bush."

I had never ridden a railway velocipede, but was quite willing to make the experiment; so soon the funnily shaped contrivance was pulled out of its shed and being bolted together on the track. One had to sit straddle-legged on a contrivance that was set above two ordinary, but light, car-wheels. There was a handle-bar to pull, while one shoved forward with one's feet, and underneath was the machinery by which the velocipede could be geared up so that greater speed might be attained. This motor portion was kept on the tracks by a balance-wheel that was attached by a bar to the main body. Once seated, and with the concern in motion, it would be almost impossible to dismount, for the swinging handle-bar would be bound to strike no inconsiderable blows on one's chest, the left leg would be mixed among the cross-bars, and a sort of seat behind effectually prevented one's slipping off backwards. It was a trap, no doubt of it.

After listening to sundry warnings as to passing "sidings" slowly, as the "frogs" of the "V" were apt to derail the machine, and to balance well inwards when "taking a curve," somebody gave me a starting push and I was off, pulling and pushing with feet and hands up the steep grade of the outward track.

"HARK! WAS THAT AN ENGINE WHISTLING?"

The wheels rumbled and roared as the velocipede gathered speed, and, as I applied increasing force, it rolled along at a pleasant rate. Still, the grade was against me, and there would be a climb of more than a half-mile before a level run could be had. As I warmed to the work an exhilaration stole upon me, and the blood surged through my veins as I applied more and more strength to the motor, and the 'pede fairly flew as we took the level track.

Hark! Was that an engine whistling?

Surely not, for the only train is sweeping many miles away, heading in the same direction as myself. But the roar of the wheels is quite sufficient to drown any ordinary sound, so it is but wise to stop and listen.

Aouw ! I had forgotten the swinging handle-bar, and it had knocked nearly all the "wind" out of me. While I am striving to catch breath again, the speed of the machine has slackened. I apply the brake and listen. Pshaw ! It was not the whistle of a locomotive that I heard, but the "Canadian nightingales," the pond-frogs, screaming and shrieking from every patch of wet pasture land and each tiny pool. My favourite dish, frogs' legs, should be on every table this spring, if the noisy chorus be any criterion by which to judge the number of the owners of the voices.

Then I roll on again with steady strokes, covering at least twelve miles an hour, between fields at first, and later by the lake-side, with cliffs rising sheer overhead on the one hand, and the surging roll of the blue water, glistening with ice-cakes, on the other. Out on the water a fire's light is glimmering where some voyagers have camped for the night on the tiny islet, that looks as if it had been placed by some giant hand in the bosom of the lake. And beyond is a steamer, sighing as it struggles with the huge raft of timber, cut in the wilds of the northland, and destined for use in many climes. Evening is come, and now the shadows fall dark across the track. Clinkety-clank ! c-l-i-n-k-e-t-y-clank ! we rumble and roll along.

The rhythmic, regular sound lends one to thought, and a white face that has haunted me through several days rises unbidden in my mind's eyes : the face of the broken-hearted woman that I had seen, staring with tearless eyes on the dead face of the husband she had lost by a murderer's hand, whilst he had been discharging his duty as a constable. Strange, it seemed, that the guilty man should have eluded his pursuers for so long a time ! The whole countryside had been roused in pursuit for two weeks past, yet no trace of the fugitive could be found. He must have left the country, people said ; for how could man elude so diligent a search ? And so they had returned to their homes, and the wonder of nine days was nearly forgotten.

I had traversed a dozen miles of track, and now the bridge over Benbridge Creek is ahead, with the first station yet beyond it. This has been thirsty work, so I put on brakes and ask the station-master for a glass of water. As I rest on the bench beside him, the isolated man inquires for the latest news, and especially whether Pelly's murderer has been captured. Then he gives his views as to what has become of the miscreant, in the full conviction that his theories are the only ones tenable.

"You are not going farther, are you, sir ?" he asks, as I climb to my seat again. Yes, the fever for exercise is on me, and I will go yet farther to-night. Then I bid him good-bye, and roll on again into the gathering gloom.

But a mile or two from the station is a level, straight stretch of nearly a mile in length. Half of it is passed, when I observe a man sitting by the track's side and signalling to me to stop. "A train ahead !" is my immediate thought, and this man has been sent to warn me of its approach. An unlikely thing in this wilderness, to be sure, but what else could one suppose ?

"STARING WITH TEARLESS EYES ON THE DEAD FACE."

The machine had barely stopped as I

came abreast of the man, a by no means prepossessing specimen of humanity, *that* even the dying light enabled me to see. But what had I to fear? I was not of the kind that is easily terrified by a villainous face and burly frame.

"There's a train coming down, mister," said he; "I heard it whistling as you came in sight and thought I'd better stop you."

As he spoke he stepped towards me, then, quick as thought, he gave the 'pede a violent push and vaulted on the seat behind me, hissing in my startled ear:—

"Pump her, hang you; pump! Pump as if all the demons abroad were after you, or they soon will be, for I'll let daylight through you—like I did that cussed fool that thought he could 'rest me—if you don't run me to 'the portage' this night. I'm not going to be hunted like a dog no longer; so pump, hang you, pump!"

Something round and cold, I could feel, was being pressed into the small of my back. Poor Pelly had been shot to death, and the murderer escaped with his weapon; so it did not need much prescience to divine that it was a pistol I felt. Nor could there be any doubt but that this was the life-taking wretch himself who was seated behind me.

The shock of surprise numbed my senses for some instants, but not sufficiently to prevent my obeying the orders of my unwelcome passenger. Soon the horrors of the situation dawned upon me, and the blood ran cold in my veins. This miscreant must have been in hiding so close to the scene of his crime that suspicion of his presence had been disarmed. Now he had decided it was time to break away, and was it likely that I, the witness to the direction of his flight, would be alive when the morrow dawned to set pursuers on his track? Scarcely!

His life was forfeited now, and that he knew to a certainty; what would the sacrifice of another life be to him, if by a second murder his wretched neck could be saved a stretching? Nothing! I was to be driven, at his pistol's mouth, to carry him throughout the night, until the point nearest the river had been reached, where he could cross into another province, and, mixing with the hordes of semi-civilized river-men, elude pursuit for ever. Then, or when exhaustion overcame my usefulness as a machine, he would shoot me.

Clinkety-clank! Clinkety-clank!

"Pump her, hang you, pump!"

There was no escape for me that I could see. In front was the swaying bar, that was now plunging with force sufficient to break one's ribs, for as a relief to my pent-up feelings, I worked with desperate strokes. Behind was my master, close against me, his guilty weapon in hand. I could not throw myself to the right, for the stringers of the balance-wheel would hamper and catch my left leg. The same bars would make it impossible for me to get clear by falling between the rails. What could I do?

Clinkety-clank! Clinkety-clank!

"You're doing pretty well, mister," said a voice at my back, "and I don't mean to be too hard on you. Take it a bit easier now, for you've got to pump her fifty miles to-night, and I don't want to over-drive you at the start."

Fifty miles! Merciful God! Already the perspiration was rolling from every pore, and I could feel that my strength was being spent. Clinkety-clank! Surely there must be some way out of this horrible mess! Had it come to this, that I was so completely entrapped by an ignorant, slow-witted scoundrel—I, who had so prided myself on my readiness and subtlety? It seemed so. Clinkety-clank!

There was no escape for me! How my very soul cried out in revolt against being forced like an ox to the shambles.

"Pump her, hang you! No monkey tricks now, or I'll shoot. Mind that."

Clinkety-clank! I tried to pray, but the words would not form in my brain, and I could only think of the girl, far away over the seas, who was waiting and watching for me. Poor little girl! How she would grieve when they told her her lover was dead, murdered in far-off Canada, killed by an unknown hand.

Clinkety-clank!

We fly past a gloomy station, and from an upper window a faint light glimmers through the curtain.

"Don't you halloa now, mister, or I'll shoot. Don't let a squeak out o' you if you want to be healthy."

The pistol's muzzle is pushed yet nearer into my back as the tormentor utters the warning. We roll past some cars on the siding, and on again by the main track. They are early bed-goers, these people, and there is no help to hope for.

Clinkety-clank!

"Stop her!" said my passenger, sharply. "Stay quiet where you are while I have a drink. You move and I shoot! Mind that, now."

"NO MONKEY TRICKS, NOW, OR I'LL SHOOT."

He seemed to pull a bottle from some part of his clothing, and I could hear the gurgle of the liquor as it trickled from the bottle's neck and down his throat. The fumes of the worst and rankest "forty-rod"* whisky poisoned the air as he pushed the bottle under my nose and said: "Take a drink, you'll want it 'fore you're through."

I refused.

"Take it, blow you! Do you think I'll take any talk from you? Drink, or I'll fix you right here."

"I'll not drink with a murderer. Shoot!"

"It's time enough to fix you when I get through with you, and if you won't drink, why I'll drink for both."

Then we went on. Weariness was asserting itself, and I could scarce force the doubly weighted 'pede up the grade of the hill.

Clinkety-clank!

Over the brow of the hill was a steep downgrade, into a valley where another station was. It had grown a little lighter now, and there seemed to be cars on both track and siding. Did my tormentor notice this? He sat behind, so it was possible that he did not. Here, then, was a possibility of escape. I could but die once; was it not better, then, to meet death of my own volition now, than when, his slave being utterly exhausted and, therefore, useless to him, the wretch behind me should please to take my life? Yes, it would be better, far. Summoning all my remaining strength, I forced the velocipede down the grade until it fairly flew over the rails, and the clink and clank of the wheels was merged into a roar as we swept along.

Now my tormentor saw the danger, and, with a scream of fear, called to me to stop. But I was desperate and noticed him not.

"Stop her, or I'll shoot!" he screamed.

"Shoot!" I replied, and forced the machine along at fearsome speed.

The station was built by the side of a small river that flowed far below over its stony bed. A bridge crossed, and the station was at its farther end. We are on the bridge now, and it is but a choice of deaths—to be dashed to pieces against the cars that block both tracks, or to fall on the rocks, a hundred feet below.

"Stop her! Stop her!" screamed my passenger, but I only set my teeth and work the handles harder in reply. He was a coward at heart, for he screamed with fear, and begged and implored of me to stop the speed. But I could not, and I would not. My mind was made up to meet death there and then.

The 'pede roars on, devouring space. Twenty feet, fifteen, ten, five——C-r-a-s-h!

When I recovered my senses it was to find myself tenderly cared for in a city hospital. How I had escaped instant death nobody has ever been able to tell, for I was found in the water at the foot of the cliff. My unwelcome passenger was dead, his skull crushed in where he had struck against a rock. My injuries were very serious ones, but a cheque for $1,000, the reward for the delivery of the murderer, dead or alive, helped to heal them.

* So named owing to its reputed ability to kill a healthy mule forty rods away!

The Russian Coronation.

By Charles S. Pelham-Clinton.

[*The following article has been prepared with the special permission and approval of the Emperor and Empress of Russia.*]

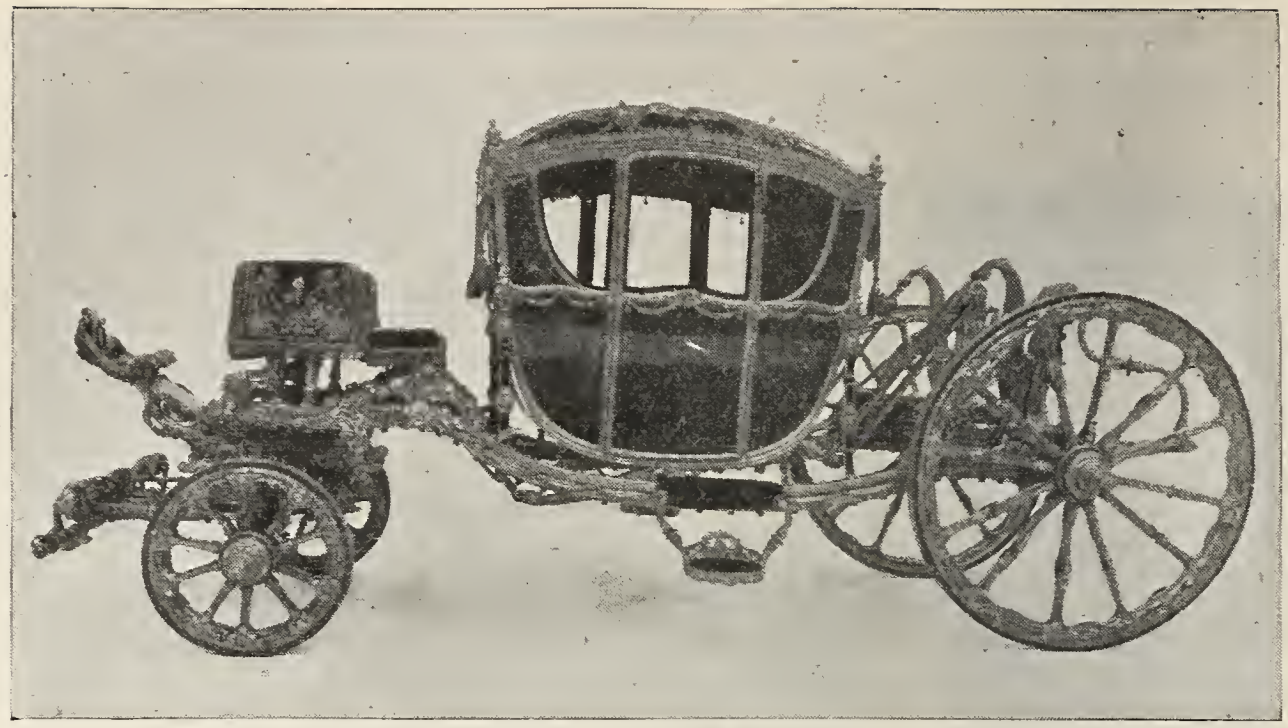
THE purpose of these pages is to give an account of a visit to Russia, made chiefly with the object of getting some information about the ceremonies which are about to take place in Moscow and St. Petersburg in connection with the coronation of the Czar, and to inspect the Royal stables and palaces; and the facilities accorded to me, owing to the gracious permission of the Czar, enable me to lay before the reader what is, I believe, the first tolerably complete description of the Court of Russia.

One of the sights of St. Petersburg is the museum of Imperial carriages, for not only do they form the most remarkable collection in the world, but twenty-four of them will be seen in the procession at the coming festivities. Among the most interesting is a double-seated carriage made by Buckindale, a London builder, in 1793, for the Empress Catherine II., which was restored in 1826 and 1856 to take part in the coronation processions of those years (No. 1). One of the most beautiful is another double-seated carriage, also built in England, and presented in 1795 by Prince Orloff to the Empress Catherine II. (No. 2). It took part in the coronation festivities of Nicholas I. and Alexander II., being used on both these occasions for the maids of honour, and in 1883 it was again restored for the coronation of Alexander III., being used by two of the Grand Duchesses. The panels on its sides represent Abundance, Industry, Commerce, the Trades, etc., and there are Cupids scattering flowers, while on the back is a picture of Apollo and the Muses. Close by are still two more carriages, built by Buckindale for Catherine II. The first (No. 3) is a four-seated one,

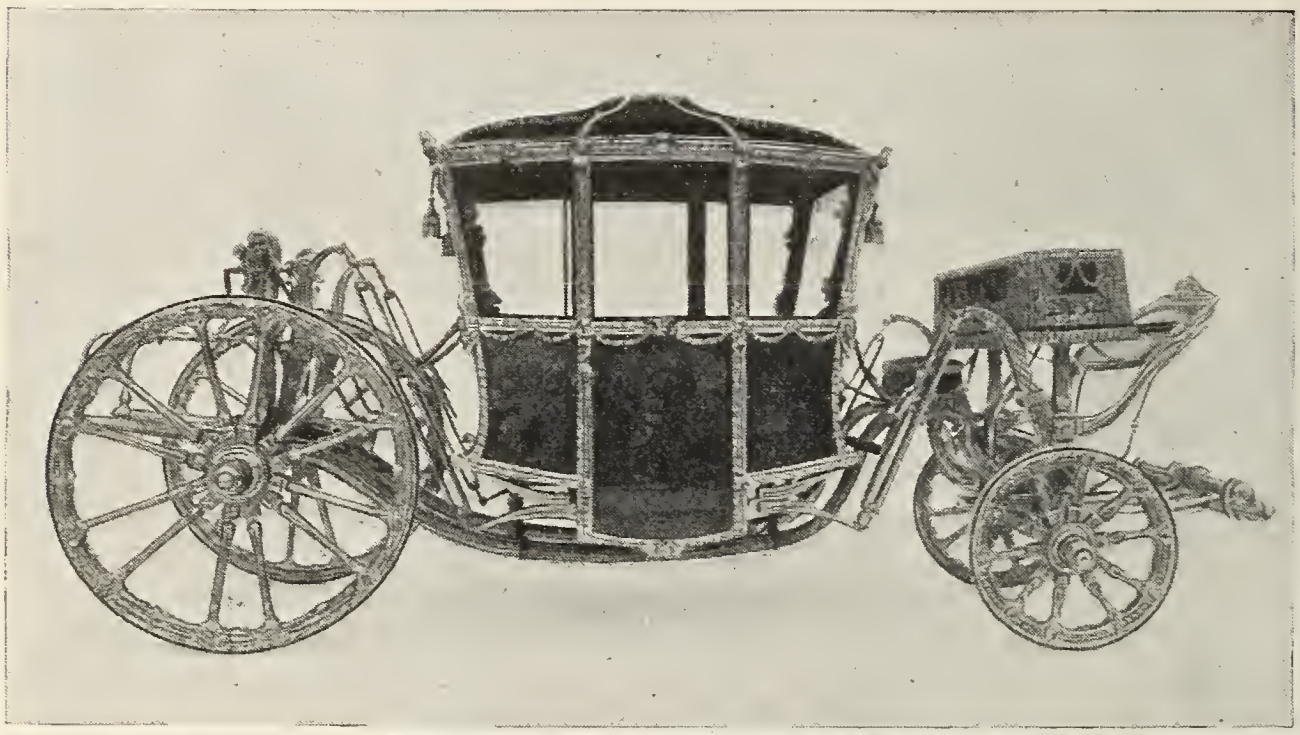
NO. 1.—CATHERINE II.'S CARRIAGE. USED IN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.

NO. 2.—THE ORLOFF CARRIAGE—THE FIRST INDIARUBBER-TIRED CARRIAGE IN THE WORLD USED IN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.

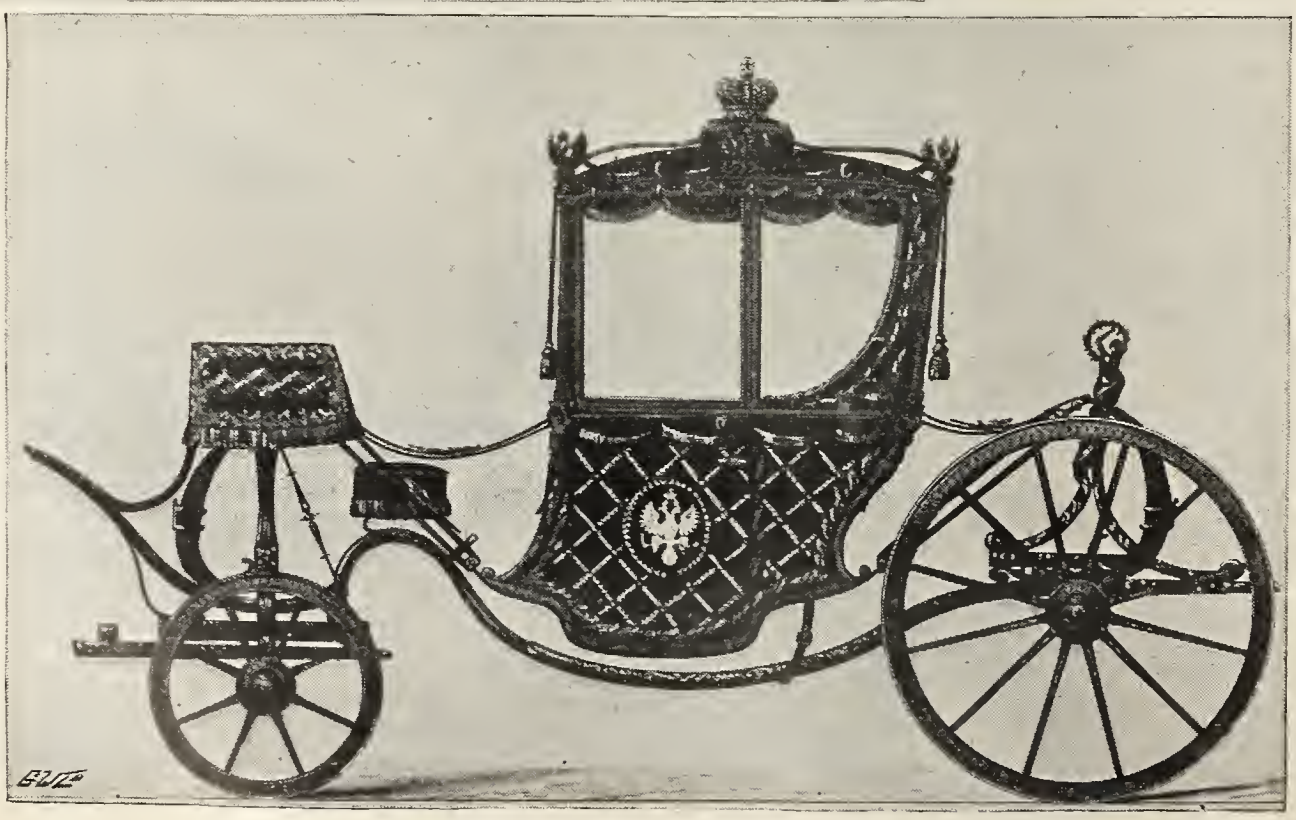
the paintings on its panels being by Watteau; the carving on the wheels and under-carriage is superb, that under the box-seat being equal to anything I have seen anywhere. It was restored in 1856, and was used by the Grand Duchesses Olga Nikolayevna and Helena Paelovna in that year, and by the Queen of Greece in 1883 at the coronation of Alexander III. The panels of the other (No. 4) are from the hand of Gravelot, and are very fine works of art; on the front is Venus issuing from the water, on the left is the shepherd Paris with his flock, on the right is Juno, and the back panel represents Olympus, with the Empress Catherine dispensing peace and prosperity. It is lined with velvet, brocaded with point d'Espagne in gold, and was used at the coronations of 1856 and 1883. By the great kindness of Baron Fréedéricksz, the Master of the Horse, to whose courtesy those who read the portion of this article dealing with the Royal stables, etc., are largely indebted for the facilities given me, and also for the illustrations, I am able to give a photograph of the Royal carriage which will be used at the coronation of their present



NO. 3.—THE WATTEAU CARRIAGE. USED IN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.



NO. 4.—THE VENUS CARRIAGE. USED IN THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS.

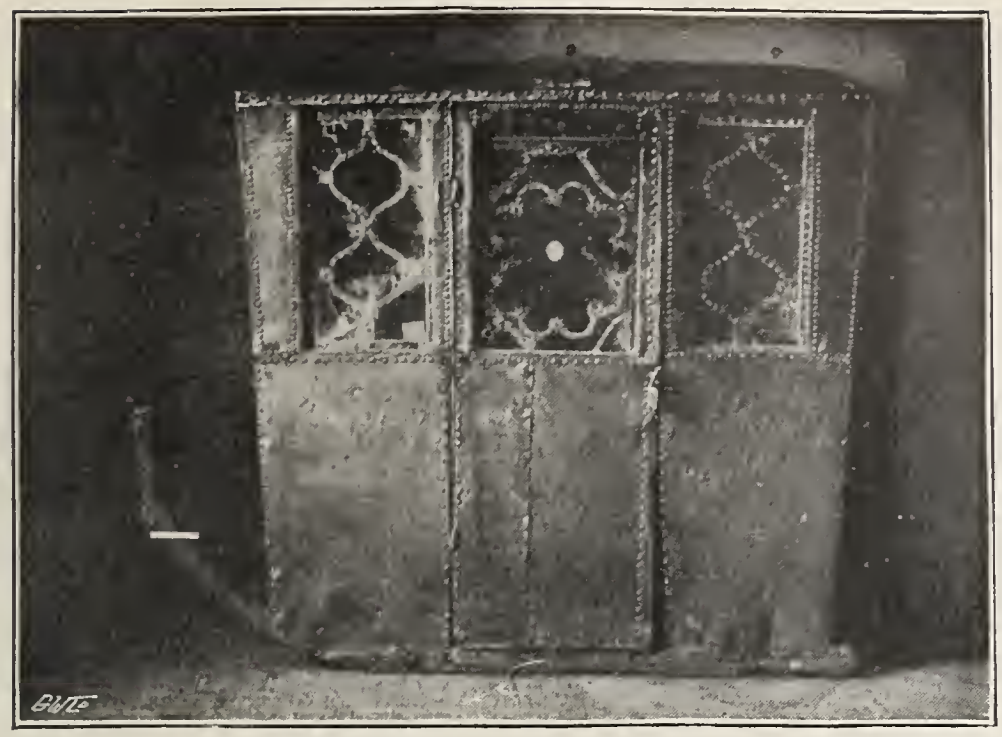


NO. 5.—THE ACTUAL CORONATION CARRIAGE USED BY THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

Majesties, and though, perhaps, it is not so gorgeous as some of those used in the past, for perfection of appointment it will eclipse them all (No. 5).

The harness which will be used on the occasion has been made in Paris, there being twenty-two sets for six horses each, and two sets for eight horses each, the two latter being for the carriages to be used by the Empress and Dowager Empress. This harness is all made of red Morocco leather with white stitching, and the saddles of the outriders are of similar materials, while their stirrups are of chased and gilded bronze. The saddle-cloths are covered with gold lace, with a design of the Russian arms, which is freely used on all parts of the harness; and each of the 148 horses will have on its head a plume of white ostrich feathers.

Although it will not appear in the procession, one of the most interesting exhibits in the museum is the sleigh of Peter the Great, built by himself, which is in exactly the same condition as when last used by him (No. 6); to prevent the ravages of time it is wisely inclosed in a glass case.



NO. 6.—PETER THE GREAT'S SLEIGH.

While on the subject of carriages, I would mention several which are used personally by the Czar, and which when I saw them were at the Peterhof Palace, a favourite summer residence about nineteen miles from St. Petersburg. One of these is His Majesty's troïka (No. 7), driven by the State coachman in Russian costume, his hat having a small crown and a peacock's feather round it. The carriage is a well-hung victoria, being, I suppose, more comfortable than a drosky, and, of course, has indiarubber tires. Three superb grey stallions were harnessed to this in Russian style, the shaft horse being a grand stepper. I succeeded in getting a good photograph of this, and also a snap-shot of it in motion, moving at about sixteen miles an hour. The shaft horse trots, and never breaks his pace; the side horses gallop, and have only one rein each, and hold their heads outwards, as will be seen in No. 8; of course they had bells on each throat-lash. It was one of the prettiest sights possible, and the pace they went at was certainly marvellous.

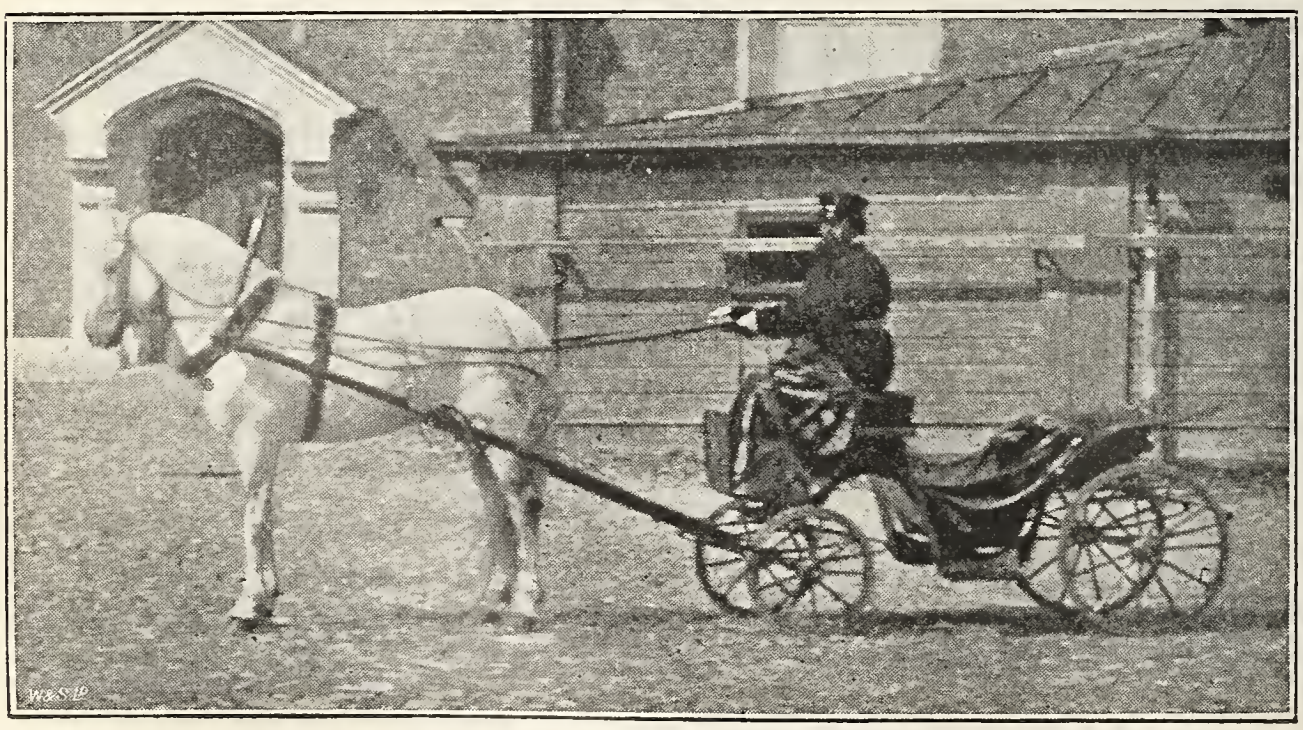
NO. 7.—THE CZAR'S TROÏKA.

NO. 8.—THE CZAR'S TROÏKA—SHOWING THE PECULIAR ACTION OF THE HORSES, THE SHAFT-HORSE TROTTING, AND THE SIDE HORSES GALLOPING.

The Czar's drosky (No. 9) was the next thing to look at, it having harnessed to it an almost pure white stallion, with tremendous action, and a very fast mover. His Majesty's pair drosky, too, was a very handsome turn-out, and the Empress's tcherna, or pony carriage, with a pair of neat brown cobs, was very smart. With such a limited space at my command, I must at once go on to the palace.

No monarch has such a choice of magnificent palaces at his disposal as the Czar of Russia, and it is not as if there were simply one or two huge piles of bricks and mortar and a number of insignificant ones, but each is a palace in the true sense of the word; and not only are the exteriors worthy of the name, but the interiors also are as magnificent as the mind of man can conceive. Of course they are not all in St. Petersburg, but many of them are within a short distance.

One of the most beautiful of the country palaces of the Czar is that at Peterhof, for though it is very poor from an architectural point of view, the situation and surroundings surpass any of the others. It was commenced in 1720 by Peter the Great, but every succeeding Emperor has made additions or alterations of some kind or another. The interior is well worthy of a prolonged inspection, as there are some beautiful tapestries and very fine

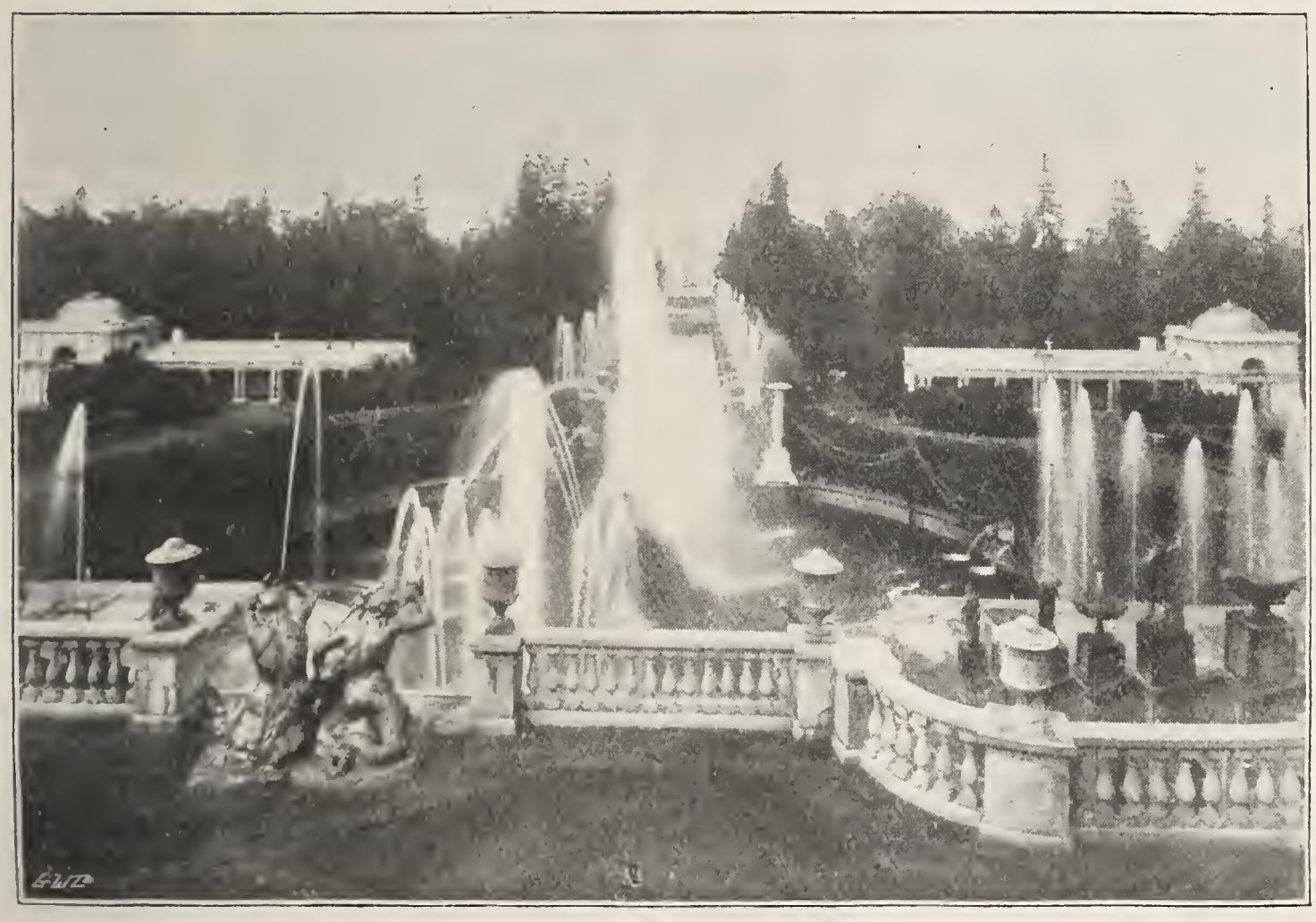


NO. 9.—THE CZAR'S SINGLE DROSKY

pictures; but it is the gardens stretching from the palace down to the sea, and some two thousand acres in extent, that specially attract one's attention. They are the most beautiful I have ever seen, and the innumerable fountains, waterfalls, and watercourses equal, if they do not surpass, those at Versailles.

Directly in front of the palace is the far-famed fountain called "Samson" (No. 10), beautiful in design, and having close behind it a *jet d'eau* that sends the water close on 100ft. into the air. The innumerable tritons, wild beasts, and vases that surround the central figure of Samson eject the water into the canal that flows towards the sea, on its sides being a succession of *jets d'eau* in various forms. I should have said that "Samson" is a huge bronze figure, wrenching open the jaws of a lion, whence emerges a large stream of water. Two remarkable fountains are called "Adam" and "Eve," from the figures that form their central portions; they are at some distance apart, but looking towards each other. The Golden Staircase makes a most beautiful cascade when in full play, and the Narcissus fountain is another very fine one. Every turn reveals a lovely bit of scenery; perhaps the sea, or perchance a glimpse of placid lakes; then what might be a nook in an ancient forest, and, just beyond, a succession of rushing, roaring cataracts, foaming and falling from rocks that apparently have been in their present position so long as the world has been; and yet every piece is the work of man's hand, commenced by Peter the Great, every successive Sovereign having added something to its beauty.

Mon Plaisir (No. 11) is a smaller châlet in the garden, and was one of Peter the Great's favourite places, but that which he liked best of all was Marly, a small building on the banks of a pond teeming with fish that answer to the custodian's call, and come swimming to the side for bread. Inside is the room Peter used, with his furniture as it stood in his time. Of course, there are numberless pieces of carving said to be his work, but my stay in Russia, I confess, made me rather sceptical as to the authenticity of ninety-nine pieces out of every hundred, as so numerous are they, and many so elaborate, that if he had lived to the age of Methuselah, and done nothing else but make watches and carve images, etc., he would not have accomplished one-quarter of the work ascribed to him. It was at Mon Plaisir that the Empress Elizabeth used to amuse herself by cooking her own dinner, and while the fact is related, and her utensils exhibited, history says nothing of the results.



NO. 10.—THE SAMSON FOUNTAIN AT PETERHOF.

The eyes of Europe have been recently turned on the Tsarkoë Seloe (No. 12), another of the summer palaces of the Emperor, as it

NO. 11.—PETER THE GREAT'S CHÀLET, MON PLAISIR, ST. PETERSBURG.

was there that the birth of the first child took place, and great as the rejoicing was at the birth of a daughter, it would undoubtedly have been ten times greater had it been a son. Beautiful and comfortable as Peterhof is, this palace in every way exceeds it in architectural effect. The approach to the big flight of stairs leading to the front door is wide and handsome, and the building is far more massive and filling to the eye than that of Peterhof or any of the other summer palaces. The façade is of tremendous extent, being no less than 800ft. in length, and, at one time, the whole of the statues and numberless columns with which it is adorned were gilded. Even a Russian monarch could not stand the enormous expense entailed by the ravages of time, and the gilding was done away with. What the effect must have been then it is hard to imagine, as even now the building is unique, nothing that I have ever seen in the world approaching it. There is no uniformity of style of architecture: it is simply a conglomeration of every imaginable style of ancient and modern times made into one huge pile, with a succession of outbuildings, bridges, châlets of every kind and description, indiscriminately placed amidst woods, lakes, ponds, and running water. Some of the interior apartments must

NO. 12.—THE CZAR'S SUMMER PALACE, TSARKOË SELOE, ST. PETERSBURG.

be ranked amongst the most gorgeous in the world. Imagine a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl in huge floral designs, the walls of the room being a mass of *lapis lazuli*, and you have one of these rooms. Then let smokers who glory in the ownership of an amber cigar-holder, or who fondly look upon the mouth-piece of a pipe, conceive a room panelled with "the foam of the sea" in beautiful designs, and with the arms of Frederick the Great and Catherine's initials.

As in the days of David and Solomon silver and gold were accounted nothing, so in the days of Catherine II. malachite and *lapis lazuli* were trifles as little worthy of consideration as Portland stone and Peterhead granite are in England, for vast statues, pillars, doorways, and mantelpieces of both are to be seen in rich profusion in the palaces and art collections of St. Petersburg.

Coming back to the capital, however, the principal palace there is the Winter Palace Perron des Ambassadeurs, is superb, being entirely of pure white Carrara marble. The chapel, where the Czar was married, contains countless *ikons*, or holy pictures, studded with jewels of immense value. The Alexander Hall; the Golden Hall, with its gorgeous Byzantine decorations; the White Hall, with its enormous collection of gold and silver plaques presented to the late Emperor; the Drawing-room of the Empress Alexandra, the walls of which are covered with frescoes of great beauty after Raphael, and whose ceilings and doors seem almost to be overlaid with gold; the Concert Hall, all these are worthy of pages of description. But the finest apartment of all is the Throne Room, or St. George's Hall, measuring 140ft. long by 60ft. wide. Its roof is supported by beautiful Corinthian columns, and it is lighted by ten huge candelabra of silver gilt, of exquisite design and workmanship. The Order of St. George and the Dragon appears in many of

NO. 13.—THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

(No. 13), a huge building on the banks of the River Neva. It is an immense pile of granite, 455ft. long by 350ft. wide, and its size can perhaps be better understood when I say that no fewer than 6,000 people are in residence there during the Emperor's stay. A fully detailed account of this palace would fill a good many numbers of THE STRAND, so I can only mention some of the chief halls. The principal staircase, the the designs which adorn the walls and ceiling, St. George being the patron saint of Russia.

With such a brief glance I must leave the new capital, and get to Moscow, the ancient seat of the Government of All the Russias, which is soon to witness the most splendid coronation festivities on record.

Those who have not visited Moscow can have no true conception of that marvellous city, and I fear the task of describing it in

such a manner as to give a realistic idea of only part is quite beyond my pen. To commence with, word-painting and photographs alike fail to describe the wonderful mass of colour, almost rainbow-like in effect, that is produced by the innumerable domes and spires which meet the eye at every turn. The marvellous clearness of the air, and the utter absence of smoke, enable one to see the outlines as well as the colours with wonderful distinctness—for it is not alone the prismatic hues of the domes and spires, but also their extraordinary and fantastic shapes, which together make a spectacle unequalled even in the East.

It is not with Moscow itself and its beauties that I must deal, but with the coming coronation of the Czar and Czarina, and with the palaces and the churches connected with the ceremony, most of which are situated inside the Kremlin (No. 14).

the old centre of Government, its walls inclose some of the principal Russian palaces, and the three most holy churches of Holy Russia.

Perhaps the best view of the Kremlin is obtained from the banks of the River Moskva, from the pool where, every year, the ceremony of blessing the waters takes place, as, though it does not give one an idea of its beauties, it shows the size of the palace better, perhaps, than any other, and also the old walls with their numerous towers that form the boundary of the Kremlin.

In the Kremlin is the Cathedral of the Assumption (No. 16), where the actual ceremony of the coronation takes place. This church is, perhaps, a little disappointing in respect of size, for, as Dean Stanley says, it is more of a chapel than a cathedral. No one who enters it can, however, fail to be impressed with the solemnity of the place; the relics

NO. 14.—THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

The Kremlin was originally an inclosed space where the reigning Prince and his immediate Court dwelt. It has been several times almost destroyed by fire, the last occasion being so recently as 1812, during the Napoleonic war, but it has always been rebuilt, and holds now as strong a place in the affections and religious veneration of the Russian nation as it ever did. Besides being

of past Emperors and Metropolitans, of soldiers who have helped to make history, the *ikons* incrusted with jewels of almost incalculable value, and the fact that in this church the Autocrats of All the Russias have been successively crowned, give a feeling of veneration, made the more forcible by the sombre light that enters through the narrow windows. One of the

NO. 15.—THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION. IN THE MIDDLE IS THE DAÏS ON WHICH THE CORONATION TAKES PLACE.

most valuable *ikons* is that of the Virgin of Vladimir, said to have been painted by St. Luke, and to have miraculous powers, the jewels with which it is incrusted being worth over £50,000. Those of the Blessed Virgin of Jerusalem, and of the Saviour, painted by the Emperor Manuel, are also very valuable.

In the centre of the nave is a platform, or daïs (No. 15), on which have been crowned the monarchs of Russia ever since Ivan the Terrible. On the occasion of the coronation it will be covered with crimson cloth, and round it is a heavy gilded railing. On this platform are placed the throne of the Emperor and Empress, a photograph of the former of which I was fortunate enough to obtain. This throne stands, as a rule, in the Treasury, and is a most beautiful piece of workmanship, being a mass of gold filagree studded with jewels. Beside it on the platform is placed the throne of the Empress, which will be one of those used at the coronation of some of

NO. 16.—THE EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

the previous Czars. On entering the church, the Czar and Czarina are met by the Metropolitan, and after devotional exercises before the altar, their Majesties ascend the daïs, and seat themselves on their respective thrones. The Czar then places on his shoulders the Imperial robes, which are presented to him on cushions. The Metropolitan next presents the Czar with the crown, which he, contrary to any other monarch of Europe, places on his own head, for in Russia the ruler is not only head of the Empire, but of the Church as well. He is then presented with the sceptre, and seats himself on the throne. After a short pause he lays aside the sceptre, and after touching the forehead of the Empress with his own crown, he re-assumes it; then, taking the crown of the Empress in his hand, she kneeling before him, he places it on her head, her coronation robe is next placed on her shoulders, and she is invested with the collar of the Order of St. Andrew. A prayer is then offered by the Metropolitan, everybody except the Czar kneeling, and immediately afterwards their Majesties descend from the daïs, and proceeding to the doors of the *ikonostase*, or sacred screen, the ceremony of anointing takes place. The Czar then passes into the sanctuary through the doors in the *ikonostase*, on which are *ikons* of the four evangelists, and receives the Holy Communion inside, the Czarina partaking of the holy rite at the place where she was consecrated, for no women are admitted behind the screen. This being over, the procession is re-formed, the Church of the Annunciation, near by, is

NO. 17.—THE ENTRANCE TO THE RED STAIRCASE.

NO. 18.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

visited, and a return is made by the Red Staircase (No. 17) into the St. Andrew's Hall of the palace, where the Czar receives his guests.

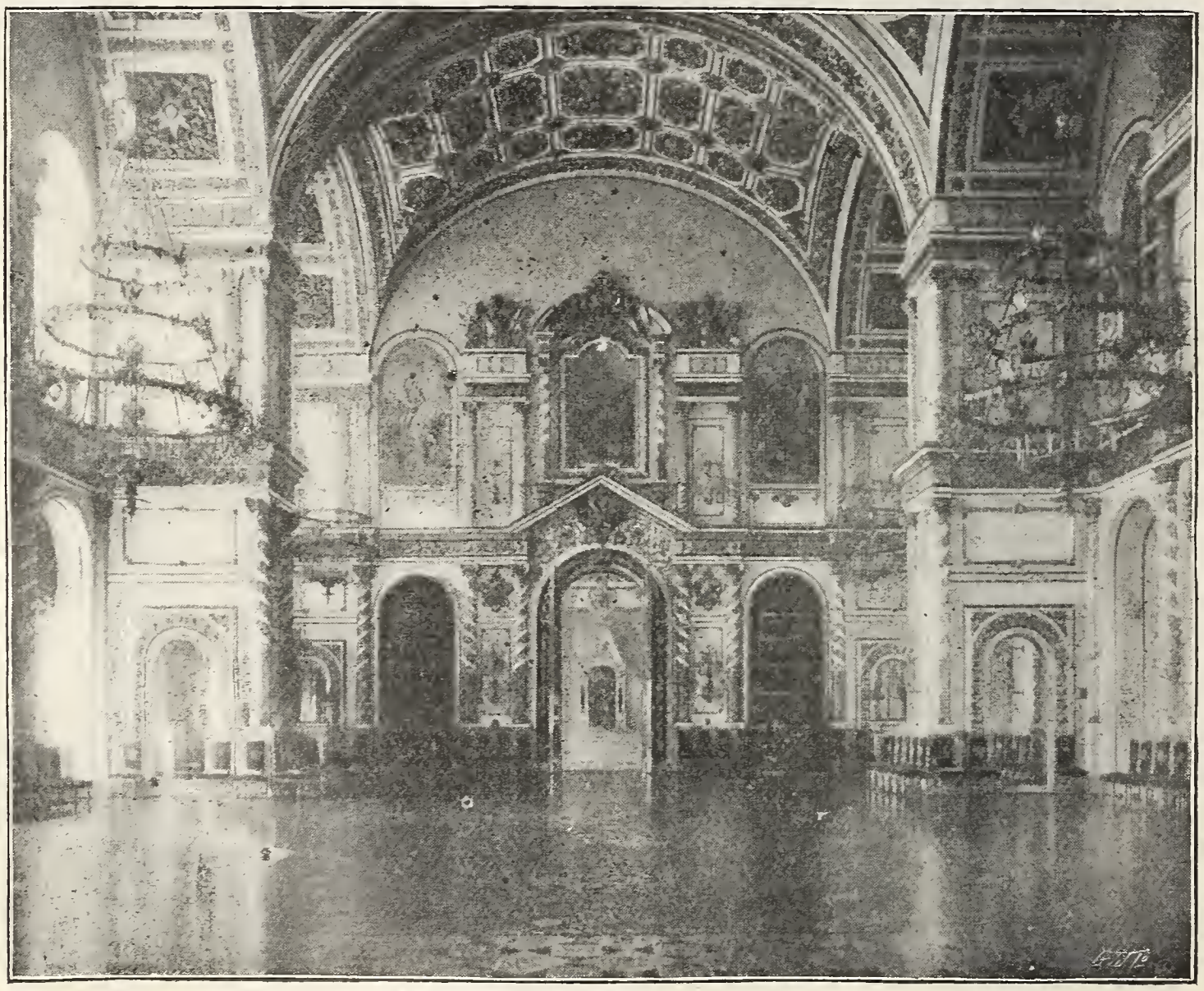
Before the coronation their Majesties and the suite assemble in the St. George's Hall (No. 18), a truly magnificent apartment, dedicated to the Order of St. George, which Catherine II. founded. The furniture is tapestried in the colours of the Order (black and orange), and on the pillars are the names of the regiments and persons decorated with the Order since its foundation. The long windows look out on to a red balcony overhanging the walls of the Kremlin and the river. Along this balcony the Emperor and Empress proceed

NO. 19.—ST. ANDREW'S HALL, WITH THE EMPEROR'S THRONE.

NO. 20.—ST. CATHERINE HALL, WITH THRONE ON WHICH THE EMPRESS RECEIVES HOMAGE AFTER THE CORONATION.

round the corner of the building, down what is called the Red Staircase, and thence to the Cathedral of the Assumption, which I have already endeavoured to describe.

Beautiful as is the St. George's Hall, that of St. Andrew (No. 19) eclipses it in every way; it is about 175ft. long by 70ft. wide, and 60ft. high, and its walls are hung with blue-watered silk, the colour of the Order of St. Andrew, which is, by the way, the oldest in Russia, having been founded by Peter I. in 1698. The Emperor's throne stands at the end, and is supported by the heraldic device of the Romanoff family, two griffins; it is approached by several steps, and stands under a canopy on which are the arms of Russia, the same device being on the



NO. 21.—THE ALEXANDER NEVSKI HALL.

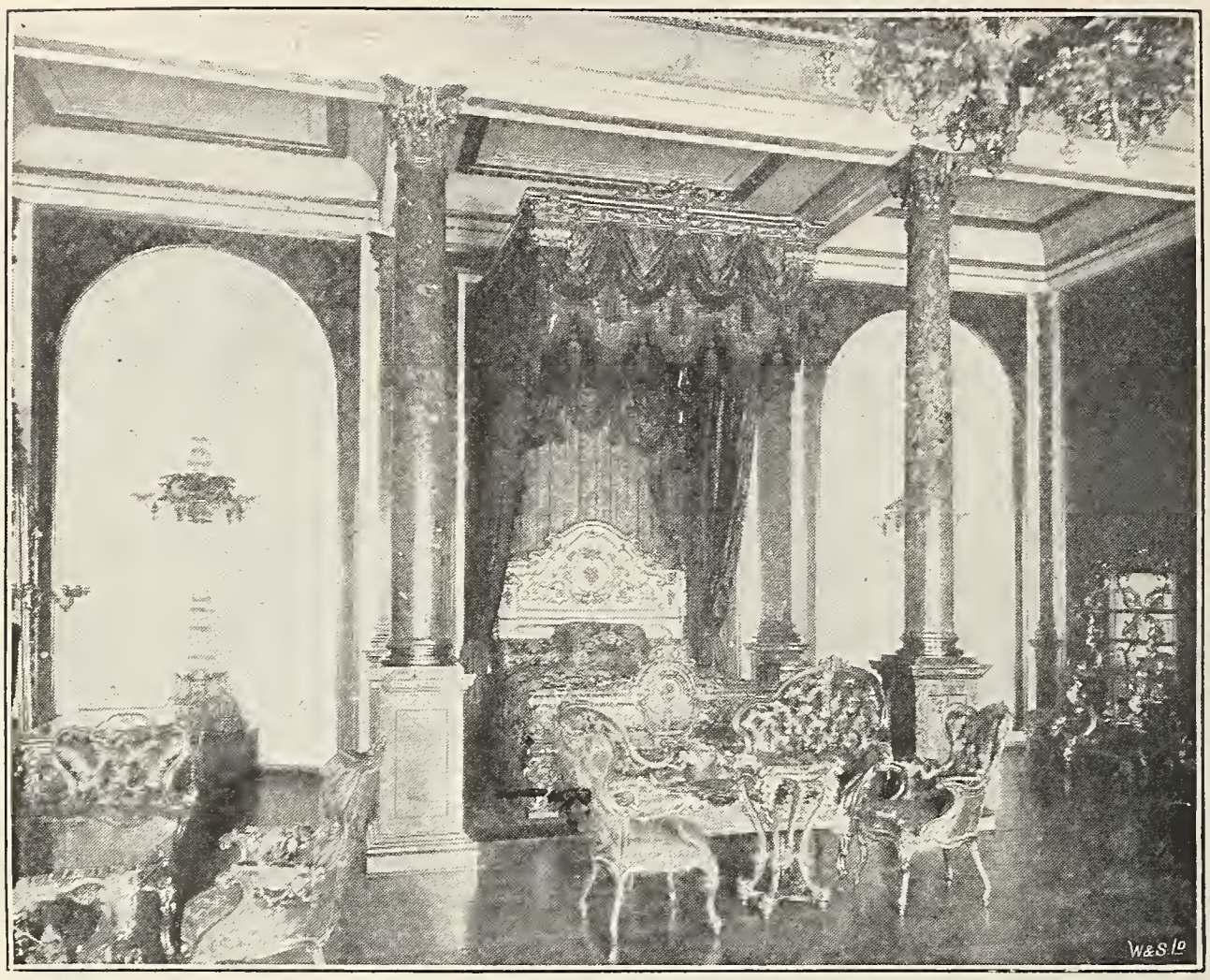
wall above the canopy. The parquet floor is emblematic of the Order, and contains about thirty different kinds of wood.

Beyond this is the St. Catherine Hall (No. 20), dedicated to the Order of that name, of which the Empress is the head, and it is here that she is enthroned directly after the coronation, and receives homage, while the Czar is seated on the throne in the St. Andrew's Hall. In the centre of the room is an enormous glass candelabrum reaching almost from the floor to the ceiling, and the walls are covered with white and grey; the chief piece of colour in the room is the heavy red velvet curtain forming a background to the throne. The Order of St. Catherine was established in 1714, to commemorate Catherine I.'s victories over the Turks.

The Alexander Nevski Hall (No. 21) has more colouring than any of the others, as pink and gold are largely used in its decoration. If my memory serves me rightly, it is the only hall decorated with pictures, which are by Professor Müller, and depict six incidents in the life of the patron saint. When the Czar is in residence, there is a magnificent display of gold plate at either side of the doors at the opposite ends of the room, and this, together with the numerous candles in the vast candelabra, enhances the beauty of the effect, and makes this hall, in some ways, the most attractive in the palace.

Another most interesting room to my mind is the Congratulation Hall (No. 22), where, after the coronation, the Czar receives the offerings of bread and salt from the heads of the various deputations from all over Russia. The room is of large dimensions, and rather curious in shape, the vaulted ceiling coming to a point in the centre, and around the base of the pillar supporting this point is a species of bog oak sideboard, with a canopy of golden cloth heavily embroidered, and with a deep golden fringe at its base. In one corner of the room stands the throne, under a canopy of bog oak, rather resembling a four-post bedstead. The throne itself is of gold and crimson velvet, and the background of the canopy is of the same, with the arms of Russia richly embroidered. The walls are decorated with very fine pictures of Biblical

NO. 22.—CONGRATULATION HALL, WHERE THE CZAR RECEIVES THE OFFERINGS OF BREAD AND SALT.



NO. 23.—THE EMPRESS'S BEDROOM.

incidents; the doorway is a mass of gold, and the ante-room has been re-decorated for the occasion. The private apartments of the Emperor and Empress are handsomely furnished, and contain many fine paintings. Her Majesty's bedroom (No. 23) is upholstered in crimson, and has a very handsome mantelpiece of jasper, the columns being of vert antique.

All the rooms above described, and many more, are in the Grand Palace of the Kremlin, but the Old Palace, or Terem, as it is called, has some equally interesting apartments. Among these are the Czarika Room, where the newly-crowned Czarina used to receive congratulatory visits; the dining-room, which is a gem in its way, and where the Emperor dines for the first time after his coronation, wearing all his insignia and surrounded by his nobles; the Salon de Terema; the Czar's bedroom, now no longer used, with its quaint, old fashioned furniture; and the Oratory, with its venerable relics, all add to the interest of this old-world palace.

After so hurried a look at a few of the rooms which will soon draw to themselves the attraction of Europe, we must unwillingly leave the Kremlin, passing through the Spasski Vorota (No. 24), or Gate of the Saviour, one of the five gates in the crenelated wall encircling the ancient fortress. Above the entrance is a picture of the Saviour, erected there by the Czar Alexis, in 1647; and everybody, from the poorest beggar to the Czar, uncovers as he passes through this gate. The custom is such a pleasing one, when poor and rich alike follow it, that foreigners cannot do better than do likewise.

NO. 24.—THE SPASSKI VOROTA.

A Real Case of Buried Treasure.

By J. Holt Schooling.

[*This article contains an offer to our readers of a share in the Buried Treasure mentioned by Mr. Schooling.*]

THE subject of buried treasure has always had a fascination for writers of romance and for their readers. The incomparable Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Rider Haggard, and other modern writers of ingenious and vivid tales of adventure have introduced the attractive colour of hidden treasure into their romances; but, in all cases, I believe, the documents shown to the reader, and which contain secret information as to the whereabouts of the treasure, have been evolved from the imagination of the author. Has not Mr. Rider Haggard told us how the chart of the wonderful "King Solomon's Mines," which formed the frontispiece of the book, was manufactured by his sister-in-law?—*see* The Strand Magazine for January, 1892, page 14. Indeed, I know of no instance where a romance dealing with buried treasure, from "Monte Christo" to the present day, has contained a real chart, or a real secret cipher, of a real treasure hidden by pirates or by adventurers of past times.

It is by a strange turn of Fortune's wheel that to me—a matter-of-fact writer, and whose "fictional activities" can be counted on the fingers of one hand—has come the opportunity of showing to my readers an actual instance of carefully disguised instructions as to the whereabouts of a buried treasure. Moreover, the circumstances of the case allow me to directly enlist the interest of the public by offering to the person who may succeed in reading the meaning of the hieroglyphics I will show, a substantial share in the treasure to be found. Here are the facts of the case:—

Early this year, I contributed a serial article on methods of cipher-writing, from ancient times up to the present day, to an English magazine that circulates widely in the United States. Each part of this serial article ended with a sentence written in a cipher to which historic interest was attached, and readers were invited to use their ingenuity to solve the various cipher sentences. A good many persons were interested by these old devices, and letters were sent to me from America and elsewhere—by the way, and concerning the letters that readers of my articles send to me, I should like to take this opportunity to thank the many readers of The Strand Magazine who have, during the last two or three years, written to me on various subjects. I always welcome such letters, and, in at least one instance, I was able to comply with a request that I would write upon a certain subject. This request, which came from a gentleman in Lancashire, was the origin of one of my most popular papers in The Strand Magazine.

Pray pardon this digression, which is, however, due to the nature of my present subject—a letter from an unknown reader. Well, one of the letters I received from America, relating to my cipher articles, contained the rather startling offer that is set out in the following letter:—

"Sir,—I have read your interesting articles, 'Secrets in Cipher,' and wish to submit to you the drawings of some undecipherable (to me) 'secrets' which appear upon an old brass box in my possession. I am of the opinion that they will reveal some buried treasure in some of the islands, but have never been able to find the person that could decipher their meaning. If it should turn out that my conjectures are correct, should you make out this hidden secret, I am quite willing to share with you whatever may be found. If you are unwilling to attempt its solution, you would confer a favour by returning this 'enclosure' to the above."

The writer of the letter is a gentleman who holds an official appointment at Washington, U.S.A. I do not now give his name—this information may very well come later on, if any practical result comes from my present offer to readers of The Strand Magazine. It suffices to say that the Editor has been informed as to the personality of the gentleman who wrote the above letter, and that both he and I entertain no doubt as to the entire good faith of the writer.

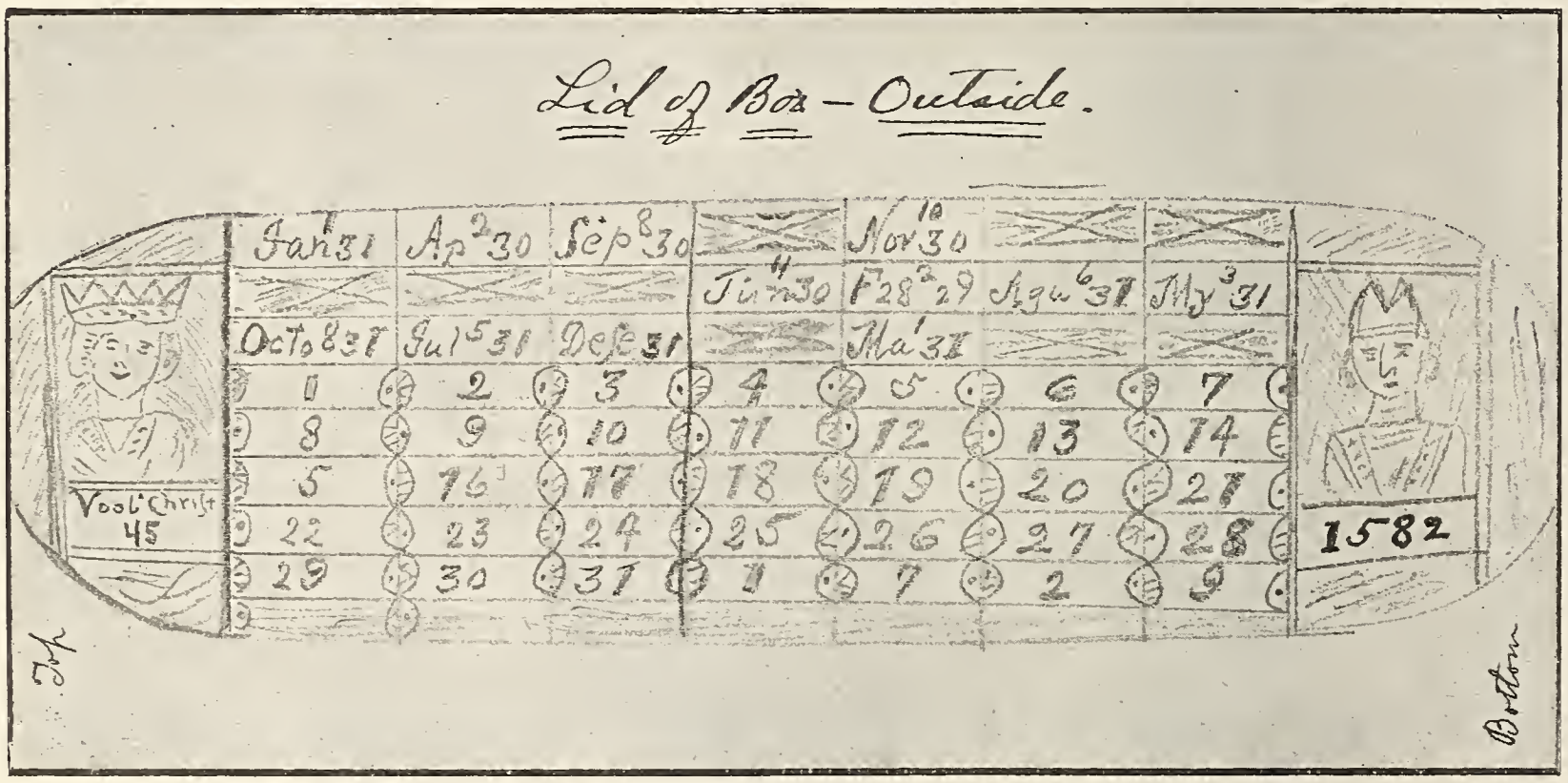
Some persons may be disposed to slight the idea of any Buried Treasure existing nowadays. Of course, one has read of Captain Marryat's pirates, and of Captain Kidd, who carried

on his piracies 200 years ago, and who was executed in England in 1701, and most of us have been properly delighted with the many tales of piratical adventure and of treasure-seekers that always come fresh to minds that are perhaps a little jaded by life in big cities, but which are usually dismissed as being merely cleverly written yarns. But, on second thoughts, it will be evident that no one would take the trouble to make the carefully devised cipher or hieroglyphics that are shown in illustrations Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, merely to while away time, or without the intention of recording some definite meaning by these secret signs. Beyond all doubt there must have been a lot of treasure, looted or otherwise, piled up by the buccaneers of the last two centuries, whose operations on the "Spanish Main," and whose vicinity to the West Indian Islands, caused them to choose these islands as a convenient harbour of refuge and as a place of safe bestowal for their plunder. Moreover, after I had received the above letter I mentioned the subject I am now talking about to a friend of mine in the Navy—the lieutenant who navigated the

But, after some study of the drawings sent from Washington, I came to the conclusion that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." My time has a marketable value, and I simply cannot afford to spend an unlimited amount of time upon an uncertainty—valuable as the contingent result may be. Therefore, with the permission of the Editor of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, I decided to enlist the united intellects of the million or so persons who monthly read these pages, with the intention of thereby arriving at a solution of the mystery of these secret ciphers, and, consequently, of finding the whereabouts of the Buried Treasure.

The result of my own study of these very curious drawings does not enable me to give to my readers anything like a definite clue to their hidden meaning. At the best, I can only offer such scanty suggestions or explanations that have occurred to me as being possible hints towards a complete solution of the mystery. I am sorry to say that a fairly close acquaintance with English historical cipher-devices is not of much use to me now.

As regards the diagrams taken from the various parts of the Mysterious Box, the



NO. 1.

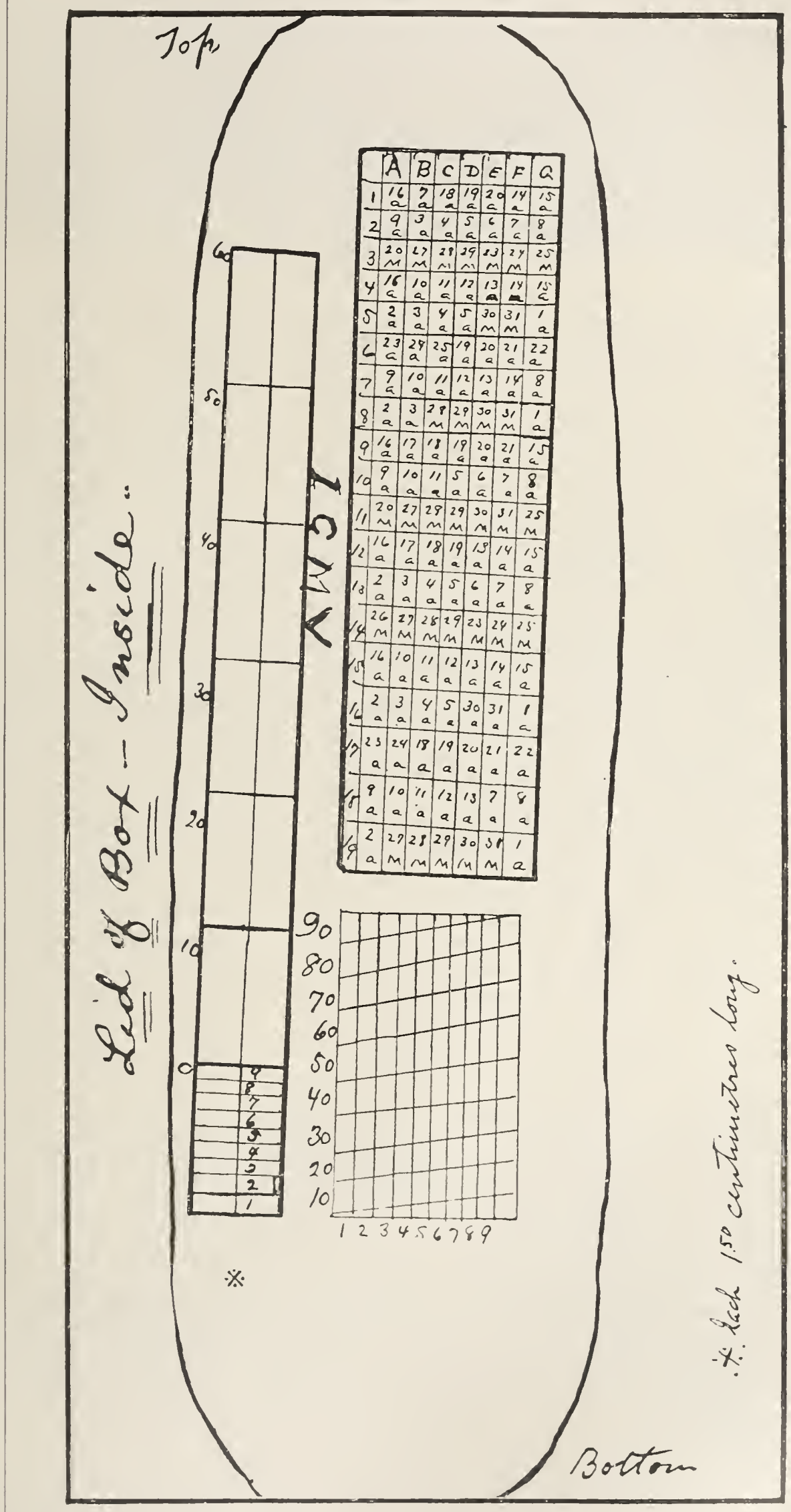
Thrush during her West Indian cruise with Prince George in command. My naval friend said: "Well, there may be a lot of stuff buried somewhere in the West Indies; those fellows had plenty of plunder to get rid of."

Anyway, I decided not to be "unwilling to attempt" the "solution" of this mystery of the Box and the Buried Treasure.

owner of the box wrote in a later letter than that quoted above: "The drawings which I send you are correct facsimiles of those appearing upon the box—and while they are not so artistic as they might be, will answer the purpose in view: that of solving the mystery, I hope." For our present purpose we are not concerned in the artistic beauty of our illustrations so much as in their

accuracy—and this latter quality is vouched for.

Let us look at No. 1, the cipher on the outside of the lid of the box: the date at the right hand, 1582, which is below the representation of a man in uniform, may possibly relate to the activities of a leading buccaneer. These pirates commenced their depredations on the Spaniards of America soon after the latter had taken possession of that continent and of the West Indies. Their number was much increased by a twelve years' truce between the Spaniards and the Dutch in 1609, when many of the discharged sailors joined the buccaneers. The first levy of ship-money in England, in 1635, was to defray the expense of capturing these pirates: and the chief commanders of the first buccaneers were Montbar, Lolonois, Basco, and Morgan. Another pirate, Van Horn, of Ostend, captured Vera Cruz, in 1603, and they all gained enormous booty. This West Indian buccaneer confederacy was broken up in the year 1697. As, prior to the year 1635, just mentioned, the West Indian pirates had evidently made



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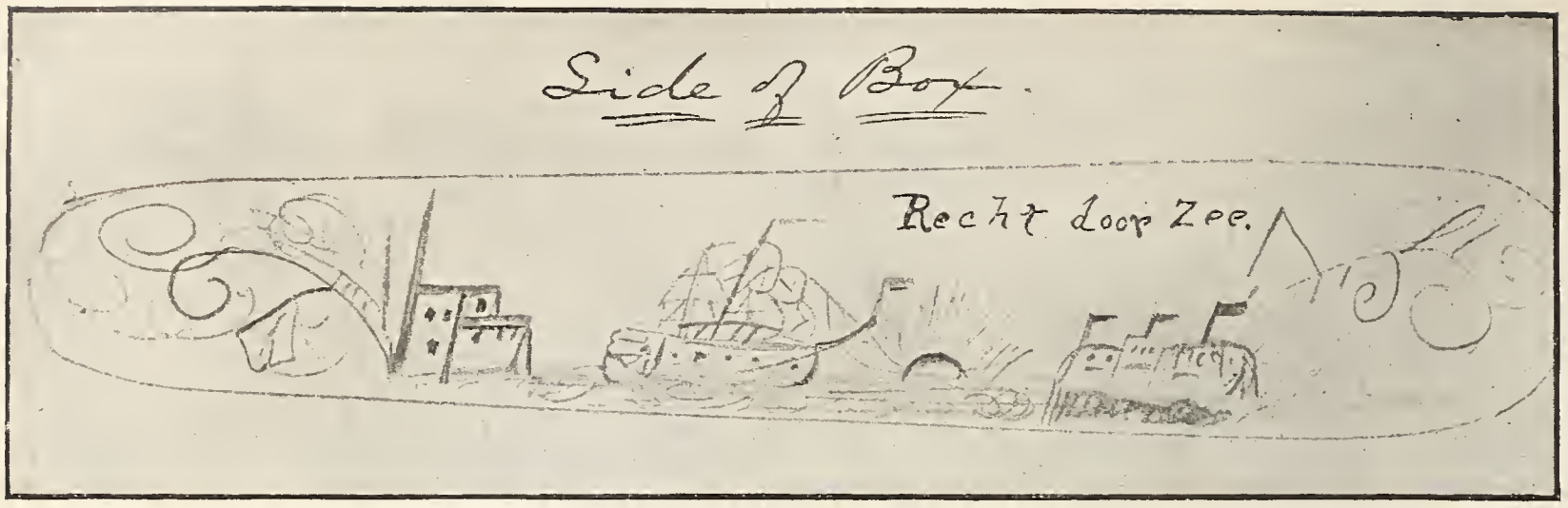
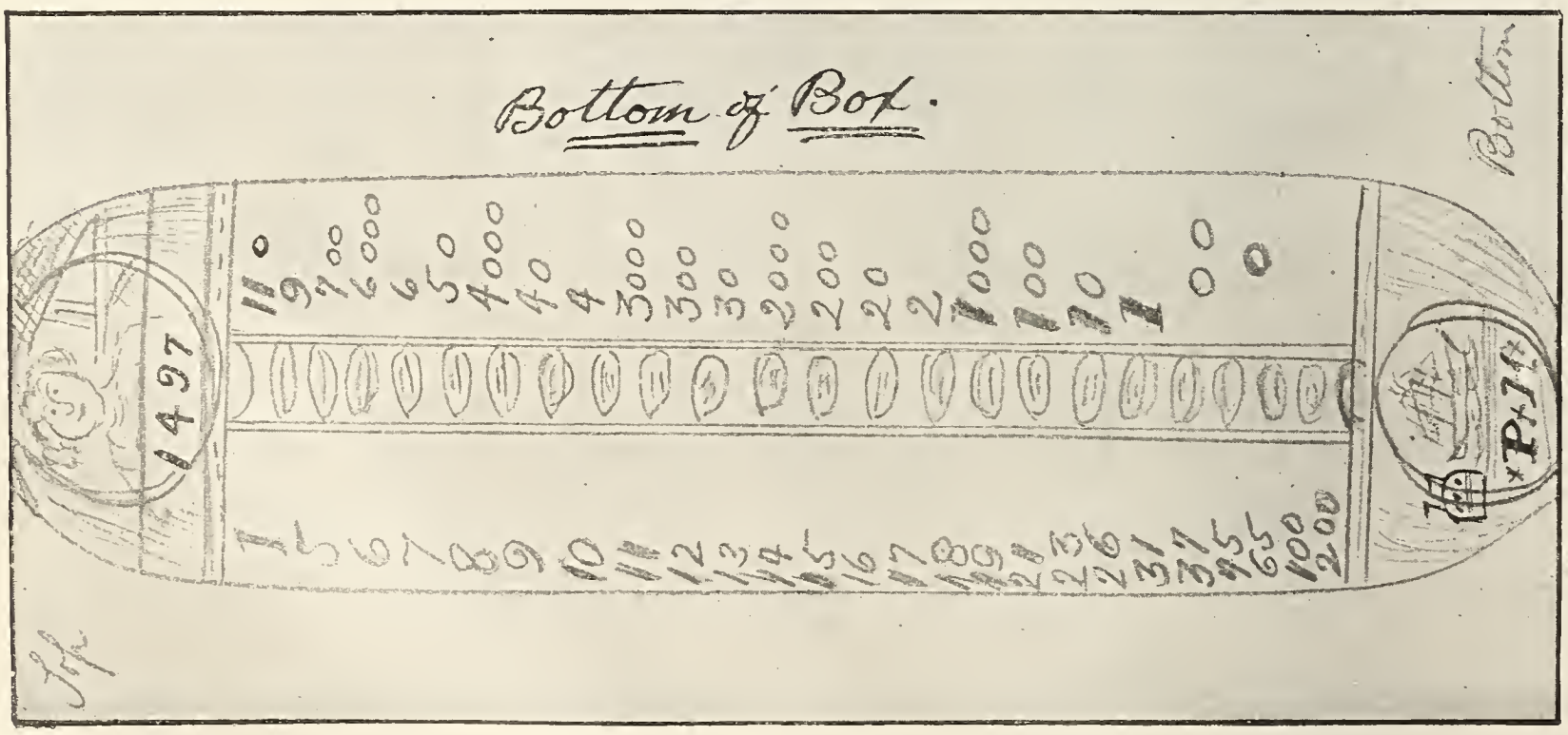


NO. 3.

themselves notorious, it may be that the person represented at the right hand of No. 1 was one of the early buccaneers, who, prior to the truce in 1609 between the Spaniards and the Dutch, had been raiding the Spaniards in America. The head at the left of No. 1 has the words "Vool Christ" and "45" beneath it. I thought "Vool" a Dutch word, but on inquiry I find that it is not, so that the meaning of these words is obscure. The other part of No. 1 seems to be a sort of calendar; the numbers on the five bottom lines run from 1 to 31 (reading from left to right), and "5" at the commencement of the third line from the bottom should evidently be 15. The four numbers which follow the "31" on the bottom line make up 1729, which may refer to A.D. 1729, a date that brings us up to the pirates who succeeded Captain Kidd. The three top lines of No. 1 apparently refer to the months in a year, the number of days in each month, and they contain a numeral for each month, which at first sight appears to denote the numerical order of each month in the year; but this interpretation is considerably weakened by the fact that several of these numerals do not agree with the order of each month in the year.

Coming to No. 2, the inside of the lid: the lower left-hand part of this diagram looks like a diagonal scale, which is supplemented by the longer scale across the top of No. 2, and there is also the minutely-written table at the right of this facsimile. The whole thing may be some method of plotting, such as is used in surveying or in navigation, to indicate a particular locality, or the means of ascertaining its whereabouts. Perhaps nautical readers may be able to throw some light upon the meaning of No. 2. I do not regard it as a piece of cipher.

We have now to deal with No. 3: the Dutch words, "Recht door Zee," mean "Straight through (the) Sea," or, as a Dutch friend tells me, "Straight forward," *i.e.*, "Right ahead," and there is a bluff-built ship sailing towards the setting sun, *i.e.*, the west. Whether the treasure is buried on an island "Right in the deep sea," whose position is indicated by the diagram in No. 2, and the



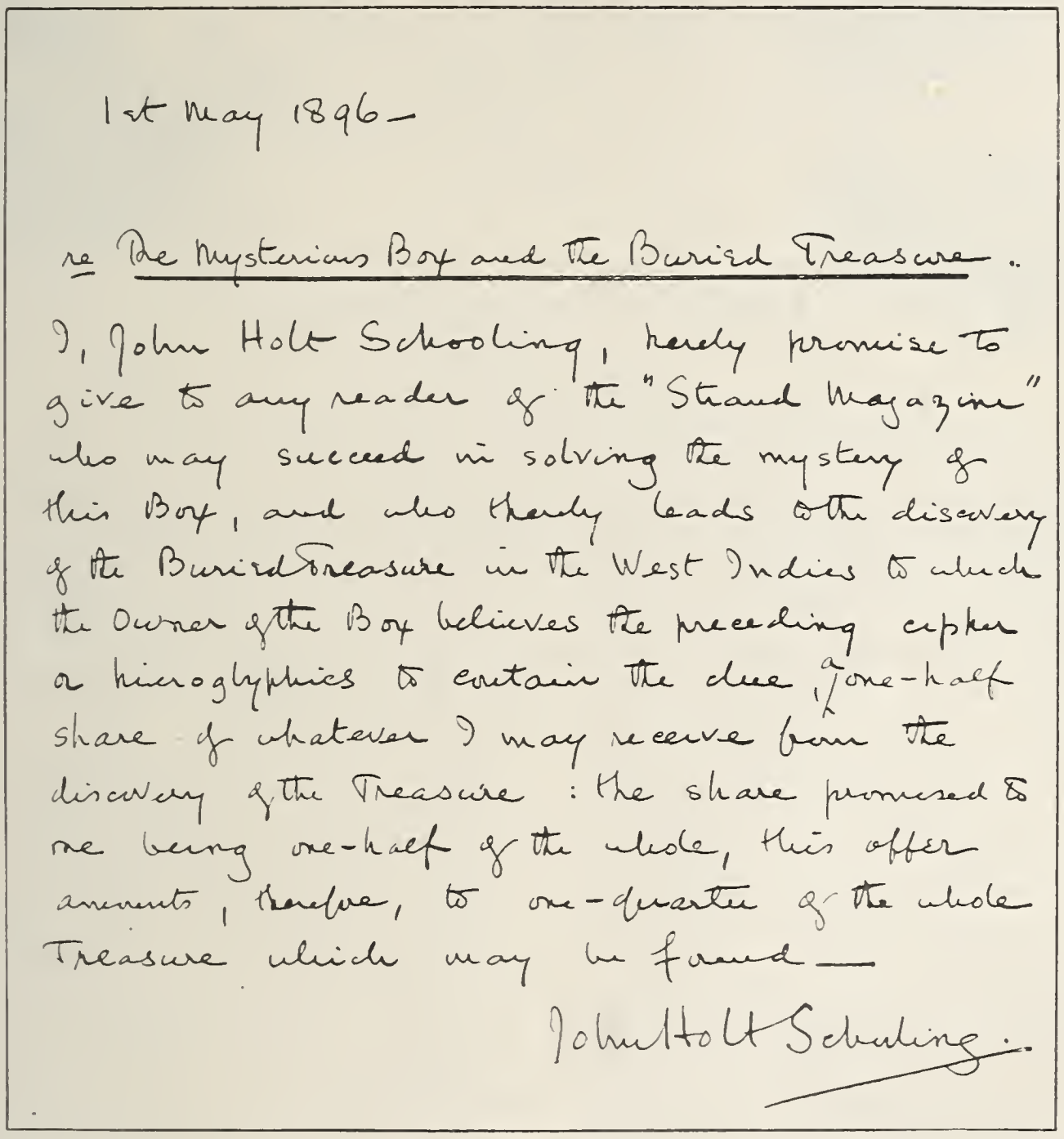
NO. 4.

course to which lies "Right ahead," is, of course, merely conjecture.

No. 4 also contains a ship under sail, see the circle at the extreme right. The two horizontal rows of numerals may possibly be a record of various sums of money, and the line of oval drawings that extends horizontally across No. 4 may be meant to represent coins. I have no idea as to the meaning of the female head at the extreme left with "1497" below it.

It is, at the least, probable that diagrams Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 are related to each other, and contain, as a whole, the clue to the solution of this mystery. Anyone who may attempt to read this secret of the Box and the Buried Treasure, must be prepared for the possibility of losing some hair in the attempt, even if the trial bring the consolation of an increase in head measurement due to an abnormal exercise of the brain.

Finally, I append in No. 5 a facsimile of my offer to any person who may succeed in bringing to light the Buried Treasure, about which I have now given as full an account as I myself possess.



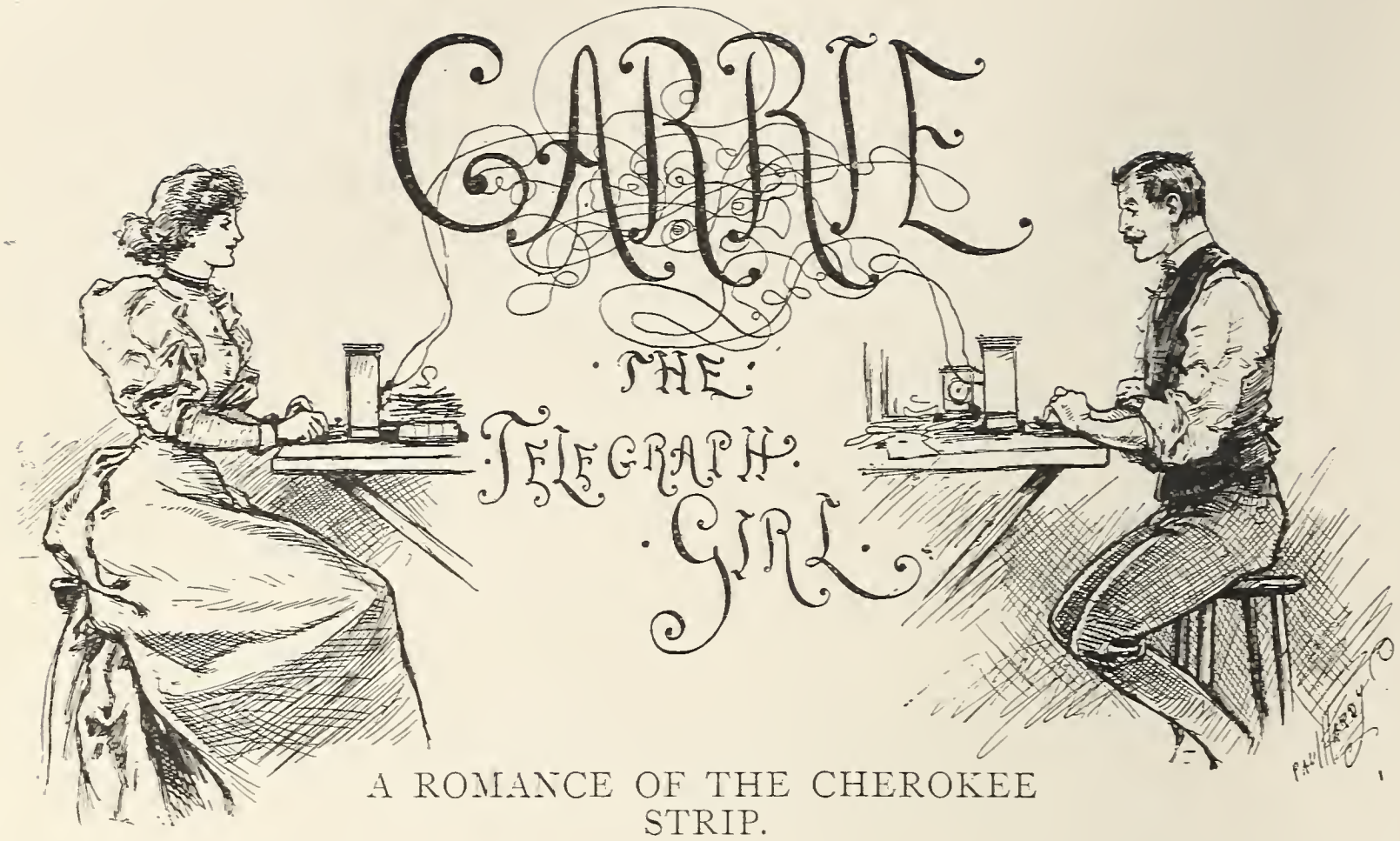
1st May 1896—

re The Mysterious Box and the Buried Treasure.

I, John Holt Schooling, hereby promise to give to any reader of the "Strand Magazine" who may succeed in solving the mystery of this Box, and who thereby leads to the discovery of the Buried Treasure in the West Indies to which the Owner of the Box believes the preceding cipher or hieroglyphics to contain the clue, one-half share of whatever I may receive from the discovery of the Treasure: the share promised to me being one-half of the whole, this offer amounts, therefore, to one-quarter of the whole Treasure which may be found—

John Holt Schooling.

NO. 5.



A ROMANCE OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

By Captain Jack Crawford, "The Poet Scout."

I HAD never met Carrie Rankin. I did not know if she was long or short, blonde or brunette, sweet sixteen or crabbed forty, plump as a mountain quail or thin and angular as a Kansas female suffragist; yet we had become the best of friends, and daily chatted with each other on terms of marked sociability. I confess that, as the days sped by and I listened to her witty expressions and bright conversation, I found myself falling in love with her, yet I had not the least tangible idea of her personal appearance, and knew not whether her voice was soft and musical, or pitched in a high key that was harsh and disagreeable to the ear. I knew she was good-natured and possessed of a keen sense of humour, for she would laugh heartily at my witty remarks, and respond with the most brilliant repartee when my humorous darts were levelled at herself.

This may all seem enigmatical to the reader, but will assume an aspect of entire plausibility in the light of the fact that she and I were telegraph operators at widely-separated stations on a western railway. She knew as little of the young man with whom she daily chatted as I did of herself. We had each drawn an ideal picture of the personal appearance of the other, and in our frequent conversations over the wire, each had in mind a face and figure to whom the remarks were addressed. I had pictured her as a bright-eyed, laughing, jolly little creature, with golden curls and silvery voice. I often wondered what sort of a mental picture she had drawn of myself.

Red Rock, where I was located, was a station on the Santa Fé Railway, in the Cherokee strip of Oklahoma, before that now famous stretch of land was purchased by the Government from the Indians and thrown open for settlement. The population of the town (?) consisted of a burly section foreman, of Milesian extraction; his wife, a red-faced, red-armed woman, who had no aspirations outside the limits of her not over-clean kitchen; four section labourers, and myself, the agent and operator for the railway company. The country was, at the time of which I write, a wild one, inhabited only by Indians, a few cattlemen who leased grazing lands from the aboriginal owners, the cowboys who looked after the scattered herds, and roving bands of desperadoes under the leadership of the Dalton brothers, the most famous of whom, Bill Dalton, was punctured by a well-directed bullet from the rifle of a Deputy United States Marshal but a few days ago, and who died with pistol in hand cursing the shot which had laid him low.

Miss Rankin was my predecessor in the position of agent and operator at Red Rock. She learnt the art of telegraphy in the train dispatcher's office at Arkansas City, where her widowed mother resided, and when competent to assume charge of a small station, had asked for and been given a position at Red Rock. She tired, after a while, of the lonely monotony of that obscure station, and asked to be sent to one less isolated from mankind; and when one day the operator at Edmond, further down the line, reported that his fingers had been "pinched" while endeavouring to couple two cars together, and that he must hasten to Arkansas City for surgical attention, the Red Rock agent was telegraphically instructed to lock up her depôt, leave the key in the care of the section foreman, and proceed on a train then almost due to Edmond, and assume charge until the injured agent should return. I was at the time an "extra" operator on a Kansas division, and on the afternoon of the day on which Miss Rankin left Red Rock, I found myself sitting in her recently vacated chair for an indefinite stay at the lonely station.

My first train report had scarce announced my presence to the operators up and down the line, ere Edmond called me up. She expressed regret that she had been denied the privilege of extending to me a personal welcome to my new home, said she hoped I would find the station a pleasant one, and asked me if I would not kindly collect a number of feminine trifles which she had overlooked in her haste in packing her trunk, and send them down to her. She would be ever so much obliged, and should an opportunity present itself, would certainly reciprocate my kindness. That was my first "meeting" with a lady who was soon destined to play a heroic part in a thrilling adventure in which I was a prominent figure.

Little by little Miss Rankin and myself became acquainted over the wire. We were soon holding daily conversations, then semi-daily, and then our chats became so frequent that at times jealous operators at other stations would break in on our conversation with hints that someone was "mashed" on someone else, and that we had better give the suffering wire a rest and do our spooning by mail. To these ungentlemanly interruptions we paid but little attention, but continued our long-distance intercourse—I, as I before remarked, falling more hopelessly in love with my new friend as the days sped by, and often wondering if a reciprocatory feeling was not growing in warmth at the other end of the wire. I was a young man of but twenty, very susceptible to female charms, and as I was then denied even a look at a pretty face, aside from fleeting glimpses of female passengers on passing trains, I came to regard Miss Rankin as "my best girl," and her personal telegraphic signal, "Cr," became the sweetest sound my instruments clicked into my ears.

Modesty, coupled with a fear of being "guyed," had prevented me from questioning the train men regarding the personal appearance of my inamorata, but one day when I had orders to hold a north-bound freight until a belated south-bound passenger had arrived, and the freight conductor, Tom Armstrong, came into my office and sat down for a chat, I determined to sound him and learn a little something of the idol of my dreams.

"What sort of a looking girl is that now holding down Edmond station?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment in a half-quizzical, half-mischievous manner, and replied:—

"Say, Fred, I've heard some of the boys on the line say you was dead gone on that piece, and I have an idea she is on your trail, too, for she made me tell her all about you while my train was lying there this morning waiting for No. 7. Did you never see her?"

"No, I have never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Rankin."

"*Miss* Rankin? You mean *Mrs.* Rankin."

"Mean wha-a-a-at?"

"*Mrs.* Rankin. I thought you knew she was a widow with two kids at her mother's, up in Arkansas City. I guess she's a square enough sort of woman, but when you see her, old man, I've an idea you won't crave a second look. She's no spring chicken; forty if she's a day, and she doesn't need a better protector than that face of hers. And temper! Gee-whiz! My hind brakeman asked her one day if that face didn't pain her, and she grabbed up a coupling-pin and let it go at him. He'd have been a dead brakey if he hadn't been a good dodger. He never sticks his head out of the caboose window now while we are at that station, for she's got it in for him."

The passenger whistled, and he hastened to his train to pull out as soon as the track was clear.

How cruelly my idol was shattered. After the trains had gone, I sat as if dazed; in fact, I was so absorbed in digesting the startling

information I had gleaned from Armstrong that I neglected to report their departure, and the "jacking-up" I received from the train-dispatcher for my inattention to duty served to still further increase the ill temper into which the conductor's story had thrown me. The snappy clicks of the instruments had scarcely ceased to convey to my ears the merited reproof, concluding with the stereotyped chestnut which dispatchers always crack in such cases, "Don't let it occur again," ere I heard a call from Edmond. Heretofore I had fairly sprung to the table to respond to that call, but now I felt no desire to enter into a conversation with the ogre who presided at the key at that distant station. It was with no gentle touch that I answered her call.

"Say, Sd" (my personal signal), "it's too bad, but u shld 'tend to biz. Ha! ha! ha! Was u sleep or reading letr fm ur girl?"

Thus came her consolatory message in the abbreviated conversational style of the telegrapher, and it served to fan the flames of my anger into fiercer heat. Had it been the nice little maiden of my dreams who had slung such chaff at me over the wires I would have smiled and thought it real cute, but that fright! Bah!

"I dt no as it interests u wt I was doing. I'm 2 busy to talk nw."

I snapped the words off with spiteful sharpness, and closed my key with a thump that almost sprung the circuit breaker.

"Well, u needn't bite my nose off coz Dr" (the dispatcher) "turned u over. Call me up wn u get in gd humor. I've sometng to sa to u."

My gentlemanly instincts sharply reproved me for treating her in such an ungentlemanly manner. Had she ever led me to believe she was young and handsome? Was she to be blamed because she was a widow, wore a caricature in lieu of a face, and was the mother of two children, no doubt as ugly as herself? I felt a tinge of shame for having spoken so crossly to her, and with softer touch of the key replied:—

"I beg ur pardon, madam. I've got bad hedake to-day, and feel cross as bear. Forgot I was tlkng to lady. Wt u want to sa to me?"

"O, I'm real sorry ur not well, for I've been 'ticipating pleasant visit with u. The agent here is on No. 5, and I'm ordered to Ark. City, and I thot if twould be greeable to u I'd go up on freight trn and stop over tr for passenger ts eveng. I want to c the old statn again."

She was going away, that was a blessed consolation; going to a busy office where she would have no time for wire chats. I could endure her for a few hours; and although I would have resented from anyone the imputation that I was a liar, I assured her I would be delighted to have her come, and would endeavour to make her brief visit a pleasant one.

When the freight from the south whistled that afternoon, I had nerved myself for a few hours of torture. The caboose stopped away down in the yard, and as I stood on the platform reflecting on what a martyr I was going to make of myself, I saw the conductor assist my visitor to the ground, and start with her along the side of the train towards the depôt. A call from the instrument drew me inside, and when I came out again they were near the platform. I stood and stared in blank amazement. A neat, stylish little figure clad in grey, a jaunty hat, from beneath which the prettiest imaginable brown curls fell in clustering beauty above the prettiest face I thought I had ever seen. She was laughing merrily at some remark from her escort, and the air seemed filled with rippling music. As she ascended the platform steps to where I stood transfixed and dumb with amazement, she gave me but one glance of her merry blue eyes, and was about to pass on into the office when the conductor said:—

"A moment, Miss Rankin. Let me introduce Mr. Saunders, the agent here. Fred, this is Miss Carrie Rankin, late of Edmond."

She stared at me with a look of unutterable surprise, and had a mirror been thrust in front of me, I would no doubt have seen reflected an expression of equal amazement. For a moment she stood glancing first at myself and then at the conductor, and then a peal of merry laughter rang out from her pouting lips, and extending her hand she said:—

"Oh, that monstrous fibber, Tom Armstrong! If I ever get within reach of him again I'll pull every hair out of his head! Why, he told me you were an old man, Mr. Saunders, and—and—that you were humpbacked and had lost one of your limbs in a railway accident some years ago. He pictured you such a fright that I hesitated long before deciding to come here. I was actually afraid of you!"

"I'll kill him on sight!" I cried, retaining the pretty hand which rested in mine. "He led me to believe you an aged widow with two children, and a face that would set my

"HE TOLD ME YOU WERE AN OLD MAN."

teeth on edge when you should present it before me, and that you had a temper which a buzz saw could not scratch. However, in the glad awakening from that hideous dream I almost feel that I can forgive him, and as the frightful old widow no longer confronts me, permit me to bid you a hearty welcome to your old home. I trust you may enjoy the few hours you are to remain here. You have the freedom of the office; and of the great city."

"Thank you. It is very good of you, and since my humpbacked ogre has limped away on his one leg, I will enter his den with no fear. How drearily natural the old place looks" (taking off her hat and throwing it on the table). "How many lonely days and nights I spent here, fearing each rattle of the window by the wind might be a tramp or a prowling Indian, and every sound from the outside at night might come from the dreaded Dalton gang, lying in wait to rob a train. May I look in my old room?"

"Certainly."

"Same cheerless place. Yes, more cheerless, for really, Mr. Saunders, you do not keep it so neat as I did. When did you sweep it last?"

She glanced into my face with an arch look and smilingly awaited my reply.

"I think it was one day last week, or was it the week before? It was the day the superintendent came over the road on a special. The sprucing up of depôts by agents—male agents, that is—is always regulated by official visits, you know."

We passed on into the freight-room, such only in name, for no goods save section men's supplies had ever been stored therein. From the freight-room a ladder led up to the loft between the ceilings of the office and sleeping room and the roof, and, pointing up at the dust-covered rafters, my fair visitor said:—

"I had a dreadful time up there one day. The insulated copper wires from the instruments run up through the office ceiling, you know, and connect with the line out under the eaves of the depôt. I cut out my instruments for a heavy thunder-storm, and when I cut in again after the storm had passed, I found the wire open on both sides of me. Fearing the trouble was in my office I began a close search for it, and, finding the wires below all right, I climbed up the ladder to the loft. Up in that dark, black, dusty, sooty place I found both wires burned off by lightning; and what a time I had repairing them! It was very hot and close up there, and I had left my handkerchief on the telegraph table, and frequently wiped my perspiring face with my smutty hands. When I climbed down again you should have seen me! I had that morning put on a white summer dress mamma had just sent down to me, and it was ruined, and my face was as black as any Topsy you ever saw. What made it more horrible was that the passenger going south whistled just as I descended from the loft, and not knowing my face was in such a horrid condition, I gathered up my train mail and went out on the platform, and such a guying as the train men gave me! There was a grinning face at every car window as the train pulled by. Oh, dear! what a fright I found myself when I looked in my mirror!"

As we sat in the office during the evening chatting she grew more and more vivacious and jolly, and our merry laughter rang out in marked contrast to the usual stillness which prevailed about the dreary station. We

went to supper at the section house, and on returning she went at once to the key and asked the dispatcher if the train then nearly due was on time.

"No. 4 delayed by wash-out below Guthrie,"

"FOUR MASKED MEN ENTERED."

came the reply. "Can't say how soon track will be repaired."

"Oh, dear! My usual luck," she said. "I seldom find a train on time when I want to go anywhere!"

"Are you then so anxious to terminate what has been to me a most delightful visit?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I assure you I have enjoyed it fully as much as yourself, but I fear I will become tiresome to you with my senseless chatter."

I felt like assuring her that a lifetime spent in her society would not weary me. The time sped swiftly until the grey shades of evening began to gather, and I lighted the office lamp. No. 4 was reported safely over the break in the track, and would reach Red Rock about nine o'clock.

Excusing herself a moment to go to the cooler in the freight-room for a drink of ice water, Miss Rankin passed from the room, and had scarcely disappeared ere I heard heavy footsteps on the platform, and a moment later the front door was thrown open and four masked men entered and covered me with murderous-looking revolvers.

"Git away from that table, young feller, an' don't you make a move t'ords that telly-graph till the train comes, or it'll find a piece o' baggage 'yar it ain't looking fur. How soon is she due?"

I am not naturally a coward, but this harsh transformation from a blissful dream of love to the very precincts of death unnerved me, and I confess I was thoroughly frightened. Then came the thought that Miss Rankin would return in a moment, and what indignities might not be offered her by these members of the notorious Dalton gang (for such I knew them to be); cruel, reckless men who had less regard for women than for the dumb brutes which carried them to places of safety after their lawless raids.

"The train is past due now, but has been delayed by a wash-out below Guthrie, and

may not be here for several hours yet," I replied. "I'll ask about her."

I made a move toward the telegraph table, hoping by a word to warn the dispatcher, but halted at the ominous clicking of a pistol.

"No, you don't," the leader said. "If you want that pale hide o' your'n tattooed with cold lead, you jest make another break like that! Yer lyin' about that train, an' we're agoin' to camp right 'yar with you till it comes, fur we have business with it. Sit down on that bench."

I could but obey. The mental torture I endured was terrible, not only through fear of Miss Rankin's return to the office, but through the knowledge that an attempt was to be made to rob the train, and the lives of good men might be sacrificed defending the property intrusted to their care. How could the robbers be frustrated? If I could but reach the key and flash the words, "Train robbers," and sign my office call, the dispatcher would hear and understand; for in those troublous days the keen-eared night guardians of the company's interests were ever on the alert for such intelligence. For half an hour I weighed the matter of a desperate attempt in my mind. I had lost fear of my charming visitor's safety, feeling satisfied by her absence that she had heard the robbers and was concealed in the freight-room, or had escaped by the back door and gone to the section-house for aid. But what assistance could come from there? I knew there was not a firearm in the section-house, and the section men would seek safety in flight at the first intimation that I was in the hands of the dreaded Dalton gang.

I at last determined to make one desperate attempt to warn the train-dispatcher, and thus save the train from robbery. I did not believe the villains would shoot, and felt that although they might use me roughly for my attempt, my duty to the company demanded that I should make it and meet the consequences.

Waiting until I heard the dispatcher respond to a report of the belated train from Mulhall, but two stations below, and knowing that he was at his table, I rose and bounded toward my instrument.

"Trai——"

I got no further. There was a loud report, I felt a heavy blow accompanied by a stinging sensation on my right thigh, and sank to the floor.

"You cussed fool, that's yer game, is it? Lucky fur you my gun went off afore I got it raised, or that shot'd a tuk you whar' it'd a done more good!"

They picked me up and threw me roughly on the bench, cursing me in a fearful manner for my attempt to thwart them in their plans. I knew I had been shot through the thigh, but from the absence of severe pain felt sure the bone had not been broken.

The train must be nearing Wharton, the next station south, and after passing there no earthly power could prevent it from falling into the hands of the scowling villains who sat near me. The instrument had been quiet for a long time, and I laid trembling with anxiety expecting every moment to hear Wharton report the passing of No. 4.

"Click! Click! R-r-r-r-r click!"

What caused the instrument to act so queerly? Then, in clear clickings, I heard the dispatcher's call. Wharton was about to report the train—but, no! My own office signal was signed to the call. What did it mean? The dispatcher responded, and my heart gave a great throb of delight as I heard these words flashed over the wire:—

"This is Cr at Red Rock. Sd held by train robbers in office. I have wire tapped in loft. Stop No. 4, Wharton, quick!"

"I heard that, and will hold 4 here all right," Wharton broke in and said.

An order was sent him to hold the train for further orders, and an explanatory message sent to the conductor.

Thank God, the train was safe! I understood it all now. The brave little girl had heard the robbers when they entered, had

"I HAVE WIRE TAPPED IN LOFT."

listened to our conversation, and recalling her former experience in the dirty loft, had climbed up there in the darkness, broken one of the wires and, striking the ends together, had been able to communicate with the dispatcher. In the stillness of the night I knew she could hear every click of the instrument below, and work as effectively as if sitting at the telegraph table.

In a few minutes a call came from the dispatcher, which she promptly responded to.

"God bless you, little girl, you have done great work this night. Special train with sheriff's posse will leave in five minutes, and make run to Red Rock in forty-five minutes. Remain where you will be safe in case of a fight with robbers."

"Oh! I am so fearful Sd has been killed," I heard her say. "I heard them threaten to kill him and heard a shot, followed by a shuffling of feet."

In a tone of voice so loud I knew she could hear it, I said:—

"Men, I have been shot in the thigh and am in pain. This bench is a hard bed for a wounded man. Won't you carry me in and lay me on my bed in the next room?"

"What do we keer how you suffer after that bad break o' yours? Lay still, or you'll get more of it!"

I heard the little heroine report the words to the dispatcher, and felt that my object had been accomplished and her anxiety relieved. In a moment came a message intended for my ears:—

"Brace up, Fred, for help is coming. We've got the best of this game, but I am distressed at your condition, old fellow. Grin and bear it. I will be with you the minute the train gets here.—Cr."

God bless her! And she called me Fred! Her heroism fanned yet brighter the flames of love in my heart, and I felt that her language indicated that she held me in more than ordinary regard.

Were I dealing with fiction I would write a lurid description of a desperate conflict between the sheriff's posse and the outlaws, but as I am detailing an actual experience, and the story will, no doubt, be read by many acquainted with the facts, I must adhere closely to the lines of truth. The special stopped about a mile north of the station to allow the posse to disembark, and, by advancing noiselessly, surround the depôt and capture the robbers; but, alas for the well-laid plan, the noise of the train was heard, and fearing a trap, the scoundrels, leaving me a parting curse, hastened from the office, mounted their horses, which had been secured near by, and made their escape before a shot was fired.

A few months later, while on leave of absence granted me from the handsome station given me in a beautiful Kansas town, a telegram was handed to me as I stood in the parlour of Mrs. Rankin's pretty cottage home in Arkansas City. I read it and handed it to a little woman dressed in bridal robes who stood at my side. Then the chief train-dispatcher read it aloud to the assembled guests. It ran as follows:—

"Topeka, Kansas, May 10, 18—.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fred Saunders,

"Arkansas City,

"All the officials of the Santa Fé Company join in warmest congratulations, with the sincere prayer that the new lives you to-day begin may never be shadowed by a cloud of care. While we regret the loss of the valued services of our little heroine of Red Rock, we glean satisfaction from the fact that we will yet hold her husband, and will always feel that she, too, is a cherished member of the great Santa Fé family. May the sun of true happiness ever illumine your lives.

(Signed) "R. B. GEMMELL,

"Sup't of Telegraph."

"I am commissioned," added the dispatcher, "to place these two envelopes among the gifts from loving friends on this table. They bear slight tokens of appreciation of valuable services from the Santa Fé Company and from the Wells-Fargo Express Company."

There was an envelope addressed to Carrie, and one to myself. Each contained a crisp, new, uncreased $1,000 greenback.

Through a Telescope.

By Sir Robert Ball.

II.—THE PLANET SATURN.

A MEMORABLE astronomical discovery was made in the year 1610. Galileo had just perfected that wonderful telescope which, for the first time, enabled man to view the heavens under more advantageous circumstances than those which the mere optical apparatus provided by Nature afforded him. Galileo discovered, by the help of this new instrument, that the object which had been known from time immemorial by the name of Saturn was not a mere globe like the sun or the moon, Jupiter or Venus. What Galileo saw, or at all events thought he saw, was that this particular planet consisted of a large central globe, accompanied by two other smaller globes, one on each side. To use his own expression in announcing his discovery, he "had seen Saturn three-fold." In the course of the movement of the planet a time presently arrived when, to the astonishment of Galileo, these two appended globes disappeared. "Can it be," asked the great philosopher, "that Saturn has devoured his children?"

Photograph of the Planet Saturn. Taken by Prof. W. H. Pickering, with an exposure of 6m. 16s., and telescope of 13in. aperture. 1889, February, 7d. 18h. 54m., G.M.T. (From the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.)

For forty-five years the nature of these extraordinary appendages to Saturn, which were sometimes visible and sometimes invisible, presented an enigma to astronomers. Huyghens, however, in 1655, by a combination of acute observation and ingenious reasoning, demonstrated that the phenomena in question could only be produced by a ring which, though completely detached from Saturn, revolved around the great central globe. Nearly two centuries and a half have elapsed since the Saturnian mystery was thus happily explained, and each succeeding generation of astronomers has done its best to explain more fully the marvellous features of this ringed system. The stream of discovery has thus flowed onwards continually; indeed, a very important step has been made only quite recently, in illustration of the ultimate texture of the ring.

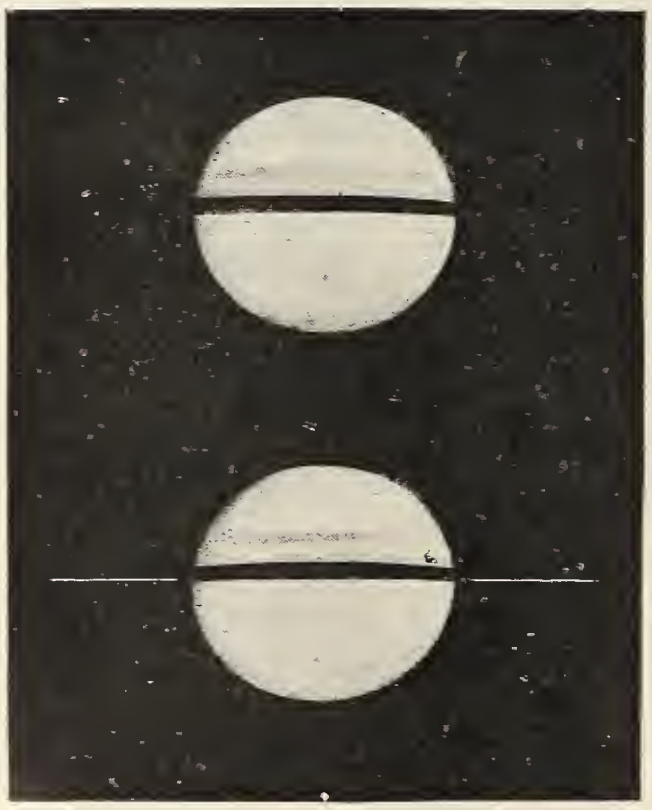
After the achievement of Huyghens, the next great advance in our knowledge of the Saturnian system is due to J. E. D. Cassini, who discovered the now well-known dark line of division which marks the ring into two regions, namely, the inner ring and the outer ring. The existence of this important feature was announced in 1675. No doubt is now entertained that this dark line is not merely a mark, but that it is a veritable separation of the ring into two distinct portions. Up to the present, however, it does not seem to have been quite demonstrated that it is possible to see clearly through the line of Cassini. There would be only one really satisfactory method of testing the question as to the dark mark being actually a void space, but the opportunity for putting this test into practice does not, as yet, appear to have arisen. As Saturn moves across the heavens, it must occasionally pass between the earth and certain of the fixed stars. If it should so happen that the planet passed over a sufficiently bright star, it would be extremely interesting to observe whether the star could be discerned through the dark line. If that line were really an actual opening, as we have good reason to believe, the star should be seen shining with undiminished brilliance through the narrow aperture.

Besides this division so well known to every observer, there is another much fainter line which marks the outer ring into two nearly equal portions. It is generally best seen at the extremities most remote from the planet. Evidently in this case there is not a complete division through the substance of the ring. There can also be no doubt that, under circumstances exceptionally favourable

for observation, many other divisions are to be discerned in both rings besides those more prominent ones which we have here mentioned. In fact, glimpses of Saturn have been occasionally obtained which seem to show the rings divided into a series of ribbons of bright material separated by narrow dark lanes. No doubt such a theory of ring-formation can hardly be regarded as thoroughly well established; at the same time it must be observed that what we certainly know as to the structure of the ring—and this is a point which will be dealt with presently—leads us to the belief that some such subdivision of the broad, flat rings into multitudes of narrow concentric rings is certainly possible.

Saturn as seen on July 2, 1894, by Prof. E. E. Barnard, with the great refractor of the Lick Observatory. The shadow of the rings upon the globe and of the globe on the rings may be noted. (From the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.)

One reason why our knowledge of the features of Saturn and its rings has been gathered in so slowly is connected with the long period required by this planet to accomplish a revolution around the sun. Saturn takes no less than thirty years for each of these great journeys. As there are only particular parts of its orbit in which certain of the phenomena can be studied to advantage, it necessarily follows that much time may often have to elapse in the complete elucidation of any particular point. Thus for instance, on the question of visibility through the dark lines, there is a certain position in which the planet is sometimes placed which might throw much light on the matter. It will occasionally happen in the course of Saturn's movement around the sun, that the plane of the ring passes between the earth and the sun. In such a case it would not be the sun-illumined side which would then be turned towards the earth, as is generally the case. The face on which the sun does not shine would be that which was then exposed to our inspection. Such an occurrence would afford a very interesting object for those who are provided with good telescopes. So slowly does the planet move, however, that we must wait until the year 1907 before the necessary opportunity arises.



Saturn as seen on October 22 and 29, 1891, 36in. refractor, Lick Observatory. Drawn by Prof. E. E. Barnard. (From the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.)

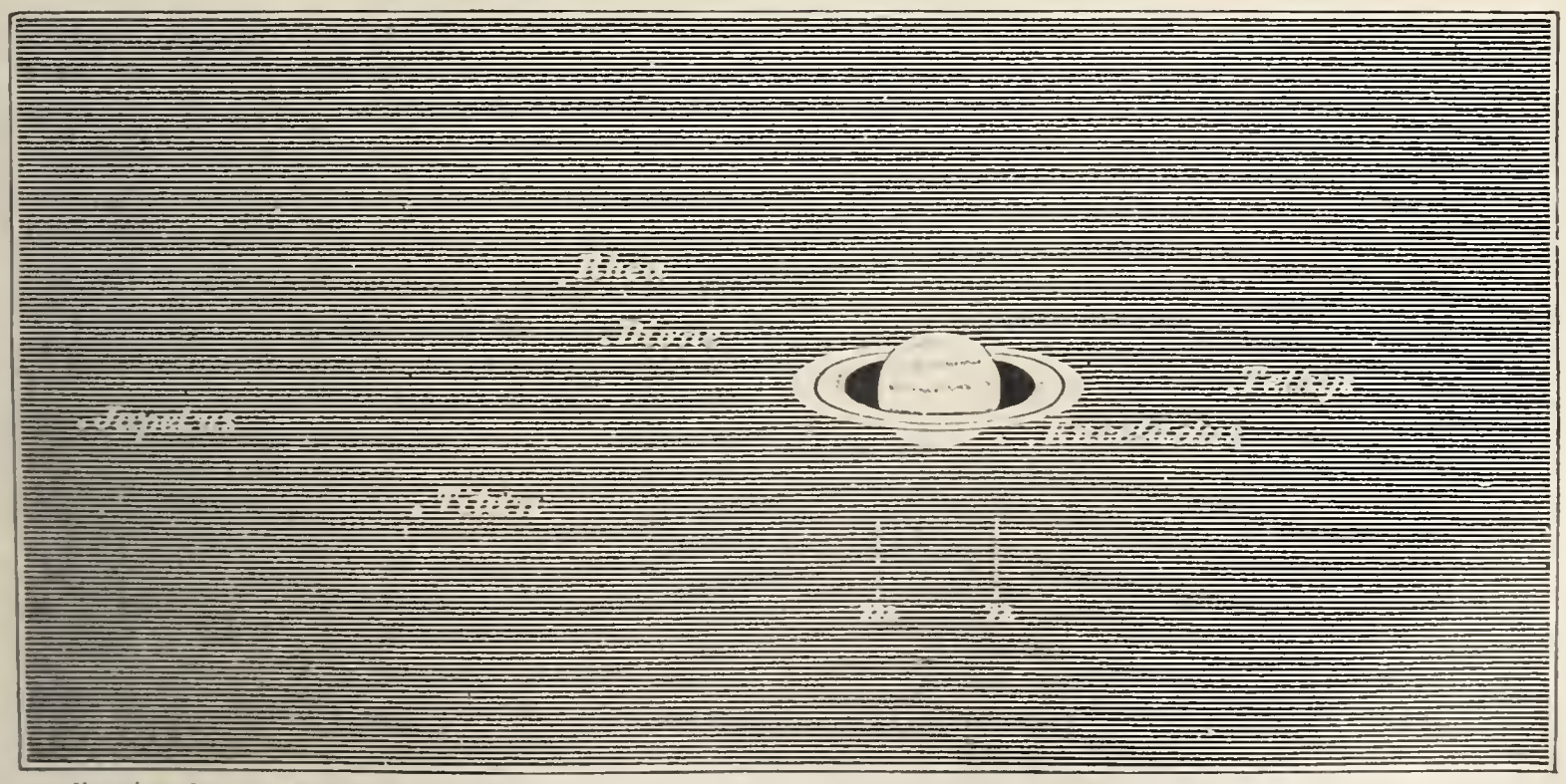
A very remarkable extension was given to our knowledge of the planet in 1850. Up to that time it had been supposed that the ringed system consisted simply of the two well-known bright objects divided by the conspicuous line of Cassini. But in the year we have named, Professor Bond, the distinguished astronomer of Harvard College Observatory, Cambridge, Mass., made an announcement which riveted the attention of the astronomical world. He announced that besides the two well-known rings, there was yet another which had eluded the penetration of all previous astronomers. This third ring extended from the innermost margin of the two older rings, half-way towards the globe of the planet. Professor Bond was not, however, destined to enjoy the entire glory of this discovery. This new Saturnian feature was simultaneously discovered by an accomplished English astronomer—Mr. Dawes. The first comment that is apt to be made on hearing of the existence of this new ring is to express surprise that it had never been discovered before. This is not due to the fact that the ring is not large enough, nor that it does not occupy a sufficiently conspicuous position. The reason why this new object had escaped the attention of all preceding

Saturn as seen on February 11, 1884. Drawn by Henry Pratt. (From the Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.)

astronomers, notwithstanding that they had observed Saturn so many hundreds of times, is to be found in the peculiar character of the new structure. It is certainly true that the outer rings must not be regarded as solid objects, they are not even liquids, but yet they seem quite solid objects in comparison to the extraordinarily delicate feature which was revealed to the penetrating search of Professor Bond and Mr. Dawes. This new ring has not the brightness of the other rings; indeed, its peculiar appearance is sufficiently defined in that term "crape-ring," by which it is generally known. It possesses a semi-transparency resembling that of crape, and this makes it so faint in comparison with the brilliant rings and the brilliant globe of the planet, that it had long escaped attention. With the good telescopes now generally distributed, it is quite easy to see the crape-ring, and astronomers have come to regard it as a familiar object.

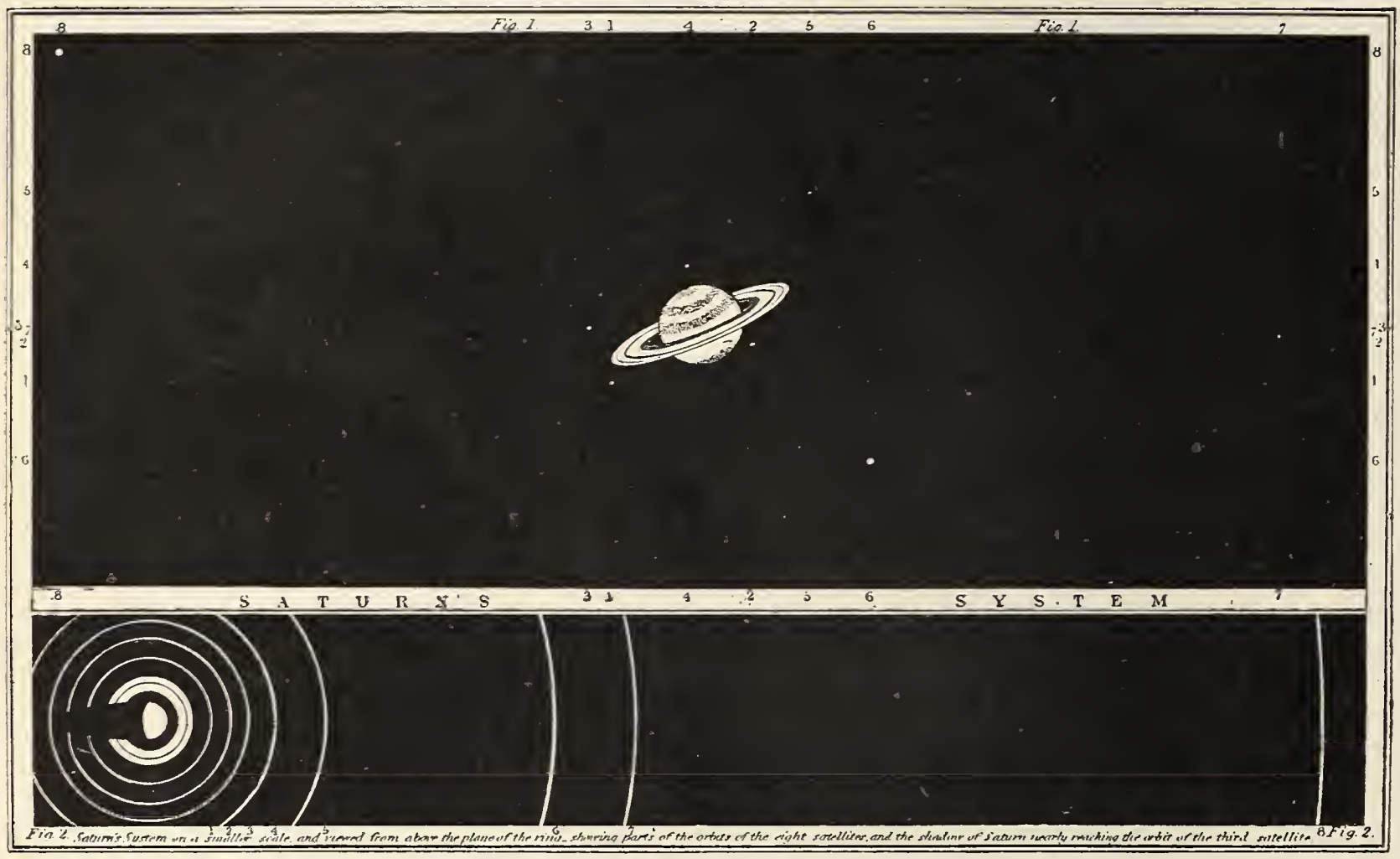
It has been sometimes supposed that changes are in actual progress in the structure of the appendages of Saturn, and that these changes are of vast magnitude and proceed with great rapidity, and it has been thought that in consequence of these changes the crape-ring has assumed in these days a more conspicuous character than it formerly possessed. An attempt has thus been made to account for the fact that the crape-ring eluded the penetration of an observer so skilful as William Herschel, who devoted much care, with exquisite and powerful instruments, to the observation of Saturn. But I do not think that this affords any ground for the belief that changes of appreciable magnitude are going forward in the Saturnian system. It is well known that after an astronomical object has been discovered, it may then frequently be seen by an instrument of inferior power to that employed in making the discovery—for when an observer knows exactly what he has to look for, his chances of seeing it become materially increased. This fact, taken in conjunction with the present abundance of excellent telescopes, will quite suffice to explain how it comes that the crape-ring is now so frequently observed, notwithstanding the fact that it eluded all observers up to the year 1850.

As to the features on the globe of Saturn, which lies poised in the centre of the rings, there is not very much to be said. The astronomical artist who finds such scope for his pencil in depicting the seas and the continents, the ice-caps, or the canals, on Mars, sees comparatively little that he can draw on the mighty Saturnian ball. No doubt certain belts or zones are sometimes to be discerned with more or less distinctness upon the globe



Showing Saturn and six of his satellites—Japetus, Titan, Rhea, Dione, Tethys, Enceladus—on February 7, 1852. (From the publications of the Harvard College Observatory.)

of the planet, but they are, however, even at the best, only very faintly marked. One thing is perfectly certain, namely, that Saturn presents to the observer no indications whatever of the presence of any permanent features. It seems as certain as anything can be with respect to a globe which is distant from us by 884,000,000 miles, that Saturn as we see it is not a solid object. What we look at is plainly a surface of clouds and vapours, so thick and dense, that our vision has never been able to penetrate through them to a depth sufficient to show whether or not there is any solid interior to Saturn. There cannot be a doubt that the stupendous envelope of clouds and vapours which encompasses Saturn renders the physical condition of that globe totally different in every way from the physical conditions of such a globe as our earth or as Mars. There is also another line of reasoning by which we can convince ourselves of the fact that the globe of the ringed planet has been greatly swollen by volumes of clouds and vapours. By suitable observations on the moons with which Saturn is attended, it is possible to determine the weight of the central orb, by whose attractive power the movements of the moons are controlled. The diameter of the planet has also been measured, and its volume has thus been ascertained, and from knowing these facts we are able to learn the density of the materials of Saturn, as compared with those of other globes, such for example as our earth. It is known that this globe of ours is between five and six times the weight of a globe of water of the same size. This has been the result derived from very careful experiment and observation. It is, however, easy to perceive by a little general reasoning that some such conclusion as that we have just stated would be extremely probable. For the rocks which compose the earth's crust are between two and three times as heavy, bulk for bulk, as water; while iron, which enters without doubt very largely into the constitution of the earth, is rather more than seven times as heavy as water. Common-sense would thus seem to show that the earth as a whole must be heavier than a globe of stone the same size, while not so heavy as a globe of iron the same size. Hence we might have anticipated that our globe should be, as experiment has shown it to be, about five or six times as heavy as a globe of water of equal bulk. The specially remarkable circumstance with regard to the globe of Saturn is, that the materials of which it is made are very much lighter than the materials of the earth. The planet is so vast, that it would take six hundred globes as large as our earth agglomerated into one to be equal in volume to the ball of Saturn. If this celestial



Saturn and six of his satellites, and parts of the orbits of the eight satellites shown in plan. (From Proctor's "Saturn and its System," by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

body had been constituted in the same manner as our earth is constituted, it might, therefore, be reasonably expected that the weight of the ringed planet would be in like proportion to its bulk, that is to say, about six hundred times as heavy as the earth. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. Saturn does not weigh one hundred times as much as the earth. There is here a wide discrepancy. The materials of the great planet must be, on the whole, far lighter than those of which the earth is built. Our earth, though not so heavy as an equally large ball of iron, is yet far heavier than an equally large ball of stone. Saturn, on the other hand, is lighter than its own bulk of water. A globe equally large and equally heavy with Saturn would float upon water. It is impossible to dissociate the relative lightness of Saturn from the fact that it is encompassed with a stupendous mass of clouds. Of course, these clouds have comparatively little weight, but they have added enormously to the bulk of Saturn, and have thus tended to reduce its average density. It is, however, quite possible that in the central parts of the planet there may be materials possessing a density as great or possibly even far greater than the density of any materials in the earth.

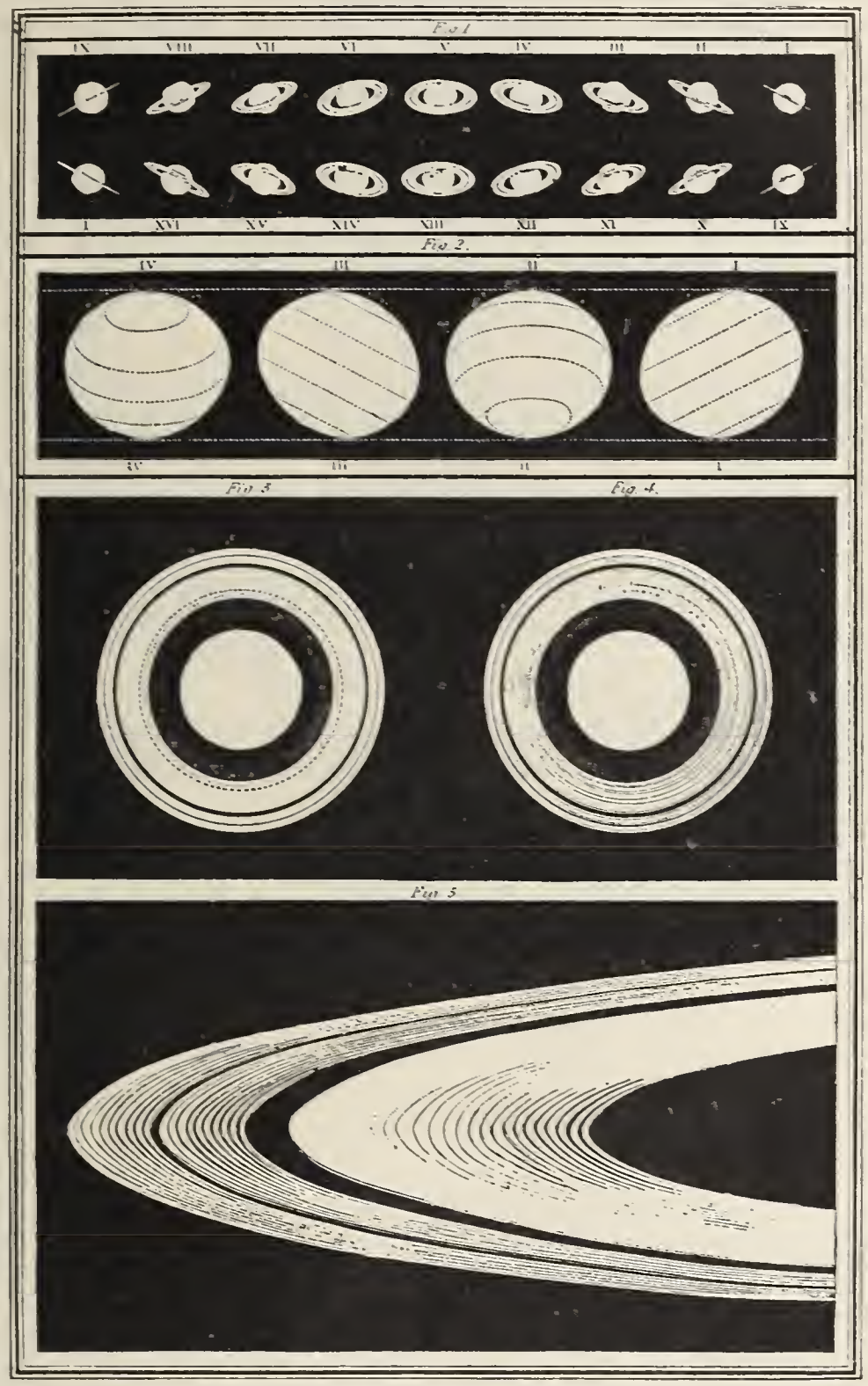
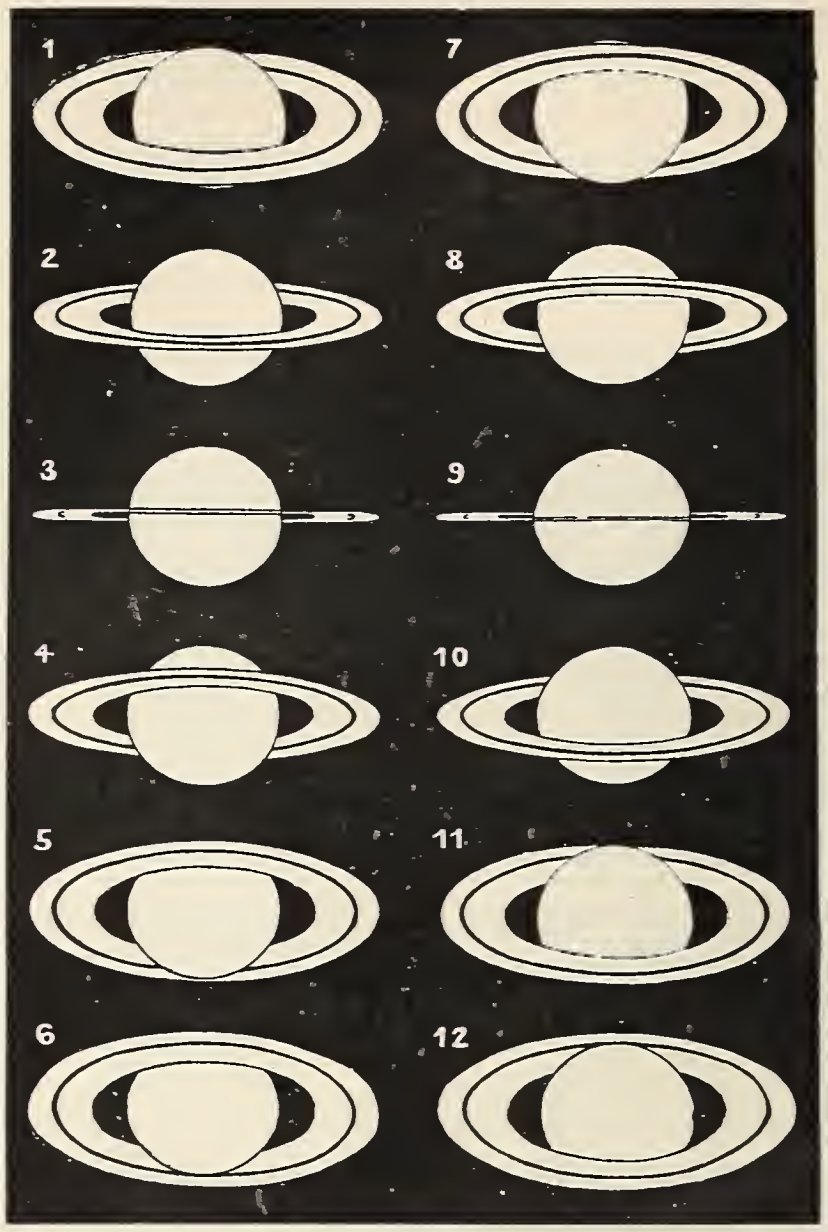


Fig. 1 shows sixteen different aspects in which Saturn and its rings are presented towards us. Fig. 2 shows the various positions of the globe of the planet. Fig. 3 and Fig. 4 show projections of the ring systems, and of the various marks which they contain. Fig. 5 expresses the subsidiary rings which have been sometimes glimpsed. (From Proctor's "Saturn and its System," by permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.)

There is no difficulty in satisfactorily accounting for the great discrepancy which exists between the physical state of Saturn and the physical state of the earth. We know that the earth contains a vast store of heat in its interior, and that consequently it must once have been hotter, much hotter, at the surface than it is at present. For, as our globe is certainly slowly cooling down, it is quite obvious that the further we look back the hotter do we find our globe must have been. Indeed, it seems impossible to doubt that at some epoch excessively remote, even from a geological point of view, there must have been so much heat that the surface of the earth was unfitted to retain water except in the form of steam. We are hence led to look back to a phase in our earth's history, when the waters at present in the oceans were in the form of mighty vapours encompassing our globe. At this time our earth, though no heavier than it is at present, must have been enormously larger, and an outside observer who had the means of comparing the bulk of our earth with its weight, would have come to the conclusion that the density of our globe was comparatively small. He would, in fact, have found that the physical condition of our earth in many respects resembled the physical condition which the planet Saturn has at present. If it be asked why our earth should have passed through those stages of transformation by which it has changed from its

primeval condition down to the form in which we now know it, while Saturn is still in such an early stage of development, the answer is, no doubt, to be found in the circumstance that Saturn is a vast globe, while our earth is a comparatively small one. We need only call attention to the somewhat trite fact that a small body cools down more quickly than a large one. The earth and Saturn, both highly heated in the beginning, have each been cooling down ever since. The earth being comparatively small has parted so freely with its heat that it has assumed the form which we now know. Saturn, on the other hand, being a very large body, has but slowly parted with its heat, and, consequently, still retains vast stores in comparison with the present state of the earth. It would thus seem that in the present condition of the globe of Saturn, we have a picture of what our earth may once have been like. It also seems probable that, as in the course of ages Saturn gradually parts with its heat, a time will at length come when the water at present in the clouds which surround it will be collected into oceans on its surface.

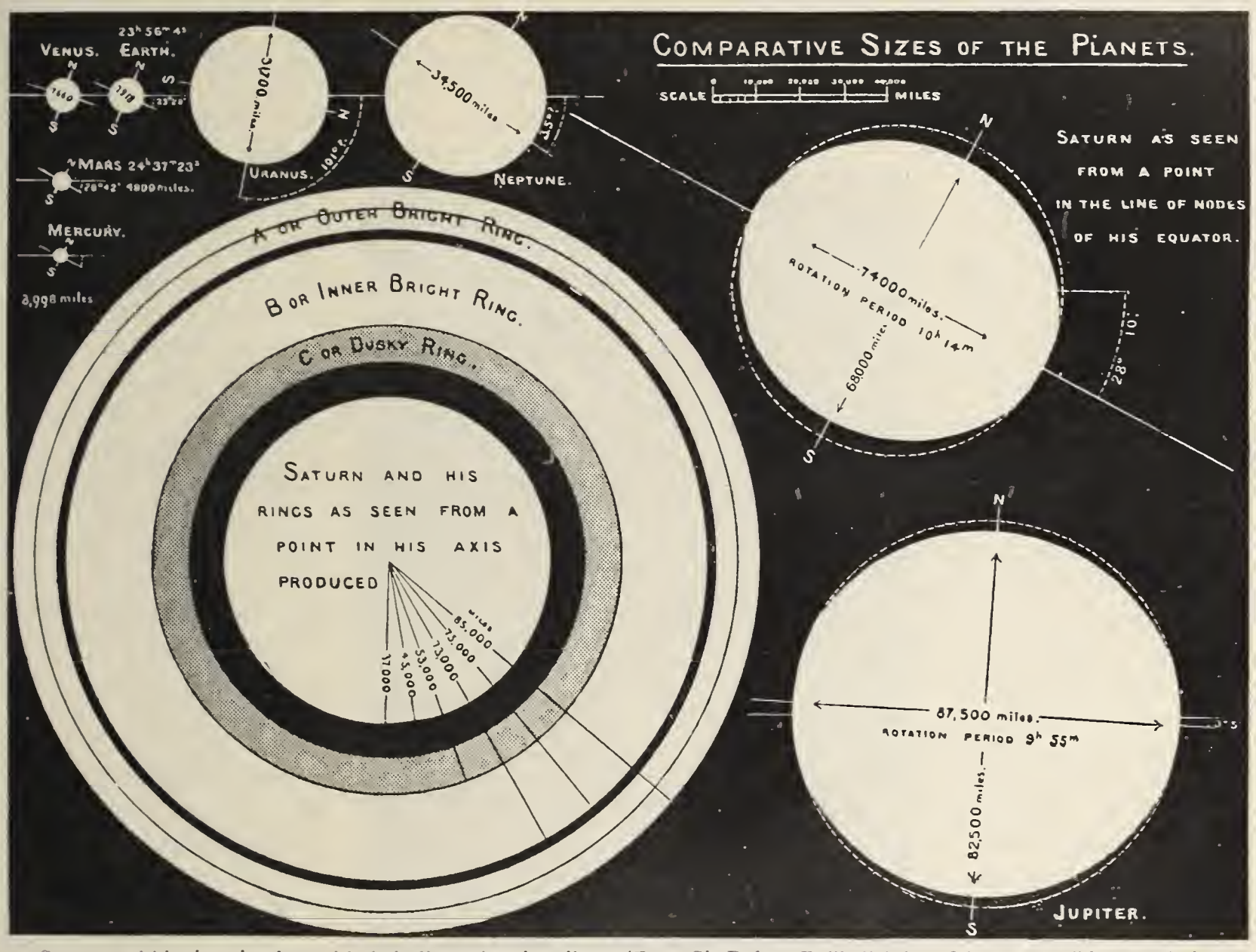


Twelve views of the aspect of the Saturnian System, corresponding to the months in which the planet is in opposition. For example, if the opposition is in January, the phase is as in Fig. 1; if in March, Fig. 3; if in December, Fig. 12. (From Sir Robert Ball's "Atlas of Astronomy," by permission of George Philip and Son.)

Though it seems almost certain that Saturn is a highly heated globe, yet it is not heated sufficiently to radiate forth light of its own; all the light which we receive from thence is merely reflected sunlight. There is abundant proof of this in various ways. It is, for example, demonstrated in an interesting manner by the fact that the globe of Saturn appears quite black where the shadow of the ring is cast upon it. This, of course, would not have been the case if the globe had retained any of its original luminosity.

The phenomena of Saturn and his system present problems of the deepest interest to astronomers of every class. Especially has the structure of the ring given rise to questions which have taxed alike the highest powers of the observing astronomer and of the accomplished mathematician. The mechanical character of the ring might at the first glance appear to be a comparatively simple matter. It might be thought that each of the two bright rings was a broad, thin belt of some solid material, but after a little reflection a mechanical difficulty of the gravest character will be seen to present itself. For think of the two halves of which each ring is composed. Each such half is a stupendous arch, an arch which has to withstand the attraction of the ponderous globe in the centre. It is not very difficult to calculate the strain to which the materials of an arch of more than 100,000 miles span would be subjected. Engineers are well accustomed to the notion that it is impossible for them to erect an arch which has a span beyond a certain limit. That limit is dictated by the circumstance that the pressure upon the stones or other material of which the arch is built increases with every increase of the span. Consequently a point would be some time reached when the pressure to which the stones are subjected is so great, that any further increase in span would be attended with the danger that the structure would collapse with its own weight. This consideration defines the limit of the arch which could be constructed out of terrestrial materials. We can calculate the pressure that would have to be withstood by the materials in an arch such as that made by one-half of Saturn's ring. It is quite easy to prove that this pressure would be so great, that even if the materials were many thousands of times tougher than the toughest steel, or any other known substance, it would be utterly impos-

sible for the ring to resist the tendency to collapse. No doubt the strain on the structure would be somewhat lightened by the fact that the ring is spinning round rapidly. The centrifugal force thence arising must, to a certain extent, neutralize the effect of the attraction of the planet. This circumstance, though it may lessen, yet it does not remove the difficulty, for the ring has a very considerable width. If the centrifugal force were so adjusted as to neutralize the strains in the middle portion of the ring, it would composed of myriads of little objects, each so minute that it is quite impossible for us to see it separately, at its present distance from the earth. These little objects are, however, in such incalculable myriads, and they lie so close together, that we can see the mighty shoals which they form, though we are not able to discriminate the individual members. By this supposition the difficulty as to the mechanical condition of Saturn's rings has been found to disappear. Each of the little particles may be regarded



Saturn and his rings in plan, with their dimensions in miles. (From Sir Robert Ball's "Atlas of Astronomy," by permission of George Philip and Son.)

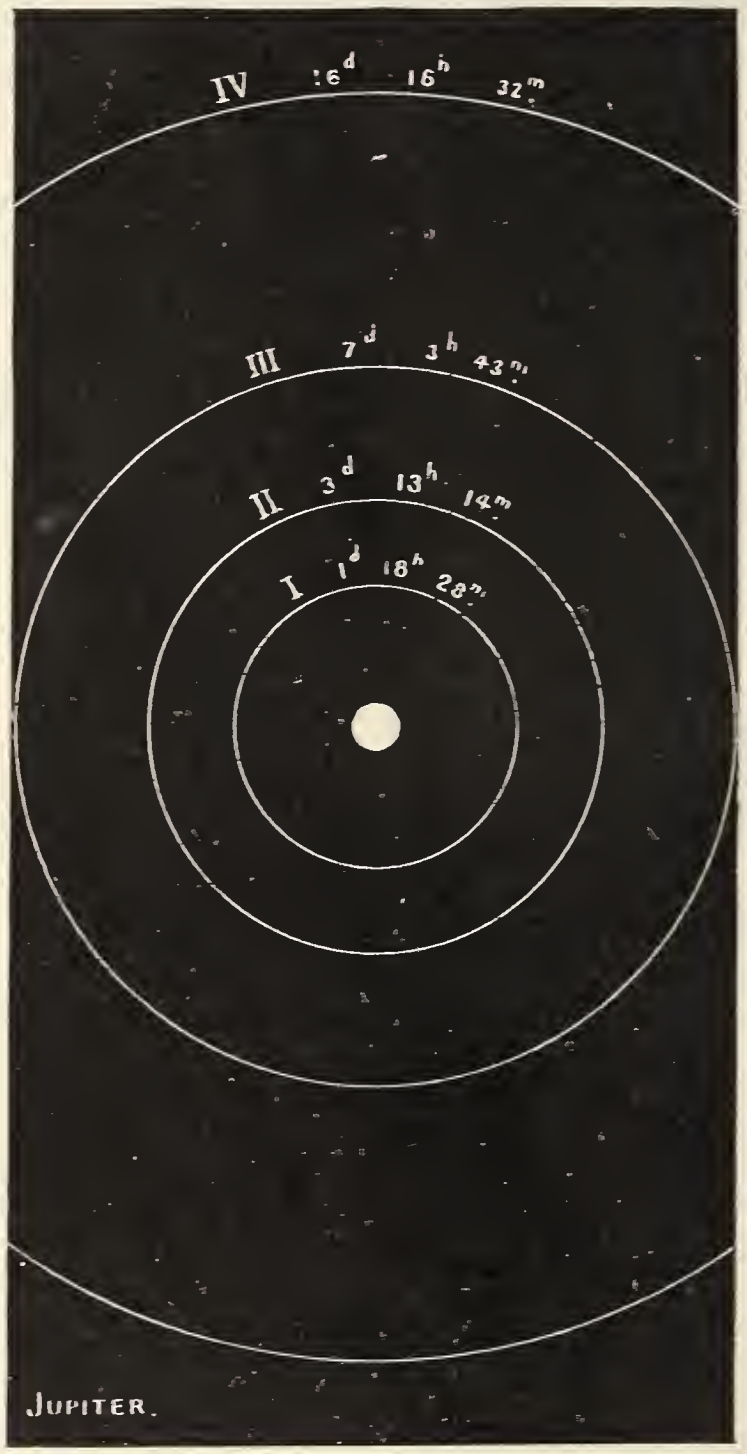
be too great for the inner portion, while it would not be great enough for the outer portion. Looked at in whatever way we please, it would seem quite impossible, on mechanical principles, that each ring of Saturn could be composed of a thin belt of solid material.

The explanation of the character of this curious structure was first given by the late Professor J. Clark Maxwell. He conducted this memorable research by means of that instrument which is often more subtle than the telescope of the astronomer, I mean the pen of the mathematician. He thus showed that the rings of Saturn must be as a moon or satellite in attendance on the great planet. Each such moon revolves around the central globe, pursuing its own track in complete independence of the movements of its neighbours, every one of which is also guided and held in its course by the supreme controlling power of the mighty Saturnian mass.

And now we are able to understand what would seem otherwise quite inexplicable, and that is the exquisite structure of the crape-ring. For it is characteristic of the most extraordinary feature in the solar system that it is semi-transparent; in fact, under certain circumstances the globe of the

planet can be seen right through the crape-ring. Though this ring, like the two bright rings, is said to be quite thin, yet we must remember that the thinness is of a relative description. It is thin relatively to its breadth or to the gigantic size of the planet, but measured in more familiar standards, the rings are doubtless hundreds of miles in thickness. Here, then, we have a structure or membrane, or whatever we may call it, hundreds of miles in thickness, which nevertheless is sufficiently transparent to enable us to see through it. It is quite plain that the explanation we seek may be found in the circumstance that the crape-ring, like the outer rings, is composed of myriads of small particles, only in the case of the semi-transparent ring the particles are more scantily distributed, so that we are enabled in some degree to see between them. Thus we can account for the characteristic feature of the crape-ring, and thus one of the enigmas of the heavens has been solved.

No one has yet seen, nor is it the least likely that anyone ever can see, the little objects severally whose incalculable myriads form the rings of Saturn. It is, however, most interesting to note that we have recently had from the distinguished astronomer, Professor Keeler, a very remarkable optical confirmation of Clerk Maxwell's doctrine. No observation upon Saturn which has been made for many years has excited so much interest as that which has justly been aroused by Professor Keeler's investigation. The spectroscope enables us to discover the speed with which luminous objects are moving towards the observer, or moving from him. Professor Keeler's observations on Saturn's ring with the spectroscope have thus given some notion of the relative velocities of the parts on the outside of the ring and of the parts on the inside. If a ring of Saturn were composed of a solid piece, then it is quite certain that all the parts of that ring must revolve round the planet in the same time. If, however, according to Maxwell's theory, the ring were composed of myriads of small particles, then the particles on the inside, having shorter orbits to describe, and moving more quickly, will for a double reason occupy less time in accomplishing a circuit of the planet than will the particles on the outside. Professor Keeler has demonstrated by the spectroscope that there are in the different parts of the rings precisely those varieties of movement which the theory of Maxwell would have led us to expect. We may thus regard the problem of the character of Saturn's ring as solved. The anticipations of theory have been confirmed by observation.



The orbits of the satellites of Saturn, with their periodic times. (From Sir Robert Ball's "Atlas of Astronomy," by permission of George Philip and Son.)

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER IX.

WATIER'S.

MY uncle's house in Jermyn Street was quite a small one—five rooms and an attic. "A man-cook and a cottage," he said, "are all that a philosopher requires." On the other hand, it was furnished with the neatness and taste which belonged to his character, so that his most luxurious friends found something in the tiny rooms which made them discontented with their own sumptuous mansions. Even the attic, which had been converted into my bedroom, was the most perfect little bijou attic that could possibly be imagined. Beautiful and valuable knick-knacks filled every corner of every apartment, and the house had become a perfect miniature museum which would have delighted a virtuoso. My uncle explained the presence of all these pretty things with a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of his hands. "They are *des petites cadeaux*," said he, "but it would be an indiscretion for me to say more."

We found a note from Ambrose waiting for us which increased rather than explained the mystery of his disappearance.

"My dear Sir Charles Tregellis," it ran, "it will ever be a subject of regret to me that the force of circumstances should have compelled me to leave your service in so abrupt a fashion, but something occurred during our journey from Friar's Oak to Brighton which left me without any possible alternative. I trust, however, that my absence may prove to be merely a temporary one. The isinglass recipe for the shirt-fronts is in the strong-box at Drummond's Bank.—Yours obediently, Ambrose."

"Well, I suppose I must fill his place as best I can," said my uncle, moodily. "But how on earth could something have occurred to make him leave me at a time when we were going full-trot down hill in my curricle? I shall never find his match again either for chocolate or cravats. *Je suis desolé!* But now, nephew, we must send to Weston and have you fitted up. It is not for a gentleman to go to a shop, but for the shop to come to the gentleman. Until you have your clothes you must remain *en retraite*."

The measuring was a most solemn and serious function, though it was nothing to the trying-on two days later, when my uncle stood by in an agony of apprehension as each garment was adjusted, he and Weston arguing over every seam and lapel and skirt until I was dizzy with turning round in front of them. Then, just as I had hoped that all was settled, in came young Mr. Brummell, who promised to be an even greater exquisite than my uncle, and the whole matter had to be thrashed out between them. He was a good-sized man, this Brummell, with a long, fair face, light brown hair, and slight sandy side-whiskers. His manner was languid, his voice drawling, and while he eclipsed my uncle in the extravagance of his speech, he had not the air of manliness and decision which underlay all my kinsman's affectations.

"Why, George," cried my uncle, "I thought you were with your regiment."

"I've sent in my papers," drawled the other.

"I thought it would come to that."

"Yes. The Tenth was ordered to Manchester, and they could hardly expect me to go to a place like that. Besides, I found the major monstrous rude."

"How was that?"

"He expected me to know all about his absurd drill, Tregellis, and I had other things to think of, as you may suppose. I had no difficulty in taking my right place on parade, for there was a trooper with a red nose on a flea-bitten grey, and I had observed that my post was always immediately in front of him. This saved a great deal of trouble. The other day, however, when I came on parade, I galloped up one line and down the other, but the deuce a glimpse could I get of that long nose of his! Then, just as I was at my wits' end, I caught sight of him, alone at one side; so I formed up in front. It seems he had been put there to keep the ground, and the major so far forgot himself as to say that I knew nothing of my duties."

My uncle laughed, and Brummell looked me up and down with his large, intolerant eyes.

"These will do very passably," said he. "Buff and blue are always very gentlemanlike. But a sprigged waistcoat would have been better."

"I think not," said my uncle, warmly.

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"My dear Tregellis, you are infallible upon a cravat, but you must allow me the right of my own judgment upon vests. I like it vastly as it stands, but a touch of red sprig would give it the finish that it needs."

They argued with many examples and analogies for a good ten minutes, revolving round me at the same time with their heads on one side and their glasses to their eyes. It was a relief to me when they at last agreed upon a compromise.

"THEY ARGUED FOR A GOOD TEN MINUTES."

"You must not let anything I have said shake your faith in Sir Charles's judgment, Mr. Stone," said Brummell, very earnestly.

I assured him that I should not.

"If you were my nephew, I should expect you to follow my taste. But you will cut a very good figure as it is. I had a young cousin who came up to town last year with a recommendation to my care. But he would take no advice. At the end of the second week, I met him coming down St. James's Street in a snuff-coloured coat cut by a country tailor. He bowed to me. Of course I knew what was due to myself. I looked all round him, and there was an end to his career in town. You are from the country, Mr. Stone?"

"From Sussex, sir."

"Sussex! Why, that is where I send my washing to. There is an excellent clear-starcher living near Hayward's Heath. I send my shirts two at a time, for if you send more it excites the woman and diverts her attention. I cannot abide anything but country washing. But I should be vastly sorry to have to live there. What can a man find to do?"

"You don't hunt, George?"

"When I do, it's a woman. But surely you don't go to hounds, Charles?"

"I was out with the Belvoir last winter."

"What amusement can there be in flying about among a crowd of greasy, galloping farmers? Every man to his own taste, but Brookes's window by day and a snug corner of the macao table at Watier's by night, give me all I want for mind and body. You heard how I plucked Montague the brewer!"

"I have been out of town."

"I had eight thousand from him at a sitting. 'I shall drink your beer in future, Mr. Brewer,' said I. 'Every blackguard in London does,' said he. It was monstrous impolite of him, but some people cannot lose with grace. Well, I am going down to Clarges Street to pay Jew King a little of my interest. Are you bound that way? Well, good-bye, then! I'll see you and your young friend at the club or in the Mall, no doubt," and he sauntered off upon his way.

"That young man is destined to take my place," said my uncle, gravely, when Brummell had departed. "He is quite young and of no descent, but he has made his way by his cool effrontery, by his natural taste, and by his extravagance of speech. There is no man who can be impolite in so polished a fashion. Already his opinion is quoted in the clubs as a rival to my own. Well, every man has his day, and when I am convinced that mine is past, St. James's Street shall know me no more, for it is not in my nature to be second to any man. But now, nephew, in that buff and blue suit you may pass anywhere; so, if you please, we will step into my *vis-à-vis*, and I will show you something of the town."

How can I describe all that we saw and all that we did upon that lovely spring day? To me it was as if I had been wafted to a fairy world, and my uncle might have been some benevolent enchanter in a high-collared, long-tailed coat, who was guiding me about in it. He showed me the West-end streets, with the bright carriages and the gaily-dressed ladies and sombre-clad men, all crossing and hurrying and re-crossing like an ants' nest when you turn it over with a stick. Never had I formed a conception of such endless banks of houses, and such a ceaseless stream of life flowing between. Then we passed down the Strand, where the crowd was thicker than ever, and even penetrated beyond Temple Bar and into the City, though my uncle begged me not to mention it, for he would not wish it to be generally known. There I saw the Exchange and the Bank and Lloyd's Coffee House, with the brown-coated, sharp-faced merchants and the hurrying clerks, the huge horses and the busy draymen. It was a very different world this from that which we had left in the west—a world of energy and of strength, where there was no place for the listless and the idle. Young as I was, I knew that it was here, in the forest of merchant shipping, in the bales which swung up to the warehouse windows, in the loaded waggons which roared over the cobblestones, that the power of Britain lay. Here, in the City of London, was the taproot from which Empire and wealth and so many other fine leaves had sprouted. Fashion and speech and manners may change, and the City bells may ring out the hours until the clappers fall from their hinges, but the spirit of enterprise within that square mile or two of land must not change, for when it withers all that has grown from it must wither also.

We lunched at Stephen's, the fashionable inn in Bond Street, where I saw a line of tilburys and saddle-horses, which stretched from the door to the further end of the street. And thence we went to the Mall in St. James's Park, and thence to Brookes's, the great Whig club, and thence again to Watier's, where the men of fashion used to gamble. Everywhere I met the same sort of men, with their stiff figures and small waists, all showing the utmost deference to my uncle, and for his sake an easy tolerance of me. The talk was always such as I had already heard at the Pavilion: talk of politics, talk of the King's health, talk of the Prince's extravagance, of the expected renewal of the war, of horse-racing, and of the ring. I saw, too, that eccentricity was, as my uncle had told me, the fashion; and if the folk upon the Continent look upon us even to this day as being a nation of lunatics, it is no doubt a tradition handed down from the time when the only travellers whom they were likely to see were drawn from the class which I was now meeting.

It was an age of heroism and of folly. On the one hand soldiers, sailors, and statesmen of the quality of Pitt, Nelson, and afterwards Wellington, had been forced to the front by the imminent menace of Buonaparte. We were great in arms, and were soon also to be great in literature, for Scott and Byron were in their day the strongest forces in Europe. On the other hand, a touch of madness, real or assumed, was a passport through doors which were closed to wisdom and to virtue. The man who could enter a drawing-room walking upon his hands, the man who had filed his teeth that he might whistle like a coachman, the man who always spoke his thoughts aloud and so kept his guests in a quiver of apprehension, these were the people who found it easy to come to the front in London society. Nor could the heroism and the folly be kept apart, for there were few who could quite escape the contagion of the times. In an age when the Premier was a heavy drinker, the Leader of the Opposition a libertine, and the Prince of Wales a combination of the two, it was hard to know where to look for a man whose private and public characters were equally lofty. At the same time, with all its faults it was a *strong* age, and you will be fortunate if in your time the one island produces five such names as Pitt, Fox, Scott, Nelson, and Wellington.

It was in Watier's that night, seated by my uncle on one of the red velvet settees at the side of the room, that I had pointed out

"AT WATIER'S."

to me some of those singular characters whose fame and eccentricities are even now not wholly forgotten in the world. The long, many-pillared room, with its mirrors and chandeliers, was crowded with full-blooded, loud-voiced men-about-town, all in the same dark evening dress with white silk stockings, cambric shirt-fronts, and little, flat chapeau-bras under their arms.

"The acid-faced old gentleman with the thin legs is the Marquis of Queensberry," said my uncle. "His chaise was driven nineteen miles in an hour in a match against the Count Taafe, and he sent a message fifty miles in thirty minutes by throwing it from hand to hand in a cricket-ball. The man he is talking to is Sir Charles Bunbury of the Jockey Club, who had the Prince warned off the Heath at Newmarket on account of the in-and-out riding of Sam Chifney, his jockey. There's Captain Barclay going up to them now. He knows more about training than any man alive, and he has walked ninety miles in twenty-one hours. You have only to look at his calves to see that Nature built him for it. There's another walker there, the man with a flowered vest standing near the fireplace. That is Buck Whalley, who walked to Jerusalem in a long blue coat, top-boots, and buckskins."

"Why did he do that, sir?" I asked, in astonishment.

My uncle shrugged his shoulders.

"It was his humour," said he. "He walked into society through it, and that was better worth reaching than Jerusalem. There's Lord Petersham, the man with the beaky nose. He always rises at six in the evening, and he owns the finest cellar of snuff in Europe. It was he who ordered his valet to put half-a-dozen of sherry by his bed and call him the day after to-morrow. He's talking to Lord Panmure, who can take his six bottles of claret and argue with a bishop after it. Evening, Dudley!"

"Evening, Tregellis!" An elderly, vacant-looking man had stopped before us and was looking me up and down.

"Some young cub Charlie Tregellis has caught in the country," he murmured. "He doesn't look as if he would be much credit to him. Been out of town, Tregellis?"

"For a few days."

"Hem!" said the man, transferring his sleepy gaze to my uncle. "He's looking pretty bad. He'll be going into the country feet foremost some of these days if he doesn't pull up!" He nodded, and passed on.

"You mustn't look so mortified, nephew," said my uncle, smiling. "That's old Lord Dudley, and he has a trick of thinking aloud. People used to be offended, but they take no notice of him now. It was only last week when he was dining at Lord Elgin's that he apologized to the company for the shocking bad cooking. He thought he was at his own table, you see. It gives him a place of his own in society. That's Lord Harewood he has fastened on to now. Harewood's peculiarity is to mimic the Prince in everything. One day the Prince hid his queue behind the collar of his coat, so Harewood cut his off, thinking that they were going out of fashion. Here's Lumley, the ugly man. '*L'homme laid*' they called him in Paris. The other one is Lord Foley—they call him Number 11, on account of his thin legs."

"There is Mr. Brummell, sir," said I.

"Yes, he'll come to us presently. That young man has certainly a future before him. Do you observe the way in which he looks round the room from under his drooping eyelids, as though it were a condescension that he should have entered it? Small conceits are intolerable, but when they are pushed to the uttermost they become respectable. How do, George?"

"Have you heard about Vereker Merton?" asked Brummell, strolling up with one or two other exquisites at his heels. "He has run away with his father's woman-cook, and actually married her."

"What did Lord Merton do?"

"He congratulated him warmly, and confessed that he had always underrated his intelligence. He is to live with the young couple and make a handsome allowance on condition that the bride sticks to her old duties. By the way, there was a rumour that you were about to marry, Tregellis."

"I think not," answered my uncle. "It would be a mistake to overwhelm one by attentions which are a pleasure to many."

"My view, exactly, and very neatly expressed," cried Brummell. "Is it fair to break a dozen hearts in order to intoxicate one with rapture? I'm off to the Continent next week."

"Bailiffs?" asked one of his companions.

"Too bad, Pierrepoint. No, no, it is pleasure and instruction combined. Besides, it is necessary to go to Paris for your little things, and if there is a chance of the war breaking out again, it would be well to lay in a supply."

"Quite right," said my uncle, who seemed to have made up his mind to outdo Brummell in extravagance. "I used to get my sulphur-coloured gloves from the Palais Royal. When the war broke out in '93 I was cut off from them for nine years. Had it not been for a lugger which I specially hired to smuggle them, I might have been reduced to English tan."

"The English are excellent at a flat-iron or a kitchen poker, but anything more delicate is beyond them."

"Our tailors are good," cried my uncle, "but our stuffs lack taste and variety. The war has made us more *rococo* than ever. It has cut us off from travel, and there is nothing like travel for expanding the mind. Last year, for example, I came upon some new waistcoating in the Square of San Marco at Venice. It was yellow, with the prettiest little twill of pink running through it. How could I have seen it had I not travelled? I brought it back with me, and for a time it was all the rage."

"The Prince took it up."

"Yes, he usually follows my lead. We dressed so alike last year that we were frequently mistaken for each other. It tells against me, but so it was. He often complains that things do not look as well upon him as upon me, but how can I make the obvious reply? By the way, George, I did not see you at the Marchioness of Dover's ball."

"Yes, I was there, and lingered for a quarter of an hour or so. I am surprised that you did not see me. I did not go past the doorway, however, for undue preference gives rise to jealousy."

"I went early," said my uncle, "for I had heard that there were to be some tolerable *débutantes*. It always pleases me vastly when I am able to pass a compliment to any of them. It has happened, but not often, for I keep to my own standard."

So they talked, these singular men, and I, looking from one to the other, could not

imagine how they could help bursting out a-laughing in each other's faces. But, on the contrary, their conversation was very grave, and filled out with many little bows, and opening and shutting of snuff-boxes, and flickings of laced handkerchiefs. Quite a crowd had gathered silently around, and I could see that the talk had been regarded as a contest between two men who were looked upon as rival arbiters of fashion. It was finished by the Marquis of Queensberry passing his arm through Brummell's and leading him off, while my uncle threw out his laced cambric shirt-front and shot his ruffles as if he were well satisfied with his share in the encounter. It is seven-and-forty years since I looked upon that circle of dandies, and where, now, are their dainty little hats, their wonderful waistcoats, and their boots, in which one could arrange one's cravat? They lived strange lives, these men, and they died strange deaths—some by their own hands, some as beggars, some in a debtor's gaol, some, like the most brilliant of them all, in a madhouse in a foreign land.

"There is the card-room, Rodney," said my uncle, as we passed an open door on our way out. Glancing in, I saw a line of little, green baize tables with small groups of men sitting round, while at one side was a longer one, from which there came a continuous murmur of voices. "You may lose what you like in there, save only your nerve or your temper," my uncle continued. "Ah, Sir Lothian, I trust that the luck was with you?"

"'LOST LIKE THE DEUCE,' HE SNAPPED."

A tall, thin man, with a hard, austere face, had stepped out of the open doorway. His heavily thatched eyebrows covered quick, furtive grey eyes, and his gaunt features were hollowed at the cheek and temple like water-grooved flint. He was dressed entirely in black, and I noticed that his shoulders swayed a little as if he had been drinking.

"Lost like the deuce," he snapped.

"Dice?"

"No, whist."

"You couldn't get very hard hit over that."

"Couldn't you?" he snarled. "You play a hundred a trick and a thousand on the rub, and lose steadily for five hours, and see what you think of it."

My uncle was evidently struck by the haggard look upon the other's face.

"I hope it's not very bad," he said.

"Bad enough. It won't bear talking about. By the way, Tregellis, have you got your man for this fight yet?"

"No."

"You seem to be hanging in the wind a long time. It's play or pay, you know. I shall claim forfeit if you don't come to scratch."

"If you will name your day I will produce my man, Sir Lothian," said my uncle, coldly.

"This day four weeks, if you like."

"Very good. The 18th of May."

"I hope to have changed my name by then!"

"How is that?" asked my uncle, in surprise.

"It is just possible that I may be Lord Avon."

"What, you have had some news?" cried my uncle, and I noticed a tremor in his voice.

"I've had my agent over at Monte Video, and he believes he has proof that Avon died there. Anyhow, it is absurd to suppose that because a murderer chooses to fly from justice——"

"I won't have you use that word, Sir Lothian," cried my uncle, sharply.

"You were there as I was. You know that he was a murderer."

"I tell you that you shall not say so."

Sir Lothian's fierce little grey eyes had to lower themselves before the imperious anger which shone in my uncle's.

"Well, to let that point pass, it is monstrous to suppose that the title and the estates can remain hung up in this way for ever. I'm the heir, Tregellis, and I'm going to have my rights."

"I am, as you are aware, Lord Avon's dearest friend," said my uncle, sternly. "His disappearance has not affected my love for him, and until his fate is finally ascertained, I shall exert myself to see that *his* rights also are respected."

"His rights would be a long drop and a cracked spine," Sir Lothian answered, and then, changing his manner suddenly, he laid his hand upon my uncle's sleeve.

"Come, come, Tregellis, I was his friend as well as you," said he. "But we cannot alter the facts, and it is rather late in the day for us to fall out over them. Your invitation holds good for Friday night?"

"Certainly."

"I shall bring Crab Wilson with me, and finally arrange the conditions of our little wager."

"Very good, Sir Lothian! I shall hope to see you."

They bowed, and my uncle stood a little time looking after him as he made his way amidst the crowd.

"A good sportsman, nephew," said he. "A bold rider, the best pistol-shot in England, but . . . . a dangerous man!"

CHAPTER X.

THE MEN OF THE RING.

It was at the end of my first week in London that my uncle gave a supper to the fancy, as was usual for gentlemen of that time if they wished to figure before the public as Corinthians and patrons of sport. He had invited not only the chief fighting-men of the day, but also those men of fashion who were most interested in the ring: Mr. Fletcher Reid, Lord Say and Sele, Sir Lothian Hume, Sir John Lade, Colonel Montgomery, Sir Thomas Apreece, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, and many more. The rumour that the Prince was to be present had already spread through the clubs, and invitations were eagerly sought after.

The Waggon and Horses was a well-known sporting house, with an old prize-fighter for landlord. And the arrangements were as primitive as the most Bohemian could wish. It was one of the many curious fashions which have now died out, that men who were *blasé* from luxury and high living seemed to find a fresh piquancy in life by descending to the lowest resorts, so that the night-houses and gambling-dens in Covent Garden or the Haymarket often gathered illustrious company under their smoke-blackened ceilings. It was a change for them to turn their backs upon the cooking of Weltjie and of Ude, or the chambertin of old Q., and to dine upon a porter-house steak washed down by a pint of bitter from a pewter pot.

A rough crowd had assembled in the street to see the fighting-men go in, and my uncle warned me to look to my pockets as we pushed our way through it. Within was a large room with faded red curtains, a sanded floor, and walls which were covered with prints of pugilists and race-horses. Brown liquor-stained tables were dotted about in it, and round one of these half-a-dozen formidable-looking men were seated, while one, the roughest of all, was perched upon the table itself, swinging his legs to and fro. A tray of small glasses and pewter mugs stood beside them.

"The boys were thirsty, sir, so I brought up some ale and some liptrap," whispered the landlord; "I thought you would have no objection, sir."

"Quite right, Bob! How are you all? How are you, Maddox? How are you, Baldwin? Ah, Belcher, I am very glad to see you."

The fighting-men all rose and took their hats off, except the fellow on the table, who continued to swing his legs and to look my uncle very coolly in the face.

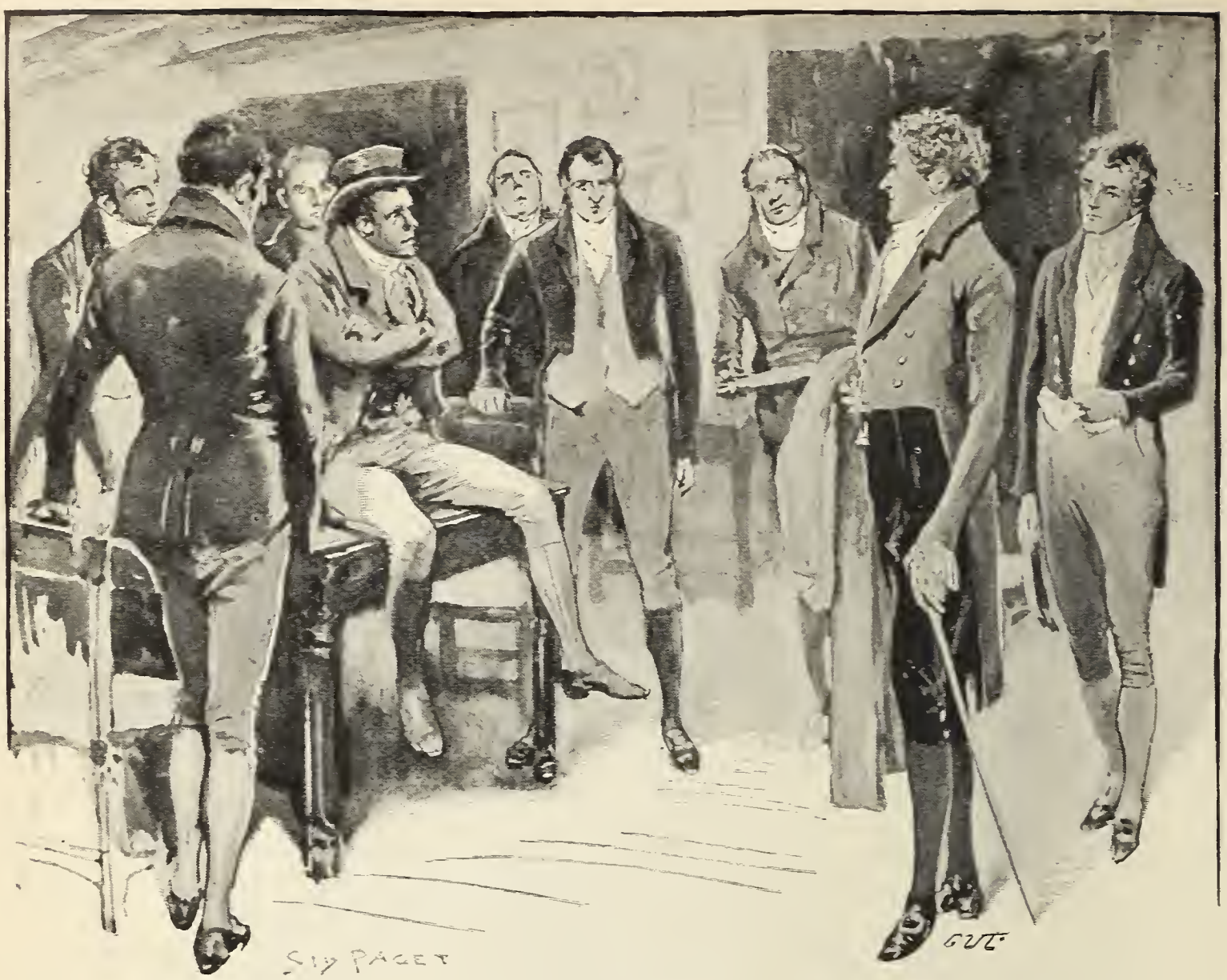
"How are you, Berks?"

"Pretty tidy. 'Ow are you?"

"Say 'sir' when you speak to a genelman," said Belcher, and with a sudden tilt of the table he sent Berks flying almost into my uncle's arms.

"See now, Jem, none o' that!" said Berks, sulkily.

"I'll learn you manners, Joe, which is more than ever your father did. You're not drinkin' black-jack in a boozin' ken, but you



"HOW ARE YOU, BERKS?"

are meetin' noble, slap-up Corinthians, and it's for you to behave as such."

"I've always been reckoned a genelman-like sort of man," said Berks, thickly, "but if so be as I've said or done what I 'adn't ought to——"

"There, there, Berks, that's all right!" cried my uncle, only too anxious to smooth things over and to prevent a quarrel at the outset of the evening. "Here are some more of our friends. How are you, Apreece? How are you, Colonel? Well, Jackson, you are looking vastly better. Good evening, Lade. I trust Lady Lade was none the worse for our pleasant drive. Ah, Mendoza, you look fit enough to throw your hat over the ropes this instant. Sir Lothian, I am glad to see you. You will find some old friends here."

Amid the stream of Corinthians and fighting-men who were thronging into the room I had caught a glimpse of the sturdy figure and broad, good-humoured face of Champion Harrison. The sight of him was like a whiff of South Down air coming into that low-roofed, oil-smelling room, and I ran forward to shake him by the hand.

"Why, Master Rodney—or I should say Mr. Stone, I suppose—you've changed out of all knowledge. I can't hardly believe that it was really you that used to come down to blow the bellows when Boy Jim and I were at the anvil. Well, you are fine, to be sure!"

"What's the news of Friar's Oak?" I asked, eagerly.

"Your father was down to chat with me, Master Rodney, and he tells me that the war is going to break out again, and that he hopes to see you here in London before many days are past; for he is coming up to see Lord Nelson and to make inquiry about a ship. Your mother is well, and I saw her in church on Sunday."

"And Boy Jim?"

Champion Harrison's good-humoured face clouded over.

"He'd set his heart very much on comin' here to-night, but there were reasons why I didn't wish him to, and so there's a shadow betwixt us. It's the first that ever was, and I feel it, Master Rodney. Between ourselves, I have very good reason to wish him to stay with me, and I am sure that, with his high spirit and his ideas, he would never settle down again after once he had a taste o' London. I left him behind me with enough work to keep him busy until I get back to him."

A tall and beautifully proportioned man, very elegantly dressed, was strolling towards us. He stared in surprise and held out his hand to my companion.

"Why, Jack Harrison!" he cried. "This is a resurrection. Where in the world did you come from?"

"Glad to see you, Jackson," said my companion. "You look as well and as young as ever."

"Thank you, yes. I resigned the belt when I could get no one to fight me for it, and I took to teaching."

"I'm doing smith's work down Sussex way."

"I've often wondered why you never had a shy at my belt. I tell you honestly, between man and man, I'm very glad you didn't."

"Well, it's real good of you to say that, Jackson. I might ha' done it perhaps, but the old woman was against it. She's been a good wife to me and I can't go against her. But I feel a bit lonesome here, for these boys are since my time."

"You could do some of them over now," said Jackson, feeling my friend's upper arm. "No better bit of stuff was ever seen in a twenty-four foot ring. It would be a rare treat to see you take some of these young ones on. Won't you let me spring you on them?"

Harrison's eyes glistened at the idea, but he shook his head.

"It won't do, Jackson. My old woman holds my promise. That's Belcher, ain't it — the good-lookin' young chap with the flash coat?"

"Yes, that's Jem. You've not seen him! He's a jewel."

"So I've heard. Who's the youngster beside him? He looks a tidy chap."

"That's a new man from the West. Crab Wilson's his name."

Champion Harrison looked at him with interest. "I've heard of him," said he. "They are getting a match on for him, ain't they?"

"Yes. Sir Lothian Hume, the thin-faced gentleman over yonder, has backed him against Sir Charles Tregellis's man. We're to hear about the match to-night, I understand. Jem Belcher thinks great things of Crab Wilson. There's Belcher's young brother, Tom. He's looking out for a match, too. They say he's quicker than Jem with the mufflers, but he can't hit as hard. I was speaking of your brother, Jem."

"The young 'un will make his way," said Belcher, who had come across to us. "He's more a sparrer than a fighter just at present, but when his gristle sets he'll take on anything on the list. Bristol's as full o' young fightin'-men now as a bin is of bottles. We've got two more comin' up—Gully and Pearce—who'll make you London milling coves wish they was back in the west country again."

"Here's the Prince," said Jackson, as a hum and bustle rose from the door.

I saw George come bustling in, with a good-humoured smile upon his comely face. My uncle welcomed him, and led some of the Corinthians up to be presented.

"THE PRINCE."

"We'll have trouble, gov'nor," said Belcher to Jackson. "Here's Joe Berks drinkin' gin out of a mug, and you know what a swine he is when he's drunk."

"You must put a stopper on 'im, gov'nor," said several of the other prize-fighters. "'E ain't what you'd call a charmer when 'e's sober, but there's no standing 'im when 'e's fresh."

Jackson, on account of his prowess and of the tact which he possessed, had been chosen as general regulator of the whole prize-fighting body, by whom he was usually alluded to as the Commander-in-Chief. He and Belcher went across now to the table upon which Berks was still perched. The ruffian's face was already flushed, and his eyes heavy and bloodshot.

"You must keep yourself in hand to-night, Berks," said Jackson. "The Prince is here, and——"

"I never set eyes on 'im yet," cried Berks, lurching off the table. "Where is 'e, gov'nor? Tell 'im Joe Berks would like to do 'isself proud by shakin' 'im by the 'and."

"No, you don't, Joe," said Jackson, laying his hand upon Berks's chest, as he tried to push his way through the crowd. "You've got to keep your place, Joe, or we'll put you where you can make all the noise you like."

"Where's that, gov'nor?"

"Into the street, through the window. We're going to have a peaceful evening, as Jem Belcher and I will show you if you get up to any of your Whitechapel games."

"No 'arm, gov'nor," grumbled Berks. "I'm sure I've always 'ad the name of bein' a very genelmanlike man."

"So I've always said, Joe Berks, and mind you prove yourself such. But the supper is ready for us, and there's the Prince and Lord Sele going in. Two and two, lads, and don't forget whose company you are in."

The supper was laid in a large room, with Union Jacks and mottoes hung thickly upon the walls. The tables were arranged in three sides of a square, my uncle occupying the centre of the principal one, with the Prince upon his right and Lord Sele upon his left. By his wise precaution the seats had been allotted beforehand, so that the gentlemen might be scattered among the professionals and no risk run of two enemies finding themselves together, or a man who had been recently beaten falling into the company of his conqueror. For my own part, I had Champion Harrison upon one side of me and a stout, florid-faced man upon the other, who whispered to me that he was "Bill Warr, landlord of the One Tun public-house, of Jermyn Street, and one of the gamest men upon the list."

"It's my flesh that's beat me, sir," said he. "It creeps over me amazin' fast. I should fight at thirteen-eight, and 'ere I am nearly seventeen. It's the business that does it, what with lollin' about behind the bar all day, and bein' afraid to refuse a wet for fear of offendin' a customer. It's been the ruin of many a good fightin'-man before me."

"You should take to my job," said Harrison. "I'm a smith by trade, and I've not put on half a stone in fifteen years."

"Some take to one thing and some to another, but the most of us try to 'ave a bar-parlour of our own. There's Will Wood, that I beat in forty rounds in the middle of a snowstorm down Navestock way, 'e drives a 'ackney. Young Firby, the ruffian, 'e's a waiter now. Dick 'Umphries sells coals—'e was always of a genelmanly disposition. George Ingleston is a brewer's drayman. We all find our own cribs. But there's one thing you are saved by livin' in the country, and that is 'avin' the young Corinthians and bloods about town smackin' you eternally in the face."

This was the last inconvenience which I should have expected a famous prize-fighter to be subjected to, but several bull-faced fellows at the other side of the table nodded their concurrence.

"You're right, Bill," said one of them. "There's no one has had more trouble with them than I have. In they come of an evenin' into my bar, with the wine in their heads. 'Are you Tom Owen the bruiser?' says one o' them. 'At your service, sir,' says I. 'Take that, then,' says he, and it's a clip on the nose, or a backhanded slap across the chops as likely as not. Then they can brag all their lives that they had hit Tom Owen."

"D'you draw their cork in return?" asked Harrison.

"I argey it out with them. I say to them, 'Now, gents, fightin' is my profession, and I don't fight for love any more than a doctor doctors for love, or a butcher gives away a loin chop. Put up a small purse, master, and I'll do you over and proud. But don't expect that you're goin' to come here and get knocked about by a middle-weight champion for nothing."

"That's my way too, Tom," said my burly neighbour. "If they put down a guinea on the counter—which they do if they 'ave been drinkin' very 'eavy—I give

them what I think is about a guinea's worth and take the money."

"But if they don't?"

"Why, then, it's a common assault, d'ye see, against the body of 'is Majesty's liege, William Warr, and I 'as 'em before the beak next mornin', and it's a week or twenty shillin's."

Meanwhile the supper was in full swing—gnawed the joints to the bone, and then, with murderous horse-play, hurled the remains at their prisoners. Here and there the pale, aquiline features of a sporting Corinthian recalled rather the Norman type, but in the main these stolid, heavy-jowled faces, belonging to men whose whole life was a battle, were the nearest suggestion which we have had in modern times of those fierce

"SUPPER WAS IN FULL SWING."

one of those solid and uncompromising meals which prevailed in the days of your grandfathers, and which may explain to some of you why you never set eyes upon that relative.

Great rounds of beef, saddles of mutton, smoking tongues, veal and ham pies, turkeys and chickens, and geese, with every variety of vegetables, and a succession of fiery sherries and heavy ales were the main staple of the feast. It was the same meal and the same cooking as their Norse or German ancestors might have sat down to fourteen centuries before, and, indeed, as I looked through the steam of the dishes at the lines of fierce and rugged faces, and the mighty shoulders which rounded themselves over the board, I could have imagined myself at one of those old-world carousals of which I had read, where the savage company pirates and rovers from whose loins we have sprung.

And yet, as I looked carefully from man to man in the line which faced me, I could see that the English, although they were ten to one, had not the game entirely to themselves, but that other races had shown that they could produce fighting-men worthy to rank with the best.

There were, it is true, no finer or braver men in the room than Jackson and Jem Belcher, the one with his magnificent figure, his small waist and Herculean shoulders: the other as graceful as an old Grecian statue, with a head whose beauty many a sculptor had wished to copy, and with those long, delicate lines in shoulder and loins and limbs, which gave him the litheness and activity of a panther. Already, as I looked at him, it seemed to me that

there was a shadow of tragedy upon his face, a forecast of the day then but a few months distant when a blow from a racquet ball darkened the sight of one eye for ever. Had he stopped there, with his unbeaten career behind him, then indeed the evening of his life might have been as glorious as its dawn. But his proud heart could not permit his title to be torn from him without a struggle. If even now you can read how the gallant fellow, unable with his one eye to judge his distances, fought for thirty-five minutes against his young and formidable opponent, and how, in the bitterness of defeat, he was heard only to express his sorrows for a friend who had backed him with all he possessed, and if you are not touched by the story there must be something wanting in you which should go to the making of a man.

But if there were no men at the tables who could have held their own against Jackson or Jem Belcher, there were others of a different race and type who had qualities which made them dangerous bruisers. A little way down the room I saw the black face and woolly head of Bill Richmond, in a purple-and-gold footman's livery — destined to be the predecessor of Molineaux, Sutton, and all that line of black boxers who have shown that the muscular power and insensibility to pain which distinguish the African give him a peculiar advantage in the sports of the ring. He could boast also of the higher honour of having been the first born American to win laurels in the British ring. There also I saw the keen features of Dan Mendoza, the Jew, just retired from active work, and leaving behind him a reputation for elegance and perfect science which has, to this day, never been exceeded. The worst fault that the critics could find with him was that there was a want of power in his blows —a remark which certainly could not have been made about his neighbour, whose long face, curved nose, and dark, flashing eyes proclaimed him as a member of the same ancient race. This was the formidable Dutch Sam, who fought at nine stone six, and yet possessed such hitting powers, that his admirers, in after years, were willing to back him against the fourteen-stone Tom Cribb, if each were strapped a-straddle to a bench. Half-a-dozen other sallow Hebrew faces showed how energetically the Jews of Houndsditch and Whitechapel had taken to the sport of the land of their adoption, and that in this, as in more serious fields of human effort, they could hold their own with the best.

It was my neighbour Warr who very good-humouredly pointed out to me all these celebrities, the echoes of whose fame had been wafted down even to our little Sussex village.

"There's Andrew Gamble, the Irish champion," said he. "It was 'e that beat Noah James, the Guardsman, and was afterwards nearly killed by Jem Belcher, in the 'ollow of Wimbledon Common by Abbershaw's gibbet. The two that are next 'im are Irish also, Jack O'Donnell and Bill Ryan. When you get a good Irishman you can't better 'em, but they're dreadful 'asty. That little cove with the leery face is Caleb Baldwin the Coster, 'im that they call the Pride of Westminster. 'E's but five foot seven, and nine stone five, but 'e's got the 'eart of a giant. 'E's never been beat, and there ain't a man within a stone of 'im that could beat 'im, except only Dutch Sam. There's George Maddox, too, another o' the same breed, and as good a man as ever pulled his coat off. The genelmanly man that eats with a fork, 'im what looks like a Corinthian, only that the bridge of 'is nose ain't quite as it ought to be, that's Dick 'Umphries, the same that was cock of the middle-weights until Mendoza cut his comb for 'im. You see the other with the grey 'ead and the scars on 'is face?"

"Why, it's old Tom Faulkner the cricketer!" cried Harrison, following the line of Bill Warr's stubby forefinger. "He's the fastest bowler in the Midlands, and at his best there weren't many boxers in England that could stand up against him."

"You're right there, Jack 'Arrison. 'E was one of the three who came up to fight when the best men of Birmingham challenged the best men of London. 'E's an evergreen, is Tom. Why, he was turned five-and-fifty when he challenged and beat, after fifty minutes of it, Jack Thornhill, who was tough enough to take it out of many a youngster. It's better to give odds in weight than in years."

"Youth will be served," said a crooning voice from the other side of the table. "Aye, masters, youth will be served."

The man who had spoken was the most extraordinary of all the many curious figures in the room. He was very, very old, so old that he was past all comparison, and no one by looking at his mummy skin and fish-like eyes could give a guess at his years. A few scanty grey hairs still hung about his yellow scalp. As to his features, they were scarcely human in their disfigurement, for the deep

wrinkles and pouchings of extreme age had been added to a face which had always been grotesquely ugly, and had been crushed and smashed in addition by many a blow. I had noticed this creature at the beginning of the meal, leaning his chest against the edge of the table as if its support was a welcome one, and feebly picking at the food which was placed before him. Gradually, however, as his neighbours plied him with drink, his shoulders grew squarer, his back stiffened, his eyes brightened, and he looked about him, with an air of surprise at first, as if he had no clear recollection of how he came there, and afterwards with an expression of deepening interest, as he listened, with his ear scooped up in his hand, to the conversation around him.

"That's old Buckhorse," whispered Champion Harrison. "He was just the same as that when I joined the ring twenty years ago. Time was when he was the terror of London."

"'E was so," said Bill Warr. "'E would fight like a stag, and 'e was that 'ard that 'e would let any swell knock 'im down for 'alf-a-crown. 'E 'ad no face to spoil, d'ye see, for 'e was always the ugliest man in England. But 'e's been on the shelf now for near sixty years, and it cost 'im many a beatin' before 'e could understand that 'is strength was slippin' away from 'im."

"Youth will be served, masters," droned the old man, shaking his head miserably.

"Fill up 'is glass," said Warr. "'Ere, Tom, give old Buckhorse a sup o' liptrap. Warm his 'eart for 'im."

The old man poured a glass of neat gin down his shrivelled throat, and the effect upon him was extraordinary. A light glimmered in each of his dull eyes, a tinge of colour came into his wax-like cheeks, and, opening his toothless mouth, he suddenly emitted a peculiar, bell-like, and most musical cry. A hoarse roar of laughter from all the company answered it, and flushed faces craned over each other to catch a glimpse of the veteran.

"There's Buckhorse!" they cried. "Buckhorse is comin' round again."

"You can laugh if you vill, masters," he cried in his Lewkner Lane dialect, holding up his two thin, vein-covered hands. "It von't be long that you'll be able to see my crooks vich 'ave been on Figg's conk, and on Jack Broughton's, and on 'Arry Gray's, and many another good fightin' man that was millin' for a livin' before your fathers could eat pap."

The company laughed again, and encouraged the old man by half-derisive and half-affectionate cries.

"Let 'em 'ave it, Buckhorse! Give it 'em straight! Tell us how the millin' coves did it in your time."

"OLD BUCKHORSE."

(To be continued.)

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

From a Photo. by] AGE 5. *[Alex. Bassano.*

AGE 14.
From a Photo. by Hughes & Mullins.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

WE have much pleasure in reproducing here various interesting portraits of the two chief personages at the Coronation in Moscow. On page 487 will be found a most interesting article dealing with this great event, and in which many hitherto unpublished particulars and unique illustrations are given.

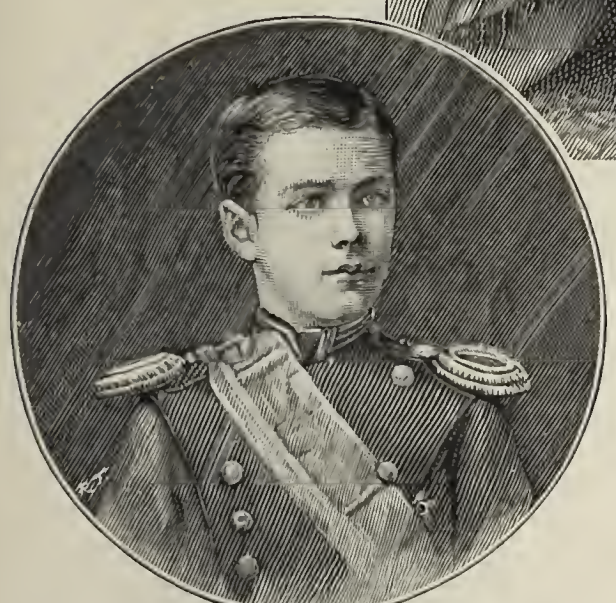
From a Photo. by] AGE 9. *[W. & D. Downey.*

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

AGE 3.
From a Photograph.

AGE 23.
From a Photograph.



From a] AGE 14. [*Photograph.*

AGE 18.
From a Photograph.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Professor Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

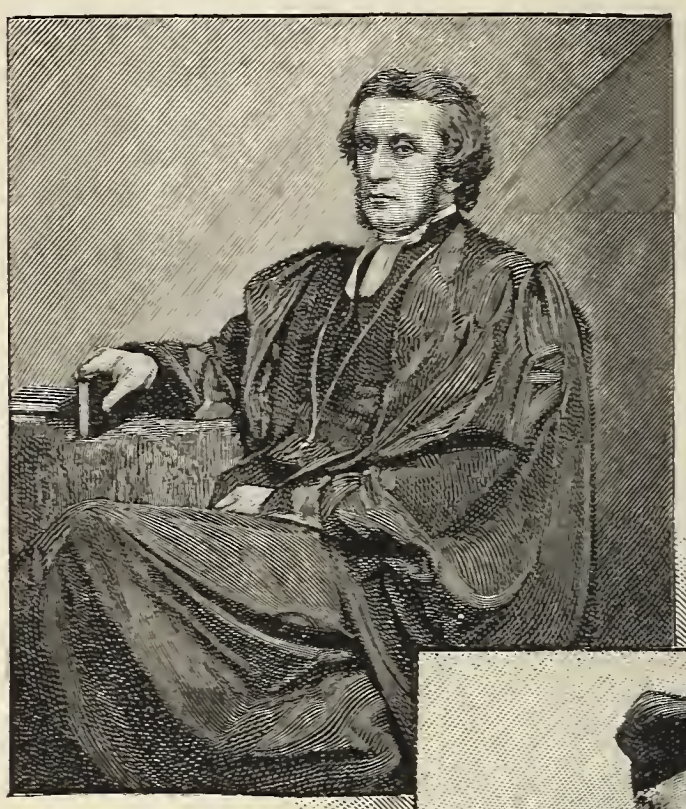
From a] AGE 10. *[Painting.*

AGE 21.
From a Photo. by A. P. Reid.

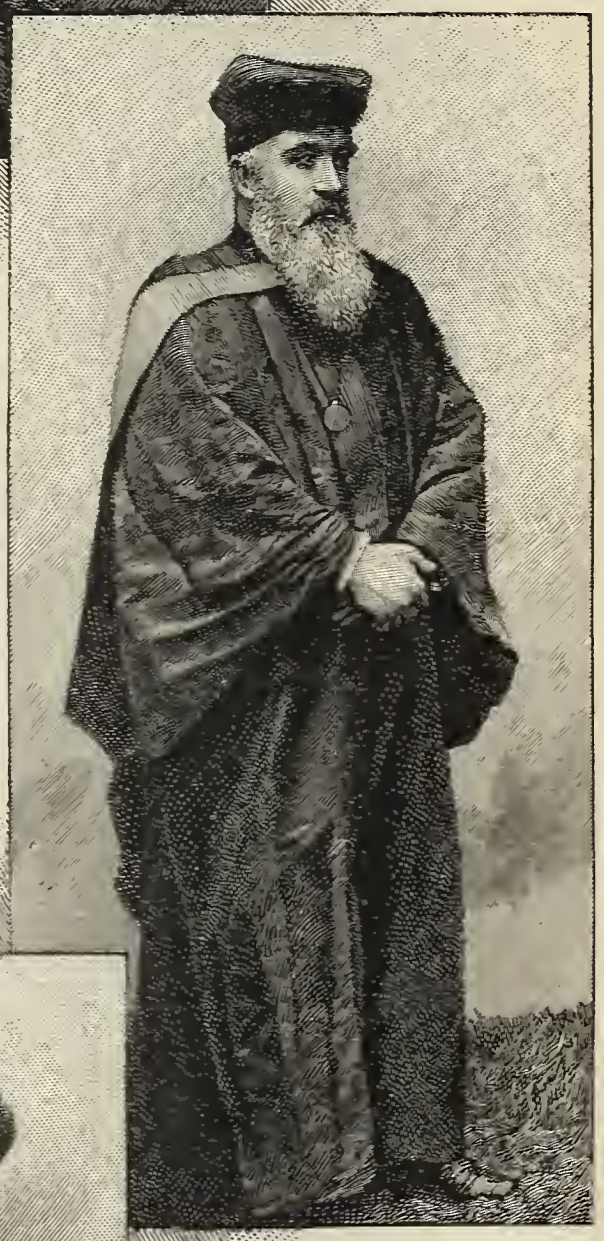
THE RIGHT REV. PROFESSOR STORY, D.D.

BORN 1835.

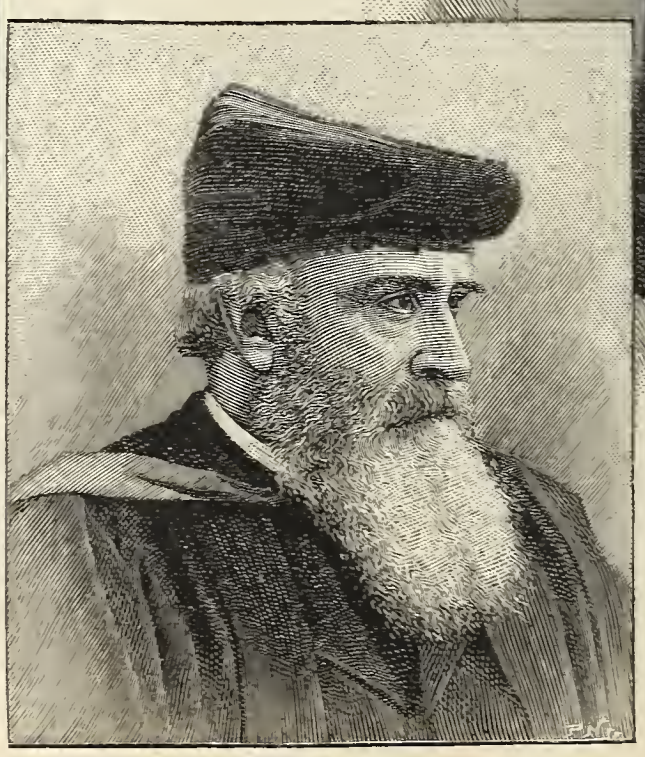
ROBERT HERBERT STORY, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland (1894–5), was educated at home, and entered the University of Edinburgh. In 1859 he was sent out to Montreal, Canada, as assistant minister of St. Andrew's Church. On his return, in 1860, he was presented by the Duke of Argyll to the parish of Roseneath, in succession to his father; was made D.D. of Edinburgh in 1874; and in 1886 one of Her Majesty's chaplains and second clerk of the General Assembly. In 1887 he was appointed by the Crown to the Chair of Church History in the University of Glasgow. Dr. Story is also well known in literature. He edited that standard work, "The Church of Scotland, Past and Present," and also "Scots Magazine," from 1885 to 1887. He has written "Robert Story of Roseneath" (a biography of his father), "Memoir and Remains of Dr. Robert Lee," "William Carstares



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by A. P. Reid.



AGE 52.
From a Photo. by Mounsey, Auchinleck.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Annan, Glasgow.

—a Character and Career of the Revolutionary Epoch, 1649–1715," "Christ the Consoler," "Creed and Conduct," "Health Haunts of the Riviera," etc.

AGE 20.
From a Drawing by Wm. Husband, M.D.

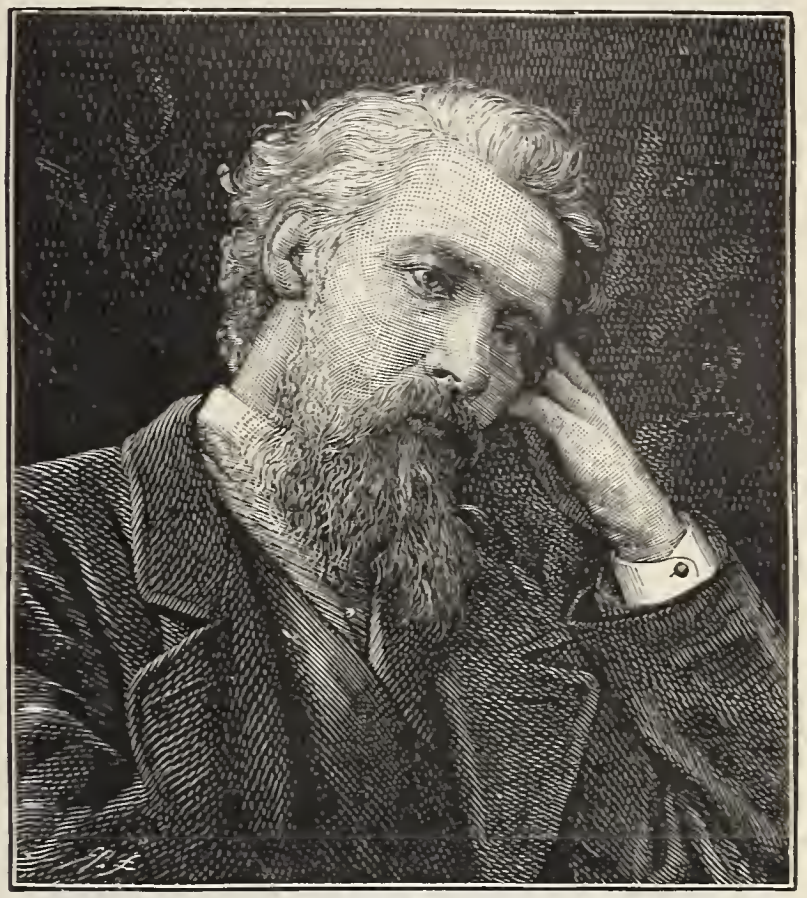
MR. JOHN SMART, R.S.A.

BORN 1838.

MR. JOHN SMART was born in Edinburgh, and is the son of Robert Campbell Smart. He was educated at the High School, Leith, and entered the Art School of the Hon. the Board of Trustees for Manufactures, October 16th, 1851, studying applied art. He was apprenticed as a letter engraver in 1853. He commenced

From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Nesbitt, Lothian.*

as a student with the late Horatio McCullock, December, 1860, with whom he remained three months. Mr. Smart was elected an A.R.S.A., November, 1871, and an R.S.A., February, 1877. He is one of the original founders of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society, and is also a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, London. He received a diploma at the Melbourne International Exhibition,



From a] AGE 45. *[Photograph*

1880–1, and a gold medal diploma at the Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886. We regret that space will not allow of our mentioning his excellent and numerous works in oils, which are well known.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Moffatt, Edinburgh.*

Dandy Dogs.

By William G. FitzGerald.

WHEN you hear a man say he has "led the life of a dog," it is pretty safe to assume he has not been dandled in the lap of luxury for some time anterior to his plaint. But surely, after the publication of this article, the popular significance of the metaphor will lose its force—if, indeed, the meaning be not completely reversed, so that inclusion in Dandy Dog-dom will represent the Alpha and Omega of epicurean splendour.

The fact is, mere ordinary folk have not the remotest notion of the extravagant extent to which canine pets are pampered nowadays by their highly-placed mistresses; and so utterly astounding and fantastic are the details, that I propose giving chapter and verse, so to speak, for every statement made.

The first photograph reproduced shows the reception-room of the Dogs' Toilet Club, may judge from the illustration—is quite a sumptuous apartment; and the ordinary man on entering it may stumble over a costly occasional table, or occasional dog, as the case may be. For many ladies leave their pets here while shopping; others bring the little creatures to be shampooed, brushed, combed, clipped, and attended to by a professional chiropodist. Expensive sweetmeats are provided as a temporary solatium for the absence of the mistresses.

The pictorial art of this handsome apartment is distinctly canine; so, too, are the contents of the glass-topped table seen on the left. This contains an interesting—not to say surprising—collection of requisites for fashionable dogs. There are morning, afternoon, and evening coats; mourning outfits, travelling costumes, and bridal dresses—for woe unto the canine aristocrat that hath not on a wedding garment when occasion

THE RECEPTION-ROOM AT THE DOGS' TOILET CLUB, NEW BOND STREET, W.

in New Bond Street—an institution certainly beyond the wildest dreams of the Battersea pariahs It was started by an enterprising and cultured lady, who had noticed the righteous wrath of the average domestic on being asked to give a pampered pet its daily bath. Everything about this club is of the daintiest; the very prospectus is in blue and gold, with a delicate bow of green ribbon at one corner. The reception-room—as one demands. But more of this hereafter. The lady on the right has taken up the very latest sweet thing in dogs' driving coats—the "Lonsdale"—made to measure, in fawn cloth, lined with dark red silk; it has a cape of the same that falls upon the pet's shoulders, and a frill round the neck. This ornate garment is finished off with two gold bells; and the full collar is edged with fur to match that on the dress of the mistress.

MADAME LEDOUBLE'S BUSINESS CARD.

Where did all this originate? In Paris, the city of eccentric, extravagant *modes*. Perhaps I cannot do better than reproduce the business card of Madame Ledouble, whose sumptuous establishment in the Palais Royal (Galerie d'Orléans) may be described as the Eldorado of Dandy Dog-dom. Not only does madame make dogs' coats and fripperies generally, but she also publishes a canine fashion-book, of which an excellent notion may be gathered from the illustrations on this and the next page. These animals are stuffed specimens; all the others portrayed in this article are "from life."

But let us consider for a moment these *chic* canine fashions—which, by the way, were photographed in Paris specially for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, thanks to the courtesy of M. Henri Durand, the agent for "Spratt's Patent" in the French capital, and I must number the "models" in order that each may be briefly described.

NO. 1.—WEDDING COSTUME.

No. 1 is a splendid wedding toilet of white broché silk, trimmed with satin ribbons and orange blossom. No. 2 shows an imposing winter visiting costume with a Medici collar of chinchilla. Other furs can be had,

NO. 3.—THEATRE COSTUME.

such as sable and ermine. A gorgeous theatre dress is No. 3; it is made in rich broché velvet, with a collar trimmed with sable. Next comes the array of dainty *lingerie* (No. 4). The dog on the left, with the "mutton-chop whisker" appearance (reminding one of the club waiter), is clothed in a dressing gown of thick silk, which protects him from the matutinal draughts; and his fellow-dandy is seen in a spotless *chemise de nuit*, which leaves uncovered the paws and tail. In the same group are seen a few other assorted night-shirts in silk, gauze, and flannel, together with dogs' handkerchiefs suitable for various occasions, and india-rubber boots, laced and buttoned.

NO. 4.—LINGERIE: HANDKERCHIEFS AND BOOTS.

NO. 2.—WINTER VISITING DRESS.

NO. 5.—MOURNING TOILET.

An appropriately lugubrious mourning toilet is depicted in No. 5. This is made in black cloth, velvet, or *mousseline de soie*, with a nice full collar. Of course, the handkerchief is *en suite*. No. 6 shows a lovely yachting "gown" of navy blue cloth, with an anchor embroidered in white, red, or blue silk, matching the uniform of the crew. The name of the yacht always figures on these coats.

NO. 6.—YACHTING COSTUME.

No. 7 is a distinctly striking group. The dog behind on the left is wearing a visiting costume of green cloth trimmed with fine astrakhan. Next is seen a white flannel coat with hood, for travelling in Switzerland; then come the two dogs on the right, one of which is clad in a spring coat of light cloth, and the other in a bright red and white garment, from whose pocket peeps a silken *mouchoir*.

NO. 7.—VISITING AND TRAVELLING DRESSES, ETC.

No. 8 is a substantial travelling costume in Scotch tweed, with a pull-over collar, and pocket for railway-ticket, which latter is also shown.

NO. 8.—TWEED TRAVELLING COAT, WITH POCKET FOR RAILWAY TICKET.

Of course there are also bathing-dresses for Brighton, Dieppe, and Trouville. And it is not necessary for Madame Ledouble to measure the dog herself. You just write for patterns and fashion plates, and on choosing the outfit you receive careful instructions as to the measurement of your own pet, which instructions are carried out with surprising alacrity and splendour.

But I am running along too quickly. Let us get back to the Bond Street Toilet Club. In the photograph here shown we see a nice mild man shampooing a toy dog by means of a warm water-spray; and for this he receives his two guineas a week. The big bath seen in the background, on the right, is for more unwieldy animals, who are unfortunately apt to give a bit of trouble. It is idle to say the dogs like this kind of thing; they do not, although yolks of eggs are used instead of soap, which irritates the skin of these pampered little creatures.

SHAMPOOING AT THE DOGS' TOILET CLUB.

Occasionally an aristocratic mistress is dreadfully afraid her doggie will catch cold, leading to lung troubles and other dreadful things. Sometimes, too, the pet's owner will express a wish to "see it done"—much to the disgust of the operator, be he clipper or shampooer. For the lady will often throw herself on the dirty floor near the bath (unmindful of her own eighty-guinea dress) and keep up a running fire of oral consolation. "Now, it won't last long, Birdie." "Ah! 'oo's all dripping-wet, little darling; but 'oo'll soon be d'y." "Don't pull Birdie so, naughty man." If only the "naughty man" dared speak his mind!

Dentistry, of course, forms an important item in canine toilet clubs, both in London and Paris. Many a pet dog is to be seen in the Bois whose teeth are as false as its complexion — or rather colour; for fashionable dogs in the gay capital are frequently dyed to meet the exigencies of a passing *mode*.

During one of my visits to the interesting Bond Street institution, a Skye terrier was brought in to have two teeth extracted; the fee was half a guinea. And there is a special assistant retained for cleaning dogs' teeth—obviously as perilous a pastime as big game shooting; it is done with an ordinary tooth-brush and some table salt. I should mention, though, that some toy dogs *will* have a perfumed dentifrice used: they do not like salt.

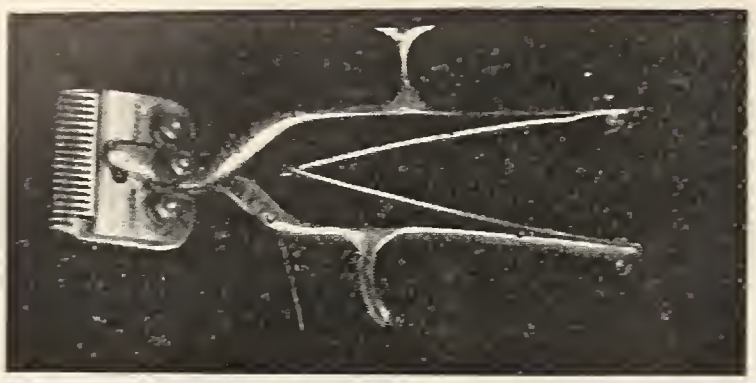
We now come to an exceedingly interesting part of the toilet club—the clipping of pet poodles. In the photograph is seen the premier dog-clipper, Mr. W. R. Brown, of Regent Street, whose dexterity and skill are such that he is justly entitled to lay claim (as he does) to the designation of "artist."

It is not high art, but it is wonderful in its way; notice the design cut in the poodle's hair. Poor peaceful "Mouton" can never know the true inwardness of the desperate struggle going on above him. It depicts the Corbett-Mitchell prize-fight that took place in New Orleans; and the English champion has apparently just received the knock-out blow. In the ordinary course of Nature, both pugilists gradually vanish — I mean the dog's hair grows; and at the end of every month (when Mouton is clipped) they either make their appearance in a fresh round, or they give place to another pattern — something pastoral, perhaps, with trees and things in it.

MR. BROWN AT WORK.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

Brown is a smart man — quite a character in his way. On the morning of a certain Derby Day he cut in the hair of his own poodle an inelegant racehorse, with a suggestion of the course and crowd, leaving underneath a fine patch of woolly hair in which the winner's name might be clipped in a few minutes. This last detail Brown procured direct from the course by special telegram; the name was instantly filled in —or cut out; and then the clever clipper, dog and all, went round the town in search of the lucky owner of the winning horse, the result being that the "pictorial" poodle—in a truly interesting condition — changed hands for £100.

The clipper, Brown, assures me he



DOG-CLIPPERS.

frequently has great difficulty in persuading people that these designs are actually worked in the dog's hair, or coat. Now, I have seen him at work with his battery of machine-clippers (see illustration), razors, and scissors of every shape and size. I say "shape" advisedly, because some of this "artist's" scissors are curved in queer ways, so as to get into small corners when reproducing fine lace on the poodle's back. The man will cut anything on your dog — even elaborate crests.

Let me show you "Zulu," a fine poodle belonging to Mrs. Beer, of Chesterfield Gardens —to whose courtesy I am indebted for the photograph. "Zulu" bears the crest of his master and mistress— a pelican feeding its nest of young ones with blood from its own breast. The motto is *Rien sans Peine* —probably a hint to the poodle to remain passive in the clipper's hands. By the way, the difficulty experienced in clipping a dog greatly depends on the animal's disposition. Mr. Brown and his wife have done five in a single day, but three is about the average. Like ourselves, the pet poodle is cursed with a sensitive cuticle, and its least movement has to be watched during the clipping lest it should be cut — a misfortune which would also damage the operator's artistic reputation.

THE POODLE "ZULU"—WITH CREST.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

Some of the more intricate lace patterns take two sittings to complete, and after the design is once traced, the dog has to be clipped and shaved about once a month. The charge for working out a difficult pattern or "set scene" is £2 2s.; the clipping of an involved monogram or coronet costs from 25s. to 30s.; and a sovereign is asked for "plain treatment." Brown has one canine client on his books whose owners, being Irish and rabid Home Rulers, will have nothing depicted on his back but a big shamrock; yet another poodle bears testimony to his master's patriotism by carrying about a quaint-looking thistle, the prickly part being cunningly fashioned from the animal's own stubbly bristles.

Here is a third example of Mr. Brown's peculiar art; this poodle is marked with a lion rampant—presumably representing its owner's crest. As a rule, an article from a toilet case — hair-brush or scent-bottle stopper—is sent to the clipper, and from this he copies the monogram. Mr. Brown likewise trains dogs of all breeds to perform, it being quite fashionable for these little canine swells to possess such accomplishments as *skirt dancing*, tight-rope walking, and piano playing. I need scarcely tell you that the slightest attempt at these feats suffices. And it is curious to note that the value of pet dogs is in an inverse ratio to their size. Mr. Brown recently sold a black-and-tan terrier, weigh-

From a Photo. by] POODLE—WITH LION RAMPANT. *[Robinson, Regent Street, W.*

ing exactly 20oz., for £40; so let no one say that the lap-dog's outfit is more costly than the lap-dog himself.

In the next photograph is seen an expert lady tailoress at work upon some stylish dog-coats. She is putting the finishing touches to the "Warwick." This is a promenade costume in fine brown cloth, shot with pink, lined with rose-coloured silk, fastened with a 15-carat gold clasp, and further ornamented with a double ruching at the neck like a lady's cape. The coat on the machine is in dull red velvet, lined with white moiré. Observe the large scent-bottles near the seamstress; for these dainty garments *must* be perfumed, otherwise the captious canines might (and do) evince a sudden dislike to the expensive garment selected.

DOGS' TAILORESS AT WORK.

But the aristocratic dog's wardrobe also contains outfits for special occasions. I have seen a yellow satin coat trimmed with Honiton, and priced at ten guineas. An old favourite, seventeen years of age, was shown to me, and on being requested to examine his coat (of fine cloth lined with costly sable) I found a small electro-magnetic appliance sewn between the cloth and the fur lining. This dog was a bit of a hypochondriac—always fancying he was ill; he did, however, occasionally suffer from pneumonia and backache.

It is absurd to suppose that all kinds of dogs wear these garments: for example, no one would think of putting a coat on a Chow-Chow. On the other hand, dachshunds are sometimes provided with warm coats, and *sealskin waistcoats also*, mainly because they are apt to run through pretty long grass, and in this way, being short-legged, get their precious little stomachs wet, thus inducing various parlous canine ills. Wedding garments are always attractive; and of course, on such festive occasions, her ladyship's pet is very much *en suite*. The little animal's interest in the function may be infinitesimal—he may even regard the whole business with fierce loathing; still, he is dressed. The Maison Ledouble turns out wedding coats in white, yellow, and crimson satins trimmed with orange blossom at the neck, and with white satin leaders; these coats cost about £5 each.

Should the newly-made bride wish to take her darling with her on the honeymoon trip, the dog-maid (no sinecure, this) swiftly changes Fido's garments, replacing the gorgeous wedding outfit with a neat travelling suit of box-cloth, complete with hood and pockets for handkerchief, railway ticket, and biscuit—the latter by way of refreshment *en route*. If you think the toy dog is hustled into the guard's van, you are grievously mistaken. He is carefully placed in a travelling kennel, such as is seen in the photograph. This is really a beautiful hand-bag of cow-hide

A TRAVELLING DOG KENNEL.

or crocodile, silver-mounted, and costing from four to ten guineas. It is well ventilated, and supplied with lambs' wool mats. The wire grating is heavily gilt, or plated; and there is a leather flap which may be let down at the dog's bed-time, or when the sun is too powerful for his eyes. Now, consider for a moment the group of costly canine trifles seen in the accompanying illustration.

SOME PARIS NOVELTIES FOR DANDY DOGS.

I will describe each briefly, commencing with the top left-hand corner: (1) dress collar of pure white ivory, in imitation of that affected by the human genus dude, it has a neat, black tie; (2) collar of different shape, with tie, gold bell, and white silk leader; (3) dainty lace-bordered dog's handkerchief of soft white silk; (4) three gold collars; (5) packet of 24 tiny hairpins, specially made for the toilet of lady poodles; (6) neat gold bracelet or bangle; (7) gold collar; (8) ditto; (9) collar of golden rings, price £15; (10) dress bracelet for lady poodle, consisting of purple satin bow with diamond buckle, valued at £45; lastly, we have a fine cambric handkerchief, and a silver collar.

These were photographed by our own artist at Barrett's, in Piccadilly—a gorgeous establishment, whose proprietors make a special feature of catering for dandy dogs. It takes a lot to surprise Mr. Henry Barrett—to whom I am indebted for several photographs.

Dogs' coats range in price from one to three guineas; collars from a sovereign to £60, some being of 18-carat gold fastened with a diamond brooch. Dogs with small heads and fat necks wear "harness." This is an elaborate arrangement of straps with gold and silver mounts, whereby the pet is led from a ring on its back. Messrs. Barrett recently carried out an order for a certain noble lady, who wanted a gold-mounted tandem and four-in-hand harness—technically perfect—so that she might "drive her (canine) team afield" down Bond Street and in the park.

The mistress does *not* carry her pet's handkerchief; this would be an unpardonable breach of canine etiquette. The perfumed cambric or silken square is coquettishly stuck in Fido's own coat-pocket, so that it may be available for use on wet days, when those low omnibuses, carts, and cabs splash so horribly.

The little Maltese here shown is called "Dandy"—appropriately enough; and he is dressed quietly and neatly, but in the best of taste—as these things go. His coat—colour photography is still a thing of the future—is of crimson velvet lined with white silk; and he has a nice curb-chain bracelet,

A MALTESE DANDY.

worth five guineas, on his left paw. In winter Dandy wears a fur coat; and I may say that these garments are usually lined with seal and sable, their cost ranging up to ten or fifteen guineas.

Dogs' bracelets or bangles cost, in gold, from two to ten guineas each; and in silver from 15s. to 30s. In Paris, these ornaments are frequently seen studded with precious stones, rendering the pet a most desirable piece of portable property. And the gems used vary according to the breed of dog.

Why, the very combs and brushes used on canine toilet-tables are as costly as choice of materials can make them. The hair-brushes are specially designed so that the hairs stand at a certain angle, thus facilitating the treatment of tangled (natural) coats. Three or four large brushes are first used; then come the finer kinds, and lastly the combs, which are made in steel, silver, buffalo-horn, and tortoise-shell. The brushes cost from 5s. to 10s. 6d. each (dog's name in gold or silver extra, of course); and the cheaper kind of combs are sold at Barrett's for 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.

Fastidious folk sometimes design collars in silver or gold for their own dogs; and big dogs often have solid silver collars made for them; notice two of these in the next picture.

The fact is, money is literally no object where aristocratic pet dogs are concerned.

SILVER COLLARS FOR BIG DOGS.

Mr. Barrett tells me he has often made *muzzles* in gold and silver—as though such would be more tolerable than the "regulation pattern"; also leaders consisting of long chains of fine gold, and golden couples for promenading

GOLD AND SILVER COUPLES AND BRACELETS.

with pairs of dogs. A number of gold and silver couples and pretty bracelets are shown in the above illustration; it will be seen that the last-named ornaments lock on the dogs' paws, thus obviating to certain extent the annoyance of periodical loss of valuable jewellery. By the way, anyone who has seen a lady trying to lead two playful pet dogs in the West-end will at once appreciate the use of the couples.

There are fashions in ladies' dogs just as there are in dresses and millinery. The King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, once so popular, have quite lost caste in the "hupper suckles." On the other hand, a Yorkshire terrier, weighing only 2¼lb., was recently sold for eighty guineas, and was considered cheap at that.

I asked how the changes in fashionable dogs came about, and was told that in this, as in other matters, Royalty leads the way. Suppose the Princess of Wales's favourite dog, for the time being, is a Chow-Chow, and in due time that exalted animal dies. Then

Her Royal Highness will probably visit some big dog show and choose a new pet—perhaps a Japanese pug (a well-bred specimen will now fetch from fifty to 100 guineas); a small white Pomeranian (Princess Beatrice's favourite); a Spitz, or a small French bull-terrier. In any case, the Princess's choice decides the fashion in pet dogs; though, of course, other considerations also operate to work the change. Yorkshire terriers are very popular just now. The funny little dog seen in this photograph is a Yorkshire; and apart

A "YORKSHIRE.

from his gorgeous velvet coat, bracelets, and brooch he is worth eighty guineas.

In the accompanying photograph is depicted a dog-basket or drawing-room lounge. It is lined with seal-skin and trimmed with bright red satin to match the decorations of the apartment. These baskets are also made by Barrett's, lined with satin, plush, and brocade. Baskets are now being ordered which can be attached to cycles, so that the mistress can take her own daily exercise and give her beloved pet an airing at one and the same time.

The well-being of these toy dogs is

"A MORNING CALL."

studied to a truly amazing degree. What could possibly be more comical than the fully-equipped canine dandy here shown? This black-and-tan terrier is dressed for a morning call with his mistress, who will *leave her pet's card* as well as her own, this extraordinary custom being considered necessary if there happens to be a toy dog at the house about to be visited. Look at the little animal's quaint tie and collar; and his card-case, sticking out of the front of his coat. The fair Parisienne, on hearing of ordinary sober English customs, is contemptuously amused, and probably exclaims: "*Mais! c'est drôle!*" But the leaving of her dog's card on a fellow-pet during the morning drive—this she considers in no wise funny.

DRAWING-ROOM BASKET

And yet this fashion is now fairly with us; and, absurd as it is, there are still more outrageous canine *modes* to follow. Here you have a good view of wet weather dogs' boots: pretty little rubber goloshes, with black studs or buttons. Our artist photo-

graphed the set at Messrs. Atloff and Norman's, in Bond Street. The boot for big occasions, however, is that shown in the next illustration; you may see the original for yourself at Barrett's, in Piccadilly. This boot is of soft brown Russia, with a nice silk lace to match; the set of four is made to measure for two guineas. The rubber goloshes are sometimes worn by rheumatic dogs; others wear them because, while in London, they suffer from a foot complaint caused by the metallic grit on the roads.

A SET OF INDIA-RUBBER DOG-BOOTS.

Now, as to diet; but in regard to this part of the article I must acknowledge my indebtedness to the well-known canine "vet.," Mr. C. Rotherham, of South Molton Street. Here is an astounding fact vouched for by my informant There is in the West-end of London a poodle for whose consumption a prime leg of mutton is cooked regularly every day, and the dog demolishes the joint. A little less startling is the case of the greyhound, who has the first and choicest cuts off the joint below stairs!

LACED DOG BOOT.

But it is when their pets are sick that ladies of high degree cast common-sense completely overboard. The fashionable canine surgeons are not easily astonished—as you may imagine. At the same time, ladies give them infinite trouble by their innumerable questions, not to mention the demonstrative agony they suffer over the ailments of their darlings. The Earl and Countess of —— burst into the very dingy surgery of an eminent "vet." one day and asked after the health of a sick pug, who lay there in a basket; the little brute was a monument of ugliness. "He is dying, my lord; dying, my lady," replied the "vet." (a most correct man), with a sympathetic catch in his voice.

Lady —— at once became hysterical; she threw herself prostrate on the dusty floor in her superb dress and sobbed aloud, commanding the dignified surgeon to kneel down and pray for the departing pug. The noble earl, too, was deeply moved, but he controlled his emotion, merely glaring at the bottles on the shelves and sniffing audibly.

It is amusing to learn that Mr. Rotherham occasionally receives letters direct from his patients; that is to say, requests for his services which purport to come from the dogs themselves. The following is a very droll example:—

—, Belgrave Square, W.,
22nd January, 1896.

DEAR DR. ROTHERHAM,—As they say in America, I feel "real sick" this morning; so mother tells me to write and ask you to call here as early as possible after receiving this. I am not at all nervous as to my not feeling well; but as poor mother is mourning the loss of my uncle "Puck," she naturally feels anxious about me. I will tell you how I feel, so that you may in some measure be guided in your treatment of my indisposition. You must promise not to tell mother, but she gave a dinner last evening, and I *did* enjoy myself. I had *such* a lot of nice things! Do you think it is possible for them to have made me feel as I do? I was in great pain during the night, so that poor mother and myself did not have a wink of sleep. At eight o'clock this morning I was dreadfully sick, and my poor head is terribly hot, and difficult to hold up. My eyes will not keep open; and my lovely tail, which you have admired so often, is a disgrace to me; it hangs straight down, and will not curl a wee bit. I am quite ashamed of it. Do come soon, and be the good doctor you have always been.

Your grateful patient,
NIGGY.

When sick dogs "lie up" at home, they are constantly fed with the breasts of pheasants, served on silver. Old "Noble," the Queen's collie, was once found suffering from indigestion, brought on by a too plentiful supply of the above-named delicacy. Canine invalids in hospital are usually visited at least once a day by their mistresses, who will probably produce from the carriage whole roast partridges, hares' tongues, or sweetbreads; and Mr. Rotherham knows of one little pampered brute whose jaded palate would reject everything save ptarmigan.

But could anything be more ludicrous than this coated, booted, and generally weather-

protected pug? The umbrella was actually made by Messrs. Barrett in such a way that it could not be dislodged, no matter how obnoxious it became to the wearer. It opened the moment it was pressed down on to the pug's back; and it cost five guineas.

"BEASTLY WEATHER.

But to return to the sick pets. Some doting mistresses send their suffering dogs to the "vet.'s" house to be boarded there under the surgeon's constant care. Now and then the latter is obliged to intercept the extravagant dainties brought for his patient, and substitute plain, wholesome food.

Here is a funny story in this connection. One of the leading canine specialists was sent for by a titled lady to see her poodle, who was in a bad way. The moment the animal came into the drawing-room, the dog-doctor knew it was a case of over-feeding; so "Jacko" was sent with tremendous pomp to the surgeon's house to be treated. His anxious mistress did not neglect him, though. Twice a day, a splendid carriage drove up, and a footman brought round to the surgeon's man a massive silver dish, whereon reposed some succulent bird. "How is Jacko to-day?" the footman would ask, according to instructions. "Well, a little better, James; but still poorly," the other would reply. The surgeon's man would then take the tempting meal round to the stables, eat it with immense relish, and then clean and polish the silver ready for the exchange dish, which he knew would be brought along in a few hours. For many days this went on, till at last the surgeon remarked to his man: "I shall have to be sending Jacko home soon." "Don't do it yet, sir," was the earnest and unexpected reply; "I never lived so well in my life."

Another really clever canine "vet." with a lucrative practice told me he had a simple way of treating ladies' pampered pets. On receiving an over-fed toy dog, he would put him into a disused brick oven with a crust or bread, an onion, and an old boot. When the dog gnawed the bread, the surgeon wrote to the mistress that the dear little thing was "doing nicely." When it commenced operations on the onion, word was sent that the pet was "decidedly better"; but when the animal tackled the boot, the lady was respectfully informed that her darling was "ready to be removed" — a rational, if drastic, cure. Beyond question, the finest canine hospital in Europe is Spratt's Sanatorium at Beddington, which is under the supervision of Mr. Alfred Sewell, the famous canine surgeon. This institution has numbered among its in-patients the *crême de la crême* of Dandy Dog-dom; and the perfection of the scientific arrangements must be seen to be believed.

It is not unusual for dogs to be ordered to Brighton, Bournemouth, and other resorts on the south coast, for a change of air—especially if the complaint is a troublesome cough. Many a canine invalid, too, has been specially taken all the way to the Riviera—Nice, Mentone, Hyères, Biarritz, Monte Carlo—solely for the benefit of its health. And, of course, it would be wrapped in swansdown *en route*, and not left out of sight, lest those horrid railway porters should treat the precious darling harshly. Mr. Alfred Sewell, the eminent canine specialist, living in the vicinity of Eaton Square, was once telegraphed for from Oxford, a pet dog having broken its leg through a fall downstairs. It was, however, so late at night that Mr. Sewell wired back, "Last train gone." The next message from the dog's mistress read, "Take special." He did, and it cost £20.

In large and fashionable houses the dogs (two or three is the usual number kept) have a special servant to minister unto their countless wants; and the position of dog-

maid, as I have hinted elsewhere, is one of grave responsibility. Her charges must be laid to rest in their sumptuous little beds at a certain hour; they must be up early for their bath, and then taken out for a walk or a drive. Or perhaps a manservant is retained at £60 a year to perform these offices. In that case a specially fitted bath would be installed in the house, together with a complete outfit of expensive toilet articles. Thus the actual cost of the canine *ménage*—having in mind the extensive wardrobe necessary, not to speak of the jewellery—can safely be computed at hundreds of pounds a year.

And yet, with all this, dandy dogs die like their humbler brethren — probably much sooner. Then comes the funeral, with its flowers, carriages, and marble monuments. I am not jesting. An illustrated article has already appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE on the Dogs' Cemetery, situated, appropriately, in Hyde Park. Mr. Rotherham, the canine specialist, has an extensive burying-ground of the same kind on his property at Neasden.

Mr. Kenyon, the gentle, sympathetic undertaker of Edgware Road, tells me he was sent for in hot haste one Saturday afternoon. He was out at the time, but he called on the Sunday — thinking, of course, that he was required to take an order for the burial of an ordinary Christian. It was not so. The deceased was a pet dog that had met with a tragic death in the street beneath a coal cart. The lady tearfully explained that she wanted the body embalmed, and then placed in a glass coffin, so that she could have poor dear "Friskie" with her all days—even to the consummation of her own; the two would then be interred together. Mr. Kenyon thought this might be magnificent, but it was not business; so he declined the commission.

Mr. Rotherham knows of dozens of cases in which toy dogs have had costly funerals. Pets that die in town are usually buried at the country seat of the family. In this surgeon's canine cemetery lies one dog that was brought from France. But here is a poetic funeral card that speaks for itself; note that it contains hopeful hints of a canine hereafter — "another place," as they say in Parliament.

But listen to Mr. Rotherham's record case. "A year or two ago I was called to the Grosvenor Hotel to see a dog. When I entered the room I saw a young man stretched on the hearth-rug. I thought I had been called to see *him;* but I found I was mistaken. The dog was dead, the circumstances being these: The gentleman had occasion to go out, so he shut his dog in the sitting-room. The dog protested strongly in his absence — mainly by disfiguring the door, and driving several other visitors nearly crazy with continuous howls. When the master returned, the hotel people complained, whereupon the young gentleman proceeded to chastise his demonstrative pet—which chastisement took the form of a running kick that ended the dog's days.

IN MEMORY OF DON CARLO,

Born in Guernsey, September, 1875,
Died in London, 19th May, 1888.

My trusty friend in lonely years
Thy little life is o er,
And thou art laid in mother earth
Amid the City s roar
I watched thee weak and weaker-grow,
And dim and glazed thine eye,
And though thou only wert a dog,
I wept to see thee die.

While tending thee with loving hand
Thy latest glance was mine,
I have found love in human hearts,
But not such love as thine.
And oft at evenings social hour
I sit in solitude,
And think on all thy blameless life,
So gentle and so good.

Another Dog they brought to me,
Of birth and lineage true,
But in my grief I failed to trace
The virtues found in you.
Companion of my merry moods
And soother of my woes,
The only grief thy life did cause
Was when that life did close.

And mankind's cold and selfish creed
Denies when life shall end,
A compensating future state
For you my faithful friend
But when I reach the other shore,
And walk the golden street,
May I 'mongst loved and lost ones find
You sitting at their feet

E. MACKAY.

A CANINE OBITUARY.

"The remorseful man's reparation resolved itself into a gorgeous funeral. There was a purple velvet pall, two broughams (one for the coffin and one for the mourners), and three guineas' worth of flowers—chiefly lilies of the valley. A leaden shell was made and inclosed in a polished mahogany coffin, with silver fittings and name-plate. A touch of romance was given to this unique function

when, just as the leaden shell was about to be sealed up, the impetuous young fellow was seen to put in with the dog's remains a packet of letters and a gold locket containing hair. I imagine the dog must have belonged to the chief mourner's deceased lady-love."

In Ever Loving Remembrance
of
Dear Little Monkey,
Who Died October 31st, 1895,
Aged 10½ Years.
Tears will for ever keep her memory green.

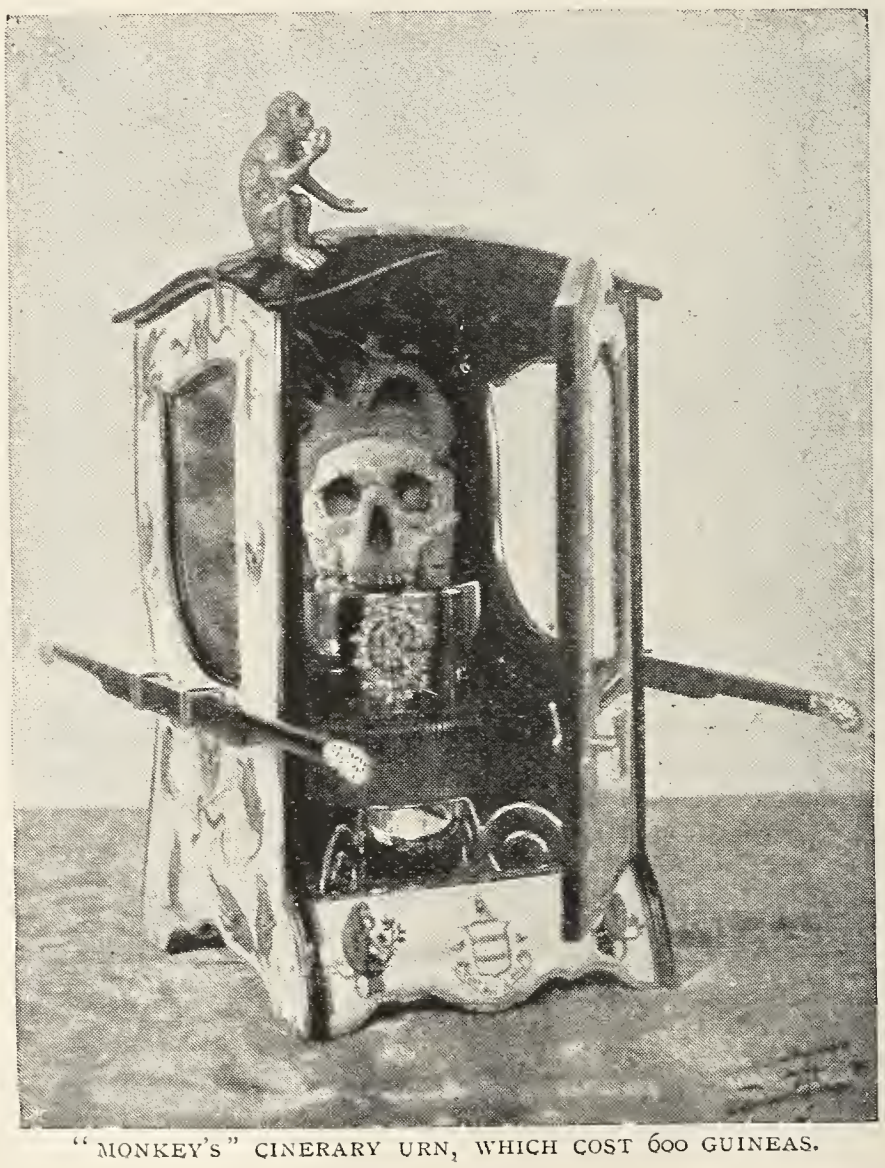
DOG'S FUNERAL CARD.

This funeral, Mr. Rotherham assures me, cost £30 or £40; and the funniest thing about it was that the surgeon himself was requested to "follow." He consented to do this, and was forthwith provided with a white silk sash and a satin rosette. Another very interesting dog's funeral was one carried out by a London undertaker, although the remains were to be interred in the tomb of the sorrowing master's ancestors in Sicily. The dog's body was, of course, embalmed; and the headstone was sent with it.

A typical dog's funeral-card is reproduced here. "Monkey" was a quaint little Yorkshire; and his mistress — an enormously rich woman, and a great believer in Sir Henry Thompson — had his remains cremated. "Monkey's" cinerary urn, shown in the accompanying photograph, probably represents the very highest pinnacle of (deceased) Dandy Dog-dom. It cost *six hundred guineas*, being in the form of a solid tortoise-shell sedan chair, enamelled all over the front and sides in the most costly manner, and inlaid with brilliants, rubies, emeralds, and pearls; the extremities of the handles are simply incrusted with jewels.

Inside is a gold-mounted crystal jar, with a monogram in diamonds; this contains the ashes. It is surmounted by a skull. The name of the departed pet is perpetuated by the monkey seen on top of the casket; and in his paw he holds a fine pearl. This casket was made by Messrs. A. Barrett and Sons, of 63 and 64, Piccadilly; of course, it was an exceptional order, but Mr. H. Barrett tells me that the firm ordinarily make cinerary urns, ranging in price from £10 to £250, for holding the ashes of cremated pet dogs.

In conclusion it may be said that pet dogs are treated by their mistresses almost precisely as though they were human members of the family; the only discrepancy in the analogy being that it is horribly bad form for a lady to drive in the park with her baby by her side, while the presence of a pompous pug or a toy terrier is irreproachably correct.



"MONKEY'S" CINERARY URN, WHICH COST 600 GUINEAS.

Her Majesty's Judges.

II.

By E.

WHEN I announced my intention of writing these "Notes" to a somewhat eminent member of the Bar, he emphatically advised me not to make the attempt, and when I asked him "Why?" he replied that all the good stories about the judges were either unprintable or else so old as to partake of the nature of that pest of civilization — the "chestnut." At the time, I perceived there was some reason in what he said, but subsequent reflection showed me that "notes" are not necessarily "anecdotes," and herewith I begin the second instalment of these slightly discursive remarks.

And yet another difficulty beset me, which may be stated thus :—

I had asked one learned judge to give me his autograph, and the request had been granted. Some time after he asked me to dinner, and to dinner I went, and it was then that he warned me against the consequences of infringing the State regulations as to libel. I assured him that my native respect for those before whom my daily bread was earned would not allow me to be libellous. And then he smiled, sadly it might have been, and answered :—

"I see ; and so your descriptions will be more or less fanciful?"

There was humour in the dictum, but it stated a difficulty that had to be avoided somehow. I think I have succeeded in avoiding it, but still I am not sure. The candid man is generally dubbed hypocrite, and the sneak a straightforward man of business ; so I have made no profession, but have dealt with my subjects freely, and, if unjustly, I am sorry for it. That is all, in the circumstances, I can say, and that is surely sufficient.

One word more in explanation of any mistakes I may have inadvertently committed. At the outset I resolved to tell no antique anecdotes, and this fact must go a long way to account for the paucity of anecdotes in these pages. There is nothing so irritating to me as a twice-told jest, and actuated by the modest egoism that pervades each one of us, I naturally think my views are everyone's opinions—and so to continue on my appropriate path !

Probably in the whole history of the English Bar there never has been a greater advocate than Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, whose only possible rival is the present Lord Chancellor. Far and away the best commercial lawyer of our time, his skill in conducting "Short Delivery" and "Charter Party" cases, *et hoc genus omne*, was only rivalled by his ability in defending prisoners, and the acumen and sound sense he brought to bear on so-called "sensational" cases.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.
(Lord Chief Justice of England.)
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

In these "notes" it is my province to air opinions only, otherwise I should have been tempted to deal with the fascinating career of the subject of these remarks. It would have been pleasant to trace the rise of the local junior of the northern circuit to his present lofty position, to discuss the great oratorical effort he made on behalf of Carey's murderer — O'Donnell ; and analyze the speech he made before the Parnell Commission — a speech which one of the Commissioners declared surpassed in pathos and solemnity anything he had ever imagined.

But it cannot be: space has its exigencies, and they are necessarily intractable. As a judge, Lord Russell of Killowen has proved a disagreeable surprise to those who assert that the same man cannot be both a good speaker and a good lawyer.

This old-world superstition, derived from the recesses of Chancery prejudice, is dying hard, but it took a Halsbury and a Russell to strike the death-blow. That it is dying at all is satisfactory, and it is to be hoped its complete dissolution is near at hand.

Now, I can understand many stupidities and appreciate follies innumerable, but I cannot, for the life of me, see why a barrister who cannot properly give utterance to his thoughts should be assumed to be a great lawyer, and why, *e converso*, a great lawyer should be deemed incapable of making a good speech. But because I fail to grasp the reason, it does not follow that there are not very many legal people who not only grasp it, but make it the basis of their conduct.

Over and over again have I witnessed the agonized struggles of a barrister desirous of making a single statement to the Court, and when he has sunk worn out and unsuccessful to his seat, I have heard barristers and solicitors, with an approving nod, say: "Not much of a speaker, but a capital lawyer." On the other hand, I have heard brilliant advocates described as "only fit to address juries," and I have also had the pleasure of seeing Lord Russell in his judicial chair bowl over some of his former stuttering critics.

But as I have already said, the superstition is dying, hard it is true, but nevertheless dying, and it will long predecease the equally ridiculous theory that no man can be good-hearted unless he behaves himself like an ill-tempered savage.

Some day or other, after middle-age cares have departed, I may write of "Some Distorted Views," but until then I fear I can do little but wonder—wonder at the curiosities of human thought. When he was at the Bar, the present Lord Chief Justice was said to be—well, let me say, rather severe to his brother barristers, but this was far from being the case.

He very properly held his own, and let certain Queen's Counsel and ancient "juniors" know that he was not a man to be trifled with, but to the inexperienced and youthful he was invariably kind. This example it were well if many I could name, had I the inclination, would follow; but, unfortunately, a gross suoservience to those who sit in high places, and an intolerant rudeness to the lowly, are the characteristics more often developed in the ordinary "man of standing." The reproofs which Sir Charles used to administer to the discourteous are, indeed, sadly missed, and more than one Queen's Counsel is in dire need of a corrective snub. As he was at the Bar, so he is on the Bench.

Fittingly precise in his methods, he makes an admirable President of the "Chief's" Court, and as a Divisional Judge consistently shows how thoroughly well up he is in the rules of practice and other legal *minutiæ*. I have never been before him in a criminal court, but I understand he deals firmly yet sensibly with criminals, and this is just what I should have expected. "A great lawyer, a great advocate, a citizen of the world, masterful to a degree, and withal chivalrous," is an accurate description of Lord Russell of Killowen.

If Mr. Justice Day is not sufficiently designated by the phrase *Suaviter in modo*, that of *Fortiter in re* is a compendious mode of expressing his most salient characteristics.

And this contention, I imagine, the misguided Lancashire gentlemen who adopted "garrotting" as a means of earning a dishonest livelihood, and were tried before our judge, would heartily support. At the time when Mr. Justice Day arrived in Liverpool to commence his famous series of assizes, lawlessness of the most terrible character had attained an almost incredible pitch, and "robbery with violence" was the terror of all respectable citizens, and the darling of the criminal class in that town. As a result of the fostering care of the Recorder, with his absurd light sentence system, the streets of Liverpool were flooded with habitual miscreants who, while endeavouring to keep within the scope of offences triable by the Recorder, were by the spirit of success egged on to the commission of the most horrible crimes. Law-abiding citizens were almost panic-stricken; in broad daylight the most brutal offences against the person were committed; the police were rendered powerless by the system in vogue at the sessions; when Mr. Justice Day arrived to try prisoners—and to stay.

And then the change began: the cowardly ruffians who were brought before him speedily awoke to the difference between the Judge of Assize and the Recorder on whose bosom they had wept tears of hypocritical baseness.

Their day had gone: no longer could they beat, wound, and rob people with impunity, and be treated as poor, erring children, who, in ignorance, had turned down the wrong road, and should be lovingly restored to the right path. In one year the reign of terror was at an end, and all credit is due to Mr. Justice Day for having effected this desirable consummation. His methods were entirely admirable. In the first place, he sent the habitual criminals to long terms of imprisonment, and so broke up the gangs which had so long infested Liverpool and converted its streets into a seething caldron of crime. Then, he unsparingly used the "cat"; and although this species of torture should be only resorted to when it is absolutely necessary, in this case it was necessary that it should be used without fear and without flinching.

MR. JUSTICE DAY.
From a Photo. by Whitlock, Birmingham.

Luckily for society, Mr. Justice Day disregarded the shrieks of those who, in their hysterical ignorance, rave about the dignity of manhood, and as a result "robbery with violence" is no longer the pet method of obtaining money with the Liverpool criminals. What this judge did for Liverpool, the judges at the Old Bailey are doing for London; and the work of stamping out this most detestable of all crimes is nearly accomplished.

But *generally*, Mr. Justice Day is blamed for giving too heavy sentences, and I am bound to admit that there is a good deal of reason in the complaint. On occasions punishment should be severe, but an indiscriminate severity is radically bad. It seems to me that, able judge as he is, he does not practically grasp the essential distinction between crimes against the person and those against property, and this is a fault which he shares with the large majority of the judges. True, I have been told on reliable authority that the severe sentences he announces in public are materially reduced by him in private, but on this matter I cannot speak with any certainty. Anyhow, every judge should remember that it is his duty to award only just enough punishment to deter the criminal and other intending offenders from future wrong-doing.

In civil cases, or as they are technically termed "causes," Mr. Justice Day is distinguished by a flow of humour which, if disconcerting at times, is generally welcome. Unlike many of his brethren, he makes good jokes, and one laughs, not out of compliment, but because one cannot help it.

He has been known to do his assize travelling on horseback, and I suppose in the near future we may expect to see the bicycle utilized for this purpose. The time cannot be far distant when we shall read of Mr. Justice Blank and his marshal entering an assize town on their bicycles. If ever that does happen, then, indeed, will it be apparent that the age of dignity has gone.

When Mr. Justice Wright was at the Bar, he used to smoke a pipe at "consultations," and now that he is on the Bench, and has no such vanities as consultations to trouble him, he smokes big cigars out of doors, and,

mayhap, the humble, or more nerve-shaking, pipe at home.

No human being was ever more completely destitute of what is so inaptly termed "side" than this most erudite judge, and it would hardly surprise any of his friends to learn that he had been seen smoking a "clay" in Bond Street.

When he was appointed a High Court Judge he protested—at least, so it was said—against the ludicrous customary rule which generally compels Her Majesty's judges to be knighted, and only yielded to the infliction of a "Sir" after a prolonged struggle, which reminded one of the story of the unwarlike individual who was *compelled* to become a *Volunteer*.

But, really, it is too absurd that in order to dispense justice to Her Majesty's subjects a distinguished barrister must descend to the level of those who have deserved honourable distinction by serving as sheriff of the City of London or acting the highly intellectual part of mayor of a small provincial town. It may be that my mind is not capable of appreciating the subtle niceties of the position, but whether that is so or not, I remain fixed in my opinion.

Some time ago, in the Jubilee year, a certain mayor of a very archaic yet unimportant town was disappointed at not being knighted. It was indeed a great blow to him; he had felt quite sure that the honour—which was so liberally dispensed at that time—would be his, and he had even invited tenders for the banquet which he intended that the corporation should give him when he became "Sir" something or other. His wife also felt the blow, became very ill, and visited her wrath on the wretched mayor, whom she declared she would not live with in the future. One day, after she had partially recovered from her illness, I met her, and she immediately began to pour forth her troubles.

"You see, if it was *anything*, which it wasn't, I wouldn't have minded; but, there, —— had only to ask and he would have got it. But not he, he wouldn't even spend a stamp for an application; he's *that* mean." I endeavoured to soothe her, but she would have none of it.

"Don't tell me," she said, "it isn't that I want —— to be a knight; if they had offered it, he shouldn't have taken the common thing; but they might have passed the compliment of asking him, mightn't they? To be kept out of a thing anybody can have for the asking!" she concluded, angrily, and departed without a good-bye.

Now, the moral of this story is obvious, and explains the irritation I feel when I reflect that Her Majesty's judges have the honour (?) forced upon them. Mr. Justice Wright was wise in protesting, although the issue was unsuccessful, and I trust in the future that other barristers who are raised to the Bench will follow his good example, and that such a measure of success will attend their efforts as attended those of the late Mr. Justice Denman. But I find I have run a little off the line of my subject, and must return to it. In his knowledge of practice and the technique of the law Mr. Justice Wright has no rival, and it is a real intellectual pleasure to argue a point before him in the Divi-

MR. JUSTICE WRIGHT.
From a Photo. by Whitlock, Birmingham.

sional Court. I have heard one or two barristers complain that he is too quick; but can that be termed a fault in these days when the law's delay is a universal grievance? For my own part, I don't see how a judge can be too quick, since even injustice speedily dealt out is preferable, in the interests of the community, to tardy justice; and this learned judge is both rapid and just. If one were to criticise such an excellent judge as he, one might say that in the generality of cases he takes a too merciful view of a prisoner's misdoings. In other words, he inclines rather to the defence than to the prosecution.

I am far from saying that this is a fault at all, for I know to what ghastly extremes some judges go in the other direction, and any sane man must admit that punishment in so far as it is anything more than deterrent is bad and unjustifiable.

Further, the influence of such judges as Mr. Justice Wright is all for the best, and the habit of awarding long terms of penal servitude for trifling offences is rapidly going out, except, of course, at the Middlesex Sessions and other places where silly amateurs and legal failures disport themselves.

MR. JUSTICE MATHEW.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

At Nisi Prius also, Mr. Justice Wright is more than merely satisfactory, and there is no doubt that this consummate lawyer will attain a very high position in our judiciary. The appointment of the Radical "Treasury Devil" by a Conservative Government was in itself a singularly effective tribute to Lord Halsbury. There never was a better appointment, and never was one more gracefully made.

Mr. Justice Mathew is the president of the tribunal which, to the gratification of both lawyer and layman, has succeeded admirably, under the name of the "Commercial Court."

A clever lawyer, possessed of a detailed knowledge of the law affecting mercantile transactions, endowed with a keen sense of humour, and an unlimited capacity for putting down the impertinent, this judge is reckoned both "jovial" and "strong"—and "strong," it should be explained, in legal phraseology, stands for the antithesis of "irresolute" and "wavering."

Probably no higher compliment could be paid by a member of the Bar to a judge than to say he is "strong." For there is nothing so unpleasant as a judge who either does not know his own mind, or, knowing it, flits through a variety of modes before announcing it.

But to return to our subject: Mr. Justice Mathew is, as I have already suggested, an eminently satisfactory judge, and it is but rarely that the Court of Appeal interferes with his decisions. It has been said—by those whom criticism could scarcely affect—that in the Commercial Court he habitually disregards the ordinary rules of evidence, but this is not so.

True, he allows a little more latitude to an examining counsel than is generally done, but that is the extent of his innovation, and his judgments are based upon facts sufficiently powerful to withstand the assaults of No. 1 Court of Appeal. It might be well, however, if he were not to restrict the operations of his Court by practically treating only charter

party and insurance cases as its appropriate subjects; but that is a moot point, on which I am not going to adjudicate. The Commercial Court is an assured success, and already the Arbitration Clause—much dreaded of lawyers—is gradually disappearing from documents recording contracts.

As a criminal judge I have not had any experience of him, as he has not "gone" my circuit since I joined the Bar; but I have heard men wax eloquent about his doings, and I am quite content to adopt the view of those who, by reason of greater experience, are even better qualified than I am to form a critical estimate.

Among other honorary positions, Mr. Justice Mathew filled till lately that of vice-chairman of the Council of Legal Education, and in that capacity he took part in promoting a series of important reforms, some of which have already turned out well. But with regard to the eventual success of at least one of these reforms, I am decidedly sceptical.

For I myself doubt the wisdom of admitting the public to hear the Council's lecturers, and I think that reform should be re-reformed, and the public rigidly excluded from the doubtful benefits attendance at the lectures might produce.

I say "doubtful," because the truth that a little learning is a dangerous thing is nowhere better illustrated than in the domain of law.

Indeed, in these days of over-population, over-competition, and consequent trade depression, the Bar owes a great deal to the popular law-books, the study of which hurries thousands of people into the courts.

If it were not for the mistakes that these said books produce in the lay mind, the formation of another Embankment would be necessary to provide the means of livelihood for a multitude of no-work-to-do counsel. As a member of the Bar, I am deeply grateful for those books and other litigious influences; still, the interests of the Bar cannot, and should not, be preferred to those of the public. However, there are one or two clever men — one learned judge in their number — on the Council, and there must be some reason for this particular reform, only what that reason is does not plainly appear.

Still, it is useless to criticise unless the critic is in possession of all the facts—and, therefore, I will say no more on the subject —at present.

Mr. Justice Mathew is an Irishman and a Home Ruler, but if this Government overlooks that fact and appoints him to the post, when vacant, which he was marked out for when a Liberal Administration ruled the roast, I dare be sworn that the appointment would be as popular with lawyers as it would be well merited.

MR. JUSTICE ROMER.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

Other judges have used an eyeglass, but, as far as my personal experience goes, Mr. Justice Romer is the only judge who has personally identified himself with that strangely attractive piece of opacity. It is not impossible, metaphysicians tell us in their peculiar jargon, to conceive a limit to space. It is not impossible mentally to anticipate an era of nothingness—but I firmly and finally believe that it would be impossible for the most refined idealist or the profoundest devotee of speculative occultism (unless he be a photographer) to conceive Mr. Justice Romer *without his eyeglass*, and the reason of it is that it has

become an integral portion of his own individuality. Now, whether it is the fault of the eyeglass or of his own great ability, this learned judge has made for himself a reputation second to none in the Chancery Division, and while Common Law men cheerfully admit his claims to professional distinction, Chancery men positively rave with enthusiasm when they speak of—I beg pardon, but it must be said—"Bob" Romer; and this fact is sufficiently significant of the virtue of our judge.

As a rule, Chancery counsel are denoted by a straggling beard, baggy trousers, and a stutter. They know nothing of the more material pleasures of life. They regard a joke as a piece of unmeaning vulgarity, and always use a five-syllable word—when they know one. Unlike the "Divorce" man, they are neither gentle nor self-effacing, but on the contrary are generally combative and particularly assertive.

They suspect the wearer of a silk hat that is not brushed the wrong way; they gorge themselves on luncheons of ham sandwiches and milk and soda-water; and, if they became heathens, would probably worship a sawdust doll, or something equally unromantic and offensively respectable.

They are an uninteresting race, who generally belong to a musical society, and frequently attach themselves to a "Social Evenings' Mission." A few have taken to fishing, and at least one has been known to play golf.

Now, in the main, Chancery men trouble me but little. If I go into their courts they are icily—*i.e*, becomingly—civil. If I meet them "out," we nod to each other. They are a thing apart from the Common Law Bar, a society unto themselves.

In fact, I have always regarded them as forming a species of forensic lotus-eater—men who, having attended in court during one "motion" day, have tasted of the drowsy pleasures of *ennui*, and abandoned themselves to its irresistible influence.

Yes, the Chancery Bar are indeed children of Dust and Dulness! Their characters will bear an analytical examination, but their moral strength cannot support the weight of an oath; and yet, despite all this, I have known a Chancery man to evince distinct signs of the possession of an interest in something outside himself; indeed, I have even seen his eye dart forth fire, and his beard tremble vividly when he has been discussing his revered late "leader!"

"I tell you," a certain one—whom I had ever looked upon as of the extra selfish brand, and whose violence considerably startled me—once thundered, "the best judge on the Bench is Romer"; and, with a bang on the table, "He is the *only* judge!" I was afraid to argue, and if I had done so, I should only have taken exception to the universality of his statement; but the flashing eye of my antiquated companion brought home to me and the affrighted waitresses in that pleasing summer resort, the Law Courts' Tea Room, the conviction that the Chancery Bar would do great things in praise and support of their judge. I pursued the subject no farther, but I afterwards pondered how much a judge is worth who is so highly thought of by the men who practise before him. But, speaking apart from the Chancery Bar and its attendant circumstances, it is undoubted that, as a clear, hard-headed, able judge, Mr. Justice Romer is not excelled by anyone on the Bench. He is both clever and practical, and highly popular withal.

And here I may mention one grievous fault of the Chancery Bar.

It is undoubted that it introduced the fashion of beards and other outrageous devices in hair, and this in the teeth of the excellent tradition that barristers should be clean shaven.

But while blaming the Chancery men, I do not forget that the Common Law men followed their lead, and now such abominations as moustaches and Cavalier beards are to be seen daily in the Queen's Bench Division and Criminal Courts. If a counsel appears in court in a light coat or a gaudy waistcoat, the Court refuses to "see" him until he has changed it for a garment of a more sombre hue.

Why should it not extend the principle to the case of what are journalistically termed "hirsute appendages"?

Why, indeed? Unless it be that some of the judges themselves are offenders in this respect.

There is nothing more incongruous than a combination of wig and moustache, and it is to be hoped that the rising generation will redress the errors of their immediate forebears, and adopt the habits which by long—though recently interrupted—usage have been decreed as a tradition of the Bar.

Mr. Justice Wills is, among other things, an active member of the Alpine Club, and such is his vigour that it would not surprise me to hear that he had established a "record" in the bicycle world. Certainly he is uncommonly

hale, and affords a splendid object-lesson to the youth who delight to be called "gilded," but whose appropriate epithet is the comprehensive "asinine."

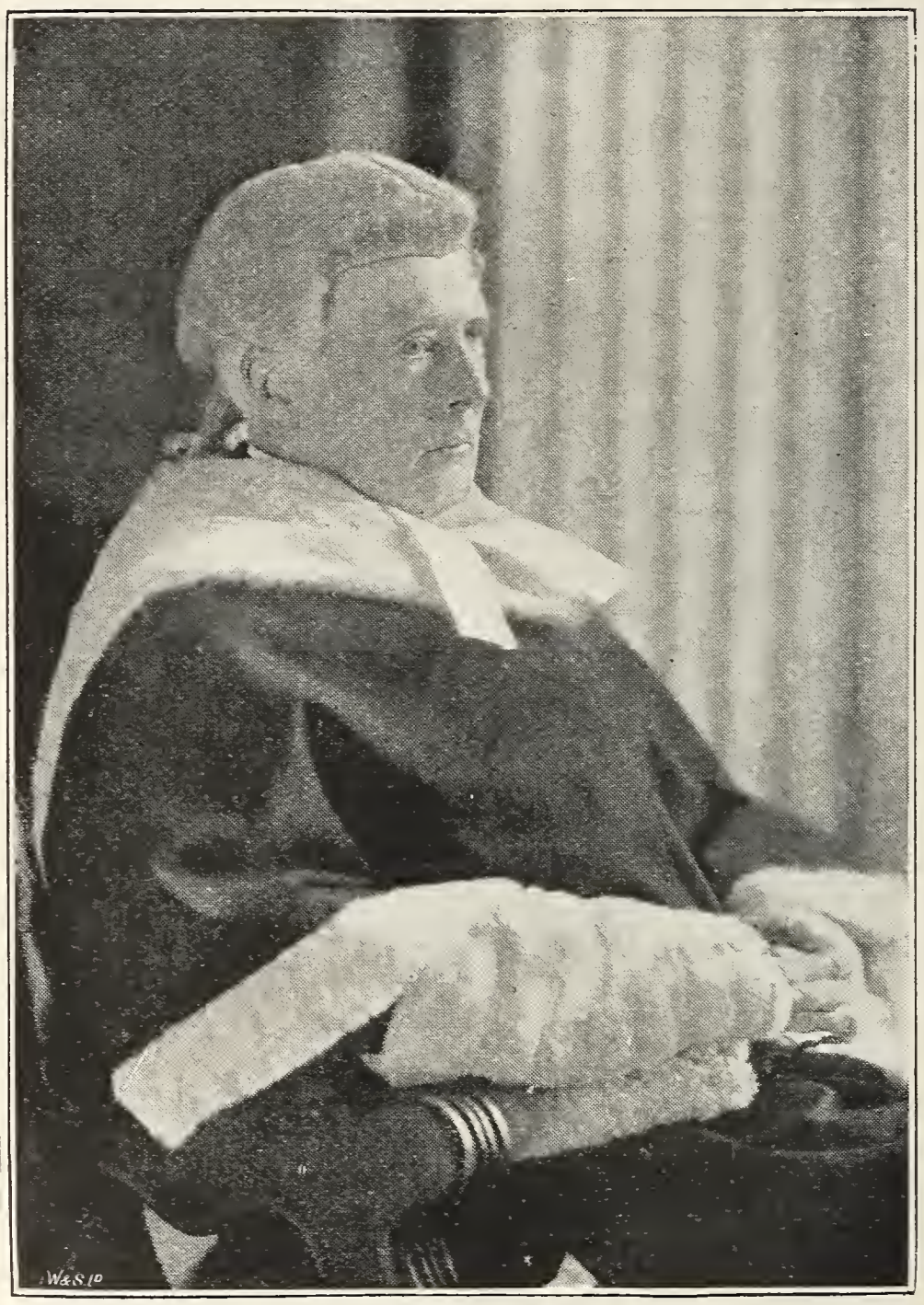
One watches him at work with admiring wonder. He is so fresh, so—may I be pardoned for saying it!—cherubic, so altogether unlike the lantern-jawed, plaster-of-paris toy bogey who popularly passes as *the* type of a man of the law! And yet, in spite of these physical characteristics, Mr. Justice Wills is a highly satisfactory judge, whose one fault consists in his inability to practically distinguish between law and morality.

There are one or two other judges who also labour under this difficulty, and it is sad it should be so.

In ascertaining the amount of punishment necessary in the interests of the community—and that should be the sole consideration—judges should not act vindictively, and should not regard the scope of the law as properly punitive. It is the duty of a judge to administer the law; it is not his duty to air his own particular views of what should be the law. Deterrence of crime, and not the vindication of a moral principle, is the true end of the criminal law.

But judges are apt to forget this fact, and to wield their tremendous powers for the purpose of inflicting pain on the offender merely because he has offended. They would, if tackled, probably deny this allegation; but deny they never so strenuously, it is true, lamentably true. But this apart: Mr. Justice Wills is a strong and a good judge, and is also courteous; a long list of virtues to atone for one failing!

Lord Justice Lopes, whose portrait appeared in last month's issue, has latterly taken to sit in a specially constituted Divorce Court, from which vantage point he cracks jokes and hurries up the gentlemen who habitually concern themselves with matrimonial causes. He is a very shrewd and pleasant judge, whose usual place is in the Court of Appeal; but so great is his success in the Divorce Court, that it seems a pity he does not sit more regularly to try its appropriate cases. In the Court of Appeal he asks many questions, and delivers lengthy judgments which invariably contain much good sense. I have never known this learned judge to say an unkind thing, and I have never heard that his consideration has been abused.



MR. JUSTICE WILLS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

(To be continued.)

By Carmen Sylva. Translated by Alys Hallard.

IN the northern part of Moldavia there is an immense Royal forest called Brotschéni, in many parts of which the woodman's axe has never been heard, and the foot of man has never trod.

In the year 1538 the country round was not as beautiful as it is now, neither was it so peaceful. The sound of weapons was frequently to be heard in the valleys. The women and children used to fly to the densest parts of the woods, for the terrible words, "The Turks are coming!" were constantly being passed on from village to village.

The Sultan Soliman was bent on devastating Moldavia, and in spite of his most valiant efforts Prince Petru Raresch had been conquered several times by the enemy. Sutschawa, his capital, was in the hands of the Turks, who, on their march to Piatra, were burning, pillaging, and massacring all they could lay hands on. Poor Moldavia was being ravaged in the most terrible manner, and all that could not be transported was ruined by the invaders.

The Turks knew neither pity nor mercy; they strangled the children and massacred all the women they did not wish to carry off, and, indeed, death was far preferable to the poor women than slavery under the Mussulman. The whole country presented a pitiable aspect; no domestic animals were to be seen, and there was neither corn nor hay anywhere.

With the remnant of his conquered army, Petru Raresch had to leave Piatra and get to Jesle by the Bistritza, as he knew that there would be provisions there for the soldiers and horses. The Prince had sent his three children to the fortress of Ciceu, but the Princess Helena had refused to be separated from him.

"The Turks will not take me," she said, "and I shall not leave you unless my presence should prove dangerous for you."

A little farther on than Hangu, in the church of Calugareni, they had taken refuge. This little church is sheltered by a colossal rock which, so the legend runs, the devil once took from the summit of the Tschachlau, intending to stop the course of the Bistritza with it. Just as he had lifted the great rock and was about to hurl it into the river, the cock began to crow, and the Evil Spirit, fearing the daylight, turned to fly, and the rock fell from his hand into the place where it now stands. Under the shadow of this huge rock, then, the Princess Helena was waiting, all eyes and ears for any news. Her delicate face changed colour frequently, and her nostrils quivered with excitement and anxiety. "Oh! what a disgrace it is to be conquered!" she exclaimed to the old monk with the snow-white beard, who had approached her.

"There is nothing irreparable save death," he replied, calmly.

"Nothing irreparable!" repeated the young wife, violently, "when we are completely lost! Why, perhaps this very day, old man as you are, you may be pierced through the heart with a yatagan!"

"That is quite possible!" was the quiet reply.

The gallop of a body of horse was heard on the rocky slope, and in another minute Raresch appeared, tearing along at full speed,

a handful of horsemen just behind him. He stopped just long enough to lift his wife up into his saddle, and then, without uttering a word, continued his desperate flight along the bank of the stream. The Turks were following close behind, but suddenly, in the very narrowest part of the ravine, the old monk appeared in front of them, and their horses reared with fright at his apparition.

"Halt!" he cried out. "What is it that you want here?"

"We want Raresch! A hundred gold pieces are offered for his head. Show us where he is hiding or you are a dead man!"

The monk nodded his head, and turning, led the way up a narrow path between the rocks, and with great trunks of trees projecting here and there. He went on and on, and the path grew steeper and steeper, until at last they came to an inpenetrable wood. For a long time the horsemen followed him, and their poor beasts had to climb like cats. At last, however, they found they could go no farther; there was no way out of the dense wood, and in a perfect fury they turned on the old monk. They tore his clothes, nailed his hands and feet to a fallen tree, and then went away leaving him thus to his fate. The old man's lips turned blue with anguish, but he murmured:—

"I am nailed down, although not on the cross. And if it be not for the sake of humanity, it is at any rate for the sake of my country!"

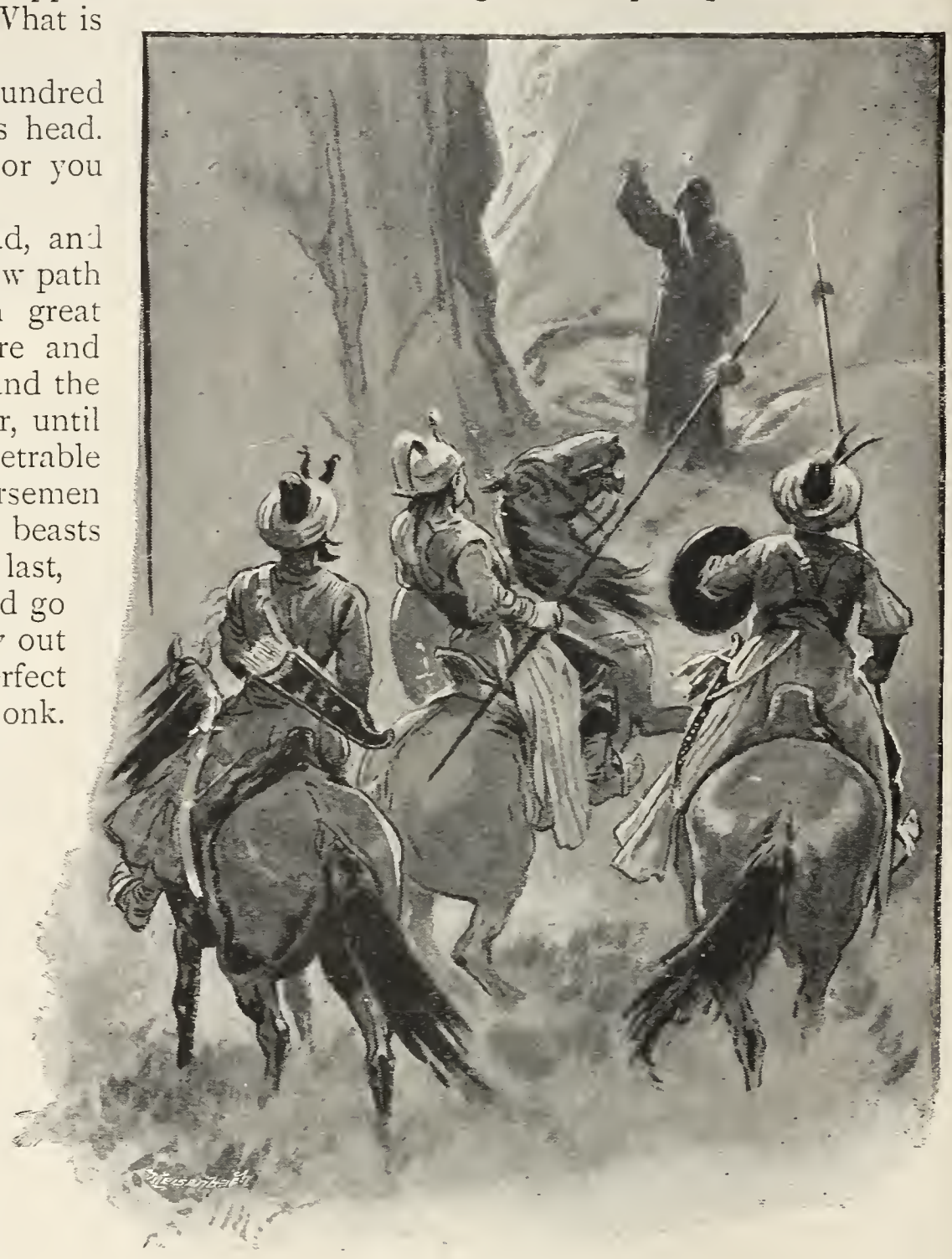
He then closed his eyes, and without a murmur resigned himself to this slow, agonizing death. The fugitives meanwhile had taken a narrow path which led to the Forest of Brotschéni. When once they were there their road was very difficult, and it was necessary to know the fords well in order to cross the river so many times. If, however, they succeeded in doing this the enemy would completely lose track of them.

The Prince's horse was beginning to give way under his double burden, and only answered to the spurs by a quiver like a spasm passing through its frame.

"If your Highness will take my horse," said one of the men to the Princess, "I will dismount."

"But what about you?"

"We must not lose a moment, or it may be too late!" was the only answer, and lifting the Princess quickly from her husband's arms the man placed her on his own horse, and then disappeared quickly amongst the trees without waiting for any thanks. On, on they went, leaving the banks of the Bistritza and ascending the steep slope where at the present time a monastery commemorates the flight of Petru Raresch.



"'HALT!' HE CRIED."

From afar the two rocky summits looked like the towers of a church. There was a cavern in the rock where anyone could very well hide, for it was surrounded by a dense wood, and on the trees which had fallen new shoots had sprung up, and were now giants in their turn. At almost every step the thick, mossy carpet gave way, and the horse's hoofs would sink in the rotten wood of a dead tree, which would crumble to pieces on the soil.

Suddenly, just in front of them, they heard a terrible crackling sound and heavy breath-

ing, and there, just by Helena's side, an auroch appeared with his horns lowered. The next instant he had run his terrible horns into her horse, and was preparing to make a second charge at Helena, but Raresch was too quick for him, and seizing the two horns—all covered with blood as they were—with almost supernatural strength, he twisted the monster's head so that his neck broke.* He then freed Helena from her horse and set her on her feet.

"Can you walk?" he asked, gently, just as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

Helena clung to him for a moment, and then answered bravely :—

"Yes, I could walk to the end of the world," but the deadly pallor of her cheeks betrayed her weakness.

"Then we will give up our horses, for they will be more trouble than help in these parts; and in order to throw our pursuers off the scent, we must separate. I must get to Ciceu, and I shall not be long before I am there, even though it is some distance by the mountains. Stefanitza, take the Princess to the cavern, and stay there with her until I come back. You could not very well walk to the end of the world after all," he added, turning to his wife and throwing his arm round her.

"But must you leave me?" she asked.

"Not for long. . . . Listen, though, do you hear the Turks in the valley? Quick, there is not a moment to lose!"

He stooped down and kissed her, and then with whips and stones they drove the horses away in all directions, and Raresch bid farewell to his young wife, whom he was obliged to leave in the midst of this desolate wood, though under good protection.

She watched him as he strode quickly away, and she could not help owning to herself that she could not have accompanied him any farther without endangering both their lives. She stood there so long, looking out in the direction which her husband had taken, that, at last, Stefanitza was obliged to remind her of her own peril.

Helena then started to walk in the direction of the two mountain-tops which looked like two vast domes. The ascent was difficult, and although the air was laden with the perfume of wild flowers, the Princess, fond though she was of every kind of flower, never noticed them at all. At length, a feeling of utter exhaustion came over her, and standing still, and supporting herself against a tree, she pressed her hand to her heart and listened for a moment to the wild cries which came up from the valley.

"Stefanitza!" she said, "I want you to take a solemn oath."

"What does your Highness wish me to promise?"

"It is more than a promise that I want. You must swear to me by all you hold sacred

"YOU MUST SWEAR TO ME."

that you will not let me fall into the hands of the infidels! I would rather have your sword plunged into my breast than the hand of a Mussulman on my shoulder."

Stefanitza met her earnest gaze without flinching.

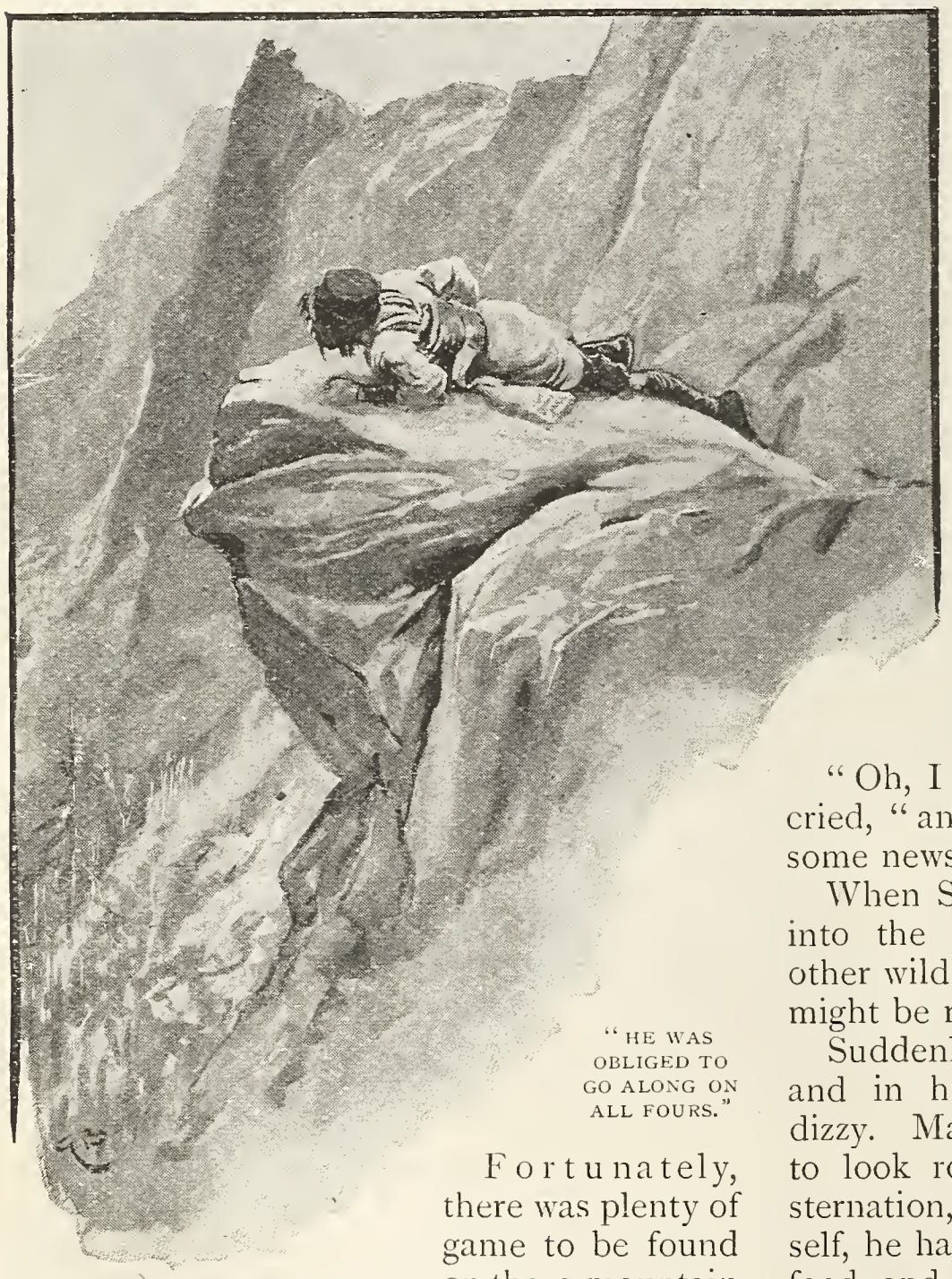
* The spot where the beast fell is marked to-day by a huge rock, called the Piatra Zimbulei, or the Auroch's Stone.

"I had already thought of that!" he answered, simply.

"Then I am not afraid, come what may!" exclaimed Helena, with a sigh of relief.

Then, making a desperate effort, she started once more on the difficult journey up the mountain. Finally they reached the huge cavern which was their destination. "Saved!" murmured Helena, as she fell on her knees and prayed to Heaven for her husband, who was now being hunted like some wild animal, and who would have to continue his dangerous and difficult journey.

The Princess was astonished to find that she was so hungry, for she had imagined that she could live without food as long as her husband's life was in danger. Stefanitza was delighted to see the colour return to her cheeks, and when he brought her a large leaf full of wild strawberries, he felt rewarded for all his trouble by her smiles and thanks.



"HE WAS OBLIGED TO GO ALONG ON ALL FOURS."

Fortunately, there was plenty of game to be found on these mountain summits where no human beings ever came. Once Stefanitza climbed to the extreme edge of the rock, but he was obliged to go along on all fours. From this point there was a magnificent view: Moldavia, Bukovina, and Siebenburgen all lay stretched out before him, while Mount Caliman could be seen in all its glory.

It was a magnificent panorama certainly, but Stefanitza paid little heed to the grandeur of it all. He shook his head sadly as he slipped down the rock again, for the vast plain was just as calm and peaceful-looking in the bright sunshine as though no such thing as war, with all its horrors, existed, and the immutable rocks in their stony tranquillity did not tell him whether Petru Raresch had safely accomplished his dangerous enterprise. The Princess was naturally very sad and anxious, but by the second day she had begun to get accustomed to her new surroundings.

She covered the damp walls and the floor of the cavern with moss, and she washed her clothes in the streamlet and spread them to dry on the bushes. Then she arranged a little pantry in one of the corners of the cavern for their provisions, and dried wood for kindling a fire.

The want of bread was their greatest hardship, and, indeed, a few ears of wheat would have been more precious to the two fugitives than all the treasures in the world. Stefanitza decided to go down to the valley one day and bring back some wheat and salt, and also see if he could hear any news. He lighted the fire before starting, and advised the Princess, in case of any danger threatening her, not to take refuge in the cavern, but to go into the forest, or else climb up to the summit of the rock.

"Oh, I am not afraid of anything!" she cried, "and I would risk everything to have some news!"

When Stefanitza had gone, Helena set out into the wood to gather strawberries and other wild fruit, so that her faithful protector might be refreshed on his return.

Suddenly she heard some strange sounds, and in her terror she felt herself growing dizzy. Making a supreme effort she ventured to look round, and then, to her great consternation, she saw a huge bear. Like herself, he had come into the wood in search of food, and he had not yet caught sight of her.

Terrified though she was, she did not forget Stefanitza's advice, but turned and fled towards the summit of the rock. The long brambles kept catching on to her dress and

holding her fast, so that she had to keep stopping to free herself. At length she got safely out of the wood, and not daring to turn her head, she started on her upward path. The great stones were scorching hot and burnt her hands as she clutched them. The rock she had to climb was slippery, and her dress impeded her progress.

Fear, however, lends strength, and she struggled courageously on, until at last she reached the top of the almost perpendicular rock.

When once there she remained kneeling, for she dared not stir; the terrible precipice below made her so giddy that she could not venture to stand up. She now looked down into the wood to see what the bear was doing.

First he went into the cavern and devoured all the provisions he found there, and then he roamed about for nearly an hour, and finally disappeared again within the cavern. Helena felt thankful that she had followed Stefanitza's advice, and not attempted to take refuge there. The time seemed to pass very slowly, and the sun shed its perpendicular rays on Helena, who was still kneeling and resting herself on her hands. She was nearly mad with thirst, and her eyes were burning most painfully. As she looked down on to the plain below her a new fear seized her.

When Stefanitza came back, how was she to warn him of the danger? And what was she to do if he did not come back? He had been such a long time away!

Despair at last began to take the place of her courage, and in her anguish of mind she would certainly have fallen from the rock, if her anxiety for her brave protector had not prompted her to hold on to the very last in hope of being able to warn him. An eagle was now describing circles around the peak of the rock, and with that exception there was the most intense stillness and silence all around. The sun was getting lower in the horizon, and the shadows of the trees were lengthening. Supposing he did not return before night-fall! Suddenly she saw a movement under the trees, and in another moment Stefanitza appeared holding in his hand a sheaf of corn.

Helena waved her handkerchief, but, alas! he did not look up. She shouted to him as loud as she could, but in vain: he continued his way tranquilly towards the cavern. He was just at the opening and was about to enter, when she saw him start back, throw down his sheaf, and draw his sword.

It was as though a mist came before Helena's eyes, but the next minute she saw the bear advance towards Stefanitza. The wild beast rose up on his hind legs with a furious growl, but the man stood his ground and thrust his sword into the bear's throat up to the hilt.

The next instant man and beast had fallen together to the ground. Wild with terror, Helena slipped down the rock and darted like a flash of lightning to the cavern. Stefanitza had disengaged himself from the bear's grip and had risen from the ground.

In spite of the pain he was suffering, he uttered an exclamation of joy as he saw the Princess standing before him.

He had feared that she was dead, for he had seen that the bear's mouth was covered with blood. At first he refused to own that he was hurt, but Helena was sure he was in pain, and insisted on binding up his wounded arm.

"The Prince is safe and has reached Ciceu. He is getting an army together, and in a few days will be here for us," Stefanitza announced.

"Do you know what became of poor Toma, who gave up his horse to me?" Helena asked.

"He is dead," replied Stefanitza, quite calmly.

"Dead!" exclaimed the Princess, her eyes dilating with horror; "dead, and for my sake!"

Stefanitza muttered something which Helena could not catch; she only distinguished the word "happiness."

"But how did they take him, the Turks?"

"He let himself be taken purposely."

"But why—whatever for?"

"He made the Turks believe that he was the Prince, and they turned back, taking him with them as a prisoner. They had gone some distance when the idiotic peasants, who can never keep their tongues still, must needs let the Turks know that they were being deceived. They were naturally furious, and in their anger they tortured the poor fellow and put him to death."

Helena shuddered as she thought of the ghastly cruelty which her poor countryman had doubtless suffered at the hands of the enemy.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, with tears in her eyes.

"What did it matter as long as your Highness was saved?" exclaimed Stefanitza, warmly.

The wound which he had treated as of no

consequence proved to be very serious, and during the next few days he was feverish and even delirious. When he was unconscious he talked all the time of the Princess. She had a hard time of it, for, beside nursing her patient, she had to go out to get food. Fruit was not enough to sustain them, and at last, in desperation, she started out in search of game.

For another day or two they went on like this, and at last the feverishness left Stefanitza and he fell into a peaceful sleep. It was late in the afternoon, when he was roused by a piercing scream. He sprang up and looked for his weapons, but found nothing except his lance. He rushed out of the cavern, and there he saw the Princess defending herself with his sword against two Turks. Stefanitza forgot his weakness, and with one bound was at her side and ran his lance through the aggressor's body. The second Turk tried to make off, but he was caught and strangled with his own scarf.

"Are there any more on the way here?" asked Stefanitza.

The dying man only rolled his head from side to side. He either did not understand or he would not answer. Helena, her face as pale as death, was leaning against a rock, for now that the danger was over her strength had given way.

Stefanitza tried to drag the two corpses away, but he had forgotten how weak he was, and he was obliged to sit down on the ground while Helena fetched him some water with which to moisten his parched lips.

"What shall I do now?" she asked, simply.

He pointed to the dead bodies.

"Either they or us. . . . We cannot stop here like this."

"Let us go away!" she exclaimed, eagerly.

He looked at her earnestly and sighed.

"But you could not walk," she continued; "you are far too weak to undertake the journey to Ciceu."

"Oh! yes, I can walk," he replied.

Helena collected the provisions together, and took up the bear's skin with which Stefanitza had covered her mossy couch. When night came on she threw it over the wounded man as he lay, weak and almost helpless, under a tree, and then, taking up his sword, she mounted guard. Stefanitza had received a fresh wound in his combat with the Turks, but he had not breathed a word of it to her, and she was horrified to see the blood flowing from it when he was asleep. She had nothing with which she could bind it up, so was obliged to staunch it with some large leaves. With bare feet and her long hair hanging down over her cloak, she watched, sword in hand, by this man who had risked his life for her. By the light of the moon through the trees she could see how ghastly wan and pale his face looked, and in her despair she wondered if he were dying.

"Oh, what will become of her if I should die?" murmured the sick man; and then, turning his head restlessly from side to side,

"STEFANITZA RAN HIS LANCE THROUGH THE AGGRESSOR'S BODY."

he added, "If only I could have one lock of her hair to carry with me to my grave!"

Helena placed some more leaves which she had dipped in water on his forehead and on his wounds, and then, cutting a tress of her beautiful, fair hair from her head with the sword, she put it into his hands. His fingers

closed tightly over it, and he went to sleep again, while she continued her lonely watch.

Suddenly it seemed to her that she heard some horses coming along the very road that she and Stefanitza had taken. She stood up, and, holding her breath, tried to still the beating of her heart, which seemed to prevent her hearing anything else.

Supposing that the two dead Turks had only been the forerunners of a whole troop of the enemy! She gazed at the cold, glittering sword in her hand, and her youth revolted against the horrible death which she had resolved to inflict on herself rather than demand this supreme service from her faithful attendant.

She listened. Yes, there was no mistake about it, horses were coming along the road, and she could even hear voices coming nearer and nearer. A cloud passed before the moon; when that had disappeared and she caught sight of the first Turk, she would thrust the sword through her heart. The sounds came nearer, but, thanks to the cloud, the horses had been reined in, and were coming more slowly. A silvery light edged the cloud now, and the rays of the moon appeared again.

"Stefanitza, they are here—upon us!" cried the young Princess, in a tone of anguish. She had pointed the sword against her breast, but her hand trembled violently.

"Give me the sword!" he exclaimed, a look of agony in his eyes. He took it from her hands and stood right in front of her, pale and stern, like the Angel of Death.

"I will keep my word faithfully," he said, "and the same sword shall release me afterwards."

The horses came nearer. Stefanitza lifted his arm, and Helena closed her eyes awaiting the supreme moment. Suddenly Stefanitza's arm fell and his face lighted up.

"They are Roumanians!" he exclaimed, and then, raising his voice, he called out: "This way, this way, here is the Princess!"

A loud "Hurrah!" was the reply.

"This way, forward, your Highness!" was the shout that resounded through the dense wood, and in another minute the horsemen arrived on the spot, their horses neighing, and Helena fell fainting into her husband's arms.

Everyone gathered round her, giving what help they could. Stefanitza alone stood back leaning against a tree, and gazing earnestly at her sweet, pale face.

When she came to herself again, her first question was about her children.

"They are safe, and waiting for you, my poor darling," replied her husband, kissing her as he lifted her in his arms on to his own horse.

"And were you trying to walk like this?" he asked, as he caught sight of her poor, bare feet.

"I was on my way to you," said Helena, endeavouring to smile.

Stefanitza was then lifted on to a horse and a soldier walked at his side, for he was too weak to sit up unsupported. A blast was then blown on the horn, and when the whole troop was assembled, they all set out together through the silent woods.

Several weeks later a raft sheltered from the sun by a bower of leaves and flowers, and with flags flying, came down the Bistritza. The Princess Helena was seated in state under the leafy awning, and with her were her three little children. Stefanitza was there too. He was quite well again, but was strangely serious as he listened to the propositions of the Prince.

"Do stay with us," urged Petru Raresch; "you will be cared for and respected in our home as though you were one of our family."

"No, your Highness, do not ask me to do this. When there is a battle to be fought I shall always be at your side, but Court life is not in my way."

He was true to his word. Many were the fierce battles that were waged before the country was free from the Turks, and in each one Stefanitza was always in the thickest of the fight. It was as though he bore a charmed life, though, for indifferent as he ever was to danger, he always came out unscathed, and, reckless as he was of his life, it was preserved for many long years.

At home he was very lonely and desolate, and day by day grew more and more grave and taciturn. He lived to be a very old man, and at his death it was found that he wore next his heart a long, silky tress of fair hair.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXVIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE NEW MEMBER.

NEW members are slowly learning the pitfalls that lie in the pathway along the innocent-looking floor of the House of Commons. In the early days of their changed existence they showed the customary passion for walking out to a division with their hats on. Few things, in a small way, are so comical as to see the new member thus offending turn round, on hearing the stern cry of "Order! order!" from the Speaker or Chairman of Committees, and look about to see who it may be that is misconducting himself. When the truth dawns upon him, or is brought home to him by peremptory action on the part of neighbours, the condition of the new member is pathetically pitiful. He clutches at the offending hat, and makes off at quickened pace to the grateful obscurity of the division lobby.

"ORDER! ORDER!"

HOWLED AT.

Another familiar incident in the early life of the new member is his irresistible tendency to stroll between the Chair and an honourable gentleman on his legs addressing it. That, according to Parliamentary etiquette, is an offence second only to the enormity of manslaughter in the eye of the criminal law. The circumstances under which it usually takes place add considerably to the sensation of the moment. The new member enters the House and finds it moderately full, listening to a gentleman addressing the Speaker from a bench below the gangway. He stands at the bar a few minutes. Then he thinks he may as well take his place, approachable by the gangway that midway divides the benches. He steps down the floor, bowing with easy grace to the Speaker, turns to the left and begins to saunter up the gangway, when he is startled by an outburst of fierce cries of "Order! Order!" Members near him are shouting, too, glaring upon him like tigers deprived of their whelps. He perceives as in a lurid flash of lightning what is the matter. He is passing between the Chair and the honourable member addressing it. The anguish of the situation suddenly revealed is added to by the difficulty of deciding what to do. If he goes back he will have to walk crestfallen to the door, under the mocking gaze of a crowded House. If he goes forward he will be heaping up the enormity of his guilt. What he generally does is to stand stock-still for a moment, his knees trembling, his face recalling the look in the eyes of a hunted hare. Gradually he stoops down with hands on knees almost touching the floor, and so, making his way up the gangway, slinks into his seat. Then the House, thoroughly refreshed by the sport, turns to further consider the argument of the member who was addressing it.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

At one time, during the existence of the Salisbury Parliament, the House, bent on enjoyment of this time-honoured game, caught a Tartar. An Irish member was continuing debate from the second bench below the gangway. Lord Tweedmouth (then Mr. Marjoribanks and one of the Opposition Whips) rose from the front bench and strolled towards the door. On the way he necessarily passed between the Irish member and the Chair, whereat there burst forth a roar of "Order! Order!" the more jubilant since the offender was an old and popular member. To the general surprise, Mr. Marjoribanks did not go down on his hands or knees, or otherwise show himself perturbed. On the contrary, he raised himself to fuller height, shortened his pace, and defiantly regarded the shouting members. Worse still, when he reached the bar he turned round, and walked back again slower than ever as he passed between the orator and the Speaker.

There was evidently something wrong somewhere, and it did not appear to rest with Mr. Marjoribanks. He was not committing a breach of order, or his defiant procedure would have drawn forth reproof from the Speaker. This conclusion was correct. The member on his legs at the moment spoke from the second bench, which is raised a step from the floor. The assumption—not quite safe in the case of a man of Lord Tweedmouth's inches—therefore, was that no obstacle interposed between the line of sight of the member thus elevated and the Chair. The gangway step made all the difference. Had the member speaking stood on the floor by the front bench below the gangway, Mr. Marjoribanks sauntering down to the door would have called upon himself the reproof of the Speaker. But he is too old a Parliamentary hand to have committed so unpardonable an offence.

THE PERIL OF ASIDES.

A far more subtle intricacy of procedure is that which determines what exactly is a speech. Even before he takes his seat the new member has learned the fundamental rule that he may, when the Speaker is in the Chair, make only one contribution to debate. In Committee, where it is assumed, often with fatal lack of foundation, that members do not orate but converse, opportunity of speech-making is untrammelled.

Early in the present Session a Bill was introduced extending to Ireland the priceless advantage enjoyed by "the predominant partner" of allowing women to sit on Boards of Guardians. Mr. Farrell, newly-elected for West Cavan, held strong views on the point. These were, indeed, so strong that when proposal was formally made to read the Bill a second time, he cried out, "I object." It not being after midnight there was in this protest nothing beyond the moral weight conveyed by the opinion of an esteemed member. Apparently no notice was taken of the remark, and the debate continued. Mr. Farrell sat attentive, adding to the speech he had prepared in the retirement of his study various convincing points suggested by members taking part in the debate.

At length he thought the time had come when he would do well to interpose and settle the matter. Rising to his full height, he said, "Mr. Speaker, sir."

"Order, order!" cried the Speaker. "The hon. member for West Cavan has already spoken."

The present House of Commons is happily endowed with the presence of two Farrells. James Patrick represents West Cavan. Thomas G. sits for South Kerry. This mistake of the Speaker was quite natural. Indeed, James Patrick often wondered how, dealing with six hundred and seventy gentlemen, he was so unfailingly accurate in identifying them. Now, he had made a mistake, mixing up two Irish members, both bearing the name of Farrell. The member for West Cavan was not disposed to be hard upon him. So, gently shaking his head, with seductive smile, he said, "No, Mr. Speaker, I did not."

"At the beginning of the discussion," said the Speaker, "the honourable member observed 'I object.'"

Mr. Farrell dropped into his seat as if the Speaker's quietly-uttered remark had been a well-aimed pistol-shot.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

This is the most striking illustration I remember of a well-known rule, a remarkable proof of Mr. Gully's watchfulness and presence of mind. There is under this same rule a custom by no means uncommon. A member, whether in charge of a motion or desiring to second it, may do so by simply raising his hat, reserving ordered speech to a later stage of the debate. Sir Wilfrid Lawson was the first to reduce this to a system. When he brought forward his annual Bill on the Temperance Question, the occasion was inevitably a Wednesday afternoon. The House was usually empty when, shortly after the Speaker took the chair at noon, Sir Wilfrid was called upon. To waste his impromptus on empty benches was an experience too depressing, even for a habitual water-drinker. Sir Wilfrid accordingly lifted his hat. The hapless seconder of the motion

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S HAT TRICK.

delivered his speech to empty benches, Sir Wilfrid coming on about four o'clock, when the House was full.

Herein he was strictly in order. Other members, noting the success of the manœuvre and desiring to adopt it, have been occasionally surprised when they have risen to make their cherished speech by hearing from the Speaker that they have already spoken. What happened was that in raising their hat they said either "I beg to move that the Bill be now read a second time," or, "I beg to second the motion," according to the place assigned to them. Either of these innocent remarks, like Mr. Farrell's still briefer, "I object," is in Parliamentary law a speech, and is treated as such.

A LAW-BREAKING LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Now, as in Pope's time, gentle dulness ever loves a joke, and the House of Lords has much chuckled over the slip made by Lord Russell of Killowen. At the opening of a new Parliament, noble lords, like ordinary commoners, are sworn in. There is a statute, passed so recently as 1866, wherein members of the House of Lords sitting or joining in debate before taking the oath are subject to a penalty of £500 for each offence. This Act was passed in substitution of a much more drastic ordinance. It dated from the year 1714, and in addition to the fine of £500, disabled the offender from suing in any court of law, forbade him to hold any office within the realm, to assume the guardianship of a child, to be an executor under a will or other deed, or himself to receive a legacy.

The severity of this enactment shows that at this epoch the offence guarded against was regarded as one of real importance, evidently worth somebody's while to attempt its accomplishment. Now it is the result of inadvertence, and is perhaps more common and freer from detection than is generally known. During the prolonged debates round Mr. Bradlaugh's body in the Parliament of 1885, a member of the House of Commons confided to me the secret that he had never taken the oath. He approached the table with that honest intent, and stood with the crowd waiting for opportunity to take the Book in hand. Happening to be near the corner of the table by the brass box, the Clerk, under the impression that he had taken the oath, motioned him to fall in with the *queue* passing on to sign the Roll of Parliament. Being a man of docile temperament, indisposed to wrangle with authority, even when it is in the wrong, he fell in, and in due order signed the Roll.

The peculiar humour of the situation in the case of Lord Russell of Killowen is that the law should have been broken by no less a personage than the Lord Chief Justice of England. Oddly enough, the preceding time when discovery was made of a similar oversight, the guilty personage was almost equally highly placed. It was Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, who, shortly after the Act of 1866 had been placed on the Statute Book, remembered to make a speech from his place in the House of Lords, whilst he had forgotten to take the oath. It was thought necessary to pass an Act of Indemnity relieving his Grace from the overhanging penalty of a fine of £500.

The secret of Lord Russell of Killowen's guilt in this matter might have remained locked in his breast, but for the accidental prominence of his illegal intervention in debate. The Lord Chancellor, some days earlier, brought in a Bill amending the law of criminal evidence. The Lord Chief Justice not only moved an amendment, but carried it. This was an incident that could not be forgotten by the almost paralyzed peers, who a little later beheld the embodiment of the law, the chief ornament and authority of the judicial Bench, approach the table and blandly take the oath.

TWO LEGAL DROMIOS.

Throughout the last Session of the late Parliament embarrassment occasionally arose, distributed between two members of Her Majesty's Government, owing to similarity of their address. There were then, as now, a trinity of Solicitor-Generals—one for England, one for Scotland, and one for Ireland. Nevertheless, for each of the separate countries there are not three Solicitor-Generals, but one Solicitor-General. Happily for the learned gentlemen concerned, the Solicitor-General for Ireland had not last year a seat in the House of Commons, and to that extent the difficulty was reduced. But as Scotchmen writing to Mr. Shaw (Solicitor-General for Scotland in Lord Rosebery's Ministry) always addressed him *tout court* as "The Solicitor-General," and as for English correspondents Sir Frank Lockwood was the only Solicitor-General, correspondence reaching them at the House of Commons constantly got mixed.

Sir Frank Lockwood, a man of resource, full of ideas, suggested that his esteemed and learned colleague from the Scotch Law Office should bear a sign and token which,

adopted by his correspondents, would obviate a growing difficulty. To save trouble and expedite matters, Sir Frank drew a design which, stamped on letters and papers passing through the post intended for the hand of the Solicitor-General for Scotland, would be safely delivered. Sir Frank has been good enough to give me a copy of the design, which is here produced. With this stamped on the envelope, and underneath the address, "The Solicitor-General, M.P., House of Commons, Westminster, S.W.," Mr. Shaw would have been assured of coming by his own. Before the design could be engraved and utilized, the General Election changed everything, rendering this particular precaution unnecessary.

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD'S DESIGN.

DUPLICATES, TRIPLICATES, AND WORSE.

The duplication, even triplication, of surnames amongst members of the House of Commons leads to constant complication in the matter of letters delivered at the House. To begin with, there are two Abrahams, and both being christened William it is inevitable that letters addressed to either should occasionally find a place in the wrong bosom. There are Allen and Allan, the latter particularly anxious for it to be known that his name is spelt with an *a*. Oddly enough, analogous anxiety is displayed by the member for Newcastle-under-Lyne, who wishes it to be known that his name is spelt with an *e*.

In the last Parliament there were two Allsopps, distinguished in the House as X and XX. That, of course, is a distinction unknown to chance outsiders. Now there is one. There are not fewer than three Ambroses, none having blood connection with the other. Two Austins represent between them a Yorkshire division and a division of Limerick. There are three Barrys, the member for South Huntingdon having the advantage of the hyphen prefix Smith.

THE ONLY BROWN.

In the last Parliament two Bayleys occasionally got each other's correspondence, the one representing Camberwell, the other the Chesterfield division of Derbyshire. After a while this branch of the difficulty was increased by the appearance on the scene of a Mr. Bailey.

There are two Bowles's, one a silent member, "Tommy" making up the average in this respect. Just now the House has only one Brown, and five Smiths against a muster of eight in the last Parliament. The Jones family have also fallen off as compared with the gathering of the clan in the Home Rule Parliament. Then there were four; now there are two. The Robinsons have suffered in exactly the same proportion, their former two being reduced by one-half. Of Chamberlains there are two; Austen, the popular Secretary to the Admiralty, and the statesman to whom he occasionally distantly alludes as "my right honourable relative."

There are two Cooks in the House, one dressing his name, so to speak, with a final *e*. There are three Davies's, two representing Welsh counties; two Ellis's, one the Liberal Whip; three Fergussons, one with the prefix Munro, known among the chieftains of Scotland as Novar; three Fosters, one a baronet, one a Colonel, and the other Harry Seymour; two Fowlers, one the ex-Secretary of State for India; two Gibbs, the "Sons" of a famous City firm; two Goschens, father and son; three Healys (Tim himself counts as only one, whereas he is a match for six); three Hills, of various altitudes, one being over six feet high and a lord; two Hoares; two Johnstons, one of Ballykilbeg; two Kennys, both representing Dublin (one College Green, the other St. Stephen's Green); two Lawrences, two Lawsons, two Llewellyns, two Lockwoods ("Uncle Frank," Colonel Mark calls the learned ex-Solicitor-

UNCLE FRANK AND COLONEL LOCKWOOD.

General); two Longs, two Lowthers, three M'Calmonts, two M'Hughs, both from Ireland; two Mellors, one happy in his deliverance from the chair of Committees; two Montagus (no Capulets); no fewer than four Morgans, all from Wales; three Murrays, three O'Briens, as many O'Connors, two Palmers, four Peases (quite a pod); two Penders, two Redmonds, two Roberts's, as many Robertsons, three Russells, two Samuels, three Shaws, three Sidebottoms, the member for Hyde introducing a variety in the termination; three Stanleys, including Henry M.; two Sullivans, three Thomas's, two Wallaces, two Websters, and three Williams's. For proportional representation, the Wilson family take the cake in the House of Commons, there being no fewer than eight of them, not to mention Wilson-Todd, the gallant Captain who represents a division of Yorkshire.

AN AWKWARD INCIDENT.

It will be seen from this concatenation of circumstances that Mr. Pyke, most efficient of postmasters, has occasionally some trouble in properly distributing the sacks full of letters daily delivered at the office in the lobby. Mistakes occur even in the best regulated post-offices. Perhaps the most embarrassing incident of the kind befell Mr. Arthur Balfour, on a recent recess visit to the Continent. At an hotel in the North of Italy, he found himself in company with Mr. J. B. Balfour, some time Lord Advocate, who was accompanied by his wife. Mr. J. B. Balfour is blessed, inasmuch as he "has his quiver full of them." There had been an addition to the family some short time before the holiday was undertaken, and there was, naturally, anxiety in the parental breast to know how the little one was getting on. Arrangements were accordingly made whereby the nurse sent a daily bulletin.

Though on giving pleasure bent, the nurse was of a frugal mind, and, following an illustrious example, used post-cards for her communications. One morning Mr. Arthur Balfour was startled by finding amongst his correspondence a post-card conveying the following news: "Baby going on nicely. I do think she's grown since you've left." Turning over the card, he found it was addressed to the Right Hon. J. B. Balfour, M.P., and the matter was speedily put right.

That was bad enough, but there was worse to follow. The two right hon. gentlemen left the hotel about the same time and went their various ways, leaving with the landlord their addresses for the forwarding of letters that might arrive after their departure. On the second day of settling in his new home, Mr. Arthur Balfour received another post-card: "Baby a little restless in the night, but quite fresh this morning. Sends her love to papa."

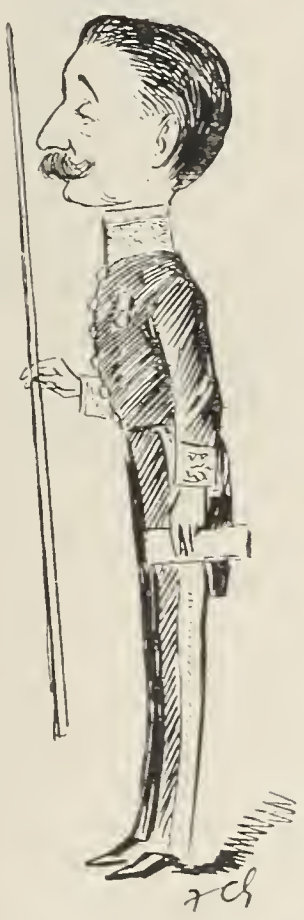
For the landlord there was only one Right Hon. Balfour, M.P. It

THE PEASE-POD.

was the famous Chief Secretary, the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons then sitting. A difference in an initial was nothing to him. But, in view of his happy state of bachelorhood, it was a good deal to Mr. Arthur Balfour.

THE QUEEN AND THE COMMONS.

Early in the Session the House of Commons was shocked by discovery that whilst all members, new and old, uncovered when the Speaker, returned from the House of Lords, read the Queen's Speech from the Throne, one occupant of the Front Opposition Bench sturdily kept on his hat. The fact that the dissentient was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a Privy Councillor, an ex-Cabinet Minister, and, it is understood, a particularly welcome guest at Balmoral when sojourning there as Minister in attendance on the Queen, made the matter the more marvellous. In elder days, when the Irish members under the leadership of Mr. Parnell habitually and systematically bearded the Speaker in the Chair, it was a common thing for them to refuse to join in the movement of respect when a message from the Queen was read. Thus it came to pass that wearing the hat in such circumstances is regarded as an overt act of disloyalty.



"BOBBY" SPENCER.

According to the unwritten but clearly defined customs of the House, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was on this occasion right, the rest of the members erring on the side of excessive sensibility to the proximity of loyalty. The rule governing such cases is that when the Queen directly, through a State-appointed emissary, addresses the House, members should uncover to listen. Such occasions present themselves several times through a Session when Her Majesty replies to an Address to the Crown passed by the House. In the last Parliament the House was frequently cheered by the spectacle of Mr. "Bobby" Spencer standing at the Bar with the white wand of the Vice-Chamberlain in his hand, all the fine points of his slim, graceful figure brought out by Court uniform. As he advanced towards the table bowing to the Mace thrice with happy mixture of hauteur and friendly condescension, members uncovered and sat bareheaded while he read aloud the Queen's gracious message.

In the case where Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was accused of *lesè-majesté* a fine distinction is perceptible. The Queen's Speech is, we must believe, couched "in her own words," for in reading it in the House of Peers the Lord Chancellor prefaces it with a solemn affirmation to that effect. But when it reaches the Speaker and is read by him it is at second hand, a mere copy of a message formally addressed to and, in the first instance, read to both Houses of Parliament, assembled in another place. Therefore, so purists have ruled, it is no more necessary for members to uncover when they hear a copy of the Speech read by the Speaker than it would be if they came across Mr. Gully seated in the library reading the Speech in an early copy of the *Westminster Gazette*.

It is probably due to the action of the Irish members that the custom has been unnecessarily extended. The large majority of members were so anxious to dissociate themselves from Mr. Biggar and his friends in their bearing towards the Queen, that they were careful to pay her reverence even when there was no call for the tribute. But the *vieille école* of Parliamentarians kept their hats as well as their heads. Mr. Gladstone was not accustomed, with the exception of a brief interval after the General Election of 1874, to bring his hat into the House with him. Therefore he was not put to the test when the question presented itself. Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Lowe, careful to uncover when a message from the Queen was read at the table by the Vice-Chamberlain or Controller of the Household, sat with their hats on whilst on the opening day of the Session the Speaker read the Queen's Speech, having, as he observed, "for greater accuracy obtained a copy."

Sir William Harcourt evades the difficulty by a simple device worthy of an old Parliamentary hand. He is one of the few Ministers or ex-Ministers who habitually wear their hat when seated on either front bench. Sir William, I believe, takes the view of the question advocated by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But there is nothing he shrinks from with such sharp, swift movement as hurting the feelings of others, even through a misunderstanding. He knows that if he, as Leader of the Opposition in the House of Com-

mons, kept his hat on, when other members uncover, through the reading of the Queen's Speech, many loyal hearts would be wounded. It might be put right later by an explanation. But why make occasion for explanation?

"So," Sir William says, with genial smile suffusing his benevolent countenance, "when I know the Queen's Speech is going to be read from the Chair, I just leave my hat in my room, and there I am."

A NEW DIARY OF PARLIAMENT.

In his much-regretted retirement from Parliamentary life, Sir Richard Temple will have the opportunity of revising and completing his diary of "Life in Parliament from 1885 to 1895." Some foretaste of this literary treat was for a year or two enjoyed by the happy constituency of Kingston-on-Thames. During the last Session or two of his Parliamentary career, Sir Richard was accustomed to enrich the columns of a local journal with his account of the week's proceedings in Parliament. Just as the Leader of the House of Commons writes his nightly letter to the Queen, "humbly informing Her Majesty" how things have fared through the sitting, so the member for Kingston-on-Thames during the last Parliament once a week wrote to his constituency.

These contributions were absorbingly interesting. But they were things quite apart from the diary locked up in the strong room in Sir Richard's eerie on Hampstead Heath. This manuscript volume contains a ruthless record of *la vie intime* of the House of Commons as it was observed through his seven years' servitude by the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and Governor of Bombay. The diary will certainly not be published in Sir Richard Temple's life. Possibly, like the Talleyrand Correspondence, it will be withheld from the ken of the public till the generation of contemporaries immediately concerned have passed away. This looks provoking. It is, on the whole, kindly meant.

SIR WILLIAM'S SMILE.

"DOT"

AN IRISH TALE

By Mrs. A. H. Markham.

"PLEASE, sir, may Miss Dot come now?" said a maid-servant, as she knocked for the third time at the door of the library without receiving any response to her summons. Tired of waiting for the necessary permission to enter, she opened the door and looked in.

It was a pleasant sight that met the woman's face as she peeped in, without, however, crossing the threshold of the door of her master's sanctum.

The library at Ballinaclough was a spacious room, with handsome old black oak furniture, and the walls, or at least where they were not occupied with books and book-shelves, covered with old ancestral portraits dimmed by age. Deeply recessed in the centre of the wall, opposite the door, was an old-fashioned fireplace, a cosy, comfortable nook in which to sit on cold, wintry days; but these, however pleasant to look upon, had no apparent attraction for the nurse, for her gaze was fixed on the central figures in the room, consisting of her master, Sir Bryan O'Connor, and his little, golden-haired daughter.

They were engaged in a game of romps, in which the father was supposed to represent a fierce bear, and in the performance of his part was alternately hugging his little girl and stroking her long, silken tresses. The little lady enjoyed the fun hugely, and was far too intent upon the game to even notice the advent of her nurse, who stood watching the scene, and patiently waiting until the termination of the game.

But Bridget, for such was the name of the maid-servant, was not the only spectator of the scene that was being enacted on the floor of the library: Lady O'Connor, Sir Bryan's wife, a tall, pretty woman, with large grey eyes, and a small, sensitive mouth, with the same wealth of rich golden hair which her little daughter had inherited, also watched in silence the playful gambols of the father and child as they scrambled about on the floor.

It was, however, with a somewhat pained and sorrowful smile that she regarded them, for the same sad thoughts were apparently passing through the minds of the mistress and the maid, as they gazed on the pretty family picture on which their eyes rested.

It was indeed difficult to realize that such a father, so fond, so loving, and so yielding to his child, could be the hard, exacting landlord, whose stern, inexorable conduct of his affairs had made him so unpopular among his tenantry, and had, indeed, been the means of creating for him many enemies in the neighbourhood.

These thoughts entered their heads at the same time, and sorely puzzled them. Still, there was no gainsaying the fact, and it could plainly be seen from the infinite look

of sadness in the eyes of Lady O'Connor, that she was only too well aware of the unpopularity of her husband. She knew, also, that his life had, on more than one occasion, been threatened and even attempted; perhaps, even at that very moment he, so dear to her and her child, might be the victim of some hidden and unforeseen danger, to avert which she was powerless to act. How then could she look otherwise than she did, and how could she join in her darling's mirth, when this constant dread of danger was ever in her mind—ever before her?

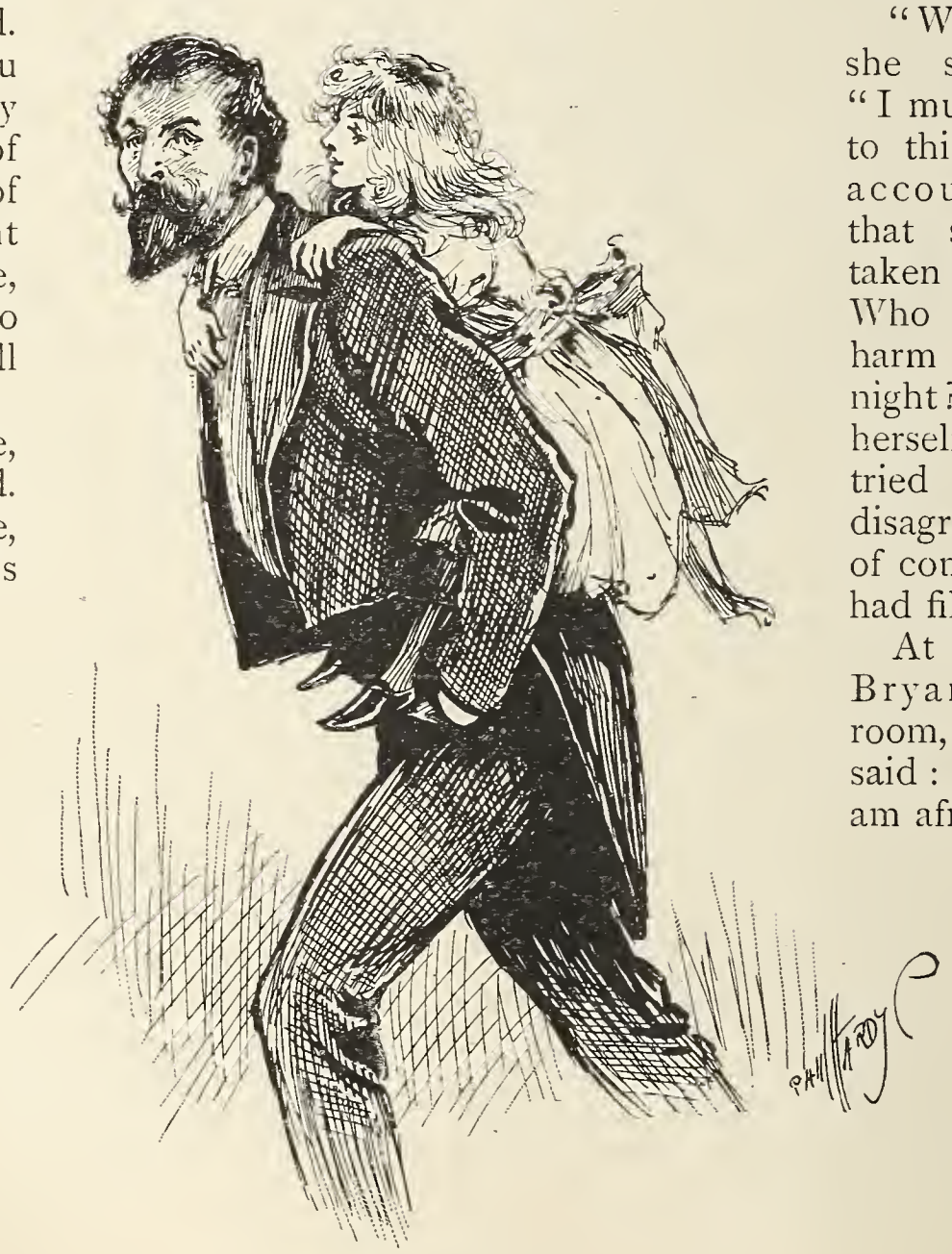
"God guard them," she breathed, fervently; then looking round, she observed Bridget still waiting to carry her little charge off to bed.

"Come, Bryan, let Dot go," she said; "poor Bridget has been waiting some minutes for her"—and crossing over to where they were playing, she attempted to take Dot's little arms from her father's neck, round which they were tightly clasped.

"Daddie, do let Dot stop a 'ittle longer," she whispered coaxingly into her father's ear.

"No, no, Miss Puss. It's getting late, and you must be off to bed," he replied. "Why, look how you have disarranged my hair, to say nothing of having pulled a lot of it out. Say good-night to your mother at once, and if you promise to be very good, I will carry you upstairs."

"Velly well, daddie, Dot will be so dood. Dood-night, mammie, darling. Dod bless you," she said, as, loosening her grasp from her father's neck, she twined her little, chubby arms round that of her mother, and laying her hot, flushed face against her soft, cool cheek, she whispered, "Come and say dood-night to Dot when she is asleep"; then scrambling on to Sir Bryan's back she was carried off to bed, with Bridget following close behind.



"SHE WAS CARRIED OFF TO BED."

Lady O'Connor sighed as she gazed wistfully on the retreating forms of those she loved so well; then, walking across to a small table, she sat down and busied herself with some embroidery on which she had previously been engaged. But, somehow or another, she found this evening that her thoughts wandered away from her occupation, and her fingers, at other times so deft and nimble, would cease to ply the silk, and her hands would often lay idly in her lap.

"How is it," she mused to herself, "I cannot get rid of this terrible dread that continues to haunt me? Some dark cloud seems to be hovering over us. Something seems to foretell a great and terrible sorrow that is about to visit us.

"God help us," she uttered suddenly, as, nervously twisting her delicately shaped fingers together, she started quickly as she heard a slight sound in the direction of the window. With an anxious, perturbed expression on her face, she glanced quickly round the room, but, seeing nothing, became somewhat reassured.

"What nonsense," she said to herself. "I must not give way to this vague and unaccountable feeling that seems to have taken possession of me. Who would come to harm us at this time of night?" and settling herself to her work, tried to smother the disagreeable sensation of coming trouble that had filled her mind.

At this moment Sir Bryan entered the room, and, kissing her, said: "Violet, dear, I am afraid I must leave you for a short time before dinner. I hope you don't mind but I have to attend to some business regarding the rents of those rascally tenants of mine. They

have given me enough trouble to-day, and I am determined, once for all, to let them clearly understand who is the master here."

"Oh, wait one moment, Bryan, dear," said Lady O'Connor, rising quickly, and placing her hands on his shoulders, as she looked pleadingly into his eyes, "for my sake—for our darling's sake—be kind and lenient to them; won't you give in to them just a little? Remember, dearest, what is at stake."

"No, dear Vi, I cannot," replied her husband; "you know I would do anything for you, my own sweet wife, and for our darling little Dot, compatible with honour and justness, and my duties as a landowner; but to give in to these brutes at the present moment would be acknowledging my weakness, and would be departing from that strict and impartial line of conduct between landlord and tenant that I had marked out for myself when I inherited this place. Why, dear, I have not told you half the atrocities that these cruel men have perpetrated," and gently taking her hand in his, while the hard, stern look upon his face relaxed, and a soft, mild expression stole into his eyes, as he observed the nervous anxiety depicted in the pale face of his wife, he continued, "Be my own brave little woman. Do not let groundless fears trouble you. All will yet be well; the present crisis will soon pass, and then there will be nothing for you to fear or be anxious about."

"But, Bryan," she said, "it is useless to make light of the dangers that surround you. How can I forget the cruel deeds these people have already committed? Remember poor Mr. Clanchy, who was so foully murdered the other day. Do, dear," she implored, "give in to them—for God's sake, for my sake, I beg, I pray you to do so. After all, they are our fellow-creatures, and are driven to these barbarous deeds by want and privation. Their hearts are hardened by suffering and by seeing their dear ones reduced to the verge of starvation, without the power to afford them relief. Bryan," she continued, almost passionately, "I cannot bear this terrible anxiety. Let us leave this dreadful place until better and calmer times arrive. My strength seems to leave me altogether, and I can hardly bear up with all I have to endure."

"Well, Vi," returned her husband, caressingly, "sit down beside me and rest. You look out of sorts this evening. There," he continued, as he gently pulled her down by his side on the sofa, "I cannot leave yet, dear. My duty is here, and I must remain; but supposing you and the little one leave for a short time? The change will, I am sure, do you both good, and may perhaps bring back the roses to those cheeks of yours, which have certainly been strangers to them during the last few weeks."

"What do you mean—for me to leave you?" she cried, startled by such a suggestion. "No, that I will never do. A wife's duty is by her husband's side. Leave you I will not," she said, firmly. "My health is not to be considered. I was never, dear, as you know, a very robust person," she continued, smiling, "but nothing on earth will induce me to leave you. So please attend to this business that necessitates your absence from me, and return as quickly as possible; but do, dear husband, for my sake, be lenient to the poor people."

"Yes; that is what I intend to be," and stooping down to kiss her, he said, "Then I am not to send you away, I see? Well, you must try and not worry that little head of yours any longer, with imagining all sorts of things that may befall me!"

After he had quitted the room, Lady O'Connor remained sitting on the sofa in deep thought and meditation. Immediately in front of her was a large pier-glass on the wall, which clearly reflected in it the window in front of which she was reclining. Some unaccountable impulse directed her eyes to this glass, and on looking into it, she was terrified to see a man's head peering in at the window. Her blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and though she longed to scream for assistance, her lips refused utterance. Fascinated by the sight, she was unable to take her eyes from the gaunt, haggard face that was reflected in the mirror.

"Good heavens! What shall I do?" she murmured to herself. "I must not let him see how frightened I am," and, pulling herself together with a great effort, she remained perfectly still, as he slowly raised his hand, which, to her horror, she saw held a large pistol, and which he deliberately pointed at her.

If she moved, she felt assured the trigger would be pulled! It was a moment of intense agony and suspense. Holding her breath for a few seconds, she looked fixedly in the glass at the man, without showing the slightest sign of trepidation, and a sigh of relief escaped her as she saw his hand fall by his side. He had evidently not noticed that she had observed him; there was perhaps something in the graceful, ladylike figure before him, with its lovely golden hair

illumined by the soft, pale light of the lamp, that made the ruffian hesitate to carry out his murderous intention.

"Now is my time," thought Lady O'Connor, observing his hesitancy. "Face this creature I must, even if it costs me my life—my only chance will be in trying to shame him."

Although trembling in every limb, she slowly rose from the sofa, thinking not of herself, but only of her husband and her child, and with a calm, determined face she quickly turned towards the window and faced the intruder.

The moment the man saw he was detected, he again raised the pistol and pointed it straight at her breast.

"Shoot her, I must," he muttered between his teeth. "I've missed the child, so, by the powers, she must go, if it is only to make that divil of a husband of her's know that we can hit, and hit hard, too."

But as he was in the act of taking aim he paused, and regarded the brave, beautiful woman who confronted him. Straight into his eyes did her lovely, grey orbs look, appealing as it were to his inmost heart. Slowly his arm fell by his side.

"Shure, I cannot hurt the likes of her. She has done no harm to me or mine."

Then his thoughts wandered to his starving wife and little ones at home, to their wretched, dirty hovel; and, with a curse upon his lips, he again raised his pistol—but again he refrained from pulling the trigger. So long as she stood there so quietly, gazing at him with such a pitying and sympathetic expression on her sweet, pale face, he felt unmanned and quite unable to carry out the murderous deed which had been allotted to him.

"Curse you!" he exclaimed. "I cannot kill a woman who so bravely faces death as you do. Shure, I thried twice to shoot your childher, but you stood between. I can't do the dirty work!" and, with a half-stifled oath, he vanished in the darkness, just as steps were heard approaching along the corridor.

It proved to be Sir Bryan himself, who was naturally surprised to see his wife standing in the centre of the room, gazing fixedly in the direction of the window.

"It's all right now, dear," said he; but receiving no answer, and observing no indication on her part that she was even cognizant of his presence, he quickly approached her, saying: "Good God, Violet, what is the matter?" Even this exhortation produced no apparent effect. She remained rooted to the spot, staring with her large, frightened eyes straight in front of her, as if at some unseen but dreaded foe, every vestige of colour having flown

"AGAIN HE REFRAINED FROM PULLING THE TRIGGER."

from her face, leaving her lips pale and bloodless. "Vi, dear, tell me what is the matter?" he said, pleadingly; "are you ill? What has scared you so? Why is that window open? There is nothing there to be afraid of. Look, I will go myself and see." But directly he moved towards it, she rushed frantically forward to intercept him, and placed herself in such a position as to shield and protect him from all danger without, at the same time exclaiming, hysterically:—

"Shoot me—me—not him!" And then, overcome by all she had gone through, she tottered back and fell unconscious into his arms.

"Vi, my love, what has happened to excite and upset you thus?" he exclaimed, but the motionless form of his wife lay still and unresponsive in his arms.

Tenderly laying her on the sofa, he first closed the window and bolted the shutters, not, however, without examining the room first to see if anybody had gained an entrance, and then proceeded to administer restoratives to his unconscious wife. For some time his efforts were unavailing, but at length, to his great relief, she heaved a deep sigh and opened her eyes.

"Are you better, darling?" he said, eagerly, bending over her.

"Yes, dear," she said, smiling. "I am quite all right. But," she continued, looking round, "why am I here? What has happened? Ah!" she said, shuddering, "my memory is returning—I remember it all. That awful face at the window. Thank goodness it is shut. Did you see him, Bryan?" she asked, pointing to the window.

"No, darling; tell me all about it," he replied. "Are you sure it is not all imagination?"

"Imagination!" she answered. "Would to Heaven that it was. Your life, as well as that of your child, was in danger this evening," and then, in short, disjointed sentences, she related all she had seen.

"Thank God," breathed Sir Bryan, "that the miscreant's heart failed him, foiled apparently by your courage and presence of mind. Violet—my own dear wife, I cannot even now realize that your dear life, so precious to me, should have been in such danger, and that I, though near, was powerless to avert it."

Seeing that she had received a terrible fright, he endeavoured to divert her thoughts by turning the conversation to some commonplace subjects regarding the household and other trivial matters, then gently taking her by the hand, he led her quietly up to the nursery, where together they bent over the crib in which their little child was peacefully slumbering, and gazed upon its sweet face as it lay ensconced in the softest and whitest of pillows.

"How beautiful she looks," murmured the mother, as she twisted one of the silky, golden curls that lay caressingly on the child's forehead round her finger. The troubled look vanished from her face as she leaned over the cot, and a placid, contented expression took its place. Seeing this, Sir Bryan stole away quietly, in order to make sure that the door was well fastened and everything secure before retiring for the night.

It was a beautiful summer morning, and the rays of the newly-risen sun, stealing into the nursery windows, lingered lovingly on the small bed and on the bright, rosy face of little Dot. This had the effect of wakening her, and rising up she exclaimed, in her pretty, lisping manner: "Is dat zoo, Bridgy?"

"Yes, me darlint, it's me, sure enough. I've come to dress you, so get up."

To take her out of bed and dress her little charge did not take Bridget very long. "Now, little one," said the nurse, "I'm that busy to-day, that I sha'n't have much time to look after ye, so just take your breakfast to wanst, darlint."

"Tan't I do and say dood morning to muvver first?" exclaimed Dot, in some surprise, for it was new to her to be given her breakfast without her customary morning's kiss.

"No, mavourneen," replied Bridget; "your swate mother is not very well this morning, and she is asleep now, God bless her. But later on your ould Bridget will take you in for a few minutes."

"Muvver not well — muvver not want Dot's kiss?" she exclaimed, puckering up her little mouth, while tears began to dim her otherwise bright little eyes.

"Oh, don't take it to heart, me beauty; just ate your breakfast, like the good little child ye are, and then you shall run out into the garden, and Bridget will bring you some bread and butter at about eleven o'clock. Now be good this morning, darlint, and don't stray far away, because I have to take some food to the poor, starving craythurs out yonder whose little children are dying for the want of bread and praties."

By this time Dot had partially recovered from the disappointment of not seeing her

mother, and listened breathlessly to all that Bridget was saying about the poor folks in the neighbourhood. At length she said, "Oh, pease, take Dot too, dear old nurse, and take Dot's bead and butter for the poor 'ittle children; I'se so solly for them."

"I'm afraid I cannot take you to the village to-day, me little beauty," replied Bridget; "the men there are very rough, especially to the quality, and your father does not like you to go near them, and indade he does not wish you to lave the garden."

"Oh, velly well!" said Dot, who was always accustomed to do exactly as she was bid. "I will go out now—come along, Nannie, dear," and pushing away her plate, she jumped down from her chair, and seizing Bridget by the hand, dragged her out into the garden.

"'Fore you go away, Nan, tan't you tell me where dad is?"

"Oh, he went away early this morning, me pet, but he moight be in for lunch—now run away, me darlint, and play," and, kissing the child, Bridget hurried into the house.

Dot wandered about amidst the flowers and shrubs for some time, singing as she was wont to do softly to herself in her pretty, childish way, looking like a delicate exotic suddenly transplanted amidst the other rare and beautiful flowers that grew around her. As she tripped gaily among the beds, plucking the flowers here and there, she fashioned for herself a real baby nosegay, and although the flowers were tied together in a somewhat rude and awkward manner, her little posy was very beautiful in her eyes, for was it not intended for her dear mother?

Dot's little mind was very busy this lovely summer morning; her curiosity and pity had been awakened by her nurse's remarks relative to the poor children in the village, and in a vague way she thought perhaps when Bridget brought her the promised slice of bread and butter, it would be such a real pleasure to her to give it to someone who was far more in need of it than she was herself. It must be remembered that she was only six years of age, and had never been in want of anything during the whole course of her young life.

Suddenly a richly coloured butterfly flew lazily by, stopping occasionally to rest itself on some flower. Watching the gaudy insect as it fluttered about had the effect of directing her thoughts from the channel into which they had been flowing, and she followed it towards the river which ran at the bottom of the garden.

At this moment one of the servants came out, bringing her a small mug of milk and a large slice of bread and jam. This was a real treat to Dot, for, like most children, she was immoderately fond of jam, but before partaking of it she commissioned the servant to take back to her mother the bunch of flowers she had culled, with the message that as Dot could not have her kiss that morning, she had plucked the flowers for her, as she knew "Muvver loves petty flowers."

Left alone, she regarded the bread and jam with wistful eyes; and thought perhaps Bridget had sent it to her to compensate for her disappointment in the morning. Then she thought again of all her nurse had told her about the poor children in the village, and although she was sorely tempted to eat the delicious piece of bread and jam she held in her hand, she had a greater inclination to give it to the poor, half-starved wretches of whom she had heard.

"I know what I sall do," said little Dot to herself: "I will just taste it and sall keep the rest for the poor 'ittle children," so putting the morsel to her pretty little mouth she took a small bite out of it, which she enjoyed very much indeed. "Now," she reflected, "I'll keep the rest for the poor children, and

"I'LL KEEP THE REST FOR THE POOR CHILDREN."

perhaps I sall see some man to give it to who will take it to them."

With this resolve in her mind she put the bread and jam on a seat that was near, and ran down the path through the garden leading to the river. On reaching the bank Dot again saw the pretty butterfly that had before attracted her attention fluttering over a dark red poppy.

"How bootiful zu are," she said. "Don't move, zu petty sing, I won't hurt zu. I only want to look at zu a 'ittle closer," but as she tripped up to the flower and bent her flushed little face over it to get a nearer view of the butterfly, it rose and flew swiftly across the river. "Oh, zu unkind sing," said Dot, pouting her little lips, "to run away from me like zat. I'se 'termined to see zu," so holding on tight to the low rail of the little bridge by means of which the river was crossed, she carefully wended her way over, but, alas! as she reached the opposite bank, away went the butterfly and away went Dot after it, with her golden curls fluttering in the light, soft air, oblivious to everything save only the gay little insect that was fluttering in front of her.

Scrambling along in the ripened grass, which almost reached her head, she was passing, without noticing, a man who lay asleep, partially concealed behind some bushes close to the bank of the river, when she suddenly tripped and fell over one of his badly-worn boots, which was protruding through the long grass. As she fell she uttered a little cry, but so faint that it did not even have the effect of awakening the man from his heavy slumber. At first Dot was a little terrified, but finding that she was not hurt she plucked up her courage, no thought of harm to herself passing through her pure and innocent little heart, and stood contemplating the cause of her mishap.

"He not petty like daddie," thought she, as she gazed on the pinched and wrinkled face of the half-starved man that lay before her; "but," a sudden thought entering her head, "perhaps he is poor," and this appeared to her all the more probable from the ragged, patched clothes he was wearing, and the almost soleless and out-at-toe boots he had on.

Whilst looking at him she observed something bright peeping out of the pocket of his coat. "What a funny sing," she said, stooping down and placing her small hand on the barrel of a large, brass-mounted pistol. Yes, this ragged wretch lying in a troubled sleep, hidden as he thought safely from all eyes, was the same ruffian who had so frightened Lady O'Connor the previous evening. He had lain in ambush ever since, not daring to venture out in the daylight, and afraid to return to his comrades until he had accomplished the murderous mission that by lot had fallen to him, namely, to wreak the vengeance of the band on their supposed tyrannical and hard-hearted landlord.

It was a curious picture to see: the dainty little girl, her bright, rosy face glowing with health and excitement, bending over the sleeping form of the hardened wretch who had been commissioned by the other members of the secret league to which he belonged, to wreck the happiness of herself and family.

Suddenly a bright thought entered her little mind, and banished the pitying look which had taken possession of her face. She remembered her small luncheon, the piece of bread and jam, that she had left in the garden.

"Perhaps he is hungry," thought she, "and perhaps he also has a little girlie like me at home, who has nosing to eat. I'll wake him first and ask him."

Acting upon the impulse of the moment—for our Dot was an impulsive little creature—she placed her hand on his rough frieze coat, and putting her face close to his, she said, "Wake up, man, wake up."

On hearing the soft voice close to his ear, the man woke with a start and, jumping quickly to his feet, muttered a deep curse of surprise as he saw the anxious and winsome face of the bonny little child so close to him.

"Who are you?" he said; "what's your name?"

"I'se Dot," she answered, moving away somewhat timidly, for she was frightened at the fierce way in which he spoke; for it must be remembered that she had only been accustomed to be spoken to by gentle, loving voices. Then plucking up her baby courage she lisped: "I'se Dot, dad's and muvver's Dot," she repeated, as if to emphasize her identity. "I'm velly solly I fightened zu so much. I woke zu up 'cos I sought zu might be hungy, and when Bridgie—she is my nurse, zu know—bought me out my lunch, I put it down 'cos Bridgie, my Nannie," she said again, earnestly, as if to reassure him as to who Bridget really was, "told me dat sometimes the 'ittle children had nosing to eat, so I did not touch it, but I sought I would save it up for a week, and den give it someone, for I would zen have seven pieces—yes, seven pieces," she repeated, counting on her little pink fingers. By this time she was quite out of breath, for she had

"'I'SE DOT,' SHE ANSWERED."

babbled out her little story for the man's information in one breath, and she now paused for him to answer.

He was, however, speechless. He was quite dumfoundered, for here, in his grasp, was the one he had sought for, the one that had puzzled him so long to get at. An evil voice whispered in his ear, "Now, then, is your chance, Dennis McCarthy, now, or never. Do not lose this opportunity. This child is everything to Sir Bryan: to harm her would be to kill him. To stop her little mouth would be an easy matter, and would be a glorious revenge!" These thoughts passed quickly through the man's mind.

There was no one about.

"I'll do it," he muttered to himself, "and then our revenge on Sir Bryan will be complate." But at this juncture his meditations were interrupted by little Dot, who had been patiently regarding him all this time, waiting for his reply to her communication.

Coming close up to him she said, "Don't zu like bead and jam? Sall I get it for zu? It's just over dere. I won't be long if zu will wait."

"Fwhat's that you say?" he roughly interrupted. "Bread and jam, is it? Be jabers! I am hungry enough for anything, for not a morsel of food has passed my blessed lips for the last twenty-four hours." Then speaking to himself he growled out, "I'll let her bring it me. She can't get away from me; I'm pretty sure of her." Then aloud, "Yes, fetch it for me, me beauty, and the blessing of all the angels rest on ye."

"Would zu really like it?" she replied, gleefully; "den I'll do and det it; I'll not be long." Then suddenly she remembered that she had already taken a bite of the bread and jam, and a troubled look stole over her face as, wrinkling up her tiny white forehead, she said, "I begs zu parding, would zu velly much mind, but I has bitten a small piece out of it, the jam looked so nice."

The man, suffering as he was from terrible privations and with the worst of evil passions festering in his heart, would have been inhuman indeed to have been unmoved at the sweet, small, troubled face as the child uttered her apology. His stern look relaxed as he replied, with something approaching a laugh:—

"Not I, my beauty; run away and come back as fast as you can; but mind," he said, catching her delicate little wrist in his coarse, hard, brown hand, "don't you spake to a sowl."

"Mayn't I tell muvver?" she answered.

"No," said he, "not until afther ye have brought the mouthful of bread."

"Velly well," she said, and ran pattering over the bridge as fast as her little legs could carry her.

"I'm a born idiot," said the man to himself, "to let her go away like that. She may not come back, afther all. Ah! but she will," thought he, "and when she does, off the little fairy goes with me; aye, she's a

beauty, too, and no mistake; just fancy her axing the pardon of the likes of me, becase she had taken a bite out of the bit of bread; how prettily and swate she did it! Shure I haven't the heart to harm a hair of her head. Ah! there she is," said he, shading his eyes with his hands, as Dot appeared on the bridge, holding on tightly to the rail as she sped quickly across. On gaining the opposite bank she stopped and turned to see if he was there, but the long grass completely hid him from view, so, with a little toss of her head, she scampered off as fast as her little legs would carry her.

"Shure I don't half like the look of that bridge," thought the man, as he noticed how it bent even under the light weight of the child. "It's strong enough, that's sartin, and it's safe enough for a man or a woman, but a little strip of a child like that might asily slip through, it's so wobbly."

How merrily the water flowed, as it meandered peacefully but swiftly along under the bridge, and along through the park, with the bright sun glistening upon it.

"Shure the water is innocent-looking enough," continued he, still pursuing the thoughts that had been engendered in him by his apparent want of confidence in the security of the bridge, "but a small stripling like that would soon be carried away by it, if she fell in. I'll just look out to see no harm comes to her, but she can't be here yet awhile," so sitting down in the tall grass he quietly awaited her return.

Although this fellow was intent on a fiendish act, and had already perpetrated many wicked and even revolting crimes in carrying out the behests of the secret league with which he was associated, still he could not but help feeling something tugging at the strings of his heart when he thought of little Dot.

No one noticed the little baby-girl as, reaching her treasure, she clasped the cup of milk in one hand and the bread and jam in the other, and hastily retraced her steps to the bridge. No one saw that little form as, with difficulty, she scrambled up the rickety steps leading to the bridge, holding tightly in both hands the provisions she was bringing to satisfy the cravings of a hungry fellow-creature. Only, alas! when it was too late did the man himself, catching sight of the little girl, hastily rush forward as he heard a piercing, childish scream, saw her slip on the bridge, and the tiny figure sway backwards and forwards for a moment in her endeavour to save the food that was in her grasp, and then with a splash disappear into the stream.

Quick as were his movements, he arrived too late to save her from falling, but with a mad rush he, who had so recently been plotting her destruction, plunged into the cruel, laughing water to her rescue. After a few seconds, which to him appeared to be an interminable time, he saw close to him on the surface of the stream the pretty white frock of the child, and stretching out his hand he grasped

"STRETCHING OUT HIS HAND HE GRASPED THE CLOTHING."

the clothing, and dragged the senseless little limp form towards him. Reaching the bank, he took her tenderly in his arms and gave a great convulsive sob, as he looked on the pale, small face that rested on his arm, the golden curls clinging in wet tangles around

her head, the eyes closed, and the pretty little mouth firmly set as she rested, oh! so quietly and so motionless.

"Is she dead?" thought he, and as this possible result dawned upon him, so also did his conscience smite him.

"My God!" he said, as he noticed for the first time that her little fingers still held a firm grip on the cup, "she has died for me. God bless ye, me darlint." All cruel thoughts fled from him, and he could think only of the tender little child that lay inanimate in his arms, who had so bravely risked her life in her endeavour to succour him and bring him relief.

Dot had, in her simple, girlish way, touched the spring which unlocked all the goodness in him, yet it had nearly cost the child her sweet young life to do it. Carrying her slight form with the utmost tenderness, he made his way towards the house. It did not take him long to reach the door of the grand old mansion, where he rang furiously at the bell. A man-servant speedily made his appearance, who naturally gazed in astonishment at the sight before him. Almost at the same moment Sir Bryan, who had only entered the house a few minutes before, seeing the man, whom he recognised as one of those who had sworn deadly enmity to him and his household, rushed forward, for he had already caught sight of his darling.

"My God!" he gasped, "what has happened? What have you done to her?" he cried, fiercely, glancing furiously at the man, yet at the same time taking the inanimate form of his little daughter from him with infinite tenderness.

"I'll tell ye all, your honour, prisintly," said the man. "She may not be dead yet, and ye would do well to take the wet things off her."

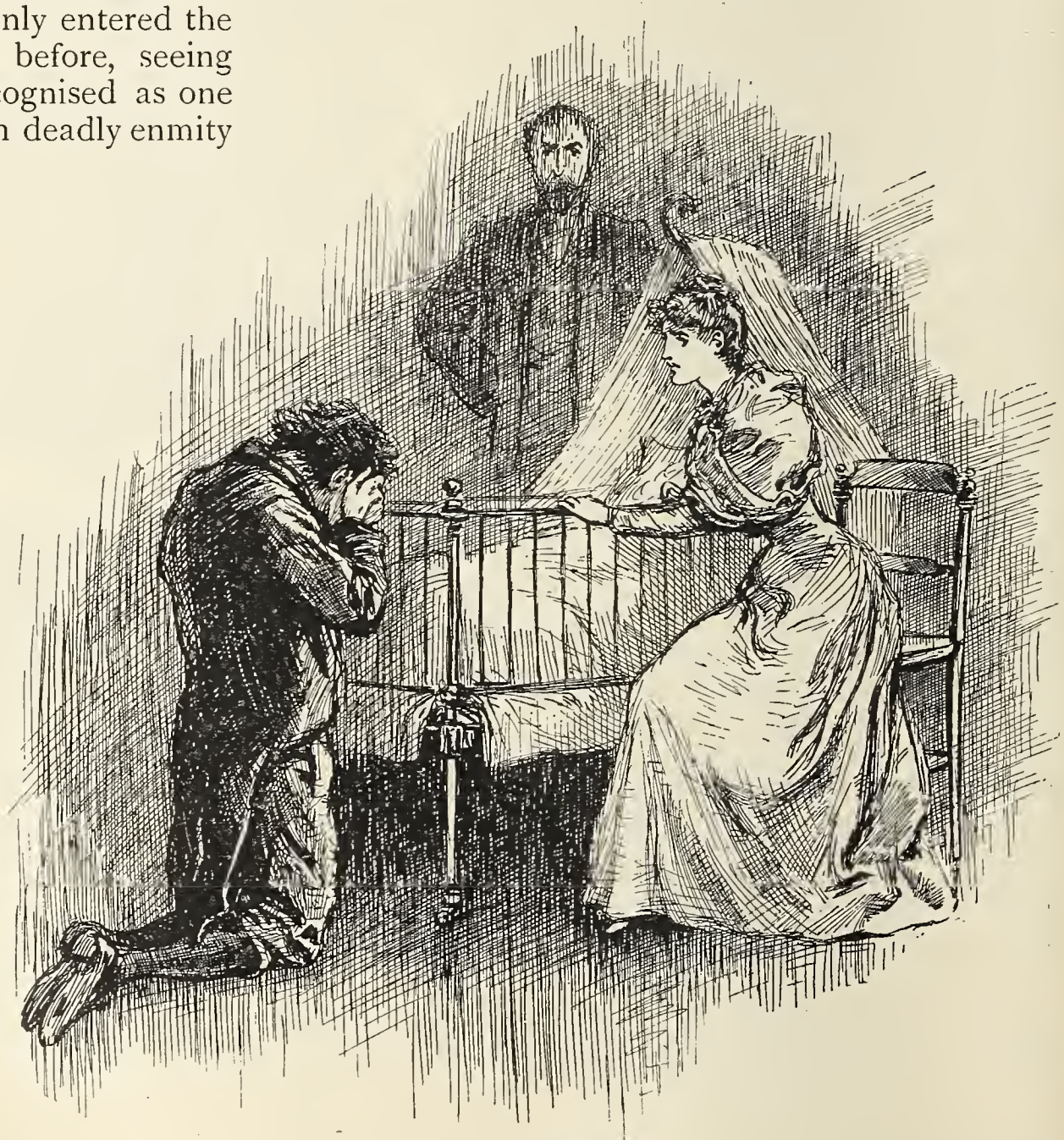
"My pet! Dead!" echoed Sir Bryan, as he pressed his lips to the cold face of his little one, scarcely able to realize such a terrible result. Then abruptly turning round, he said, "Let the fellow wait until I send for him," and took his child straightway upstairs.

An hour afterwards Bridget, with red, swollen eyes, came to fetch him. She had been crying bitterly, and could hardly control her terrible grief. Accosting the man, she curtly said, "Me darlint wants you; she is dying. Follow me."

He needed no second invitation, his heart was full to overflowing, and he quietly followed her into the room to which little Dot had been taken. As he entered, she lifted her head slightly and smiled, then in a faint whisper she said, pointing to her father:—

"Daddie going to give zu some bead and jam, becos I lost mine. I'm going to Dod, you know. Dood-bye, man. I so velly solly I slipped, but I could not help it, my hands were so full."

"Don't talk, darling," said her mother, as bending over the little cot she observed how



"I CONFESS."

exhausted she was, but Dot had still something more to say.

"Please tell them all how I fell," she said to the poor fellow, who could scarcely speak, for a nasty lump had arisen in his throat and seemed as if it would choke him. He managed, however, in a few broken sentences to relate the whole story, and how she had tumbled off the bridge into the water, while striving to bring him something to eat.

Then, kneeling at the foot of the bed, with his hands covering his face, he said: "Your honour and me lady, I confess last night I did all in me power to take your life" (Lady O'Connor shuddered), "and to-day, whin the little lady found me, I strove to take her away, but, praise the Lord! the good God above has otherwise ordered it, an' I swear now before Him, as I hope for salvation, and in her swate prisince, that I'd rather put a bullet through my head than do any harm to those she loves."

He could say no more, and, stifling a sob, he quietly left the room. All this time the little form on the bed lay, oh! so quiet and so motionless.

"Doctor, is there no hope?" whispered Lady O'Connor, in a soft, piteous tone; but the dear old man who had known Dot from her birth could only shake his head, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheek. Going towards the crib he gently raised little Dot, and in his soothing, persuasive way, induced the child to swallow a few drops of the restorative he held in his hand; then tenderly laying her down again in a recumbent position, he placed his finger on the tiny white wrist so as to feel the almost imperceptible pulsations which feebly throbbed her little frame. During all this time, his face, on which Lady O'Connor was gazing with anxious, piteous eyes, assumed a grave and sad expression.

Suddenly she observed it to lighten up, and a look of hope mingled with gladness passed over it, as he quickly bent his head over the motionless form of the little girl, whose golden curls lay in tangled tresses over the soft, white, downy pillow.

For a few seconds, which appeared like hours to those who had assembled round the little bed of their pet, he watched earnestly and intently; then gradually the grave, pained look relaxed, and the dear old man's face became radiant with hope and happiness.

"What is it, doctor?" gasped the mother, unable to control her pent-up feelings any longer. "Is there hope? Will—will—my darling live? For God's sake, tell me—tell me there is hope!"

"Hush, my dear lady," he replied, as he noticed her agitation; "her sweet life is in God's hands, to do with as He thinks best. Whatever happens, we must submit to His will; but I think that the burden He is laying on us this time is not going to be a heavy one to bear. The symptoms are favourable, and there is hope—there is always hope. Watch with me and be patient and trustful."

Silently and anxiously did they watch by the bedside of the little child, noticing every slight alteration of colour and expression in that small face: then what unalloyed joy came into the mother's heart as she observed the difficulty of respiration becoming less, and the breathing getting easier and more regular, as the little one appeared to be slumbering peacefully.

At this time a bright sunbeam found its way through the interstices of the curtains that had been drawn to darken the sick chamber, and kissed lovingly the fair face of the child, and rested on her bright, golden hair. This was surely a happy omen, and as such it was regarded by those present.

The sweetest words that ever broke on the father's ears, as he sat with bowed head, a picture of silent grief and despair, were the softly whispered ones that fell from his wife's lips, as she said, in heartfelt tones:—

"Thank God, Bryan, for His tender mercy—our prayers have been heard, and our little one has been spared to us."

Ten years have elapsed since the incidents just related occurred. Christmas is being celebrated in the old Castle of Ballinaclough in the good old-fashioned way; the tenants on the estate being entertained by Sir Bryan with a dinner, which was served in the large hall, to be followed by a dance.

The festivities are at their height. A number of happy faces are turned towards the door, in evident expectation of welcoming the arrival of some important person.

There is one among this gay and happy throng who is more conspicuous, and seems to take a more prominent part in the direction of affairs, than anyone else. In this person we recognise our old friend Dennis McCarthy, no longer the wan, lean, emaciated wretch that was first introduced to our readers, but a happy, contented, and trusty servant of Sir Bryan O'Connor. Suddenly his eyes light up with joy and pleasure as Sir Bryan

enters the hall, accompanied by his still beautiful wife and lovely daughter.

"Here they are," shouted Dennis, excitedly. "God bless the master and the mistress; and shure there's Miss Dot. God bless her too; didn't she risk her swate life for me in the hard times that, plaze God, are now past!"

Dot, following her father with the guests staying in the house, was indeed a fair picture to look upon. Although she had now grown almost to womanhood, she was, perhaps, far more beautiful than she was ten years ago, but she still retained the same sweet, childish expression on her face, that was such a distinguishing characteristic in the days of yore.

"Now, thin, bhoys and girls," shouted Dennis, with true Irish excitability, "three cheers for his honour and her ladyship—hip, hip, hurrah!" he roared at the top of his voice, standing meanwhile on a chair in the centre of the room, the cheering being taken up by the entire company until the old hall resounded with their shouts of welcome.

"And now," said Dennis, when the first burst of cheering had somewhat subsided, "six cheers for the swatest crayture God iver made—our Miss Dot." "Hip, hip, hurrah," broke forth again, with redoubled emphasis, and was continued for a long time. When the cheering was ended—a murmur of "God bless yer honour," and "A Happy Christmas to ye," was heard on all sides.

But Dennis did not consider his duties accomplished even now—he thought his guardian angel (for so he regarded Dot) was entitled to even a greater ovation, and was beginning to call for more cheers for Miss Dot, when she, divining his intention, stopped his action by laughingly calling him down from his chair and telling him that he must dance with her.

"That I will, to be shure, me darlint young lady," he replied, "but first I must wish a happy Christmas to your swate self."

"Thank you, Dennis," said she, shaking his hand, "and accept the same good wishes from me to you and yours."

And with this bright, gay picture, with this scene of revelry before us, we will leave them. From the time of the incidents with which this story opened, Sir Bryan, happy in the love of his own family circle, was also happy in the knowledge that he possessed a prosperous, contented, and a loyal tenantry.

"'THANK YOU, DENNIS,' SAID SHE, SHAKING HIS HAND."

Golf, and How to Play It.

A Chat with the "Open" Champion.

[*The Photographs here reproduced represent successive strokes in an actual game played by the Champion, and were specially taken for this article by Henry W. Salmon, of Winchester.*]

DRIVING OFF.

GOLF of recent years has made immense strides in public favour. Originally brought from Scotland, and, naturally, played by Scotchmen, the game was looked at askance by English lovers of matters athletic. But before long its place became secure. Season after season rolled on. New links were opened in various parts of the country, bringing work and prosperity in their wake, until at the present time it would be difficult to discover a city or town of any pretensions to importance that does not possess one or, in some cases, two and three golf clubs.

A visit to the links at Winchester was the sequence of a conversation I had respecting the "open" champion, who is engaged as a professional at the cathedral city. There I was fortunate enough to discover Taylor as he came off, after playing a game with one of the visitors, clubs under arm, and cap pushed far back from the forehead. I found him a pleasant mannered young fellow, of medium height, but sturdily built, with a face bronzed and tanned by almost constant exposure to the sun and rain, and with the west country "burr" distinct in all he said. A chat upon the game followed, as a matter of course.

"What do you think of golf?" was my first query.

"What do I think of it!" was his reply, with a quiet smile. "I can tell you that in a very few words. I consider it to be one of the finest, if not *the* best, games that could be played. Why? Well, there are many advantages. Some of them are these: In playing golf you get considerable exercise. In walking from hole to hole on the ordinary links, you would cover about three miles; that is, taking a direct course. But when you have to follow your ball, no matter where it may drop, you must add another one or two miles to the number I have just mentioned. Of course, this distance varies. A good player ought to be able to put his ball within a few feet of the spot he aims at. But a beginner—he never knows where it will pitch. The least pull on the club will bring the ball round to the right or left, just as the case may be. Everything depends upon the manner in which a player stands when playing, and how he grips his shaft."

"How should you suggest the game should be learnt, then?"

"If anyone placed themselves under my tuition, I should teach them by taking them right round the whole series of holes. I

THE SWING.

should accustom them to the use of each club as the occasion might arise. A man could never learn to play a really good game of golf by simply taking a driver, or one of the other clubs, and slaving away at that one until he might consider himself perfect, and then going on to another. How I should proceed would be this. The clubs generally used are a driver, brassie, driving iron, or cleek, lofting iron, putter, and, in some cases, a niblick. The first-named would be brought into use when driving off from the tee, or in very short grass; the brassie would come in when the ball was resting on grass of ordinary length, and many men play an approach shot with the iron. The lofting iron is for raising the ball over an obstacle, such as when you are several yards away from a clump of bushes or bulrushes, and the putter is necessary to everyone when upon the 'green' and preparing to strike your ball so as to get it into the hole."

A CLEEK SHOT—PREPARING.

"And the niblick?"

"The niblick is a short but heavy iron club. Its use is to take the ball out of a bunker or a drain. There are occasions when, say you are playing at Westward Ho! your ball drops into what I can only say resembles a sand-pit. The face of this pit is perpendicular, perhaps 2ft., perhaps 4ft., in length, and the ball rests upon the loose sand at the base. If it is clear of any obstruction, the chances are that you would be able to use your iron; but if you are placed almost below the face I have referred to, the niblick is a necessity. Taking it firmly by the head of the shaft, you must strike down sharply about 1½in. behind the ball into the sand. If this stroke is played properly, the ball will go up into the air in a sharp curve, sufficient to carry it over the obstruction. When your ball drops into a drain or gully a similar stroke is played, attended with equal success if you strike down upon the ground at the correct angle."

AN APPROACH SHOT.

TEEING THE BALL.

"Supposing the stroke is not played properly? What then?"

"You probably break your shaft, and lose your temper and a stroke."

"What position should a person assume when playing the game correctly?" was my next query.

"Well," was Taylor's reply, cautiously given, "no two persons, even if they are trained by the same man, play exactly alike. The height of a player, of course, makes a difference to his swing. The general rule, however, should be to grip the shaft not too tightly, but still firmly enough to prevent its slipping when playing the ball. In driving, the club should be brought back smartly over the shoulders. A player, in coming back at this kind of stroke, should turn on the ball of the left foot, keeping the knees loose, but not moving the feet. That is where a great many persons spoil their strokes. Their knees are kept rigid and cramped, and the feet are not fixed firmly upon the ground. But unless a man 'lets himself go,' as I may express myself, he does not secure the necessary freedom in his play.

THE PREPARATORY SWING.

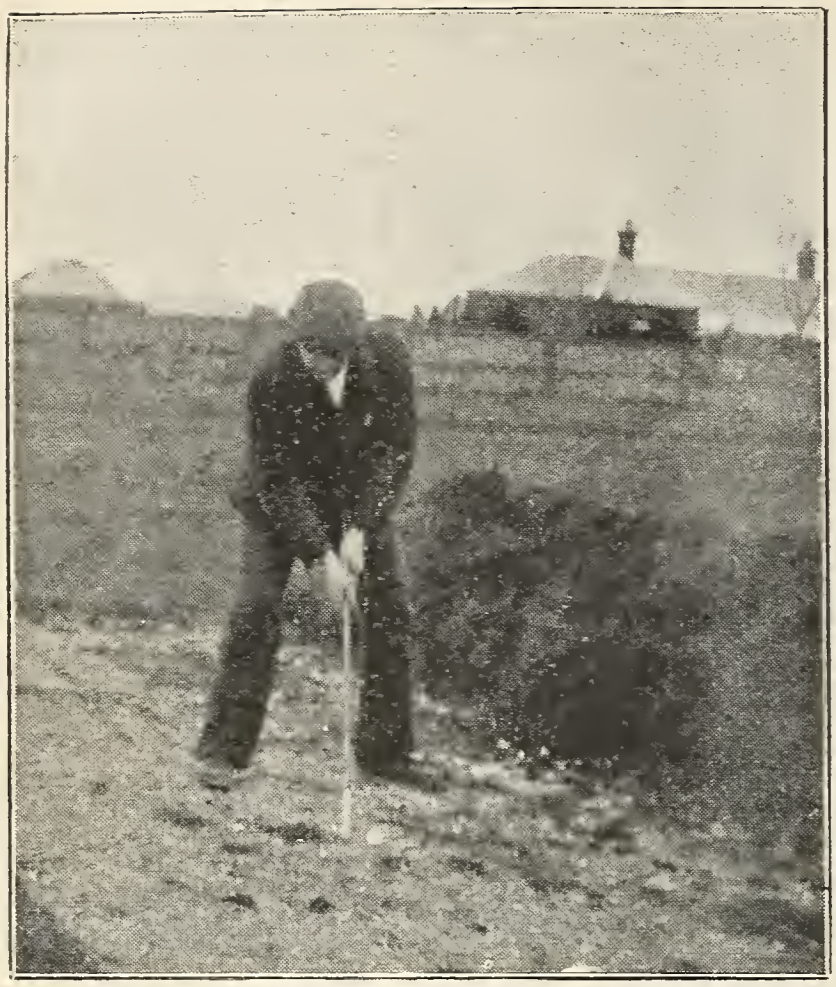
"To learn how to drive a ball is a comparatively easy task: it is learning how to get upon the green that is the most difficult. There are plenty of men who can play a good game when starting from each hole, but who are lost when holing out. The brassie is very much like the driver, but considerable practice is necessary in handling the putter. To play a good game with the latter is simply a matter of eye and touch. A player may be taught how to hold the clubs, but there is no royal road to success. There is nothing but practice that will make him proficient in their use. It is a curious thing, however, that the 'short' game of some of the finest players of the day is very poor in comparison with their driving.

"To play golf properly a man should commence as young as possible — the sooner the better. If a lad were taught as soon as he left school he would in all probability become a much more powerful and finished player than one who left it until he was between twenty and thirty.

"Why is that? Because he would be able to put more 'swing' into the game, his muscles would not have had time to harden, and there would be more freedom found in his play. Other games? Yes, there are a few that tend to make a man unfitted for golf. There is cricket, for instance. In handling the bat the great aim of the player is to keep the ball down, and so out of the fieldsmen's hands. But in golf it is all the other way. You have to get under the ball and lift it into the air.

THE DRIVING IRON.

"There are, however, several good cricketers who are also good golfers. Mr. S. M. J. Woods, the Somersetshire man, for instance, was taught by me. He plays a capital game, and is a very powerful driver. Then there is Mr.



THE LOFTING IRON.

E. H. Buckland, the old Oxonian cricketer. He did not commence learning golf until almost thirty years of age, but is able to fairly hold his own now.

"Amongst other games, football, in my opinion, makes no difference to a man's play. A rowing man is generally a good driver, handling the sculls having brought up the muscles of his arms and shoulders. A tennis or racquet player is also apt to get stiff in the shoulders, this meaning he will be unable to swing the driver or brassie with the requisite degree of ease. As regards the length of the clubs, there is really no rule. Different players favour different conditions. Bernard Sayers, for instance, although a short man, plays with a very long one. I myself should incline to the use of one about 3ft. 6in. in length."

Following this came a brief chat upon the degrees of excellence of various of the better known players.

"Amongst the professionals," remarked Taylor, "there is not much difference between the leaders. I should place Douglas Rolland, A. Herd, A. Kirkcaldy, W. Fernie, Bernard Sayers, and W. Auchterlonie upon an equality. Rolland is, no doubt, the longest all-round

A BRASSEY SHOT.

THE CLEEK—IN SHORT GRASS.

driver of the whole. I remember his play in this respect was quite a revelation in a tournament at Westward Ho! although he also won the tie by a capital 'putt.' When playing against a powerful driver like Rolland, a player is apt to become nervous, and in over-straining himself to give the game to his opponent. That is a fault everyone should beware of. It is well to remember that a match can be won upon the green, although a good drive is by no means to be despised.

"Who are the leading amateurs? Mr. John Ball, certainly; although Mr. Laidley, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Mr. Tait, Mr. Balfour-Melville, and Mr. H. H. Hilton are to be reckoned with. The first-named, however, is the best, in my opinion. I may say,

though, I have played him twice and defeated him on each occasion. Of the professionals I should say Herd has been my most dangerous opponent. He is one of the steadiest wielders of a club you could possibly meet. Nothing under ordinary conditions appears to upset him or throw him off his game. Of course, you remember the hard fight he made in the Open Championship of last year. Yes, Herd is, I should say, the most dangerous man to have as an opponent.

"I should like to say, however, that I have nothing but admiration for Mr. Horace Hutchinson. He is a grand player, and when at his best no other could approach him for all-round excellence in the game."

ON THE EDGE OF THE GREEN.

Taylor had by this time apparently exhausted the theme of players, so I at once touched upon other, but kindred, subjects.

"Is golf possible upon frozen or wet ground?" he queried in partial answer to one of my questions. "Certainly it is, although, of course, skill is at a discount then. Supposing you are playing during a severe frost, with the surface of the ground as hard as rock. You drive off all right, but how are you to know where your ball will rebound when it drops? The least inequality, and it is deflected at an acute angle, and will naturally travel a considerable distance. If I had my choice of ground, I should certainly select a wet one in preference to one that was frozen. There would be no 'life' in the turf if saturated with water, but your ball would not 'glance,' and there would be a greater opportunity of exhibiting skill in reaching the hole.

"Which do I consider the better links? Well, that is rather a difficult question to answer, there are so many good ones. I should be inclined, however, to place Westward Ho! first. Of course, I played there as a lad, and learnt my golf there, but no one can question the great natural advantages it possesses. Prestwick, St. Andrews, and Sandwich are good links, while, if you go into Wales, there is Aberdovery. Golf, however, is not played much in the Principality, and there are very few links there. As regards the driest links in England, I should award the palm to Westward Ho! and Great Yarmouth, and in Scotland to Prestwick and St. Andrews. Position has everything to do with this. If the links are upon the sea-board they are generally dry, but if inland, unless carefully drained, the surface water makes the turf very dead. I should not care to particularize any spot, but there are a couple of links near London that would take considerable beating in the latter respect.

"And now for the formation of a links. In the first place you have to consider the character of the ground and the amount of space at your disposal. Some grounds are natural golf links. Others have to be made, tooth and nail. The first thing to do is to decide upon a starting point. Here you

PREPARING TO PUTT.

CONSIDERATION—WHERE SHALL I PLAY?

should be as near your club-house or public entrance as possible, in order to give the least possible trouble to the players in commencing the game. Next, you have to select the spot for the first tee and then another for the first putting green. In doing this, of course, it is necessary to work in all the 'hazards' possible, such as hedges, ditches, etc., in the best possible way. About the best distances for the holes to be apart are 160yds. to 170yds. and 320yds. and 500yds., and so on. The second and succeeding holes should be made in a similar manner to that I have just described. Care, however, must be exercised in varying the lengths of the holes, according to ground and obstacles, and in watching that the course of one does not encroach upon that of another.

"To make my meaning clearer, a line drawn from, say, the fourth to the fifth holes, must not approach one drawn between any two others. If it did the result would be one party would be driving into the middle of another; and a blow from a swiftly flying golf ball is by no means to be laughed at.

"When the links are formed roughly, the holes have to be cleanly cut to the regulation size, and a band of steel or iron is sometimes inserted near the top in order to prevent the edge crumbling away during the progress of play. Then, flags, red or white for preference, to mark the outward and homeward rounds, have to be provided and fixed upon short posts in each hole, while upon competition days these flags are generally replaced by larger squares of bunting. The putting greens meanwhile have had considerable trouble expended upon them. They have been rolled, carefully levelled, and the grass has been closely cropped or mowed.

"These greens, when finished, should be as smooth and as level as a billiard table. After they are once got into order, however, an occasional rolling will keep them so. The position for the tees at each hole is generally marked by two round iron or steel plates, painted white, and fixed to the ground; the balls being driven from a line drawn between them. A small box of sand or very fine mould should also be placed close at hand for the purpose of making the tee. This should be formed in the shape of a cone, but the height varies with different players."

A glance over the links following these remarks showed small, fluttering objects dotted about the vivid green background. Only a close acquaintance with the *personnel* of the game would imply to the spectator that they were flags marking the spots where lay the various holes. Quick eyesight was presumably a necessary adjunct to being able to play the game properly. But a surprise was in store.

"No," was Taylor's reply to my question whether a keen sight was a necessity to a good player; "I don't think I should say that is invariably the case. My eyesight, for instance, is not too good by any means. Before I determined upon taking up golf as

AN IRON SHOT.

a profession, I made five or six attempts to enter the Army. My height and chest measurements were satisfactory; but the sight of my left eye was returned as defective. Under these circumstances I think I am justified in considering good sight is not essential for the successful pursuit of the game. Of course, a man with a poor sight would be handicapped in his play, but what I think is required is a 'quick' sight, one that can follow the course of the ball, and mark the positions of the hazards. This latter reason is, I think, why so many good cricketers make good golf-players. Their training upon the pitch stands them in good stead when upon the links.

"Which is the best club for general use, you ask? I should favour the cleek myself, although opinions may differ upon that head. In playing with it you get the 'drive' of the wooden club with the 'approach' stroke of the iron. A man can secure practice in both by this means, and I have known several amateurs who only use the club named in ordinary play.

GETTING UNDER THE BALL.

"No, I cannot say I think a long driver would secure any material advantage over a man who can send his ball an ordinary distance. Both, however, must be able to play the shorter game equally well. Our axiom is that 'the man who makes the fewest mistakes wins in the long run.' This is generally found to be the case, for although a few yards may be lost upon the drive, a good player can generally recover his position when upon the green.

A DIFFICULT PUTT.

"As regards the longest driver of the present day, that is a difficult question to answer. It does not follow the most powerful men in this department are to be found in the ranks of the first-class professionals or amateurs. Amongst the former, however, Douglas Rolland has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the longest, if not

THE DRIVER—IN GRASS.

the longest, drivers of the day. Of the amateurs, I should place Mr. F. G. Tait, who holds the record drive of 395yds., in the first place, although he is closely pressed by Mr. E. H. Blackwell.

"The same argument respecting first-class men applies to the leading 'putters.' Of the amateurs, Mr. A. F. MacFie; and of the professionals, Andrew Kirkcaldy, have long been admired in this department of the game."

A BAD LIE.

Then followed a chat upon various features of the pastime. Golf, I was told, was played at both Oxford and Cambridge, there being more than ordinarily good players at either University. Several public schools also possessed links of their own, amongst the number. Winchester and Eton scholars are rapidly brought to a fair degree of proficiency, for although cricket claims the major part of their attention during the summer months, golf is generally played in the spring and autumn, and in many cases throughout the winter as well. "The result of this," remarked the champion, "will be the addition of excellent players to the amateur ranks in years to come."

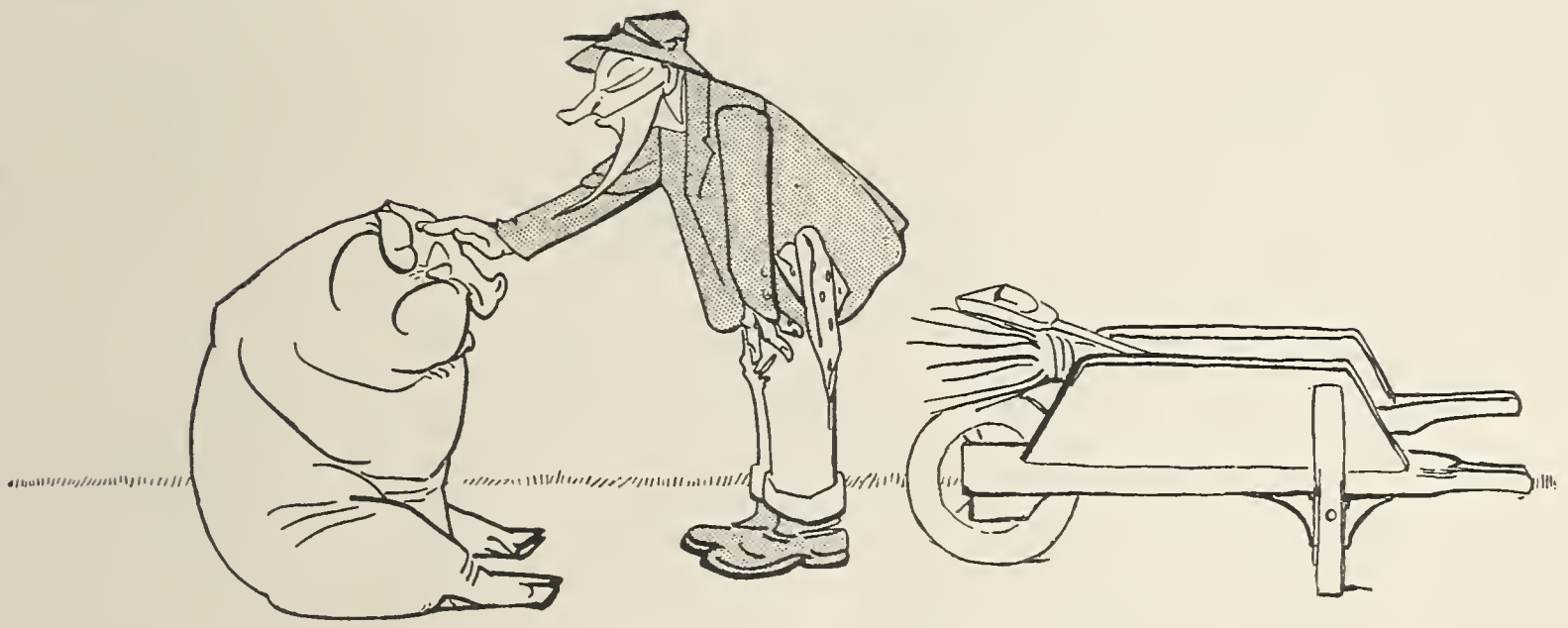
Questioned upon the different ages of players he had met during the course of his career, Taylor admitted there were many men who did not commence learning until they had approached middle age, and yet became fairly good players. "But to be successful," was his closing remark, "an intending player should commence as early as possible. But age brings steadiness in its wake, perhaps, and the brilliancy of youth is sacrificed to the safety of advancing years." Golf, however, does not expose its disciple to much wear and tear. It is a game of mild, invigorating excitement. Wielders of the driver and the cleek may play on up to and, in some cases, over sixty years of age, and discover nothing but renewed youth in its pursuit. "One thing, however," says the champion, "is necessary. That is, secure a good coach at the start. A bad habit once assumed can never be perfectly eradicated."

W.

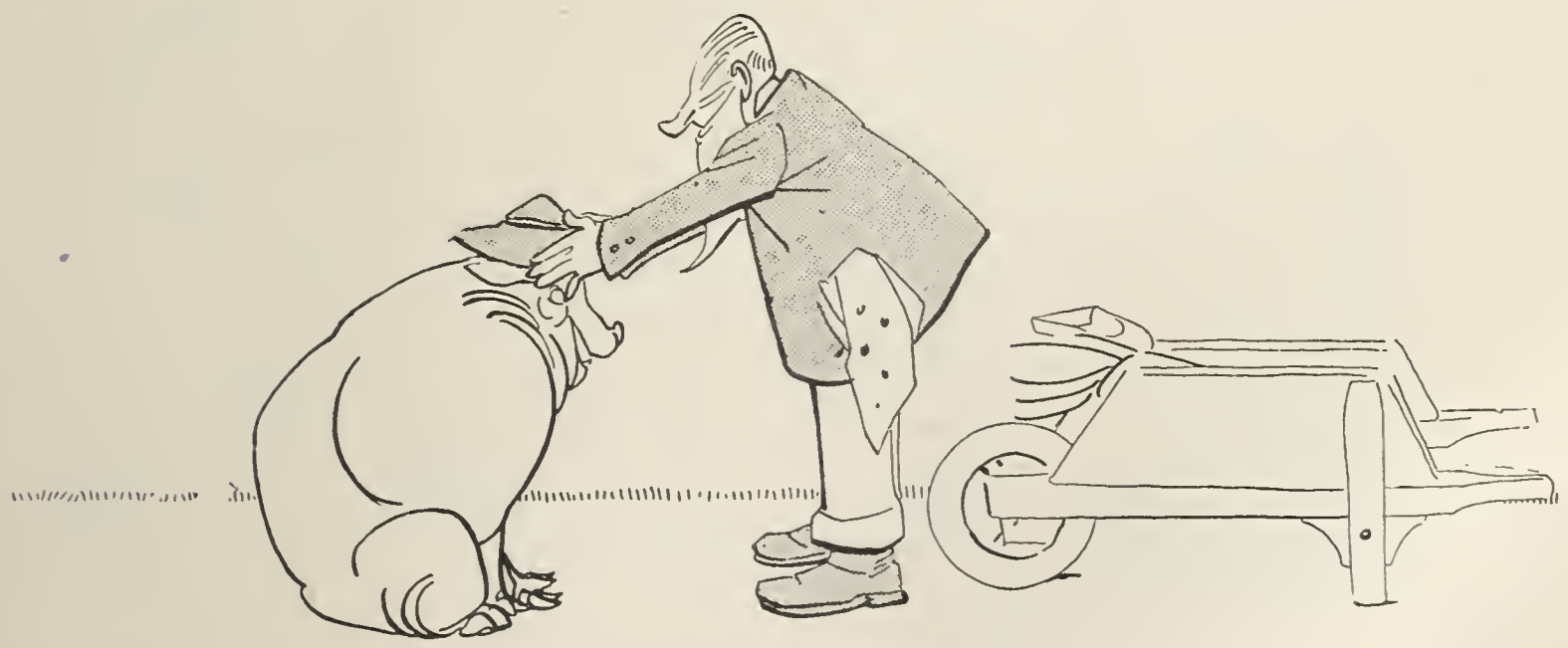
HOLING OUT.

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

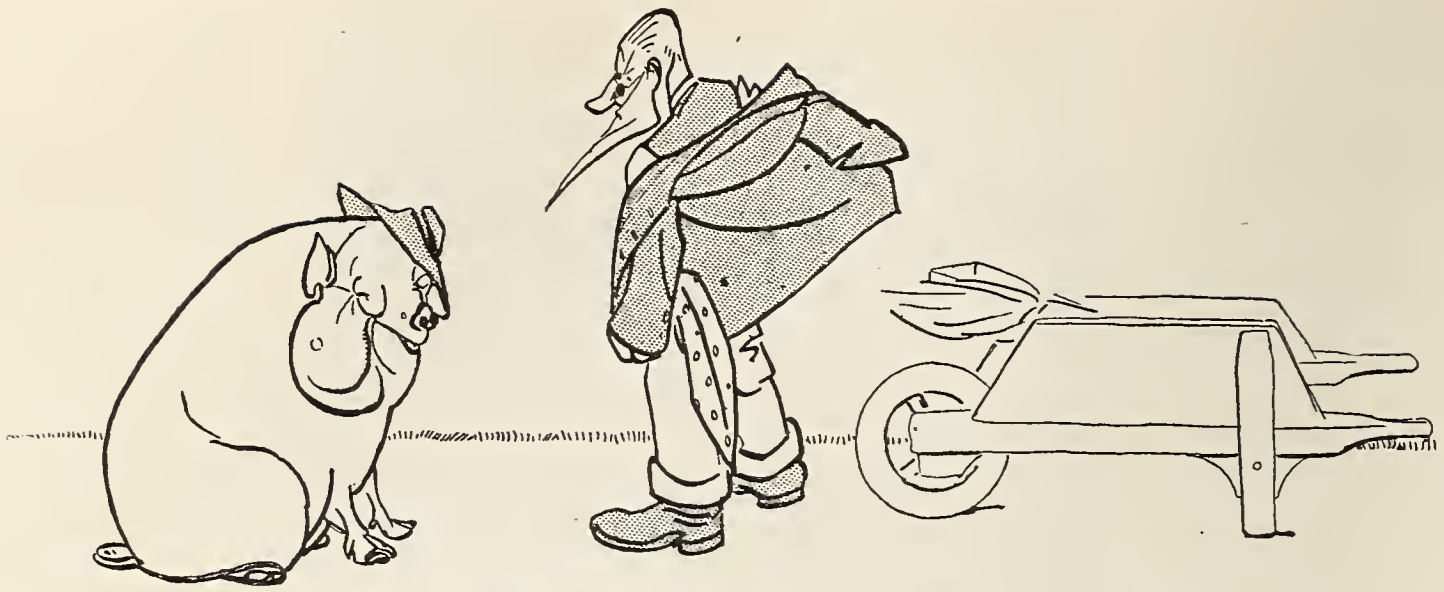
1.—A GARDENER OF PECULIAR TASTE—



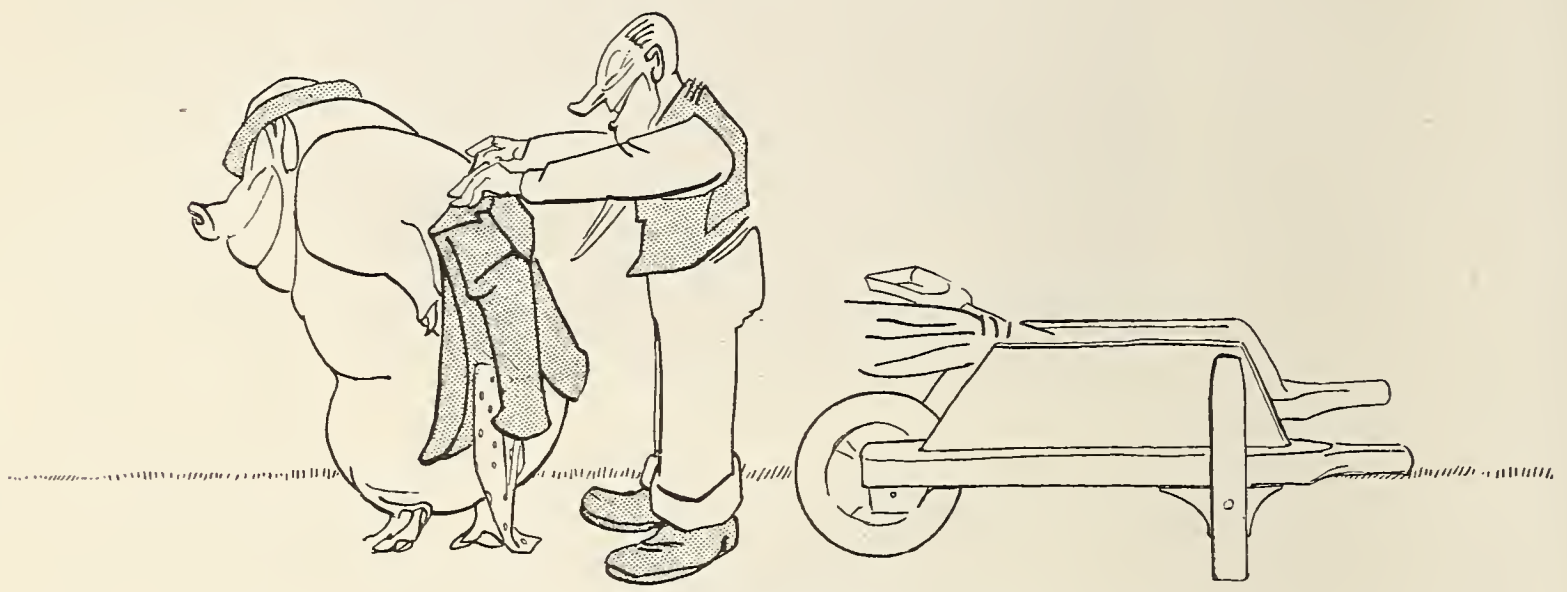
2.—CHOSE FOR HIS FRIEND A YOUNG HOG—



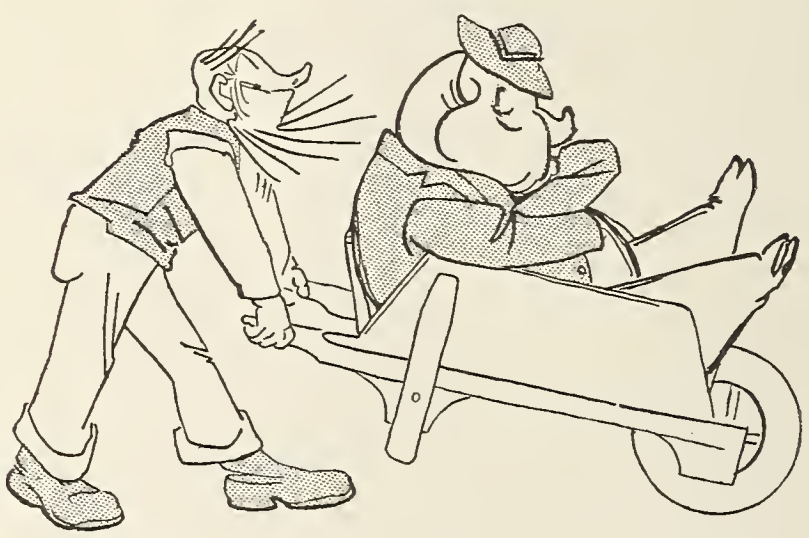
3.—OF WHOM HE TOOK THE GREATEST CARE—



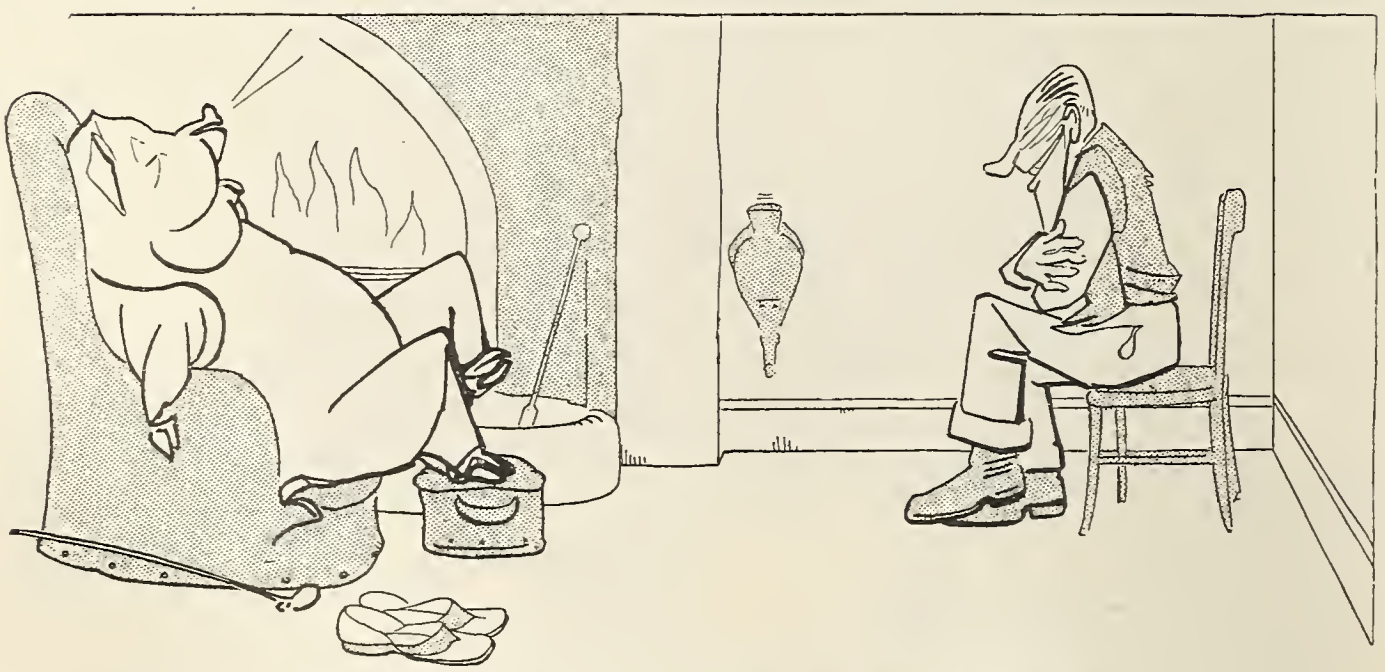
4.—SHARING HIS GARMENTS WITH HIM--



5.—FOR FEAR HE SHOULD TAKE COLD—

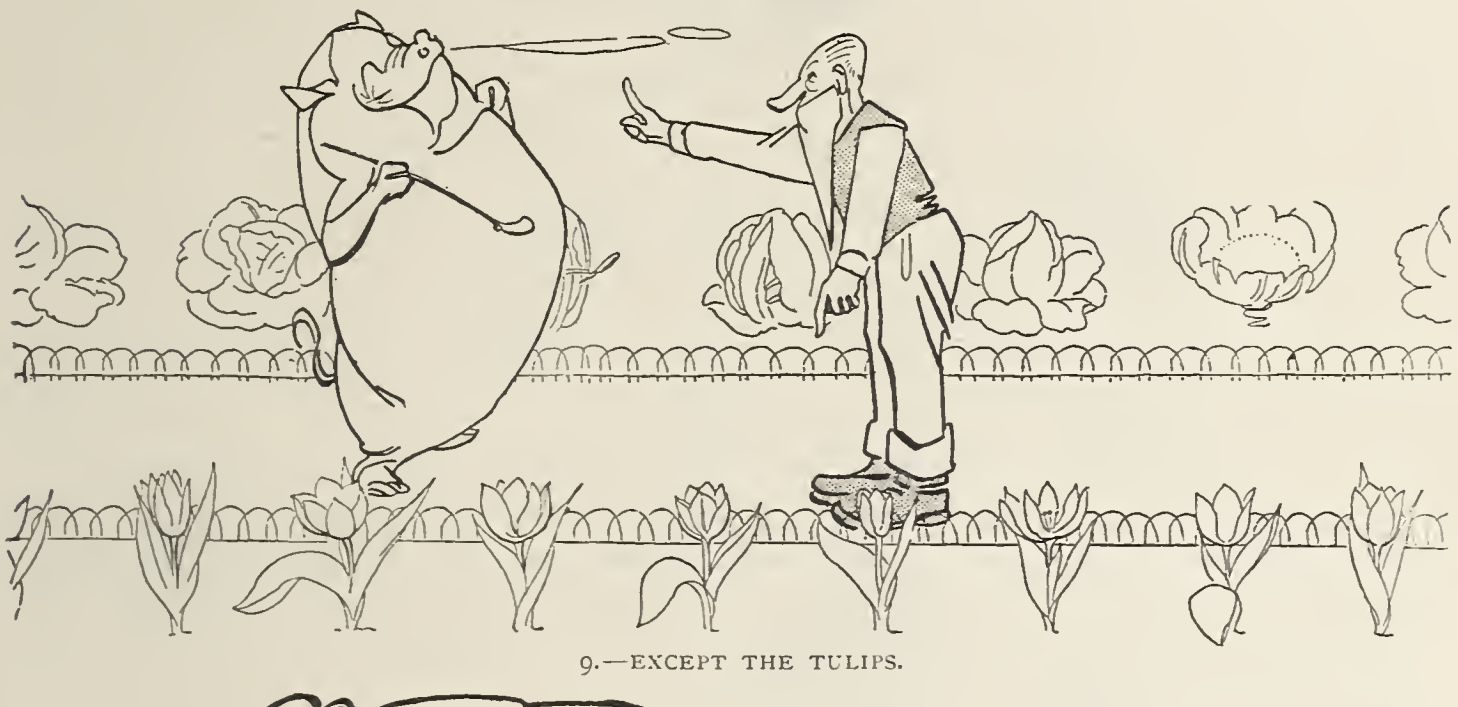


6.—BEING ESPECIALLY CAREFUL THAT HE DID NOT FATIGUE HIMSELF—

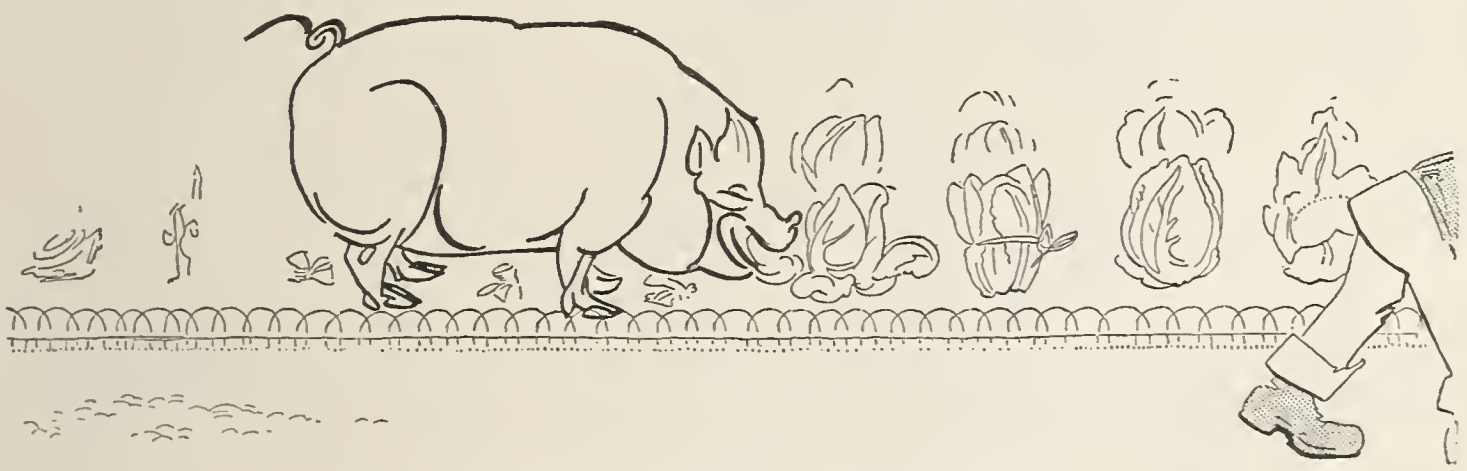


7.—AND ALWAYS GIVING HIM THE BEST SEAT BY THE FIRESIDE.

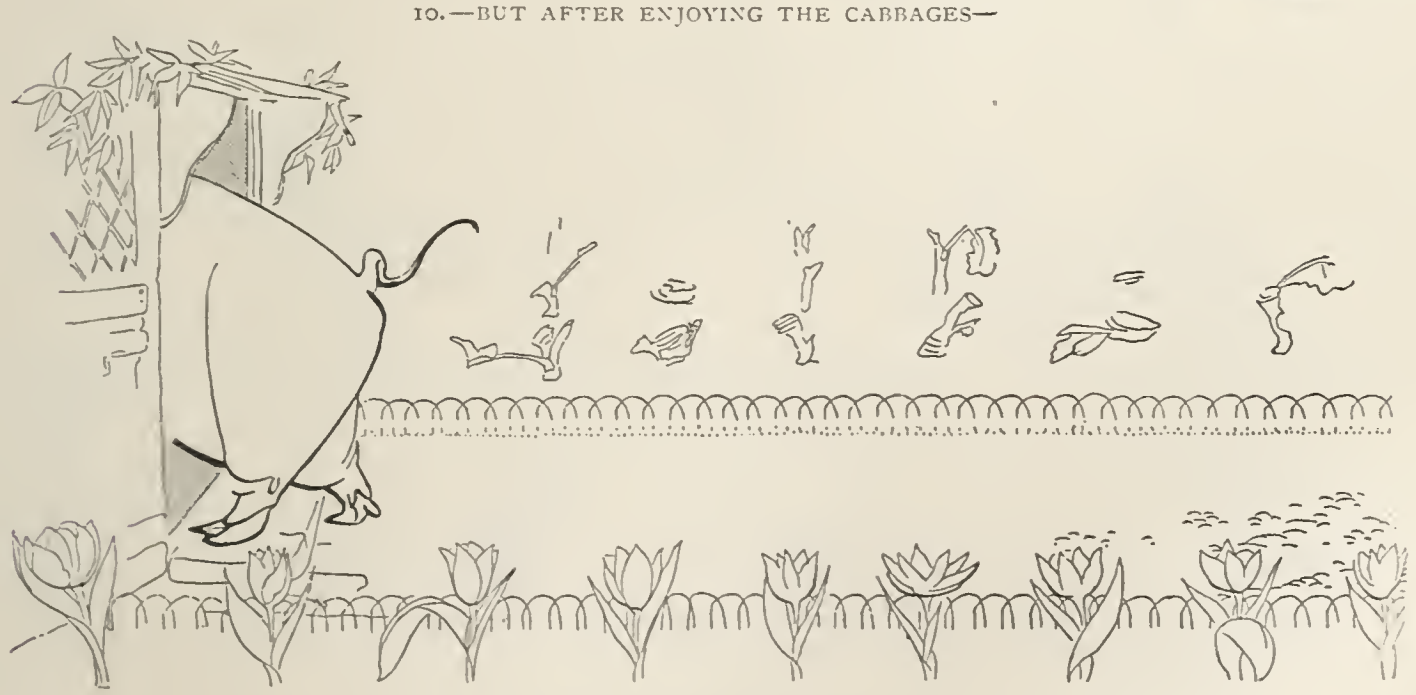
8.—EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN WAS AT HIS DISPOSAL—



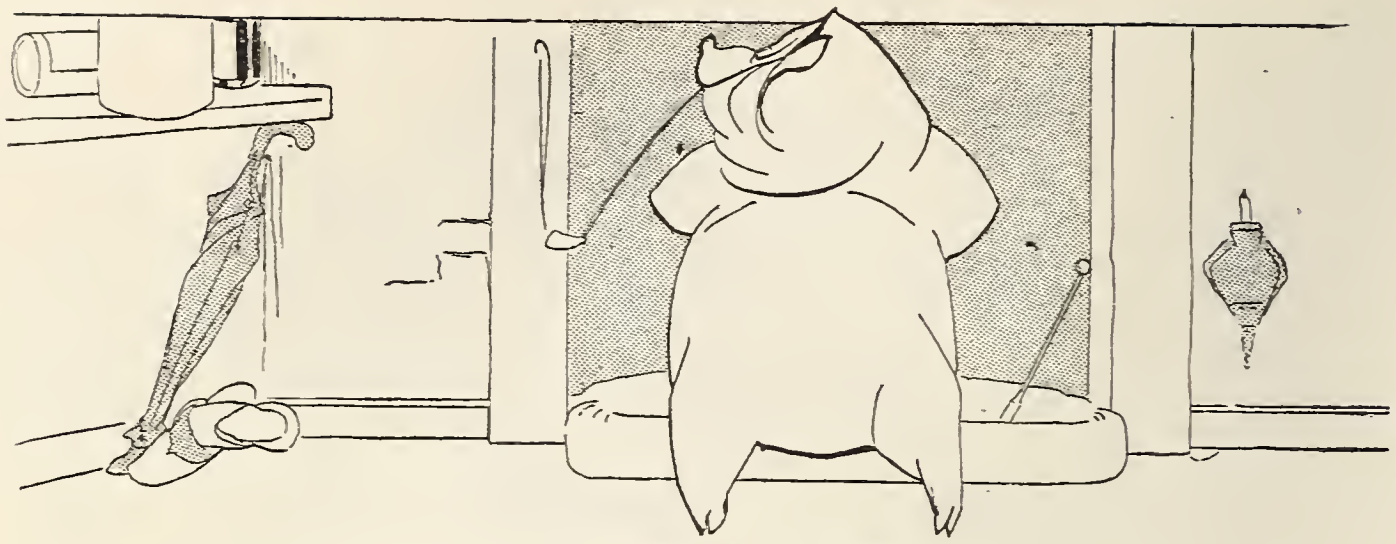
9.—EXCEPT THE TULIPS.



10.—BUT AFTER ENJOYING THE CABBAGES—



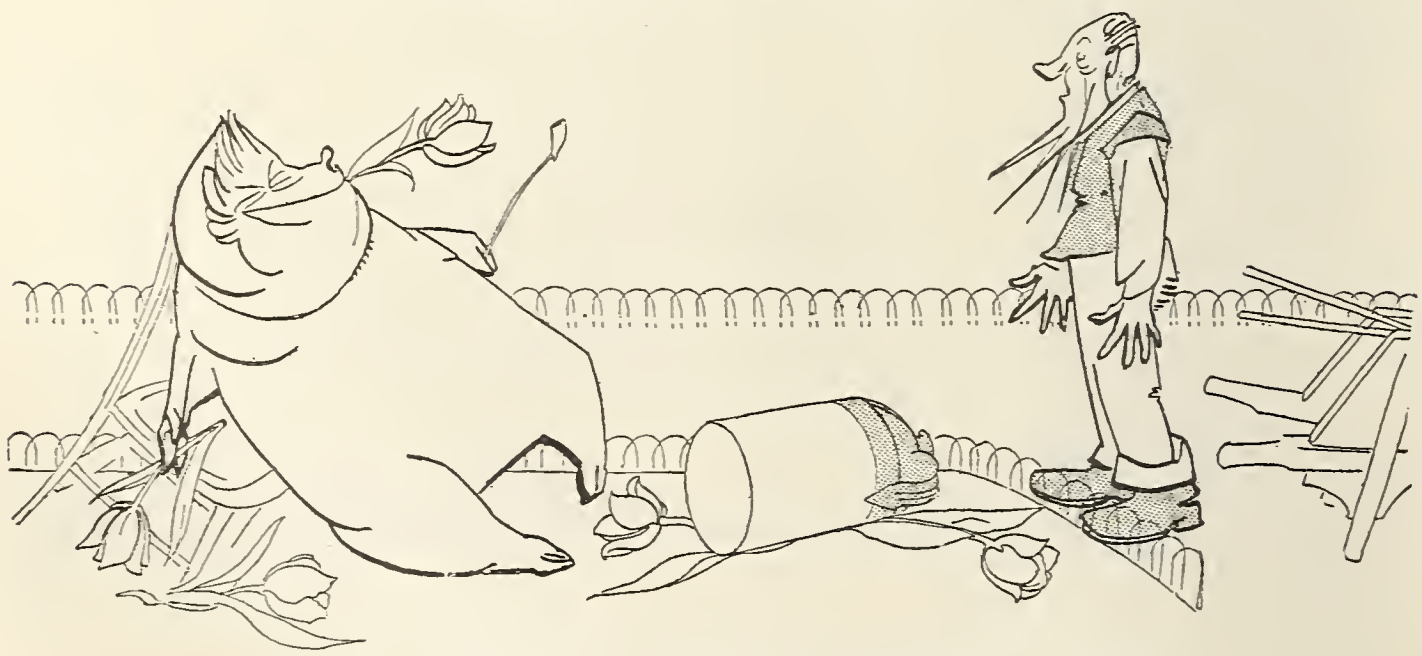
11.—THE HOG WENT INTO THE HOUSE—



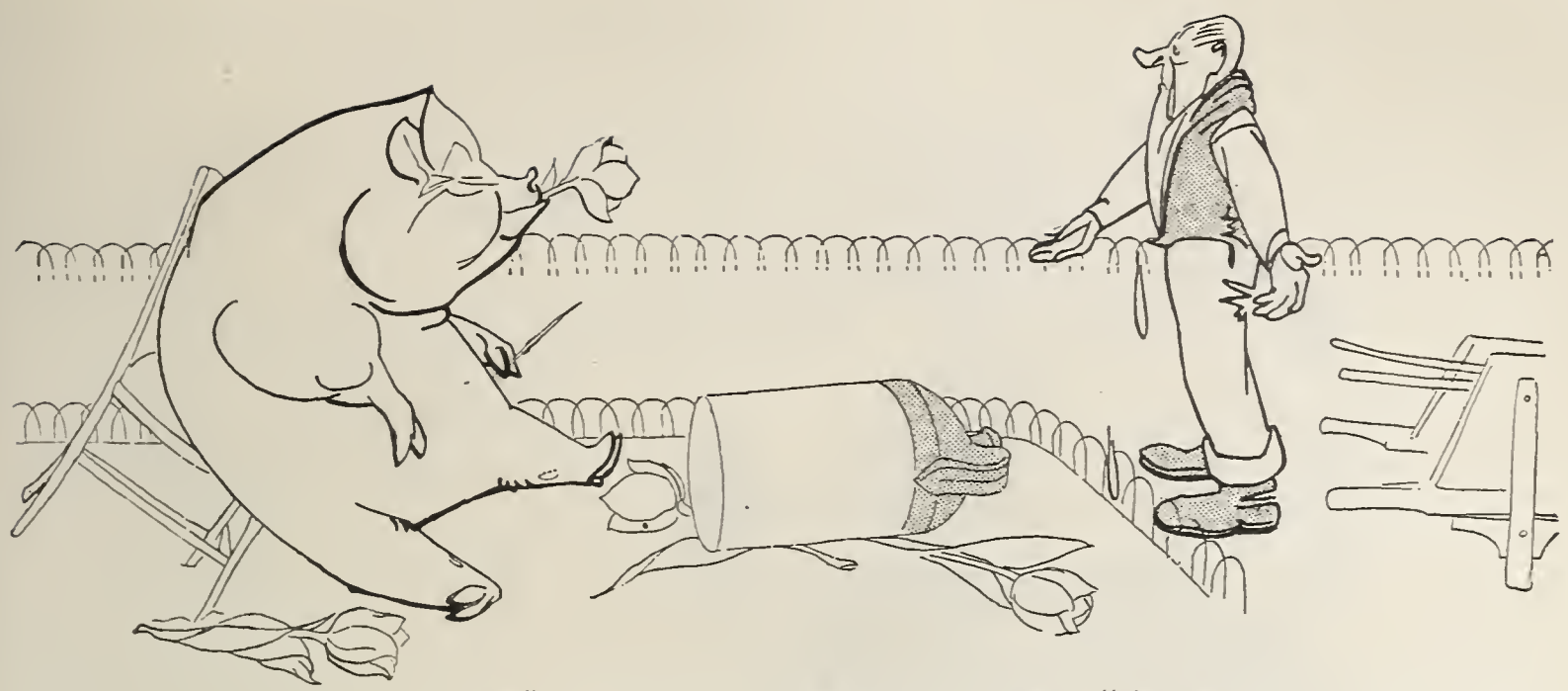
12.—AND HIS EYE FELL ON THE WHISKY JAR.

13.—IT OCCURRED TO HIM THAT A DRAM WOULD GO WELL WITH THE CABBAGES—

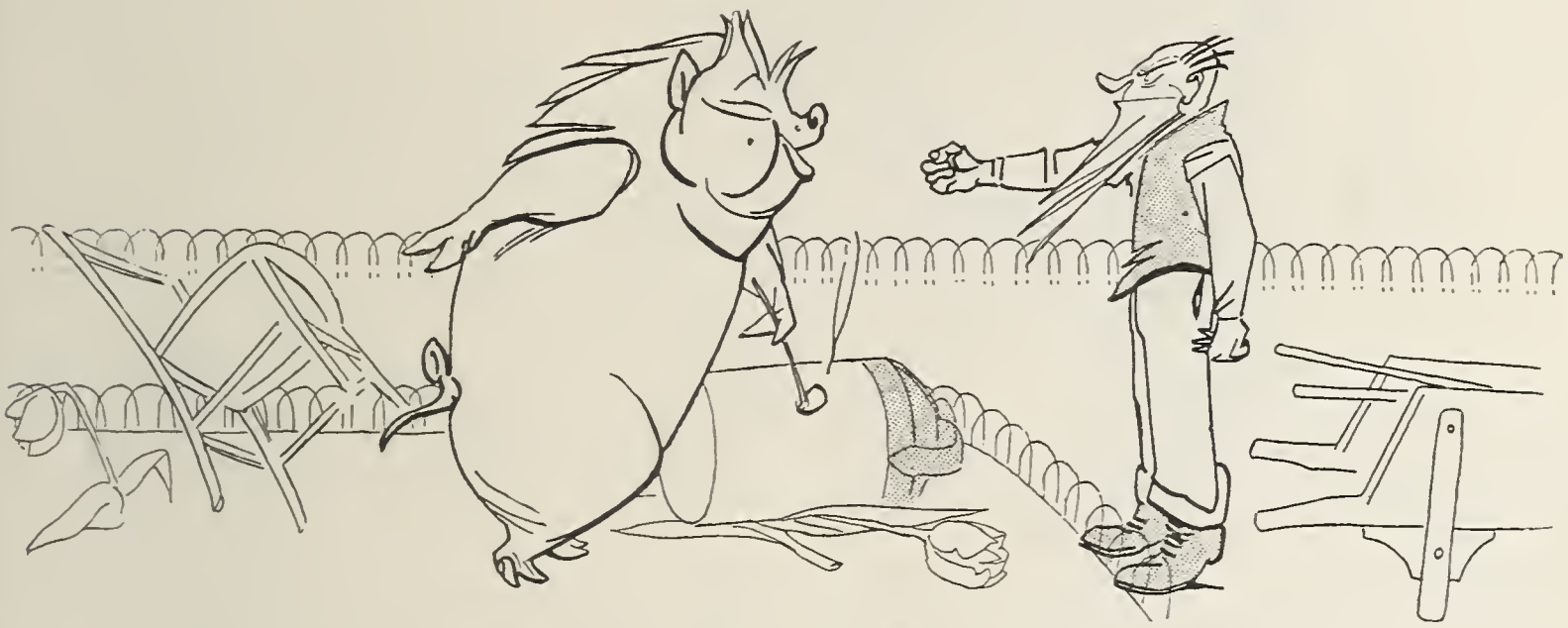
14.—BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, TAKING A LITTLE TOO MUCH—



15.—HE THOUGHT HE SHOULD LIKE TO TRY THE TASTE OF TULIPS.



16.—"IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW," HE CRIED TO THE ENRAGED GARDENER, "I'M ONLY EATING THE ROOTS."



17.—THEN, ON THE GARDENER BEGINNING TO THREATEN—

18.—HIS FRIEND KNOCKED HIM OUT OF HIS OWN GARDEN.

MORAL.—WHO CHERISHES A BRUTAL MATE,
WILL MOURN HIS FOLLY SOON OR LATE.

I.

LONG, long ago, in the days of good King Arthur, Count Morriss dwelt in the old château of La Roche Morice, near Landerneau, in Brittany. With him lived his beautiful niece, Katel. Although charming in face and figure, this maiden had a somewhat uncanny reputation. For it was said—and with reason—that she was a witch.

The Count had often urged Katel to marry, but in vain. The lady had no mind to lose her freedom. Dancing was the one passion of her life. "When," said she, "I can find a knight who shall be able to dance continuously with me for twelve hours, with no break, to him I promise to give my hand!"

This scornful challenge was proclaimed by heralds in every neighbouring town and hamlet. In response came many wooers to attempt the impossible task. Those whom Katel favoured she made her partners at the rustic fêtes and open-air dances which were then in vogue. In the soft-swarded meadows, by sunlight or starlight, the dancers would meet, and, to the dreamy music of the pipes, eager couples would whirl until the hills around began to blush in the light of the early dawn. The wildest, giddiest, yet most graceful of the throng was Katel, who danced madly on until one by one her partners sank fainting upon the ground, and death released them from the heartless sorceress who had lured them into her toils.

Thus perished many suitors, until the cruel maiden became an object of general hatred and horror. When her doings came to the ears of the count, he sternly forbade her to attend any more of the dances. In order to enforce her obedience, he shut her up in a tower, where, said he, she was to remain until she should choose a husband from among such suitors as still persisted in offering her marriage.

Now, Katel had a wizened little page, no bigger than a leveret, and as black as a raven's wing. This creature she summoned to her one morning before dawn, and, with her finger at her lips, she said to him: "Be swift and silent! My uncle still slumbers. Get thee gone by the ladder, and hie thee to the castle of Salaün, who is waiting for a message from her he loves. The guards will allow thee to pass; take horse, ride like the wind, and tell Salaün that Katel calls him to deliver her from this tower before the day dawns."

The infatuated young knight obeyed the summons immediately. In an hour's time he was assisting the lady to mount his horse, after having got her in safety down the rope-ladder. As, from the window of the donjon, the dwarf watched them ride away, he chuckled to himself:—

"Ha! ha! And so they are off to the great ball held to-day in the Martyrs' Meadow! Ah, my dear Salaün! before

another sun shall rise, your death-knell will be tolled!"

II.

When Katel and her gallant cavalier arrived at the Martyrs' Meadow, they excited general surprise and admiration. Some, however, shook their heads forebodingly, as they heard that Salaün, now Katel's affianced lover, was to be her partner, for they knew that the brave young knight must needs fall a victim to her spell.

The ball began. Some of the most skilful pipers in the land had been engaged for the occasion, and they played gavottes, rondes, courantes, and many other dances, without intermission. But Katel waited until night came and the torches were lit. Then she took Salaün's hand, and they began to dance together.

"Round again! Once more! Ha! ha!" laughed the witch-maiden, as they spun along. "What! are you tired already? Do you give in so soon as this?"

"Never—while I am with *you*!" was the fervent reply. The fatal spell had begun to work.

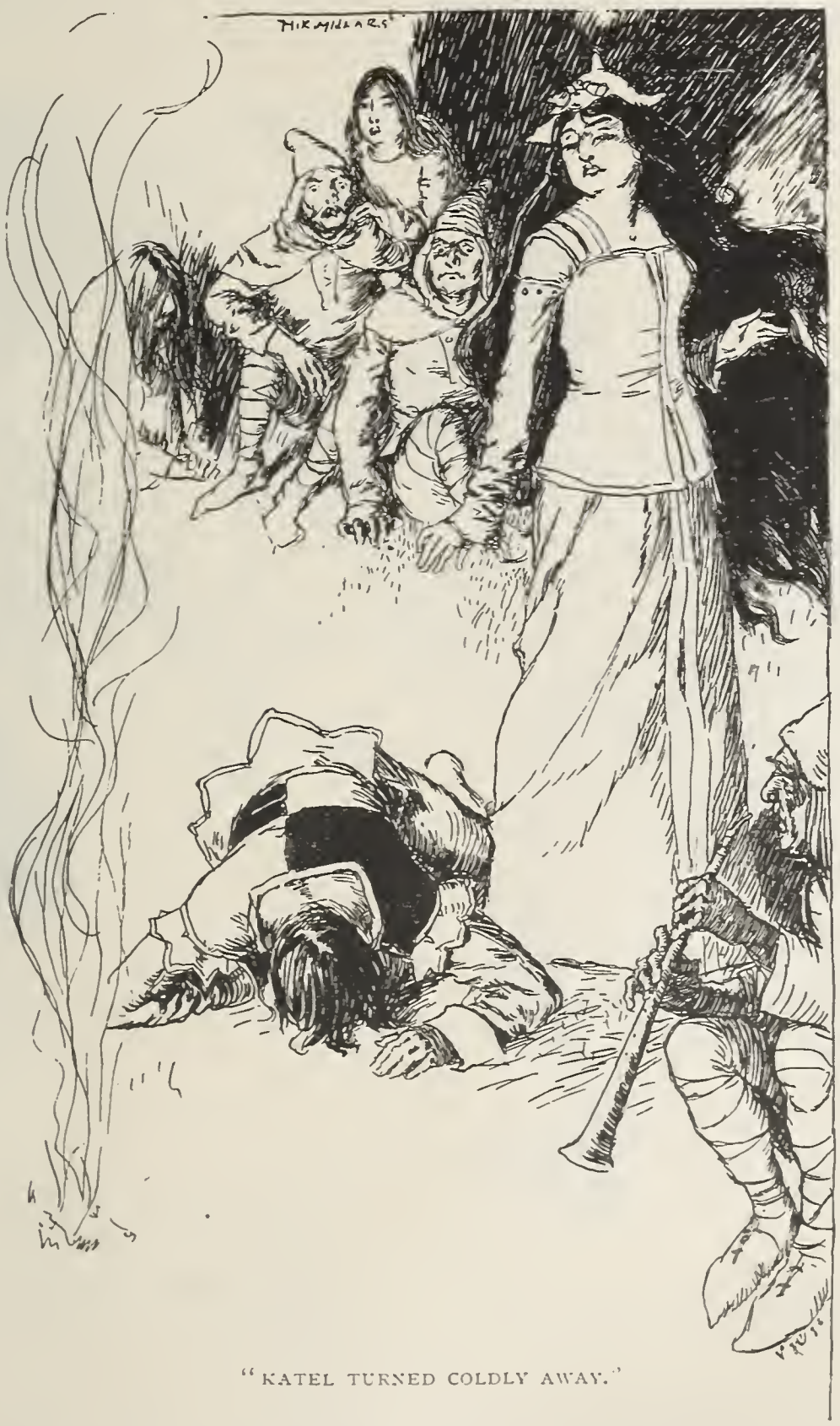
Thus on they whirled, yet more swiftly than before, so that the other dancers stood aside to watch them. After a time, however, Katel observed that her partner was gradually becoming weaker, and that he would soon be unable to keep pace with her.

"Courage!" exclaimed she, in a bantering tone. "We cannot stop yet; it wants but a very short time to midnight, and then I shall be yours!"

Salaün, although almost exhausted, strained every nerve and muscle in a frantic, final effort to continue the dance. Round the field they flew, at lightning speed; but it was for the last time. The knight's knees shook—his breath came more quickly—then with difficulty he gasped out the words:—

"Oh, Katel! have mercy! I can do no more! Katel, my love, have I not won you yet?"

But as he sank lifeless upon the grass, Katel turned coldly away. His fate was nothing to her. At that moment the clock in a neighbouring tower struck twelve. All the lights flickered and expired; darkness reigned supreme. And through the darkness, shrilling high above every other sound, rang the mocking laugh of the impish dwarf.



"KATEL TURNED COLDLY AWAY."

III.

"What!" exclaimed Katel, derisively, glancing angrily at the worn-out pipers, who had at last paused in their wild music, "exhausted already by such slight exertions? I wish the Evil One would send me some musicians and dancers worthy of me! Of what use are these miserable, puny creatures?"

As she uttered the words, stamping her foot in her fury, a weird, red light gleamed in the sky; there was a terrible peal of thunder, and a strange stir in the trees. Then suddenly, in the centre of the field, appeared two phantom forms, at the sight of whom the panic-stricken by-standers would fain have fled. To their

horror, however, they found flight impossible; they were rooted to the spot!

One of the phantoms was attired in a red garment, covered with a black cloak. Beneath his arm he held a large double pipe, coiled around which were five hissing, writhing serpents. The other stranger, who was exceedingly tall, was dressed in a tightly-fitting black suit, and heavy, red mantle, while upon his head waved an imposing tuft of vultures' plumes.

The ghostly piper began at once to play an unearthly dance-tune, so wild and maddening that it made all the hearers tremble. His tall, grim companion seized Katel by the waist, and the couple whirled round to the mad measure, which grew ever faster and more furious. In an instant the torches were re-lit. A few others joined in the dance; not for long, however. Katel and her phantom were soon the only dancers. Shriller still shrieked the pipes, faster yet grew the music, more and more swiftly spun the feet. Ere long the witch-maiden felt that her strength was deserting her; the torches swam before her eyes, and, in the last extremity of terror, she struggled to release herself from the iron grip which held her so relentlessly.

"What! so soon tired?" cried the spectre, jeering at her. "Do you give in so soon as this? Come! round once more! Ha! ha!"

Thus was Katel treated as she had treated others. She had no breath left wherewith to answer; her last hour had come. She made one more wild, despairing bound, then fell to the ground in the throes of death. At the same moment, the phantoms vanished.

"THE COUPLE WHIRLED ROUND TO THE MAD MEASURE."

There was a vivid lightning-blaze, a terrific crash of thunder; then fell black darkness, hiding everything. A tempestuous wind arose, and rain fell in torrents.

When the storm had cleared, and the morning sun shone out, those who found courage to visit the spot beheld the forms of Katel and her lover Salaün lying dead upon the shrivelled turf.

Ever since that time, the spot has been shunned by all, and still, by their firesides on the winter nights, the peasants tell the tale of Katel, the witch-dancer, and her fearful fate.

"THE ORDER OF RELEASE."

From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

Some Early Recollections of Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

By Frances H. Low.

A YEAR ago, when Sir John Millais was less sought after by the interviewer than he is to-day, I had the privilege and pleasure of an hour's converse with him; and much of what he said upon that occasion appears to me to be of sufficient interest, to those who care about this great painter's pictures, to print. Upon receiving Sir John's permission to do this, he volunteered to let me adorn my little article with some of his early drawings, which were for the moment mislaid, but which it was hoped would be recovered in time.

Now, alas, it is certain that these sketches and studies, to the number of five hundred, have been stolen; and great as is their loss to the President of the Academy, who told me he would give hundreds of pounds to recover them, it is a still greater one to the readers of this Magazine, who would have appreciated the opportunity of examining the first ideas and studies from which Sir John Millais developed his beautiful complete art. Happily the delicate little study that we are able to reproduce here has been preserved, and will be recognised by those who are familiar with the picture called "Apple Blossoms."

STUDY FOR "APPLE BLOSSOMS," BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

The other pictures of which we are enabled to give illustrations are, for the most part, early ones, and may possibly not have been seen in the original by the younger generation who read these pages. The "Order of Release" is one of the pictures that, once seen, remain for ever in the memory. Sir John Millais has never painted anything finer than the face of the Highlander's wife, with its calm triumph and endurance, nobleness and tenderness. Her face is admirably contrasted and harmonized with the strong physiognomy of the gaoler, who examines, with something of scepticism, the document that she hands him; and that is to release her husband, who has taken part in the rebellion of '45. The collie and the true Highland child, with its plaid and bare legs, breathe the very spirit of reality, and carry back the imagination to scenes in past history that will never fail to touch and enchant when presented by the hand of a master.

"Ophelia" is another, and one of the very few modern pictures that are wholly unforgettable. The exquisite solemn beauty of the landscape, with its reeds and rushes and lilies, serves to accentuate the tragic fate of the drifting figure—beautiful in its pathos and helplessness—which will ere long find calm and peace beneath the waters.

The long gallery of child figures, which have given Sir John Millais a place beside Sir Joshua Reynolds as the painter of lovely, innocent English childhood, includes few sweeter pictures than those reproduced in our pages under the titles of "My First Sermon" and "My Second Sermon," "Asleep" and "Awake," and "The Minuet."

"The Vale of Rest," an early and extremely fine example of Millais's pre-Raphaelite period of production, is one of those supreme pictures whose beauty of colour is rather form than mere decoration; and that can, therefore, be but faintly conveyed by the finest

"OPHELIA." [*Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.*

From the Picture by]

"THE MINUET."
From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

engraving or etching. Who that has ever seen this picture forgets the wondrous sunset light that lingers with a thousand evanescent hues over the evening face of Nature, transforming and transfiguring decay, death itself, into a radiant golden vision? The spell of the figure is deepened by the dramatic face of the nun, whose deep, mysterious, and inscrutable eyes seem to reflect the spirit of inanimate Nature with its unsurpassed loveliness and terror; and bid the troubled human soul seek its answer there.

Sir John Millais is the gifted son of a real old Norman family settled in Jersey. He is very proud of his descent, and took care to impress upon me the distinction between Norman and French, and the position of Jersey as a country.

"Thackeray once asked me," he said, "meaning to get a rise out of me, when England took Jersey; and I remember how he laughed when I said, decisively, 'Never; Jersey conquered England!'" which statement his present interviewer does not recollect to have seen in the history-books.

So far as he knows, his family have never produced painters, but his brother and sisters were extremely fond of music and accomplished musicians, and his mother had not only a love of music, but had many cultivated tastes, and was an extremely clever woman. She recognised her son's talent in his childhood, but, naturally, was unable to estimate its future greatness, this discernment being due to Sir Hilgrove Turner, the Governor of Jersey, who was so confident of the lad's artistic genius that, when he was barely seven years old, he told his father and mother they must make him an artist.

"I remember," said the artist, "that as a little fellow of six or seven I was perpetually drawing, and was perfectly happy in the possession of a pencil. I did all sorts of things, and had a special love for butterflies and birds. I did a number of pen-and-ink tournaments, which I hoped to have been able to let you have; but they are amongst the stolen drawings."

I asked Sir John whether he thought the beautiful scenery and surroundings of Jersey

had exercised any influence over his early ideas and compositions. He answered that he believed his early associations not only of country and scenery, but also of people, had been one of his most strong and permanent influences. There was a family living at Roselle called Lempriere, who came of an old and distinguished race, and of whom the great painter says: "I do not think any impressible child or young man could have been brought into their presence without recognising, and for ever remembering, the beauty and attractiveness, of dignity of deportment and grace, and urbanity of manner. The head of the family at the time, Philip Raoul Lempriere, Seigneur of Rosselle Manor, was a most handsome, noble man, and his manner down to the poorest dependent was exquisitely fine. One carried away an impression that was unforgettable."

I ventured to say that the humble interviewer of Sir John Millais could recognise that not only had the example been impressive, but that it had also been of practical effect, and its happy fruits added to the other gifts possessed by our greatest modern painter.

"His wife," he continued, with a deprecating smile, "had her own feminine beauty and grace, and the sons and daughters were worthy of them. One of the grandsons, now General Lempriere, was the original of the figure in 'The Huguenots.' There was an atmosphere of nobleness and beauty there, which was in itself an education incomparably finer than that of college. They were very fond of me, and I spent much of my time there, and learned unconsciously to care for what was lovely. I remember at a very early age noticing their beautiful hands, and being content to watch them. You understand, they had not only rare beauty of form, but the highest standard of honour and rectitude."

"MY FIRST SERMON."
From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

At the age of eight Millais's family removed to London, and the boy's exceptional powers obtained his admission to the British Museum, where he drew from the cast every day for several hours. A few years later he won the medal of the Society of Arts, was later on

admitted to the Academy School, and exhibited his first picture at the Academy at the age of fifteen.

Nothing can exceed the modesty with which the painter speaks of his early marvellous achievements.

"You must have been very happy," I remarked, "not only to have been able to give outward form to your artist powers at so early an age, but to have also had so prompt a recognition?"

"Prompt recognition!" repeated Sir John. "I never had any encouragement at all. All my early pictures were damned by the critics, and my parents were so discouraged that my father said over and over again: 'Give up painting, Jack, and take to something else.'

"I have had a happy life on the whole, but my youth was very unhappy. I had to work hard, illustrating and doing portraits and all sorts of inferior work, to help at home, ever since I was a lad, and my early pictures received nothing but abuse. The critics were a greater power at that time than they are to-day; and however it may have been with other men, I had no consciousness of ultimate triumph then. I went on for years in a storm of disapproval."

"But, surely," I asked, rather puzzled, "your famous picture, 'The Huguenots,' was painted whilst you were still a young man?"

"Oh, well, yes; young so far as age, as I was only twenty-two; but then," catching my smile, "I had been painting for years."

Yet to most of us, whose lot is the commonplace one of non-achievement and failure, the figure of this young man producing his immortal picture at an age when genius is generally still immature and dumb, is sufficiently dazzling; and the years of heartsick disappointment and struggle seem but the grey clouds through which the golden sun presently gleams. It may be an encouragement to others to know that Sir John Millais's compositions have not been produced with that ease and lightness that are popularly supposed to accompany great powers. To use his own expressive words,

"MY SECOND SERMON."
From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

"ASLEEP."
From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

his pictures have always been done "with great travail."

"I am always dissatisfied, and when the picture is done, I loathe it and never want to see it again. After a time I can regard it from an objective point of view; but, even then, everything comes back to me, and I get for the moment the same feelings."

Art students will hear with interest the views that the President of the Royal Academy holds upon art education.

"I do not believe much in direct instruction. Surround a boy with great art, and he will learn; and if he is too stupid to learn from the models before him, he is no good at all."

At the finish of this utterance Sir John spoke with warmth of the folly of hammering an art into persons who had neither feeling nor appreciation for it. He alluded to the way that music is drummed into a girl for years and years, and at the end of

"AWAKE."
From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

them she is unable to distinguish Beethoven from Mendelssohn.

Sir John Millais is a believer in great men. He told me that the best education of his life had been gained by associating with great men, especially painters and men of letters. He said he never forgot going, as a boy of fourteen, to a breakfast at the house of Rogers, the poet. All sorts of men came to these functions, and upon this occasion he heard Hazlitt, Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, and Macaulay in conversation.

"I need not tell you I listened in absolute silence; in fact, I do not think anyone spoke to me; but it was an education all the same, and one of the high pleasures of life. A few months later I met Wordsworth. I looked at him intently. I didn't know who he was, but his face interested me. He was a very spare man, and wore a double-breasted dress coat, and I thought he was a country clergy-

"THE VALE OF REST."

From the Picture by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

By permission of the] [Berlin Photographic Company.

man. As soon as he had left the table, Mr. Rogers called me to him and said :—

"'Boy, did you notice that gentleman who has just left the table?' and when I said 'Yes,' the old poet went on: 'That was Wordsworth, and some day you will be very proud to have sat at the table with him.'"

Sir John Millais, in common with most men and women who have been familiar with cultivated literary society in the early part of this century, says that modern society and conversation are entirely different. To-day everyone, however undistinguished or however little claim he has to speak, has his say, and is listened to as a matter of course; whereas in those days, when society, or at least literary society, meant a collection of persons of scholarship, wit, and talent, the great man held the table and everybody listened.

"I recall distinctly Rogers one day turning to Macaulay, and saying, 'Macaulay, will you favour us with your ideas?' etc."

What a change has come over the spirit of time, when all the little people are screaming in print and conversation so loudly that it is difficult if not impossible to hear the voices of the few great men who are worth hearing!

It is hardly necessary to tell anyone who is familiar with the pictures of the most distinguished member of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood that the President has a passionate love for the poetry of Keats. He repeated, with obvious pleasure, twenty or thirty lines from "Isabella," and said: "I know that poem and 'St. Agnes' Eve' by heart; and I think that Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and myself did something for Keats. I know he did much for me, although I have always been a great reader and lover of poetry. I believe I have got a feeling for literary form instinctively, and when I stayed with Tennyson and he was writing 'Maud,' he would give me a line in half-a-dozen different ways, all exquisite, and ask me to decide. I used to get at last confused as he refined and refined."

This has rather led us away from the starting point of education, but it is really closely connected with Sir John's essential principle, that he who would do great things must familiarize himself with the spirit of the great, with their pictures, their busts, their poems, and, above all, by their living presence and conduct. As regards the education of the day, he takes a less pessimistic view than most of his contemporaries. He speaks with gratefulness of what he learned at the Academy, and says if modern art instruction leaves something to be desired, a man has compensations and advantages that were unknown to his father. In every art school to-day there is superb sculpture, and in addition to the supreme art of the Greeks, there is all the knowledge that has been gathering ever since.

"But," and the words seemed to me of sufficient import to a younger generation to-day to take down from the master's lips, "I think the great defect to-day—I cannot help seeing it in young men—is the want of reverence. Until a young man can admire, nay, until he can give homage, there is no hope for him. It is the first maxim to impress on a young man, and one that seems to me in danger of being forgotten in this age of scepticism and cynicism."

Perhaps in some of our schools, where competition and success in examinations and the rest of the modern gospel is preached with so much assiduity, we might do worse than embellish the walls with that word, which implies the surrender of the petty and personal, and the generous yielding of what is highest and deepest within our souls.

Remembering the interest, legitimate enough, that is taken by the public in the personal likings of a great man, I asked the subject of this little paper, not without some misgivings as to how he would receive the question, whether he would tell me which of his pictures were his favourites. Sir John, with that kindly indulgence which characterizes him and which makes him beloved of the humble interviewer, said "The Order of Release" and "The Vale of Rest" (both of which pictures are reproduced with this article) were, perhaps, the pictures that gave him most pleasure, "although," he added, "I had both pain and pleasure in painting them. I have always been fondest of pictures which appeal to the sad feelings and instincts; and it is the same with poetry. I believe this is the case with many, if not most, artists. They suffer most and enjoy most; but I have known few that are really happy."

Is not this another rendering of Shelley's cry—

> The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;

and is it not, perhaps, a law of Nature that what is most beautiful ever brings to the mind of man a vague feeling of tender melancholy? To know that he to whom we owe the perfect pictorial conception of the most pathetic feminine figure in song, and the loveliest of autumn landscapes, wrought his art in moods of sorrow as well as joy, is not to diminish our delight and wonder and admiration, but rather to deepen them and draw us nearer to their creator.

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER X. (*continued*).

THE old gladiator looked round him in great contempt.

"Vy, from vot I see," Buckhorse cried, in his high, broken treble, "there's some on you that ain't fit to flick a fly from a joint o' meat. You'd make werry good ladies' maids, the most of you, but you took the wrong turnin' ven you came into the ring."

"Give 'im a wipe over the mouth," said a hoarse voice.

"Joe Berks," said Jackson, "I'd save the hangman the job of breaking your neck if His Royal Highness wasn't in the room."

"That's as it may be, guv'nor," said the half-drunken ruffian, staggering to his feet. "If I've said anything wot isn't genelman-like——"

"Sit down, Berks!" cried my uncle, with such a tone of command that the fellow collapsed into his chair.

"Vy, vich of you would look Tom Slack in the face?" piped the old fellow; "or Jack Broughton?—him vot told the old Dook of Cumberland that all he vanted vas to fight the King o' Proosia's guard, day by day, year in, year out, until 'e 'ad worked out the whole regiment of 'em—and the smallest of 'em six foot long. There's not more'n a few of you could 'it a dint in a pat o' butter, and if you gets a smack or two it's all over vith you. Vich among you could get up again after such a vipe as the Eytalian Gondoleery cove gave to Bob Vittaker?"

"What was that, Buckhorse?" cried several voices.

"'E came over 'ere from voreign parts, and 'e was so broad 'e 'ad to come edgewise through the doors. 'E 'ad so, upon my davy! 'E was that strong that wherever 'e 'it the bone had got to go; and when 'e'd cracked a jaw or two it looked as though nothing in the country could stan' against him. So the King 'e sent one of his genelmen down to Figg and he said to him: 'Ere's a cove vot cracks a bone every time 'e lets vly, and it'll be little credit to the Lunnon boys if they lets 'im get avay vithout a vacking.' So Figg he ups, and he says, 'I do not know, master, but he may break one of 'is countryman's jawbones vid 'is vist, but I'll bring 'im a Cockney lad and 'e shall not be able to break 'is jawbone with a sledge 'ammer.' I vas with Figg in Slaughter's coffee-'ouse, as then vas, ven 'e says this to the King's genelman, and I goes so, I does!" Again he emitted the curious bell-like cry, and again the Corinthians and the fighting-men laughed and applauded him.

"His Royal Highness—that is, the Earl of Chester—would be glad to hear the end of your story, Buckhorse," said my uncle, to whom the Prince had been whispering.

"Vell, your R'yal 'Ighness, it vas like this. Ven the day came round, all the volk came to Figg's Amphitheatre, the same that vos in Tottenham Court, an' Bob Vittaker 'e vos there, and the Eytalian Gondoleery cove 'e vas there, and all the purlitest, genteelest crowd that ever vos, twenty thousand of 'em, all sittin' with their 'eads like purtaties on a barrer, banked right up round the stage, and me there to pick up Bob, d'ye see, and Jack Figg 'imself just for fair play to do vot was right by the cove from voreign parts. They vas packed all round, the folks was, but down through the middle of 'em was a passage just so as the gentry could come through to their seats, and the stage it vas of wood, as the custom then vas, and a man's 'eight above the 'eads of the people. Vell, then, ven Bob was put up opposite this great Eytalian man I says 'Slap 'im in the vind, Bob,' 'cos I could see vid 'alf an eye that he vas as puffy as a cheesecake; so Bob he goes in, and as he comes the vorriner let 'im 'ave it amazin' on the conk. I 'eard the thump of it, and I kind o' velt somethin' vistle past me, but ven I looked dere vas the Eytalian a feelin' of 'is muscles in the middle o' the stage, and as to Bob, there vern't no sign of 'im at all no more'n if 'e'd never been."

His audience were riveted by the old prize-fighter's story. "Well," cried a dozen voices, "what then, Buckhorse: 'ad 'e swallowed 'im, or what?"

"Vell, boys, that vas vat *I* wondered, when sudden I seed two legs a-stickin' up out o' the crowd a long vay off, just like these two vingers, d'ye see, and I knewed they vas Bob's legs, seein' that 'e 'ad kind o' yellow small clothes vid blue ribbons—vich blue vas 'is colour—at the knee. So they up-ended 'im, they did, an' they made a lane for 'im an' cheered 'im to give 'im 'eart,

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"THE OLD PRIZE-FIGHTER'S STORY."

though 'e never lacked for that. At virst 'e vas that dazed that 'e didn't know if 'e vas in church or in 'Orsemonger Gaol; but ven I'd bit 'is two ears 'e shook 'isself together. 'Ve'll try it again, Buck,' says 'e. 'The mark!' says I. And 'e vinked all that vas left o' one eye. So the Eytalian 'e lets swing again, but Bob 'e jumps inside an' 'e lets 'im 'ave it plumb square on the meat safe, as 'ard as ever the Lord would let 'im put it in."

"Well? Well?"

"Vell, the Eytalian 'e got a touch o' the gurgles, an' 'e shut 'imself right up like a two-foot rule. Then 'e pulled 'imself straight, an' 'e gave the most awful Glory Allelujah screech as ever you 'eard. Off 'e jumps from the stage an' down the passage as 'ard as 'is 'oofs would carry 'im. Up jumps the 'ole crowd, and after 'im as 'ard as they could move for laughin'. They vas lyin' in the kennel three deep all down Tottenham Court Road wid their 'ands to their sides just vit to break themselves in two. Vell, ve chased 'im down 'Olburn, an' down Fleet Street, an' down Cheapside, an' past the 'Change, and on all the vay to Voppin', an' we only catched im in the shippin' office, vere 'e vas askin' 'ow soon 'e could get a passage to voreign parts."

There was much laughter and clapping of glasses upon the table at the conclusion of old Buckhorse's story, and I saw the Prince of Wales hand something to the waiter, who brought it round and slipped it into the skinny hand of the veteran, who spat upon it before thrusting it into his pocket. The table had in the meanwhile been cleared, and was now studded with bottles and glasses, while long clay pipes and tobacco-boxes were handed round. My uncle never smoked, thinking that the habit might darken his teeth, but many of the Corinthians, and the Prince amongst the first of them, set the example of lighting up. All restraint had been done away with, and the prize-fighters, flushed with wine, roared across the tables to each other, or shouted their greetings to friends at the other end of the room. The amateurs, falling into the humour of their company, were hardly less noisy, and loudly debated the merits of the different men, criticising their styles of fighting before their faces, and making bets upon the results of future matches.

In the midst of the uproar there was an imperative rap upon the table, and my uncle rose to speak. As he stood with his pale, calm face and fine figure, I had never seen him to greater advantage, for he seemed, with all his elegance, to have a quiet air of domination amongst these fierce fellows, like a huntsman walking carelessly through a springing and yapping pack. He expressed his pleasure at seeing so many good sportsmen under one roof, and acknowledged the honour which had been done both to his guests and himself by the presence there that night of the illustrious personage whom he should refer to as the Earl of Chester. He was sorry that the season prevented him from placing game upon the table, but there was so much sitting round it that it would perhaps be hardly missed (cheers and laughter). The sports of the ring had, in

his opinion, tended to that contempt of pain and of danger which had contributed so much in the past to the safety of the country, and which might, if what he heard was true, be very quickly needed once more. If an enemy landed upon our shores it was then that, with our small army, we should be forced to fall back upon native valour trained into hardihood by the practice and contemplation of manly sports. In time of peace also the rules of the ring had been of service in enforcing the principles of fair play, and in turning public opinion against that use of the knife or of the boot which was so common in foreign countries. He begged, therefore, to drink "Success to the Fancy," coupled with the name of John Jackson, who might stand as a type of all that was most admirable in British boxing.

Jackson having replied with a readiness which many a public man might have envied, my uncle rose once more.

"We are here to-night," said he, "not only to celebrate the past glories of the prize ring, but also to arrange some sport for the future. It should be easy, now that backers and fighting men are gathered together under one roof, to come to terms with each other. I have myself set an example by making a match with Sir Lothian Hume, the terms of which will be communicated to you by that gentleman."

Sir Lothian rose with a paper in his hand.

"The terms, your Royal Highness and gentlemen, are briefly these," said he. "My man, Crab Wilson, of Gloucester, having never yet fought a prize battle, is prepared to meet, upon May the 18th of this year, any man of any weight who may be selected by Sir Charles Tregellis. Sir Charles Tregellis's selection is limited to men below twenty or above thirty-five years of age, so as to exclude Belcher and the other candidates for championship honours. The stakes are two thousand pounds against a thousand, two hundred to be paid by the winner to his man; play or pay."

It was curious to see the intense gravity of them all, fighters and backers, as they bent their brows and weighed the conditions of the match.

"I am informed," said Sir John Lade, "that Crab Wilson's age is twenty-three, and that, although he has never fought a regular P.R. battle, he has none the less fought within ropes for a stake on many occasions."

"I've seen him half-a-dozen times at the least," said Belcher.

"It is precisely for that reason, Sir John, that I am laying odds of two to one in his favour."

"May I ask," said the Prince, "what the exact height and weight of Wilson may be?"

"Five foot eleven and thirteen-ten, your Royal Highness."

"Long enough and heavy enough for anything on two legs," said Jackson, and the professionals all murmured their assent.

"Read the rules of the fight, Sir Lothian."

"The battle to take place on Tuesday, May the 18th, at the hour of ten in the morning, at a spot to be afterwards named. The ring to be twenty foot square. Neither to fall without a knock-down blow, subject to the decision of the umpires. Three umpires to be chosen upon the ground, namely, two in ordinary and one in reference. Does that meet your wishes, Sir Charles?"

My uncle bowed.

"Have you anything to say, Wilson?"

The young pugilist, who had a curious, lanky figure, and a craggy, bony face, passed his fingers through his close-cropped hair.

"If you please, zir," said he, with a slight west country burr, "a twenty-voot ring is too small for a thirteen-stone man."

There was another murmur of professional agreement.

"What would you have it, Wilson?"

"Vour-an'-twenty, Sir Lothian."

"Have you any objection, Sir Charles?"

"Not the slightest."

"Anything else, Wilson?"

"If you please, zir, I'd like to know whom I'm vighting with."

"I understand that you have not publicly nominated your man, Sir Charles?"

"I do not intend to do so until the very morning of the fight. I believe I have that right within the terms of our wager."

"Certainly, if you choose to exercise it."

"I do so intend. And I should be vastly pleased if Mr. Berkeley Craven will consent to be stake-holder."

That gentleman having willingly given his consent, the final formalities which led up to these humble tournaments were concluded.

And then, as these full-blooded, powerful men became heated with their wine, angry eyes began to glare across the table, and amid the grey swirls of tobacco smoke the lamp-light gleamed upon the fierce, hawk-like Jews, and the flushed, savage Saxons. The old quarrel as to whether Jackson had or had not committed a foul by seizing Mendoza by the hair on the occasion of their battle at Hornchurch, eight years before, came to the front once more. Dutch

Sam hurled a shilling down upon the table, and offered to fight the Pride of Westminster for it if he ventured to say that Mendoza had been fairly beaten. Joe Berks, who had grown noisier and more quarrelsome as the evening went on, tried to clamber across the table, with horrible blasphemies, to come to blows with an old Jew named Fighting Yussef, who had plunged into the discussion. It needed very little more to finish the supper by a general and ferocious battle, and it was only the exertions of Jackson, Belcher, Harrison, and others of the cooler and steadier men, which saved us from a riot.

And then, when at last this question was set aside, that of the rival claims to championships at different weights came on in its stead, and again angry words flew about and challenges were in the air. There was no exact limit between the light, middle, and heavy-weights, and yet it would make a very great difference to the standing of a boxer whether he should be regarded as the heaviest of the light-weights, or the lightest of the heavy-weights. One claimed to be ten-stone champion, another was ready to take on anything at eleven, but would not run to twelve, which would have brought the invincible Jem Belcher down upon him. Faulkner claimed to be champion of the seniors, and even old Buckhorse's curious call rang out above the tumult as he turned the whole company to laughter and good humour again by challenging anything over eighty and under seven stone.

But in spite of gleams of sunshine, there was thunder in the air, and Champion Harrison had just whispered in my ear that he was quite sure we should never get through the night without trouble, and was advising me, if it got very bad, to take refuge under the table, when the landlord entered the room hurriedly and handed a note to my uncle.

He read it, and then passed it to the Prince, who returned it with raised eyebrows and a gesture of surprise. Then my uncle rose with the scrap of paper in his hand and a smile upon his lips.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is a stranger waiting below who desires a fight to a finish with the best man in the room."

"HE ROSE WITH A SCRAP OF PAPER IN HIS HAND."

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGHT IN THE COACH-HOUSE.

THE curt announcement was followed by a moment of silent surprise, and then by a general shout of laughter. There might be argument as to who was champion at each weight; but there could be no question that all the champions of all the weights were seated round the tables. An audacious challenge which embraced them one and all, without regard to size or age, could hardly be regarded otherwise than as a joke—but it was a joke which might be a dear one for the joker.

"Is this genuine?" asked my uncle.

"Yes, Sir Charles," answered the landlord; "the man is waiting below."

"It's a kid!" cried several of the fighting-men. "Some cove is a gammonin' us."

"Don't you believe it," answered the landlord. "He's a real, slap-up Corinthian, by his dress; and he means what he says, or else I ain't no judge of a man."

My uncle whispered for a few moments with the Prince of Wales. "Well, gentlemen," said he, at last, "the night is still young, and if any of you should wish to show the company a little of your skill, you could not ask a better opportunity."

"What weight is he, Bill?" asked Jem Belcher.

"He's close on six foot, and I should put him well into the thirteen stones when he's buffed."

"Heavy metal!" cried Jackson. "Who takes him on?"

They all wanted to, from the nine-stone Dutch Sam upwards. The air was filled with their hoarse shouts and their arguments why each should be the chosen one. To fight when they were flushed with wine and ripe for mischief—above all, to fight before so select a company with the Prince himself at the ringside, was a chance which did not often come in their way. Only Jackson, Belcher, Mendoza, and one or two others of the senior and more famous men remained silent, thinking it beneath their dignity that they should condescend to so irregular a bye-battle.

"Well, you can't all fight him," remarked Jackson, when the babel had died away. "It's for the chairman to choose."

"Perhaps your Royal Highness has a preference," said my uncle.

"By Jove, I'd take him on myself if my position was different," said the Prince, whose face was growing redder and his eyes more glazed. "You've seen me with the mufflers, Jackson! You know my form!"

"I've seen your Royal Highness, and I have felt your Royal Highness," said the courtly Jackson.

"Perhaps Jem Belcher would give us an exhibition," said my uncle.

Belcher smiled and shook his handsome head.

"There's my brother Tom here has never been blooded in London yet, sir. He might make a fairer match of it."

"Give him over to me!" roared Joe Berks. "I've been waitin' for a turn all evenin', an' I'll fight any man that tries to take my place. 'E's my meat, my masters. Leave 'im to me if you want to see 'ow a calf's 'ead should be dressed. If you put Tom Belcher before me I'll fight Tom Belcher, an' for that matter I'll fight Jem Belcher, or Bill Belcher, or any other Belcher that ever came out of Bristol."

It was clear that Berks had got to the stage when he must fight someone. His heavy face was gorged and the veins stood out on his low forehead, while his fierce grey eyes looked viciously from man to man in quest of a quarrel. His great red hands were bunched into huge, gnarled fists, and he shook one of them menacingly as his drunken gaze swept round the tables.

"I think you'll agree with me, gentlemen, that Joe Berks would be all the better for some fresh air and exercise," said my uncle. "With the concurrence of His Royal Highness and of the company, I shall select him as our champion on this occasion."

"You do me proud," cried the fellow, staggering to his feet and pulling at his coat. "If I don't glut him within the five minutes, may I never see Shropshire again."

"Wait a bit, Berks," cried several of the amateurs. "Where's it going to be held?"

"Where you like, masters. I'll fight him in a sawpit, or on the outside of a coach if it please you. Put us toe to toe, and leave the rest with me."

"They can't fight here with all this litter," said my uncle. "Where shall it be?"

"'Pon my soul, Tregellis," cried the Prince, "I think our unknown friend might have a word to say upon that matter. He'll be vastly ill-used if you don't let him have his own choice of conditions."

"You are right, sir. We must have him up."

"That's easy enough," said the landlord, "for here he comes through the doorway."

I glanced round and had a side view of a tall and well-dressed young man in a long, brown travelling coat and a black felt hat. The next instant he had turned and I had clutched with both my hands on to Champion Harrison's arm.

"Harrison!" I gasped. "It's Boy Jim!"

And yet somehow the possibility and even the probability of it had occurred to me from the beginning, and I believe that it had to Champion Harrison also, for I had noticed that his face grew grave and troubled from the very moment that there was talk of the stranger below. Now, the instant that the buzz of surprise and admiration which was caused by Jim's face and figure had died away, Harrison was on his feet gesticulating in his excitement.

"It's my nephew Jim, gentlemen," he cried. "He's not twenty yet, and it's no doing of mine that he should be here."

"IT'S BOY JIM!"

"Let him alone, Harrison," cried Jackson. "He's big enough to take care of himself."

"This matter has gone rather far," said my uncle. "I think, Harrison, that you are too good a sportsman to prevent your nephew from showing whether he takes after his uncle."

"It's very different from me," cried Harrison, in great distress. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, gentlemen. I never thought to stand up in a ring again, but I'll take on Joe Berks with pleasure, just to give a bit o' sport to this company."

Boy Jim stepped across and laid his hand upon the prize-fighter's shoulder.

"It must be so, uncle," I heard him whisper. "I am sorry to go against your wishes, but I have made up my mind, and I must carry it through."

Harrison shrugged his huge shoulders.

"Jim, Jim, you don't know what you are doing! But I've heard you speak like that before, boy, and I know that it ends in your getting your way."

"I trust, Harrison, that your opposition is withdrawn?" said my uncle.

"Can I not take his place?"

"You would not have it said that I gave a challenge and let another carry it out?" whispered Jim. "This is my one chance. For Heaven's sake don't stand in my way."

The smith's broad and usually stolid face was all working with his conflicting emotions. At last he banged his fist down upon the table.

"It's no fault of mine!" he cried. "It was to be and it is. Jim, boy, for the Lord's sake remember your distances, and stick to outfightin' with a man that could give you a stone."

"I was sure that Harrison would not stand in the way of sport," said my uncle. "We are glad that you have stepped up, that we might consult you as to the arrangements for giving effect to your very sporting challenge."

"Who am I to fight?" asked Jim, looking round at the company, who were now all upon their feet.

"Young man, you'll know enough of who you 'ave to fight before you are through with it," cried Berks, lurching heavily through the crowd. "You'll need a friend to swear to you before I've finished, d'ye see?"

Jim looked at him with disgust in every line of his face.

"Surely you are not going to set me to fight a drunken man!" said he. "Where is Jem Belcher?"

"My name, young man."

"I should be glad to try you, if I may."

"You must work up to me, my lad. You don't take a ladder at one jump, but you do it rung by rung. Show yourself to be a match for me, and I'll give you a turn."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Jim.

"And I like the look of you, and wish you well," said Belcher, holding out his hand. They were not unlike each other, either in face or figure, though the Bristol man was a few years the older, and a murmur of critical

"JIM LOOKED AT HIM WITH DISGUST."

admiration was heard as the two tall, lithe figures, and keen, clean-cut faces were contrasted.

"Have you any choice where the fight takes place?" asked my uncle.

"I am in your hands, sir," said Jim.

"Why not go round to the Five's Court?" suggested Sir John Lade.

"Yes, let us all go to the Five's Court."

But this did not at all suit the views of the landlord, who saw in this lucky incident a chance of reaping a fresh harvest from his spendthrift company.

"If it please you," he cried, "there is no need to go so far. My coach-house at the back of the yard is empty, and a better place for a mill you'll never find."

There was a general shout in favour of the coach-house, and those who were nearest the door began to slip through, in the hope of securing the best places. My stout neighbour, Bill Warr, pulled Harrison to one side.

"I'd stop it if I were you," he whispered.

"I would if I could. It's no wish of mine that he should fight. But there's no turning him when once his mind is made up." All his own fights put together had never reduced the pugilist to such a state of agitation.

"Wait on 'im yourself, then, and chuck up the sponge when things begin to go wrong. You know Joe Berks's record?"

"He's since my time."

"Well, 'e's a terror, that's all. It's only Belcher that can master 'im. You see the man for yourself, six foot, fourteen stone, and full of the devil. Belcher's beat 'im twice, but the second time 'e 'ad all 'is work to do it."

"Well, well, we've got to go through with it. You've not seen Boy Jim put his mawleys up, or maybe you'd think better of his chances. When he was short of sixteen he licked the Cock of the South Downs, and he's come on a long way since then."

The company was swarming through the door and clattering down the stair, so we followed in the stream. A fine rain was falling, and the yellow lights from the windows glistened upon the wet cobblestones of the yard. How welcome was that breath of sweet, damp air after the fetid atmosphere of the supper-room. At the other end of the yard was an open door sharply outlined by the gleam of lanterns within, and through this they poured, amateurs and fighting-men jostling each other in their eagerness to get to the front. For my own part, being a smallish man, I should have seen nothing had I not found an upturned bucket in a corner, upon which I perched myself with the wall at my back.

It was a large room with a wooden floor and an open square in the ceiling, which was fringed with the heads of the ostlers and stable boys who were looking down from the harness-room above. A carriage lamp was slung in each corner, and a very large stable lantern hung from a rafter in the centre. A coil of rope had been brought in, and under the direction of Jackson four men had been stationed to hold it.

"What space do you give them?" asked my uncle.

"Twenty-four, as they are both big ones, sir."

"Very good, and half-minutes between rounds, I suppose? I'll umpire if Sir Lothian Hume will do the same, and you can hold the watch and referee, Jackson."

With great speed and exactness every preparation was rapidly made by these experienced men. Mendoza and Dutch Sam were commissioned to attend to Berks, while Belcher and Champion Harrison did the same for Boy Jim. Sponges, towels, and some brandy in a bladder were passed over the heads of the crowd for the use of the seconds.

"Here's our man," cried Belcher. "Come along, Berks, or we'll go to fetch you."

Jim appeared in the ring stripped to the waist, with a coloured handkerchief tied round his middle. A shout of admiration came from the spectators as they looked upon the fine lines of his figure, and I found myself roaring with the rest. His shoulders were sloping rather than bulky, and his chest was deep rather than broad, but the muscle was all in the right place, rippling down in long, low curves from neck to shoulder and from shoulder to elbow. His work at the anvil had developed his arms to their utmost, and his healthy country living gave a sleek gloss to his ivory skin, which shone in the lamplight. His expression was full of spirit and confidence, and he wore a grim sort of half-smile which I had seen many a time in our boyhood, and which meant, I knew, that his pride had set iron hard, and that his senses would fail him long before his courage.

"JIM APPEARED IN THE RING."

Joe Berks in the meanwhile had swaggered in and stood with folded arms between his seconds in the opposite corner. His face had none of the eager alertness of his opponent, and his skin, of a dead white, with heavy folds about the chest and ribs, showed even to my inexperienced eyes that he was not a man who should fight without training. A life of toping and ease had left him flabby and gross. On the other hand, he was famous for his mettle and for his hitting power, so that, even in the face of the advantages of youth and condition, the betting was three to one in his favour. His heavy-jowled, clean-shaven face expressed ferocity as well as courage, and he stood with his small, blood-shot eyes fixed viciously upon Jim, and his lumpy shoulders stooping a little forwards, like a fierce hound straining on a leash.

The hubbub of the betting had risen until it drowned all other sounds, men shouting their opinions from one side of the coach-house to the other, and waving their hands to attract attention, or as a sign that they had accepted a wager. Sir John Lade, standing just in front of me, was roaring out the odds against Jim, and laying them freely with those who fancied the appearance of the unknown.

"I've seen Berks fight," said he to the Honourable Berkeley Craven. "No country hawbuck is going to knock out a man with such a record."

"He may be a country hawbuck," the other answered, "but I have been reckoned

a judge of anything either on two legs or four, and I tell you, Sir John, that I never saw a man who looked better breed in my life. Are you still laying against him?"

"Three to one."

"Have you once in hundreds."

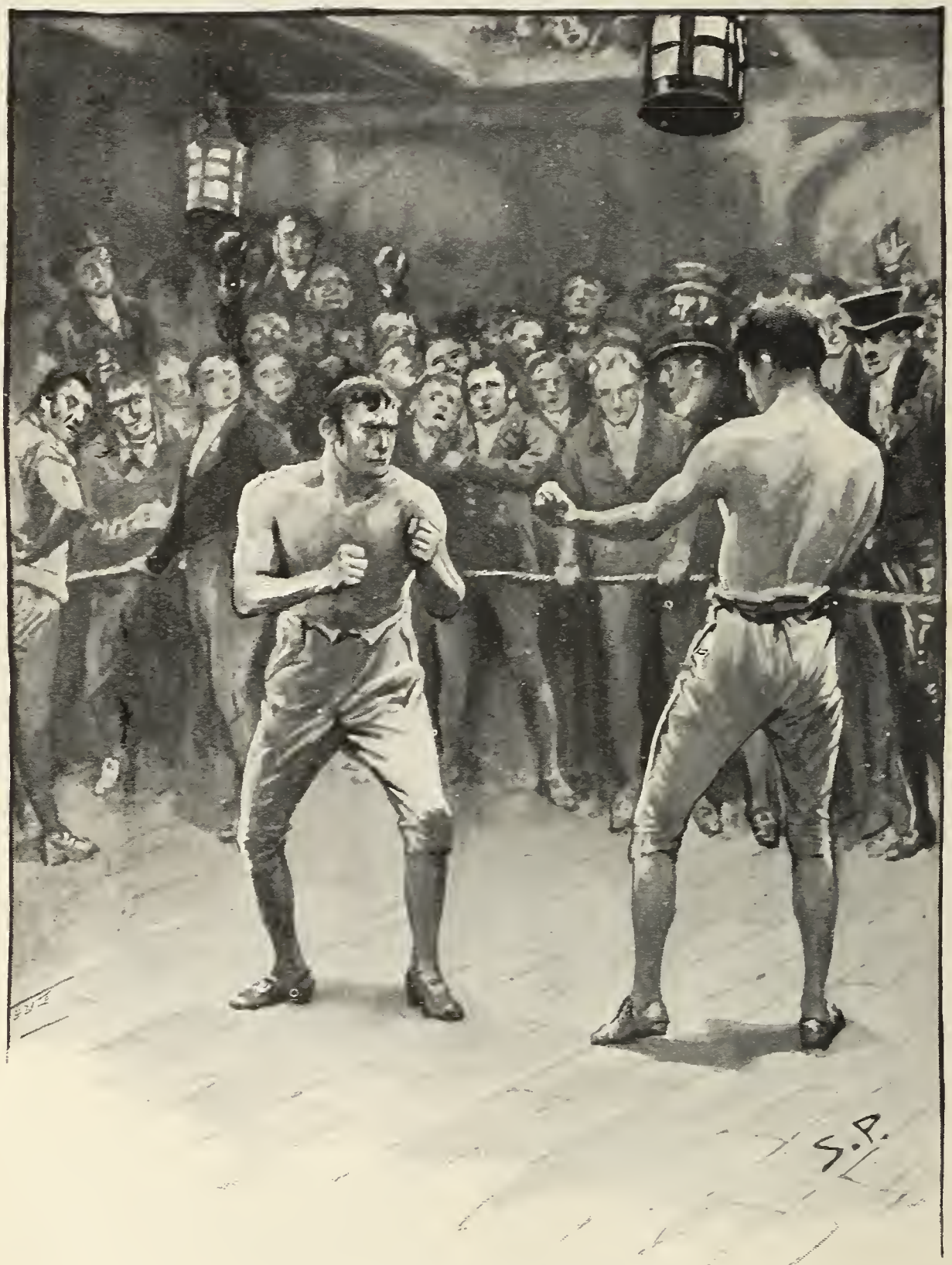
"Very good, Craven! There they go! Berks! Berks! Bravo! Berks! Bravo! I think, Craven, that I shall trouble you for that hundred."

The two men had stood up to each other, Jim as light upon his feet as a goat, with his left well out and his right thrown across the hitting, bored Jim down into his corner. It was a backward slip rather than a knock-down, but a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of Jim's mouth. In an instant the seconds had seized their men and carried them back into their corners.

"Do you mind doubling our bet?" said Berkeley Craven, who was craning his neck to get a glimpse of Jim.

"Four to one on Berks! Four to one on Berks!" cried the ringsiders.

"The odds have gone up, you see. Will you have four to one in hundreds?"



"THEY WERE AT IT AGAIN."

lower part of his chest, while Berks held both arms half extended and his feet almost level, so that he might lead off with either side. For an instant they looked each other over, and then Berks, ducking his head and rushing in with a hand-over-hand style of

"Very good, Sir John."

"You seem to fancy him more for having been knocked down."

"He was pushed down, but he stopped every blow, and I liked the look on his face as he got up again."

"Well, it's the old stager for me. Here they come again! He's got a pretty style, and he covers his points well, but it isn't the best looking that wins."

They were at it again, and I was jumping about upon my bucket in my excitement. It was evident that Berks meant to finish the battle off-hand, whilst Jim, with two of the most experienced men in England to advise him, was quite aware that his correct tactics were to allow the ruffian to expend his strength and wind in vain. There was something horrible in the ferocious energy of Berks's hitting, every blow fetching a grunt from him as he smashed it in, and after each I gazed at Jim, as I have gazed at a stranded vessel upon the Sussex beach when wave after wave has roared over it, fearing each time that I should find it horribly mangled. But still the lamplight shone upon the lad's clear, alert face, upon his well-opened eyes and his firm-set mouth, while the blows were taken upon his forearm or allowed, by a quick duck of the head, to whistle over his shoulder. But Berks was artful as well as violent. Gradually he worked Jim back into an angle of the ropes from which there was no escape, and then, when he had him fairly penned, he sprang upon him like a tiger. What happened was so quick that I cannot set its sequence down in words, but I saw Jim make a quick stoop under the swinging arms, and at the same instant I heard a sharp, ringing smack, and there was Jim dancing about in the middle of the ring, and Berks lying upon his side on the floor, with his hand to his eye.

How they roared! Prize-fighters, Corinthians, Prince, stable-boy, and landlord were all shouting at the top of their lungs. Old Buckhorse was skipping about on a box beside me, shrieking out criticisms and advice in strange, obsolete ring-jargon, which no one could understand. His dull eyes were shining, his parchment face was quivering with excitement, and his strange musical call rang out above all the hubbub. The two men were hurried to their corners, one second sponging them down whilst the other flapped a towel in front of their faces, whilst they, with arms hanging down and legs extended, tried to draw all the air they could into their lungs in the brief space allowed them.

"Where's your country hawbuck now?" cried Craven, triumphantly. "Did ever you witness anything more masterly?"

"He's no Johnny Raw, certainly," said Sir John, shaking his head. "What odds are you giving on Berks, Lord Sele?"

"Two to one."

"I take you twice in hundreds."

"Here's Sir John Lade hedging!" cried my uncle, smiling back at us over his shoulder.

"Time!" said Jackson, and the two men sprang forward to the mark again.

This round was a good deal shorter than that which had preceded it. Berks's orders evidently were to close at any cost, and so make use of his extra weight and strength before the superior condition of his antagonist could have time to tell. On the other hand, Jim, after his experience in the last round, was less disposed to make any great exertion to keep him at arms' length. He led at Berks's head, as he came rushing in, and missed him, receiving a severe body blow in return which left the imprint of four angry knuckles above his ribs. As they closed Jim caught his opponent's bullet head under his arm for an instant, and put a couple of half-arm blows in, but the prize-fighter pulled him over by his weight, and the two fell panting side by side upon the ground. Jim sprang up, however, and walked over to his corner, while Berks, distressed by his evening's dissipation, leaned one arm upon Mendoza and the other upon Dutch Sam as he made for his seat.

"Bellows to mend!" cried Jem Belcher. "Where's the four to one now?"

"Give us time to get the lid off our pepper-box," said Mendoza. "We mean to make a night of it."

"Looks like it," cried Jack Harrison. "He's shut one of his eyes already. Even money that my boy wins it!"

"How much?" asked several voices.

"Two pound four and threepence," cried Harrison, counting out all his worldly wealth.

"Time!" said Jackson once more.

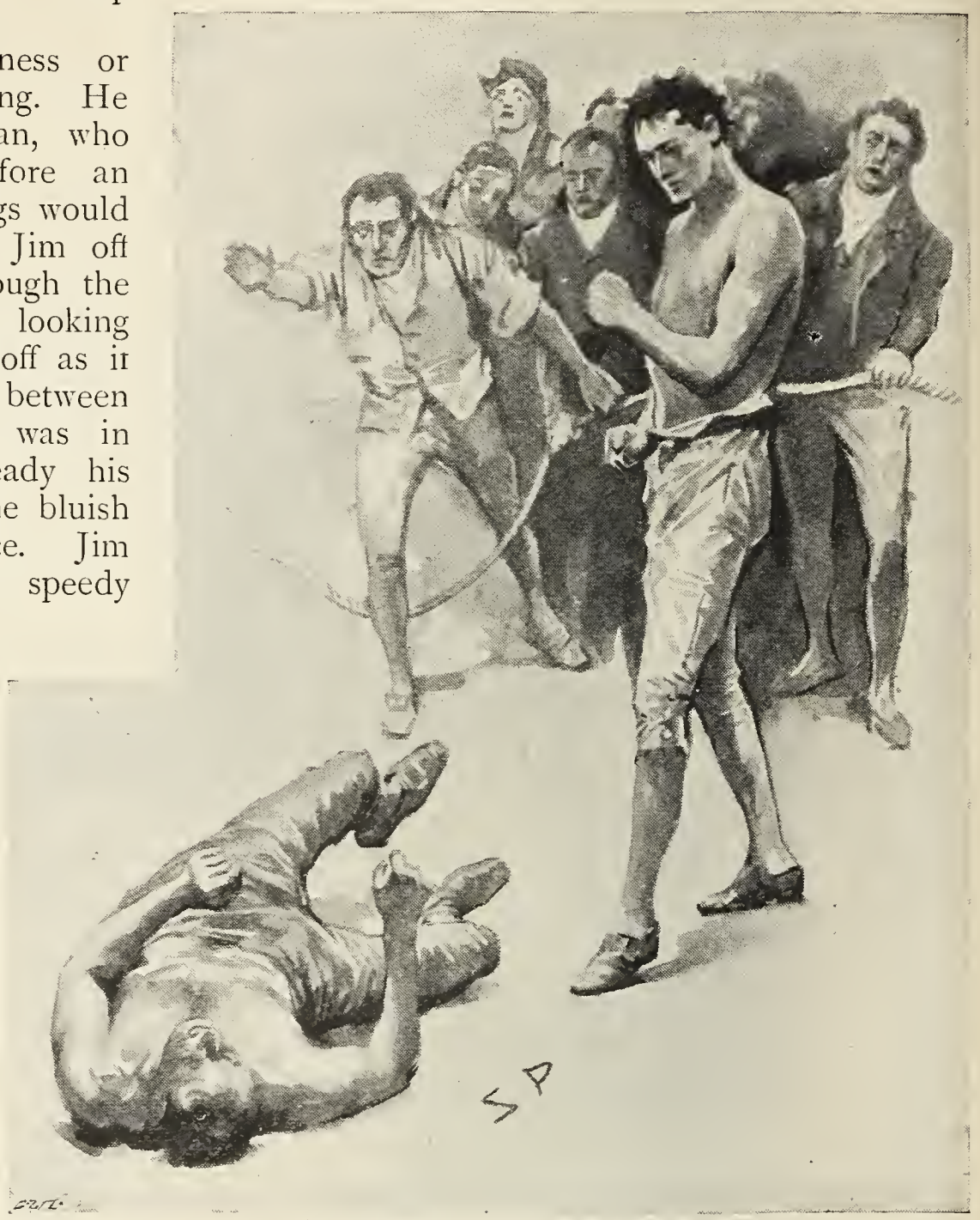
They were both at the mark in an instant, Jim as full of sprightly confidence as ever, and Berks with a dogged grin upon his bulldog face and a most vicious gleam in the only eye which was of use to him. His half-minute had not enabled him to recover his breath, and his huge, hairy chest was rising and falling with a quick, loud panting like a spent hound. "Go in, boy! Bustle him!" roared Harrison and Belcher. "Get your wind, Joe; get your wind!" cried the Jews. So now we had a reversal of tactics, for it was Jim who went in to hit with all the vigour of his young strength and unimpaired energy, while it was the savage Berks who was paying his debt to Nature for the many injuries which he had done her. He gasped,

he gurgled, his face grew purple in his attempts to get his breath, while with his long left arm extended and his right thrown across, he tried to screen himself from the attack of his wiry antagonist. "Drop when he hits!" cried Mendoza. "Drop and have a rest!"

But there was no shyness or shiftiness about Berks's fighting. He was always a gallant ruffian, who disdained to go down before an antagonist as long as his legs would sustain him. He propped Jim off with his long arm, and though the lad sprang lightly round him looking for an opening, he was held off as if a forty-inch bar of iron were between them. Every instant now was in favour of Berks, and already his breathing was easier and the bluish tinge fading from his face. Jim knew that his chance of a speedy victory was slipping away from him, and he came back again and again as swift as a flash to the attack without being able to get past the passive defence of the trained fighting-man. It was at such a moment that ringcraft was needed, and luckily for Jim two masters of it were at his back.

"Get your left on his mark, boy," they shouted, "then go to his head with the right."

Jim heard and acted on the instant. Plunk! came his left just where his antagonist's ribs curved from his breast-bone. The force of the blow was half broken by Berks's elbow, but it served its purpose of bringing forward his head. Spank! went the right, with the clear, crisp sound of two billiard balls clapping together, and Berks reeled, flung up his arms, spun round, and fell in a huge, fleshy heap upon the floor. His seconds were on him instantly, and propped him up in a sitting position, his head rolling helplessly from one shoulder to the other, and finally toppling backwards with his chin pointed to the ceiling. Dutch Sam thrust the brandy-bladder between his teeth, while Mendoza shook him savagely and howled insults in his ear, but neither the spirits nor the sense of injury could break into that serene insensibility. "Time!" was duly called, and the Jews, seeing that the affair was over, let their man's head fall back with a crack upon the floor, and there he lay, his huge arms and legs asprawl, whilst the Corinthians and fighting-men crowded past him to shake the hand of his conqueror.



"BERKS SPUN ROUND AND FELL."

For my part, I tried also to press through the throng, but it was no easy task for one of the smallest and weakest men in the room. On all sides of me I heard a brisk discussion from amateurs and professionals of Jim's performance and of his prospects.

"He's the best bit of new stuff that I've seen since Jem Belcher fought his first fight with Paddington Jones at Wormwood Scrubbs four years ago last April," said Berkeley Craven. "You'll see him with the belt round his waist before he's five-and-twenty, or I am no judge of a man."

"That handsome face of his has cost me a cool five hundred," grumbled Sir John Lade. "Who'd have thought he was such a punishing hitter?"

"For all that," said another, "I am confident that if Joe Berks had been sober he would have eaten him. Besides, the lad was in training, and the other would burst like an overdone potato if he were hit. I never saw a man so soft, or with his wind in such condition. Put the men in training, and it's a horse to a hen on the bruiser."

Some agreed with the last speaker and some were against him, so that a brisk argument was being carried on around me. In the midst of it the Prince took his departure, which was the signal for the greater part of the company to make for the door. In this way I was able at last to reach the corner where Jim had just finished his dressing, while Champion Harrison, with tears of joy still shining upon his cheeks, was helping him on with his overcoat.

"In four rounds!" he kept repeating in a sort of an ecstasy. "Joe Berks in four rounds! And it took Jem Belcher fourteen!"

"Well, Roddy," cried Jim, holding out his hand, "I told you that I would come to London and make my name known."

"It was splendid, Jim!"

"Dear old Roddy! I saw your white face staring at me from the corner. You are not changed, for all your grand clothes and your London friends."

"It is you who are changed, Jim," said I; "I hardly knew you when you came into the room."

"Nor I," cried the smith. "Where got you all these fine feathers, Jim? Sure I am that it was not your aunt who helped you to the first step towards the prize-ring."

"Miss Hinton has been my friend—the best friend I ever had."

"Humph! I thought as much," grumbled the smith. "Well, it is no doing of mine, Jim, and you must bear witness to that when we go home again. I don't know what—but, there, it is done, and it can't be helped. After all, she's—now the deuce take my clumsy tongue!"

I could not tell whether it was the wine which he had taken at supper or the excitement of Boy Jim's victory which was affecting Champion Harrison, but his usually placid face wore a most disturbed expression, and his manner seemed to betray an alternation of exultation and embarrassment. Jim looked curiously at him, wondering evidently what it was that lay behind these abrupt sentences and sudden silences. The coach-house had in the meantime been cleared; Berks with many curses had staggered at last to his feet, and had gone off in company with two other bruisers, while Jem Belcher alone remained chatting very earnestly with my uncle.

"Very good, Belcher," I heard my uncle say.

"It would be a real pleasure to me to do it, sir," said the famous prize-fighter, as the two walked towards us.

"I wished to ask you, Jim Harrison, whether you would undertake to be my champion in the fight against Crab Wilson of Gloucester?" said my uncle.

"THERE ARE HEAVY STAKES UPON THE EVENT."

"That is what I want, Sir Charles—to have a chance of fighting my way upwards."

"There are heavy stakes upon the event—very heavy stakes," said my uncle. "You will receive two hundred pounds, if you win. Does that satisfy you?"

"I shall fight for the honour, and because I wish to be thought worthy of being matched against Jem Belcher."

Belcher laughed good-humouredly.

"You are going the right way about it, lad," said he. "But you had a soft thing on to-night with a drunken man who was out of condition."

"I did not wish to fight him," said Jim, flushing.

"Oh, I know you have spirit enough to fight anything on two legs. I knew that the instant I clapped eyes on you; but I want you to remember that when you fight Crab Wilson, you will fight the most promising man from the west, and that the best man of the west is likely to be the best man in England. He's as quick and as long in the reach as you are, and he'll train himself to the last half-ounce of tallow. I tell you this now, d'ye see, because if I'm to have the charge of you——"

"Charge of me!"

"Yes," said my uncle. "Belcher has consented to train you for the coming battle if you are willing to enter."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," cried Jim, heartily. "Unless my uncle should wish to train me, there is no one I would rather have."

"Nay, Jim; I'll stay with you a few days, but Belcher knows a deal more about training than I do. Where will the quarters be?"

"I thought it would be handy for you if we fixed it at the 'George,' at Crawley. Then, if we have choice of place, we might choose Crawley Down, for, except Molesey Hurst and, maybe, Smitham Bottom, there isn't a spot in the country that would compare with it for a mill. Do you agree to that?"

"With all my heart," said Jim.

"Then you're my man from this hour on, d'ye see?" said Belcher. "Your food is mine, and your drink is mine, and your sleep is mine, and all you've to do is just what you are told. We haven't an hour to lose, for Wilson has been in half-training this month back. You saw his empty glass to-night."

"Jim's fit to fight for his life at the present moment," said Harrison. "But we'll both come down with you to Crawley, to-morrow. So good-night, Sir Charles."

"Good-night, Roddy," said Jim. "You'll come down to Crawley and see me at my training quarters, will you not?"

And I heartily promised that I would.

"You must be more careful, nephew," said my uncle, as we rattled home in his model *vis-à-vis*. "*En première jeunesse* one is a little inclined to be ruled by one's heart rather than by one's reason. Jim Harrison seems to be a most respectable young fellow, but after all he is a blacksmith's apprentice, and a candidate for the prize-ring. There is a vast gap between his position and that of my own blood relation, and you must let him feel that you are his superior."

"He is the oldest and dearest friend that I have in the world, sir," I answered. "We were boys together, and have never had a secret from each other. As to showing him that I am his superior, I don't know how I can do that, for I know very well that he is mine."

"Hum!" said my uncle, drily, and it was the last word that he addressed to me that night.

(To be continued.)

Curiosities of Angling.

By Framley Steelcroft.

NOTHING is so universal as a hobby. The *haut ton* of New Guinea collect human heads, and would doubtless marvel greatly on learning that we tamely confine our energies to autographs, foreign stamps, and things of that sort. Now, angling may be defined as the collecting of fish in a pleasurable and scientific manner; and unquestionably the gentle art exercises strange fascination over all classes—statesmen, poets, artists, authors. The Princess of Wales herself is a pronounced expert in wielding the rod and landing trout or even salmon.

Chantrey declared that the taking of two salmon in one morning gave him more satisfaction than the completion of his best statue. Nelson continued to fish with the left hand after he had lost the right; and Gordon Cumming preferred gaffing a Tweed salmon to an elephant or rhinoceros hunt in the heart of Equatorial Africa. Again, Sir Walter Scott (ever an enthusiastic angler), when he tried to form an idea of Paradise, always imagined a trout stream running through it.

One more instance. The theologian and philosopher, Paley, was one day asked by the Bishop of Durham when one of his most important works was likely to be finished. "My lord," replied Paley, earnestly, "I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over."

Pondering these things, I came to think — like the lady at the palmist's—that "there must be something in it." Accordingly, I approached one of the foremost English angling clubs—The Piscatorial Society — and periodically cross-examined its members after the manner of a special correspondent in an Armenian village. The president of the society, Mr. T. R. Sachs, whose portrait is given on this page in the robes of immortal Izaak, is the *doyen* of the angling fraternity — a mine of anecdote and wonderful adventure, mainly Piscatorial; he is now eighty-two. Mr. Sachs is now the only living angler who is allowed to fish in the Serpentine; and his permit, dated from Cambridge House, 8th of June, 1846, and signed "Adolphus, Ranger," is before me as I write.

The Piscatorial Society was established on October 16th, 1836, having first met at a house in South Audley Street. There were then only about a dozen members; and the regulations respecting "fish to be preserved at the expense of the society" contain some funny reading—especially those dealing with half-ounce prickle-backs and two-ounce minnows. Fancy sending these to Rowland Ward! Very different, indeed, are the specimens that now adorn the walls of the society's museum at the Holborn Restaurant; and several of these figure in the following pages, accompanied by the details of their capture.

MR. T. R. SACHS, PRESIDENT OF THE PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.

The very first Rhine salmon caught with rod and line fell to the venerable president of the Piscatorial Society, who has followed the gentle art in many lands. It was near Schaffhausen; and this particular fish weighed 16½lb. So extraordinary was the feat considered by the English, American, French, and Swiss visitors, that the hotel-keeper effusively

MR. SACHS' PIKE-PERCH, CAUGHT IN THE ELBE.

knocked three francs in the pound off Mr. Sachs' bill, chiefly in consideration of the great advertisement gained.

Another of the president's fish is the weird-looking pike-perch shown in the next illustration. In 1865 Mr. Sachs went to Heidelberg to bring home his eldest son, who was studying at the famous University. From Heidelberg the two went on to Leipsic, and from there to Dresden. Here the old man resolved to fish in the Elbe, so, armed with a general rod and a fly-rod, the two made their way about three miles up the stream. Presently they came upon some men fishing in primitive style, their apparatus consisting of a pole, a string, a float, and a worm. Like the apostles on a memorable occasion, they had laboured long and caught nothing—or next to nothing.

"I promptly set to work with my 'paternoster,'" remarked Mr. Sachs: "that's a line with three hooks; my bait was dace or bleak. I caught a lot of trout, and gave them away to my fellow-fishers, who displayed great astonishment at the sight of such big fish. This astonishment grew greater as the items of my 'take' increased in size; and when I pulled out this 9lb. pike-perch, you would have thought it was a sperm whale, so great was the fuss those fellows made.

"In his haste to examine my prize, one man actually fell into the Elbe with a terrific splash, and certainly would have been drowned had not my son 'fished' him with the fly-rod until assistance could be procured. Worse still, these men, to whom I had presented most of my catch, actually gave information to the police that I was fishing without a license; and shortly after they left me, a couple of detectives haled me before a magistrate, my son following with the rods and the pike-perch. I was, however, discharged with a caution."

Here is the presidential chair of the Piscatorial Society—a weighty piece of oak furniture, of decidedly "fishy" design, dating back for half a century. The framework of the back represents bundles of rods; so do the front legs. The president's arms rest on a brace of truculent-looking jack; and the back panel is quite a Piscatorial picture in carved oak. Next is shown the quaint loving-cup of the society, and the chairman's hammers—all three fashioned from the heads of real fish. The silver cup itself reposes in the capacious mouth of a

THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR; PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.

THE LOVING-CUP AND CHAIRMAN'S HAMMERS; PISCATORIAL SOCIETY.

20lb. jack. Startling fishing stories are not, as a general rule, conspicuously veracious — especially when narrated by gentlemen who take part in that mysterious function known as a "peg-down match." This contest is usually held by non-aristocratic clubs. Each member has a station "pegged out," or allocated to him, and there he is supposed to fish all day for dear life and, perhaps, a Colonial joint. A pistol-shot is the signal to commence, and a bell is rung when the "match" is over. The catches are then weighed at the inn, and prizes awarded—nothing fantastic, mind you, but something useful in the way of blankets, potatoes, or coals.

During many such matches liquor is consumed in large or small quantities—generally large. The writer of this article himself attended one of these interesting events at Ware. The anglers, on taking their stations, merely placed their rods in position, and then cast about them for means to beguile the tedium of waiting for a bite. They jumped ditches, being then greatly exhilarated; they boxed, ran races, stalked bulls in the adjacent meadows, and finally fought gamely among themselves. They did everything, in fact — except fish; and on climbing into the brake for the homeward journey, everybody declared it had been a most successful day.

I was speaking of "tall" angling stories; but every one of the 22,000 fishermen in London will bear me out when I say that anglers do occasionally have some surprising adventures which are absolutely authentic, as well as very remarkable.

Mr. Sachs was out fishing one day with Rolfe, the artist, when a huge pike took both their baits simultaneously. It was Sachs who struck, however, consequently the fish was his. It is shown in the accompanying reproduction, and is known to members of the Piscatorial Society (in whose museum it is placed) by the name of the "Union Jack Pike." The largest pike the president remembers was one of 82lb., caught in Lake Constance. It was for some time kept in a moat round a castle, and thousands came to see it. This monster, nearly 6ft. long, was ultimately served up at a banquet given to the Austrian Emperor; and although Mr. Sachs tried hard to secure the head for the society's museum, he did not succeed in obtaining any relic of that giant pike.

This veteran angler was one day fishing for codlings from the end of Deal Pier, and had secured quite a number, when he missed a thirty-guinea diamond ring from the third finger of his left hand. This ring being an heirloom, Mr. Sachs resolved to send to London for a diver, so that the bottom of the sea thereabouts might be searched. Next day, however, the missing ring was found inside one of the codlings, into whose mouth it had dropped during the process of unhooking. Many similar instances—more or less true—are recorded; but this is absolutely authentic.

Mr. Sachs was one day fishing at Laleham with Mr. William Maxwell, the well-known law publisher, and former president of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. The latter, being then an unsophisticated fisher-

THE "UNION JACK" PIKE.

man, did actually hook a big pike and lost it. His line got entangled in some bushes and the rod broke. Next day Mr. Sachs caught the very same fish—a twelve-pounder—in the very same spot. How did he recognise it? Well, there was Mr. Maxwell's tackle hanging from the pike's mouth! This reminds me that all manner of queer things have been found in captured pikes—tooth-brushes (a Piscatorial dandy, surely!), bits of glass, and metal fragments of watch-chains, and lots of impotent hooks. And I may say that herein lies one of the great temptations of the Piscatorial story-teller. Yet there are perfectly well-authenticated instances of pikeish voracity. A member of the society once took an 18lb. pike in Gloucestershire, by trolling; and inside this fish was found one of its own species, undigested, weighing 4lb. More extraordinary still, a 1lb. fish was further discovered in the stomach of the 4lb. pike; so that the angler took three fish with the one bait.

On another occasion a large pike was caught in the Ouse; it weighed 28lb., and was sold for a guinea to a certain gentleman, whose cook found in it a watch with black ribbon and keys attached. The maker's name was on the dial, and when inquiries were made, it transpired that the watch had belonged to a valet, out of employment, who had drowned himself in despair.

The next photograph reproduced shows the Ham Mill Pool on the Piscatorial Society's own water at Newbury, about fifteen

THE HAM MILL POOL; PISCATORIAL SOCIETY'S WATER AT NEWBURY.

miles from Reading. The society pays about £250 a year for two and a half miles of the Kennet; but it also rents water at Radlett—practically the only trout water within easy reach of London.

A fine basket of five trout, weighing altogether 20lb., was caught by the society's hon. secretary, Mr. W. T. Galloway, in two days in June, 1894. These five were the pick of some twenty fish taken while spinning and live-baiting the Ham Mill Pool. The others were returned to the water in accordance with those weight regulations that are so faithfully observed by all good anglers. "The capture of these trout," writes Mr. Galloway, "seemed to have cleared the way, as it were, for Mr. E. M. Mayes, who caught his eleven-pound fish the following week, in precisely the same spot."

The trout referred to is next shown; strictly speaking, it weighs 11¾lb. On the evening of June 24th, 1894, Mr. Mayes was fishing the mill pool near the Weir with a greenheart fly-rod, baited with a live gudgeon. His companions were also trying to tempt the big trout that had so often baffled them in the same spot, when they heard a great shout from Mayes. Leaving their own rods they went to his assistance, and then saw he had a big fish on. Immediately on striking, the trout went off down stream, making for a sunken willow about 40yds. away. Presently the miller and his men arrived on the scene, and shut down the two sluices of the weir. Beyond question this favoured the angler; and, after a few frantic rushes, Mr. Trout began to feel the heavy strain, and came quietly towards the excited fisherman. The moment the trout saw the landing net, however, he plunged madly for dear life, and another quarter of an hour's grand sport was obtained before the net could be slipped under him.

Mr. Mayes had only just joined the society, but it is often thus, as every angler knows. The merest tyro, taken out for a day's fishing, will often catch finer fish than the greatest expert that ever wielded the rod.

Almost every water known to a body of

MR. MAYES' TROUT; WEIGHT 11¾LB.

anglers contains a more or less mythical "big fish." This legend at one time attached to Elstree reservoir, and wonderful stories were told by Piscatorials concerning a gigantic pike that haunted that water. One angler after another related his adventures in search of that pike; and one day a particularly expert member, fishing with several others, roared out that he had the great fish "on." Without doubt he had cause for excitement, because the water was agitated and his rod bent to a perilous degree. The others were quite as excited as he, and they hastened to him with advice dictated by years of experience. "Keep him, Jones" (I will call this angler Jones); "play him—don't be in a hurry." Jones brought into play every device he knew. He must have travelled miles round that water, gesticulating strangely and working dreadfully hard. And for what? *An open carriage umbrella!* Yes, there it was, decorated here and there with the broken hooks and lines of bygone disappointed anglers. It was left for a dignified sportsman, of twenty years' experience, to fish up that hideous thing after a furious, scientific battle that lasted three-quarters of an hour.

Somewhat similarly, two Piscatorials were fishing for barbel at Richmond one day, when one of them suddenly declared he had the biggest barbel on record at the end of his line. It was a tin kettle! This brings me to comical catches—an interesting part of angling. Consider for a moment the accompanying illustration, which depicts an incident that actually happened. It is reproduced from an album of water-colour drawings belonging to the Piscatorial Society; and every pictorial anecdote is more than "founded on fact," with the exception of two or three caricatures. The society commissioned an artist to perpetuate in this way some of the most curious adventures of its members.

The swan incident is very curious. Three members of the society were one day bottom-fishing for jack, using live dace as bait; and when one of these anglers wound in his line the swan seized the bait, hook and all, greatly to its own detriment. But swans are often a nuisance to fishermen, as also are ducks; and here is a unique—and perfectly true—angling incident concerning one of the last-named birds. A couple of Piscatorial men were once assiduously fly-fishing, heedless of

"A QUEER FISH."

the unwelcome attention of half-a-dozen ducks. One of these, more daring than her fellows, *would* insist on investigating things; and at last the line accidentally passed across the bird, who suddenly turned round, twisted the gut about her own neck, and fixed the hook of the dropper-fly in her own breast. Thus entangled and hooked, she soon broke off the gut above the dropper, and sailed down the stream with the end of the fly trailing behind her in a manner that would have done credit to a veteran angler.

Naturally enough, the duck had not gone far before a trout of about a pound and a half took the fly effectually. Then commenced a most extraordinary struggle. Whenever the trout exerted itself, the duck's terror was most manifest; she fluttered her wings wildly, and dragged her "take" under some bushes, the human anglers following closely.

Presently, by chance, the gut that united unwilling angler and angled got across a branch that drooped into the water; whereupon the duck, taking advantage of the purchase given her in this way, dragged her fish from its hole and compelled it to show its head above water. At this point the spectators put an end to the novel contest by releasing the exhausted bird.

Sea-gulls and water-rats have also taken the bait; but here is a still more peculiar case of a queer catch in another element. One of my informants had occasion once to wade across a stream, carrying his rod on his shoulder. A brisk breeze presently carried out the spare line, fly-hooks and all; and immediately after, a *swallow*, evidently mistaking the hook for a real fly, snapped at it like lightning, and was made fast. More than this, many an amiable Piscatorial has become for the nonce a "fisher of men"; in other words, his hook has caught in the clothes of a drowned person. Such dismal "takes" are, of course, handed over to the police.

I reproduce here another of the cartoons in the Piscatorial Society's album; needless to say, it does *not* illustrate an actual incident. But it serves to emphasize the well-known solicitude displayed for his piscine charges by Mr. W. H. Brougham, the popular secretary of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. This corporate body, as is well known, is vested with power to search the well of any angler's punt in search of undersized fish; and if necessary it prosecutes those fisher-

FACSIMILE OF CARTOON FROM PISCATORIAL SOCIETY'S ALBUM.

MR. E. J. WALKER'S CHUB; WEIGHT 5LB. 12½OZ.

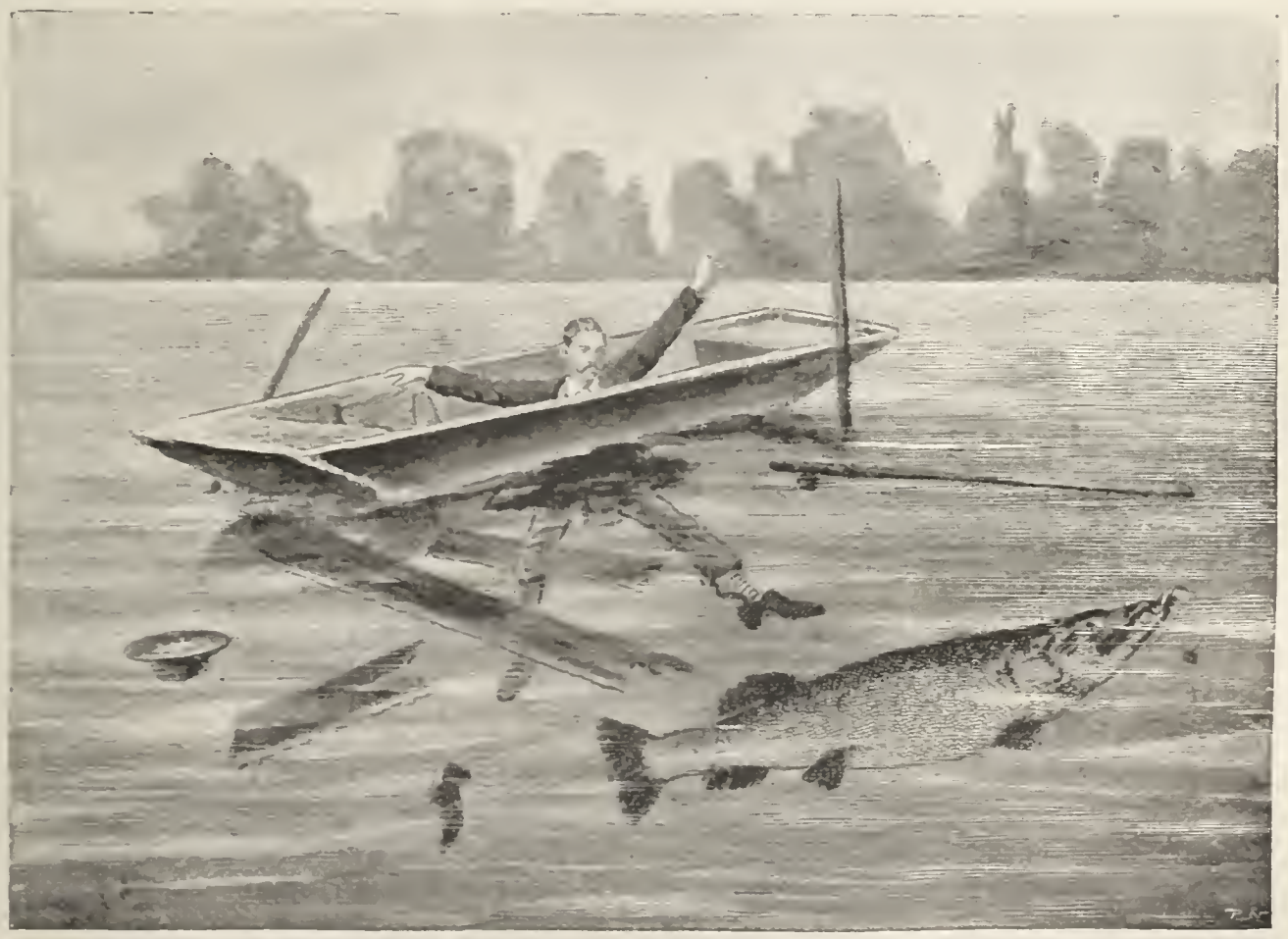
men who offend against the regulations. The T.A.P.S. employs a number of detectives who are known as river bailiffs; and it is owing to the exertions of similar societies that such enormities as shooting pike and salmon-spearing on horseback have been steadily discouraged.

The pastime of angling inculcates many virtues — especially patience. The fine chub shown in this photograph weighs 5lb. 12½oz.; and it was caught by Mr. E. J. Walker, an ardent Piscatorial member, after seven hours' steady fishing without a single bite. On being hooked, it went some twenty yards across the river, but immediately returned and plunged into a bed of weeds in three feet of water. "I put my two feet there, also," writes Mr. Walker, facetiously (they are jolly dogs, these anglers), "and slipped the net under my beauty in a moment."

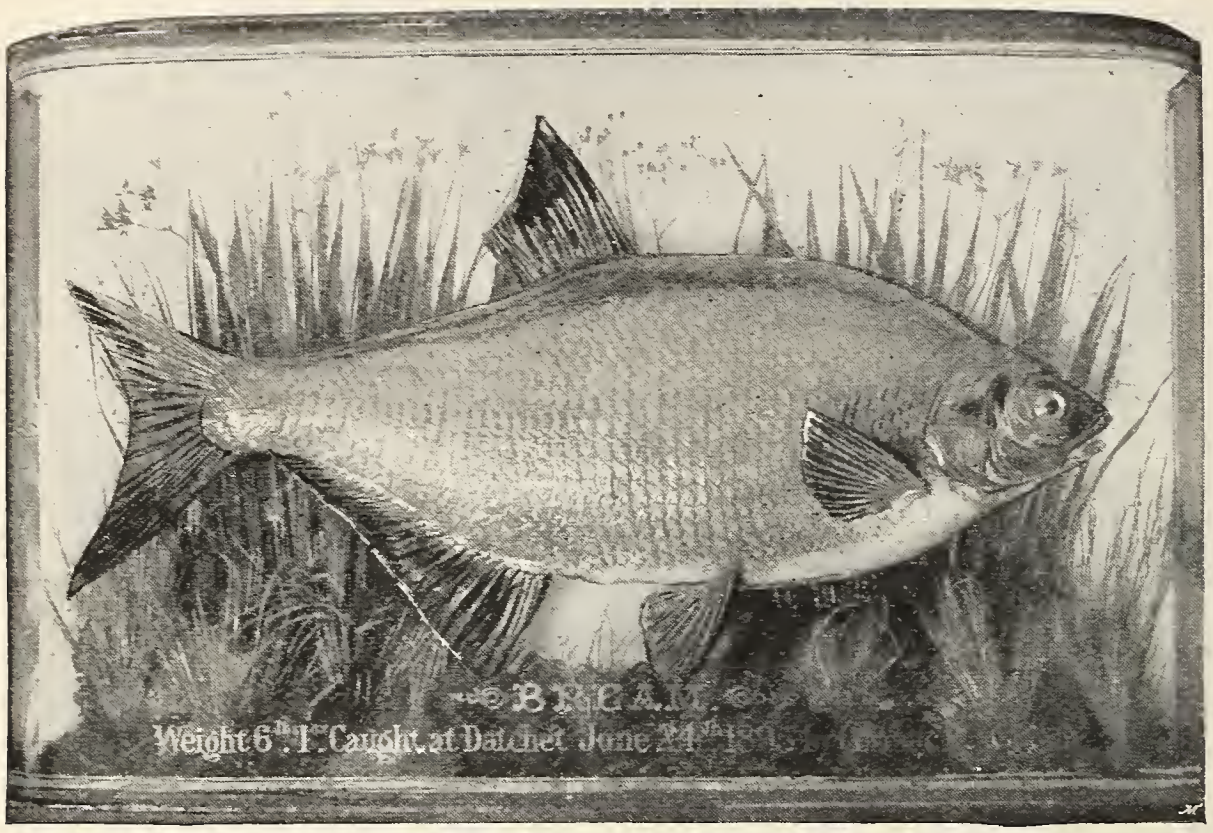
The fisherman's luck is exceedingly capricious; and it sometimes happens that the rod will catch fish on its own account. Another Piscatorial, Dr. Head, was one day fishing the Ham Mill Pool, and chanced to leave his rod on the weir for a few minutes, the line dangling in the water. When he came back the whole apparatus had vanished. About an hour after this, another member, Dr. Startin, also left *his* rod in the same place —quite unwittingly, though. This disappeared, too. Of course, then the forlorn anglers organized an expedition to search for those rods. They put off in a punt down stream, armed only with a hay-rake. Presently one of their number descried a wooden reel gyrating spasmodically in the water ahead. They pursued that reel, landed it with the hay-rake, and then recovered Dr. Startin's rod. The line was run right out, and on the end was a 7lb. trout, who was towing the whole concern. Dr. Head's rod was never recovered.

No one can appreciate an angler's enthusiasm but an angler. Men will wade for hours in a cold stream, hoping to catch a fish of decent size. One enthusiast was actually dragged off a precarious perch (a narrow plank bridge) by a big pike; and, notwithstanding his tumble into the river, he maintained his hold on his rod while he was actually towed a little way by the fish.

This leads up to another picture in the



ACTUAL RESULT OF A STRUGGLE WITH A BIG PIKE.



MR. CORMAC O'DOWD'S BREAM.

Piscatorial Society's album. The situation will be appreciated by non-anglers, also. This actually happened to a member while pike-fishing. So violently did the fish struggle, and so keen was the angler on its capture, that the bottom came out of the punt!

Next is seen a fine bream, one of three caught at Datchet, one morning before breakfast, by Mr. Cormac O'Dowd, the genial secretary of the Press Club. In the afternoon it weighed 6lb. 10oz., but at ten o'clock that night it only scaled 6lb. 1oz. Bream, it is well known, lose a great deal of weight after being caught; which reminds me of a curious story recorded in the minutes of the Piscatorial Society.

Two members were fishing the barbel competition together in the same punt; and one of them, in order to distinguish his own fish from his companion's, cut off each a portion of the tail fin. When the competitors' fish were weighed in that night, it was proved that if this marking process had not taken place, the angler would have won the first prize, his neighbour in the punt having beaten him by less than half an ounce. On another occasion, a couple of members were fishing the dace competition together; and they had such a grand day's sport that each felt confident of winning a prize. In the evening the big basket of fish was placed on the flat space at the head of the punt, when a passing steam launch caused such a wash that the precious basket was swept overboard into the river.

The last Piscatorial trophy shown is a splendid brace of barbel, caught by Mr. Woolley Kelsey in the society's own water at Newbury, in August, 1894. Here is Mr. Kelsey's own account of the capture: "I had often been told of the giant barbel that were sometimes seen disporting themselves in the Kennet; so, one glorious morning, I opened an attack upon them, or their humbler brethren; I was accompanied by a fellow-member. The water was slightly coloured and in fair quantity. I tackled the Mill Pool; and the miller amused me with incredible stories of the 20lb. barbel he had seen in that very spot. For two days I fruitlessly fished every inch of the pool, although I tried every known delicacy, from a paste of ancient Gorgonzola down to fresh, well-scoured lob-worms. On the third day I was on the spot at five o'clock in the

A SPLENDID BRACE OF BARBEL.

morning—and a raw morning it was for August. I put on a very fine and long Hercules gut cast, and threaded a tempting lob on a No. 1 Alcock round-bend hook. Soon the 'knock' came, and I answered; my reel whizzed as a big fish sailed off to the deep pool. It was useless to try to stop him; I could only hope that he would keep clear of the submerged piles. I dared not put any strain on my light tackle.

"At last the fish made for the river bank, thus enabling my friend to judge his size. The result was that my companion dashed off, with a shout, to the inn for a large landing net, and, on his return, we landed a splendid barbel of 10lb. 8oz., measuring 29in. After breakfast I had several smaller barbel of from 2lb. to 4½lb., returning to the water all under 3½lb.

"At last another big 'knock' was given, and away went yet another big fish into deep water. I had hard work to keep him clear of the piles and the bottom. Again I sent for the big net, but there was really no hurry, for the fish was game, if I may say so. Up and down the pool he careered, and then he tried the old plan of boring. When he was just on the bottom, I risked a smash, and put the strain on. My rod was a 10ft. light cane specially built for me, with a tapered thin plaited silk line; and the fine gut was simply perfection.

"My second big barbel was grassed after half an hour's hard fight. He weighed 12¾lb. and measured 33in. Altogether I took 40lb. weight of barbel that day in the pool."

The last illustration depicts the interesting process of weighing-in which takes place at the Piscatorial Society's head-quarters every Monday night. The hon. secretary, Mr. W. T. Galloway, notes the weights, the librarian weighs, and the curator of the museum stands by, on the look-out for record fish that may be preserved and hung on the walls.

WEIGHING IN THE FISH.

Transformation.

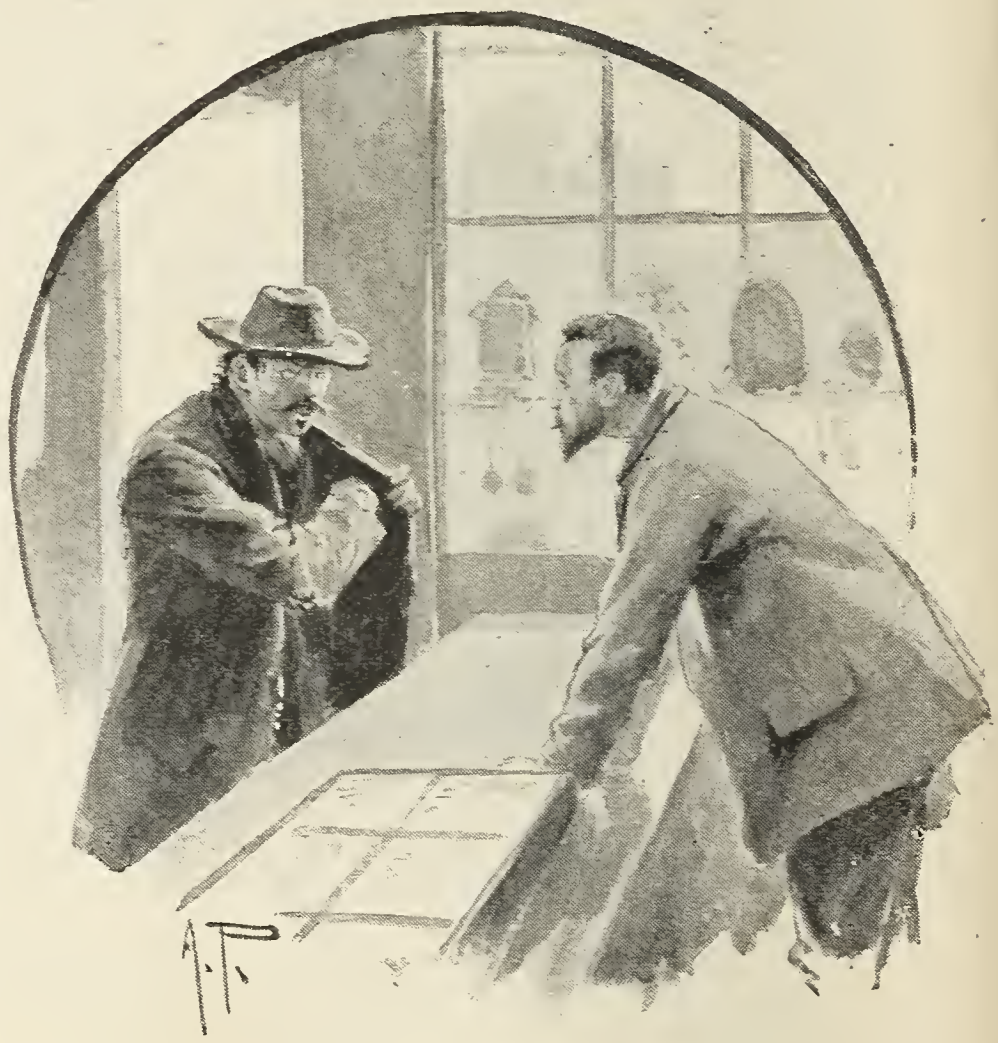
By Robert Barr.*

IF you grind castor sugar with an equal quantity of chlorate of potash, the result is an innocent-looking white compound, sweet to the taste, and sometimes beneficial in the case of a sore throat. But if you dip a glass rod in a small quantity of sulphuric acid, and merely touch the harmless-appearing mixture with the wet end of the rod, the dish which contains it becomes instantly a roaring furnace of fire, vomiting forth a fountain of burning balls, and filling the room with a dense, black, suffocating cloud of smoke.

So strange a combination is that mystery which we term Human Nature, that a touch of adverse circumstance may transform a quiet, peaceable, law-abiding citizen into a malefactor whose heart is filled with a desire for vengeance, stopping at nothing to accomplish it.

In a little narrow street off the broad Rue de Rennes, near the great terminus of Mont-Parnasse, stood the clock-making shop of the brothers Delore. The window was filled with cheap clocks, and, depending from a steel spring attached to the top of the door, was a bell which rang when anyone entered; for the brothers were working clock-makers, who were continually busy in the room at the back of the shop, and trade in the neighbourhood was not brisk enough to allow them to keep an assistant. The brothers had worked amicably in this small room for twenty years, and were reported by the denizens of that quarter of Paris to be enormously rich. They were certainly contented enough, and had plenty of money for their frugal wants, as well as for their occasional exceedingly mild dissipations at the neighbouring *café*. They had always a little money for the church, and a little money for charity, and no one had ever heard either of them speak a harsh word to any living soul, and least of all to each other. When the sensitively adjusted bell at the door announced the arrival of a possible customer, Adolph left his work and attended to the shop, while Alphonse continued his task without interruption. The former was supposed to be the better business man of the two, while the latter was admittedly the better workman. They had a room over the shop, and a small kitchen over the work-room at the back; but only one occupied the bedroom above, the other sleeping in the shop, as it was supposed that the wares there displayed must have formed an almost irresistible temptation to any thief desirous of accumulating a quantity of timepieces. The brothers took week-about at guarding the treasures below, but in all the twenty years no thief had yet disturbed their slumbers.

One evening, just as they were about to close the shop and adjourn together to the *café*, the bell rang, and Adolph went forward to learn what was wanted. He found waiting for him an unkempt individual of appearance so disreputable, that he at once made up his mind that here at last was the thief for whom they had waited so long in vain. The man's wild, roving eye, that seemed to search out every corner and cranny in the place and rest nowhere for longer than a second at a time, added to Delore's suspicions. The unsavoury visitor was evidently spying



"THE UNSAVOURY VISITOR WAS EVIDENTLY SPYING OUT THE LAND."

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out the land, and Adolph felt certain he would do no business with him at that particular hour, whatever might happen later.

The customer took from under his coat, after a furtive glance at the door of the back room, a small paper-covered parcel, and, untying the string somewhat hurriedly, displayed a crude piece of clockwork made of brass. Handing it to Adolph, he said, "How much would it cost to make a dozen like that?"

Adolph took the piece of machinery in his hand and examined it. It was slightly concave in shape, and among the wheels was a strong spring. Adolph wound up this spring, but so loosely was the machinery put together, that when he let go the key, the spring quickly uncoiled itself with a whirring noise of the wheels.

"This is very bad workmanship," said Adolph.

"It is," replied the man, who, notwithstanding his poverty-stricken appearance, spoke like a person of education. "That is why I come to you for better workmanship."

"What is it used for?"

The man hesitated for a moment. "It is part of a clock," he said at last.

"I don't understand it. I never saw a clock made like this."

"It is an alarm attachment," replied the visitor, with some impatience. "It is not necessary that you should understand it. All I ask is, can you duplicate it and at what price?"

"But why not make the alarm machinery part of the clock? It would be much cheaper than to make this and then attach it to a clock."

The man made a gesture of annoyance.

"Will you answer my question?" he said, gruffly.

"I don't believe you want this as part of a clock. In fact, I think I can guess why you came in here," replied Adolph, as innocent as a child of any correct suspicion of what the man was, thinking him merely a thief, and hoping to frighten him by this hint of his own shrewdness.

His visitor looked loweringly at him and then, with a quick eye, seemed to measure the distance from where he stood to the pavement, evidently meditating flight.

"I will see what my brother says about this," said Adolph. But before Adolph could call his brother, the man bolted and was gone in an instant, leaving the mechanism in the hands of the bewildered clockmaker.

Alphonse, when he heard the story of their belated customer, was even more convinced than his brother of the danger of the situation. The man was undoubtedly a thief, and the bit of clockwork merely an excuse for getting inside the fortress. The brothers, with much perturbation, locked up the establishment, and instead of going to their usual *café*, they betook themselves as speedily as possible to the office of the police, where they told their suspicions and gave a description of the supposed culprit. The officer seemed much impressed by their story.

"Have you brought with you the machine he showed you?"

"No. It is at the shop," said Adolph. "It was merely an excuse to get inside, I am sure of that, for no clockmaker ever made it."

"Perhaps," said the officer. "Will you go and bring it? Say nothing of this matter to anyone you meet, but wrap it up in paper and bring it as quickly and as quietly as you can. I would send a man with you, only I do not wish to attract attention."

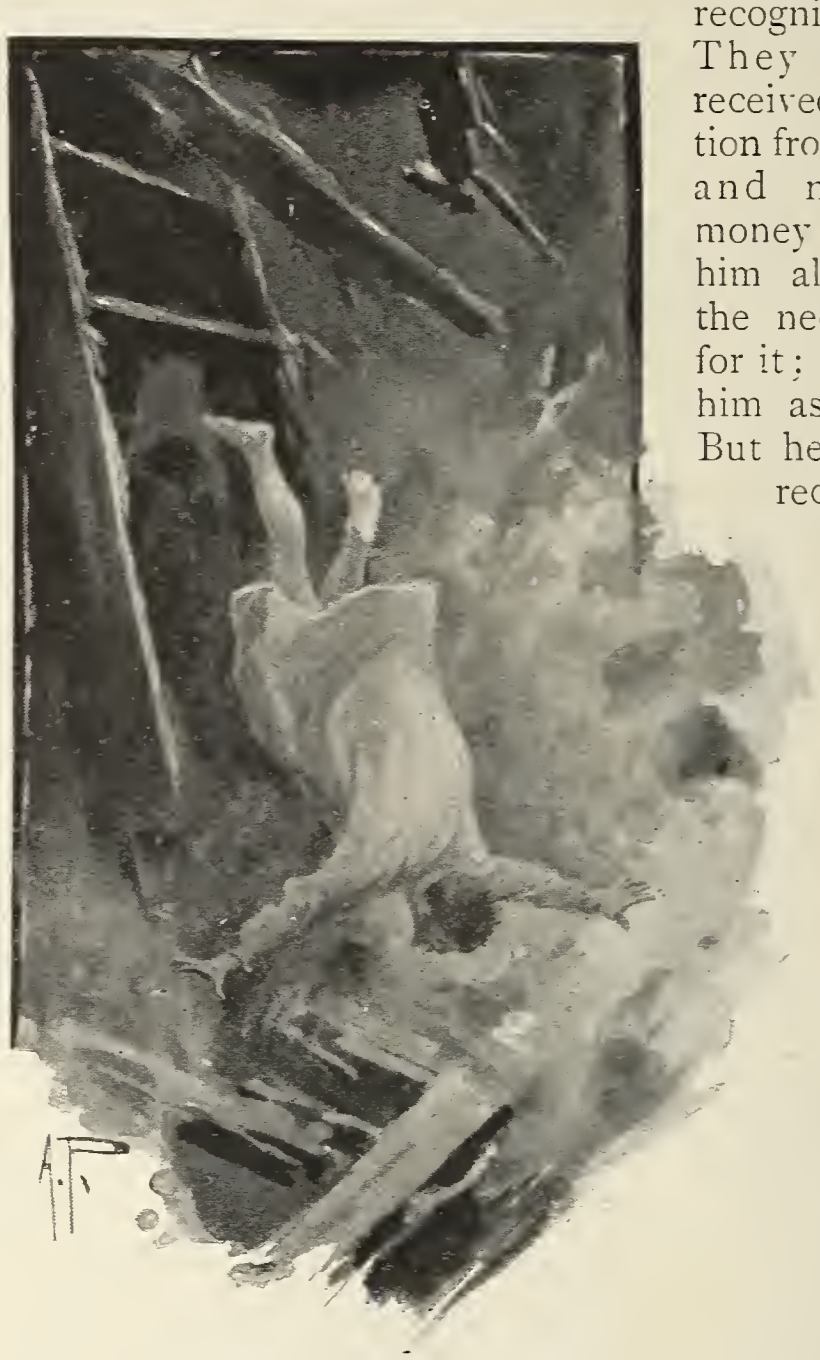
Before morning the man, who gave his name as Jacques Picard, was arrested, but the authorities made little by their zeal. Adolph Delore swore positively that Picard and his visitor were the same person, but the prisoner had no difficulty in proving that he was at a *café* two miles away at the time the visitor was in Delore's shop, while Adolph had to admit that the shop was rather dark when the conversation about the clockwork took place. Picard was ably defended, and his advocate submitted that, even if he had been in the shop as stated by Delore, and had bargained as alleged for the mechanism, there was nothing criminal in that, unless the prosecution could show that he intended to put what he bought to improper uses. As well arrest a man who entered to buy a key for his watch. So Picard was released, although the police, certain he was one of the men they wanted, resolved to keep a close watch on his future movements. But the suspected man, as if to save them unnecessary trouble, left two days later for London, and there remained.

For a week Adolph slept badly in the shop, for although he hoped the thief had been frightened away by the proceedings taken against him, still, whenever he fell asleep, he dreamt of burglars, and so awoke himself many times during the long nights.

When it came the turn of Alphonse to sleep in the shop, Adolph hoped for an undisturbed night's rest in the room above, but the Fates were against him. Shortly after midnight he was flung from his bed to the

floor, and he felt the house rocking as if an earthquake had passed under Paris. He got on his hands and knees in a dazed condition, with a roar as of thunder in his ears, mingled with the sharp crackle of breaking glass. He made his way to the window, wondering whether he was asleep or awake, and found the window shattered. The moonlight poured into the deserted street, and he noticed a cloud of dust and smoke rising from the front of the shop. He groped his way through the darkness towards the stairway and went down, calling his brother's name, but the lower part of the stair had been blown away, and he fell upon the *débris* below, lying there half-stunned, enveloped in suffocating smoke.

When Adolph partially recovered consciousness, he became aware that two men were helping him out over the ruins of the shattered shop. He was still murmuring the name of his brother, and they were telling him, in a reassuring tone, that everything was all right, although he vaguely felt that what they said was not true. They had their arms linked in his, and he stumbled helplessly among the wreckage, seeming to have lost control over his limbs. He saw that the whole front of the shop was gone, and noticed through the wide opening that a crowd stood in the street kept back by the police. He wondered why he had not seen all these people when he looked out of the shattered window. When they brought him to the ambulance, he resisted slightly, saying he wanted to go to his brother's assistance, who was sleeping in the shop, but with gentle force they placed him in the vehicle, and he was driven away to the hospital.



"HE FELL UPON THE DÉBRIS BELOW."

For several days Adolph fancied that he was dreaming, that he would soon awake and take up again the old pleasant, industrious life. It was the nurse who told him he would never see his brother again, adding by way of consolation that death had been painless and instant, that the funeral had been one of the grandest that quarter of Paris had ever seen, naming many high and important officials who had attended it. Adolph turned his face to the wall and groaned. His frightful dream was to last him his life.

When he trod the streets of Paris a week later, he was but the shadow of his former portly self. He was gaunt and haggard, his clothes hanging on him as if they had been made for some other man, a fortnight's stubbly beard on the face which had always heretofore been smoothly shaven. He sat silently at the *café*, and few of his friends recognised him at first. They heard he had received ample compensation from the Government, and now would have money enough to suffice him all his life, without the necessity of working for it; and they looked on him as a fortunate man. But he sat there listlessly, receiving their congratulations or condolences with equal apathy. Once he walked past the shop. The front was boarded up, and glass had been put in the upper windows.

He wandered aimlessly through the streets of Paris, some saying he was insane, and that he was looking for his brother; others that he was searching for the murderer. One day he entered the police-office where he had first made his unlucky complaint.

"Have you arrested him yet?" he asked of the officer in charge.

"Who?" inquired the officer, not recognising his visitor.

"Picard. I am Adolph Delore."

"It was not Picard who committed the crime. He was in London at the time, and is there still."

"Ah! He said he was in the north of Paris when he was with me in the south. He is a liar. He blew up the shop."

"I quite believe he planned it, but the deed was done by another. It was done by Lamoine, who left for Brussels next morning and went to London by way of Antwerp. He is living with Picard in London at this moment."

"If you know that, why has neither of them been taken?"

"To know is one thing; to be able to prove quite another. We cannot get these rascals from England merely on suspicion, and they will take good care not to set foot in France for some time to come."

"You are waiting for evidence, then?"

"We are waiting for evidence."

"How do you expect to get it?"

"We are having them watched. They are very quiet just now, but it won't be for long. Picard is too restless. Then we may arrest someone soon who will confess."

"Perhaps I could help. I am going to London. Will you give me Picard's address?"

"Here is his address, but I think you had better leave the case alone. You do not know the language, and you may merely arouse his suspicions if you interfere. Still, if you learn anything, communicate with me."

The former frank, honest expression in Adolph's eyes had given place to a look of cunning, that appealed to the instincts of a French police-officer. He thought something might come of this, and his instincts did not mislead him.

Delore with great craftiness watched the door of the house in London, taking care that no one should suspect his purpose. He saw Picard come out alone on several occasions, and once with another of his own stripe, whom he took to be Lamoine.

One evening, when crossing Leicester Square, Picard was accosted by a stranger in his own language. Looking around with a start, he saw at his side a cringing tramp, worse than shabbily dressed.

"What did you say?" asked Picard, with a tremor in his voice.

"Could you assist a poor countryman?" whined Delore.

"I have no money."

"Perhaps you could help me to get work. I don't know the language, but I am a good workman."

"How can I help you to work? I have no work myself."

"I would be willing to work for nothing, if I could get a place to sleep and something to eat."

"Why don't you steal? I would if I were hungry. What are you afraid of? Prison? It is no worse than tramping the streets hungry; I know, for I have tried both. What is your trade?"

"I am a watchmaker and a first-class workman, but I have pawned all my tools. I have tramped from Lyons, but there is nothing doing in my trade."

Picard looked at him suspiciously for a few moments.

"Why did you accost me?" he asked, at last.

"I saw you were a fellow-countryman; Frenchmen have helped me from time to time."

"Let us sit down on this bench. What is your name, and how long have you been in England?"

"My name is Adolph Carrier, and I have been in London three months."

"So long as that? How have you lived all that time?"

"Very poorly, as you may see. I sometimes get scraps from the French restaurants, and I sleep where I can."

"Well, I think I can do better than that for you. Come with me."

Picard took Delore to his house, letting himself in with a latchkey. Nobody seemed to occupy the place but himself and Lamoine. He led the way to the top story, and opened a door that communicated with a room utterly bare of furniture. Leaving Adolph there, Picard went downstairs again and came up with a lighted candle in his hand, followed by Lamoine, who carried a mattress.

"This will do you for to-night," said Picard, "and to-morrow we will see if we can get you any work. Can you make clocks?"

"Oh, yes, and good ones."

"Very well. Give me a list of the tools and materials you need, and I will get them for you."

Picard wrote in a note-book the items Adolph recited to him, Lamoine watching their new *employé* closely, but saying nothing. Next day a table and a chair were put into the room, and in the afternoon Picard brought in the tools and some sheets of brass.

Picard and Lamoine were somewhat suspicious of their recruit at first, but he went on industriously with his task,

and made no attempt to communicate with anybody. They soon saw that he was an expert workman, and a quiet, innocent, half-daft, harmless creature, so he was given other things to do, such as cleaning up their rooms and going errands for beer and other necessities of life.

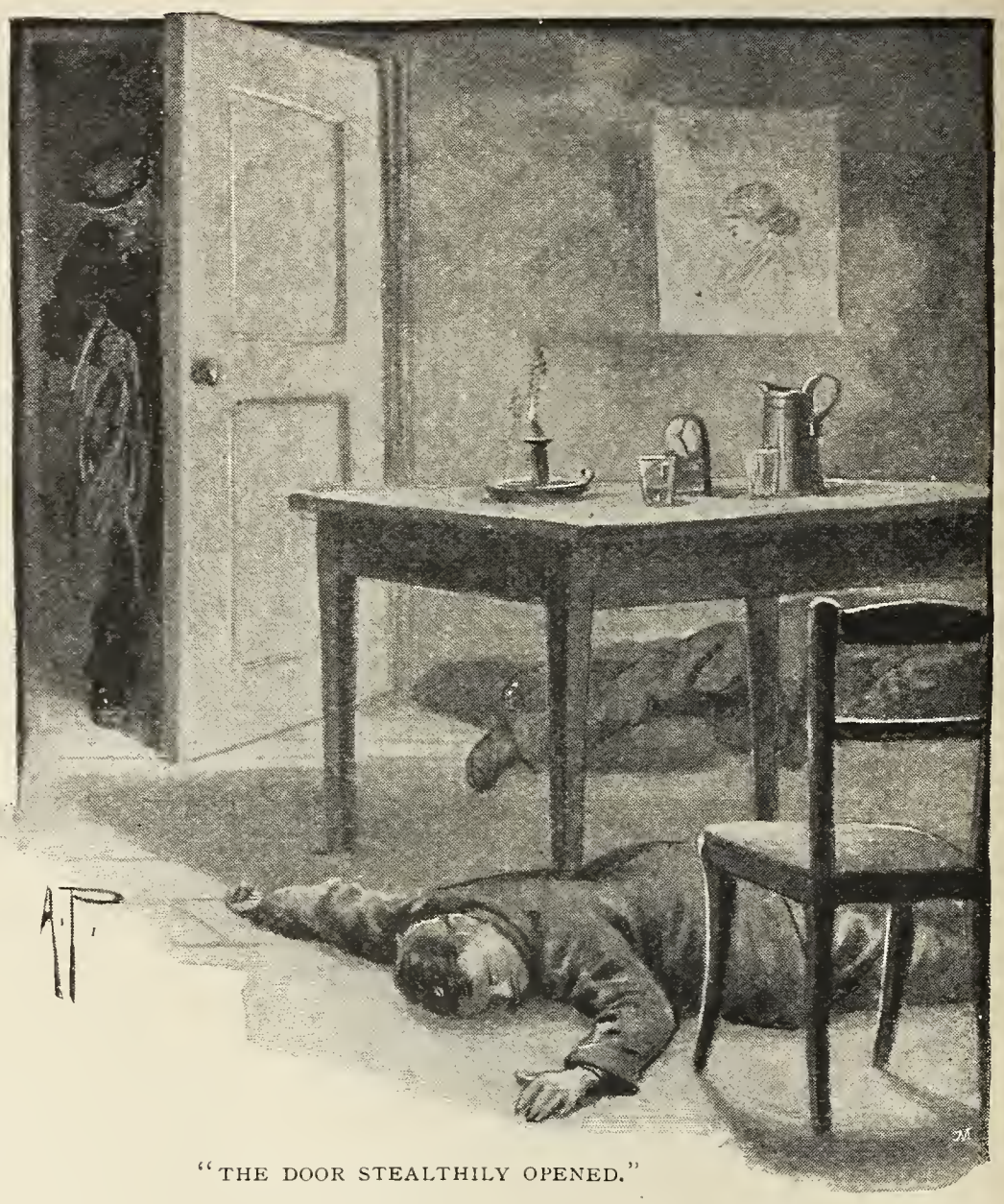
When Adolph finished his first machine, he took it down to them and exhibited it with pardonable pride. There was a dial on it exactly like a clock, although it had but one hand.

"Let us see it work," said Picard: "set it so that the bell will ring in three minutes."

Adolph did as requested, and stood back when the machine began to work with a scarcely audible tick-tick. Picard pulled out his watch, and exactly at the third minute the hammer fell on the bell. "That is very satisfactory," said Picard; "now, can you make the next one slightly concave, so that a man may strap it under his coat without attracting attention? Such a shape is useful when passing the Customs."

"I can make it any shape you like and thinner than this one if you wish it."

"Very well. Go out and get us a quart of beer, and we will drink to your success. Here is the money."



"THE DOOR STEALTHILY OPENED."

Adolph obeyed with his usual docility, staying out, however, somewhat longer than usual. Picard, impatient at the delay, spoke roughly to him when he returned, and ordered him to go upstairs to his work. Adolph departed meekly, leaving them to their beer.

"See that you understand that machine, Lamoine," said Picard. "Set it at half an hour."

Lamoine, turning the hand to the figure VI. on the dial, set the works in motion, and to the accompaniment of its quiet tick-tick they drank their beer.

"He seems to understand his business," said Lamoine.

"Yes," answered Picard. "What heady stuff this English beer is. I wish we had some good French bock; this makes me drowsy."

Lamoine did not answer, he was nodding in his chair. Picard threw himself down on his mattress in one corner of the room; Lamoine, when he fell from his chair, muttered an oath, and lay where he fell.

Shortly after the door stealthily opened and Adolph's head cautiously reconnoitred the situation, coming into the silent apartment inch by inch, his crafty eyes rapidly searching the room and filling with malicious glee when he saw that everything was as he had planned. He entered quietly and closed the door softly behind him. He had a great coil of thin strong cord in his hand. Approaching the sleeping men on tip-toe, he looked down on them for a moment, wondering whether the drug had done its work sufficiently well for him to proceed. The question was settled for him with a suddenness that nearly unnerved him. An appalling clang of the bell, a startling sound that seemed loud enough to wake the dead, made him spring nearly to the ceiling. He dropped his rope and clung to the door in a panic of dread, his palpitating heart nearly suffocating him with its wild beating, staring with affrighted eyes at the machine which had given such an unexpected alarm. Slowly recovering command over himself, he turned his gaze on the sleepers: neither had moved; both were breathing as heavily as ever.

Pulling himself together, he turned his attention first to Picard, as the more dangerous man of the two, should an awakening come before he was ready for it. He bound Picard's wrists tightly together; then his ankles, his knees, and his elbows. He next did the same for Lamoine. With great effort he got Picard in a seated position on his chair, tying him there with coil after coil of the cord. So anxious was he to make everything secure, that he somewhat overdid the business, making the two seem like seated mummies swathed in cord. The chairs he fastened immovably to the floor, then he stood back and gazed with a sigh at the two grim seated figures, with their heads drooping helplessly forward on their corded breasts, looking like silent effigies of the dead.

"HE NEXT DID THE SAME FOR LAMOINE."

Mopping his perspiring brow, Adolph now turned his attention to the machine that had startled him so when he first came in. He carefully examined its mechanism to see that everything was right. Going to the cupboard, he took up a false bottom and lifted carefully out a number of dynamite cartridges that the two sleepers had stolen from a French mine. These he arranged in a battery, tying them together. He raised the hammer of the machine, and set the hand so that the blow would fall in sixty minutes after the machinery was set in motion. The whole deadly combination he placed on a small table, which he drew close in front of the two sleeping men. This done, he sat down on a chair patiently to await the awakening. The room was situated at the back of the house, and was almost painfully still, not a sound from the street penetrating to it. The candle burnt low, guttered and went out, but Adolph sat there and did not light another. The room was still only half in darkness, for the moon shone brightly in at the window, reminding Adolph that it was just a month before when he had looked out on a moonlit street in Paris, while his brother lay murdered in the room below. The hours dragged along, and Adolph sat as immovable as the two seated before him. The square of moonlight, slowly moving, at last illuminated the seated form of Picard, imperceptibly climbing up, as the moon sank, until it touched his face. He threw his head first to one side, then back, yawned, drew a deep breath, and tried to struggle.

"Lamoine," he cried, "Adolph. What the deuce is this? I say, here. Help! I am betrayed."

"Hush," said Adolph, quietly. "Do not cry so loud. You will wake Lamoine, who is beside you. I am here; wait till I light a candle, the moonlight is waning."

"Adolph, you fiend, you are in league with the police."

"No, I am not. I will explain everything in a moment. Have patience." Adolph lit a candle, and Picard, rolling his eyes, saw that the slowly awakening Lamoine was bound like himself.

Lamoine, glaring at his partner and not understanding what had happened, hissed:—

"You have turned traitor, Picard, you have informed, curse you."

"Keep quiet, you fool. Don't you see I am bound as tightly as you?"

"There has been no traitor and no informing, nor need of any. A month ago to-night, Picard, there was blown into eternity a good and honest man, who never harmed you or anyone. I am his brother. I am Adolph Delore, who refused to make your infernal

machine for you. I am much changed since then; but perhaps now you recognise me?"

"I swear to God," cried Picard, "that I did not do it. I was in London at the time. I can prove it. There is no use in handing me over to the police, even though, perhaps, you think you can terrorize this poor wretch into lying against me."

"Pray to the God, whose name you so lightly use, that the police you fear may get you before I am done with you. In the police, strange as it may sound to you, is your only hope, but they will have to come quickly if they are to save you. Picard, you have lived, perhaps, thirty-five years on this earth. The next hour of your life will be longer to you than all those years."

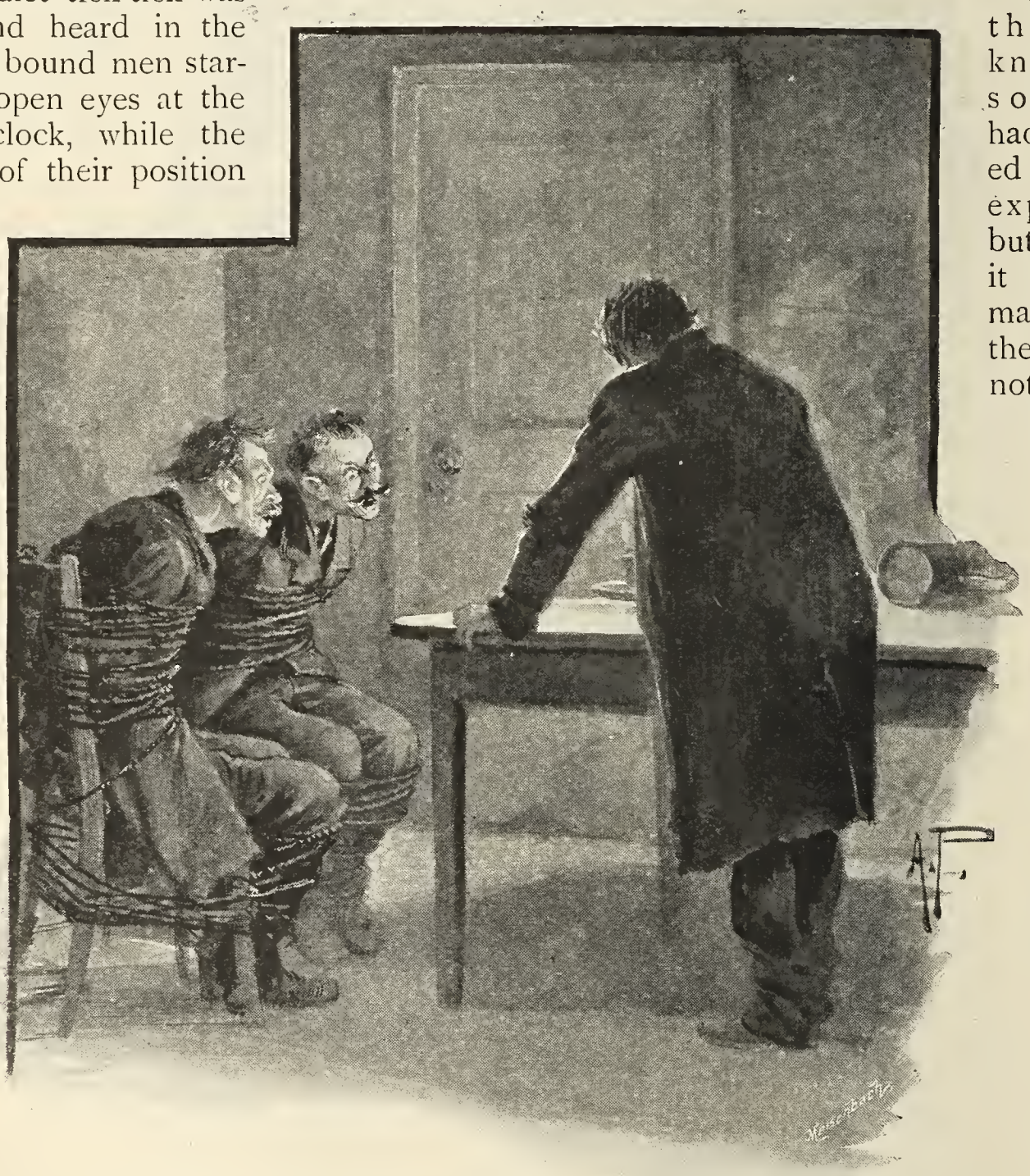
Adolph put the percussion cap in its place and started the mechanism. For a few moments its quiet tick-tick was the only sound heard in the room, the two bound men staring with wide-open eyes at the dial of the clock, while the whole horror of their position slowly broke upon them.

Tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick. Each man's face was paled, and rivulets of sweat ran down from their brows. Suddenly Picard raised his voice in an unearthly shriek.

"I expected that," said Adolph, quietly. "I don't think anyone can hear, but I will gag you both, so that we may run no risks." When this was done, he said: "I have set the clock-work at sixty minutes; seven of those are already spent. There is still time enough left for meditation and repentance. I place the candle here so that its rays will shine upon the dial. When you have made your own peace, pray for the souls of any you have sent into eternity without time for preparation."

Delore left the room as softly as he had entered it, and the doomed men tried ineffectually to cry out as they heard the key turning in the door.

The authorities knew that someone had perished in that explosion, but whether it was one man or two they could not tell.



"THE TWO BOUND MEN WERE STARING WITH WIDE-OPEN EYES."

*Railway Facts in Fancy Frames.**

By J. Holt Schooling.

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, etc.)

EVEN nowadays, there are many people in this country who have never seen a railway station or a locomotive. A year or two ago I was in a remote Cornish hamlet, which contained at least a score of old or elderly persons who had never seen a railway track, but who had only, and at very rare intervals, travelled as far as the nearest market town, and, to these Cornish peasants, their Launceston was almost the rival of our London—London, to them a place inaccessible, and whose din had never even faintly touched the dull imagination of those far-away and static Cornish folk. The Cornish people talk about "going to England" when one crosses the boundary line of Cornwall.

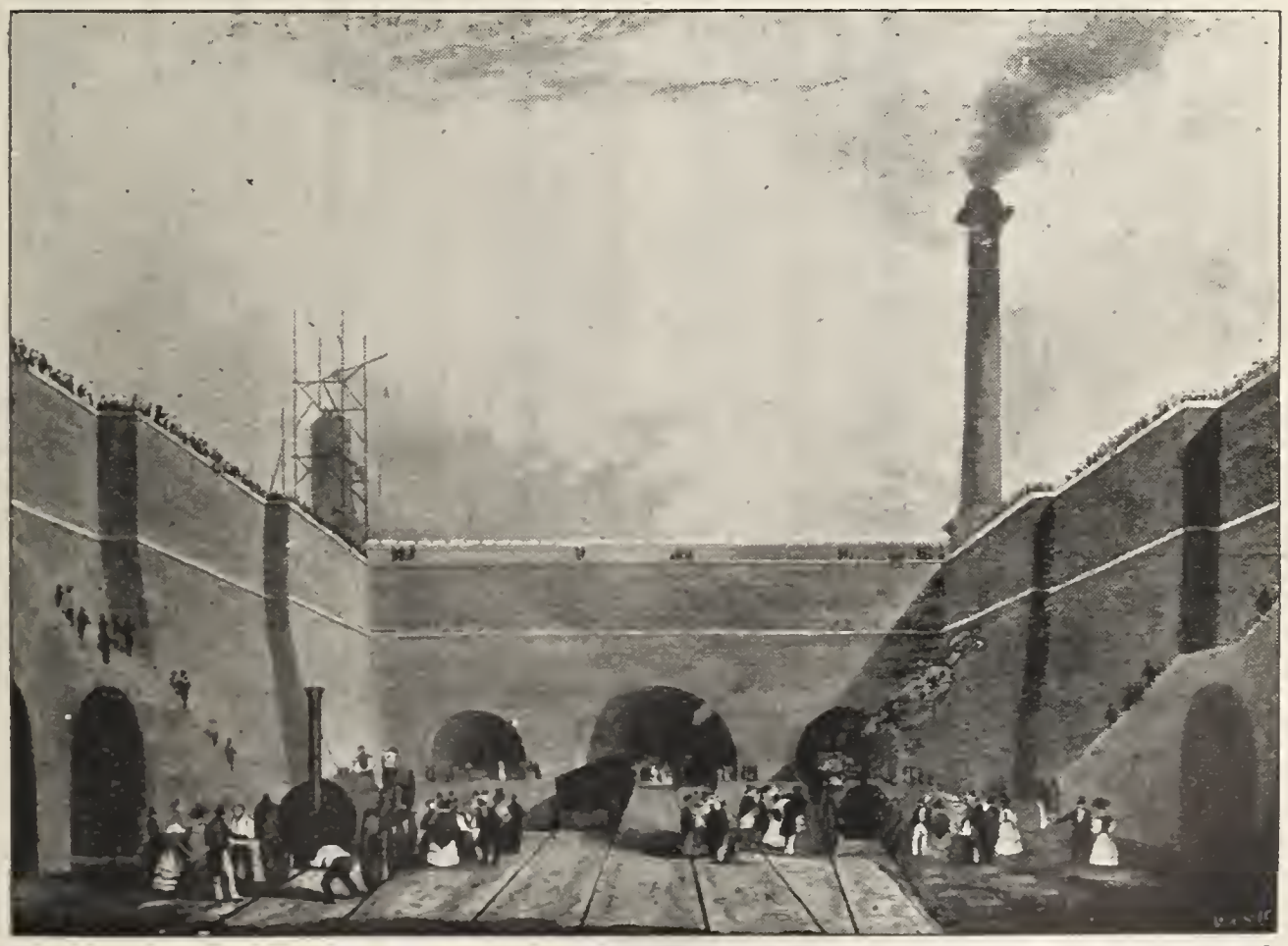
And we ourselves, to whom railways are of the most familiar of those things that touch our daily life, even we have but a scant knowledge of the vast extent to which the railway enterprise of this country has spread during its relatively short life. I propose to deal with some railway facts and figures in a way that will, I hope, clearly illustrate the present condition of one of the most remarkable and energetic activities of Queen Victoria's reign.

By way of contrast with railway surroundings as we now know them, just glance at this picture of the railway station at Edge Hill, Liverpool, in the year 1831 [No. 1]—a great pit for a station, with the tunnels opening into it; no hand-rails to the steep steps, no platforms or waiting-rooms, no Smith's book-stall smothered with newspapers and magazines; in fact, "no nothink." The passengers are casually strolling about the permanent way, preparatory to getting into the carriages, which, as we see, are merely open waggons, or they are having explained to them the wonderful proportions of the latest form of "Puffing Billy"—see the little group at the left of the picture: is not this almost grotesque to us?—and yet only sixty-five years have passed since the date of the scene depicted in this print. Even six years later than 1831, McCulloch wrote in his "Account of the British Empire," published in 1837:—

> . . . . Exclusive of the means of communication by the common roads now described, and by canals, *railroads have lately engaged a large share of the public attention*, and will, most likely, be established, at no distant period, between all the great towns of the empire—where the ground is at all practicable. *They are made either of wood or iron;* but those only that are made of the latter could be advantageously constructed in this country. . . . .

The words now italicized in the above quotation read strangely indeed to us of A.D. 1896: and so does McCulloch's statement:—

> . . . . The length of the Liverpool railway is 31 miles; and the fact that passengers were regularly



No. 1.—Entrance to the Railway Station at Edge Hill, Liverpool, in the year 1831. [*Open trucks for carriages, "Puffing Billies" for engines, no shelters or platforms for passengers, and no hand-rails on the steep steps that lead down to the railway level.*]

* Copyright by John Holt Schooling, 1896.

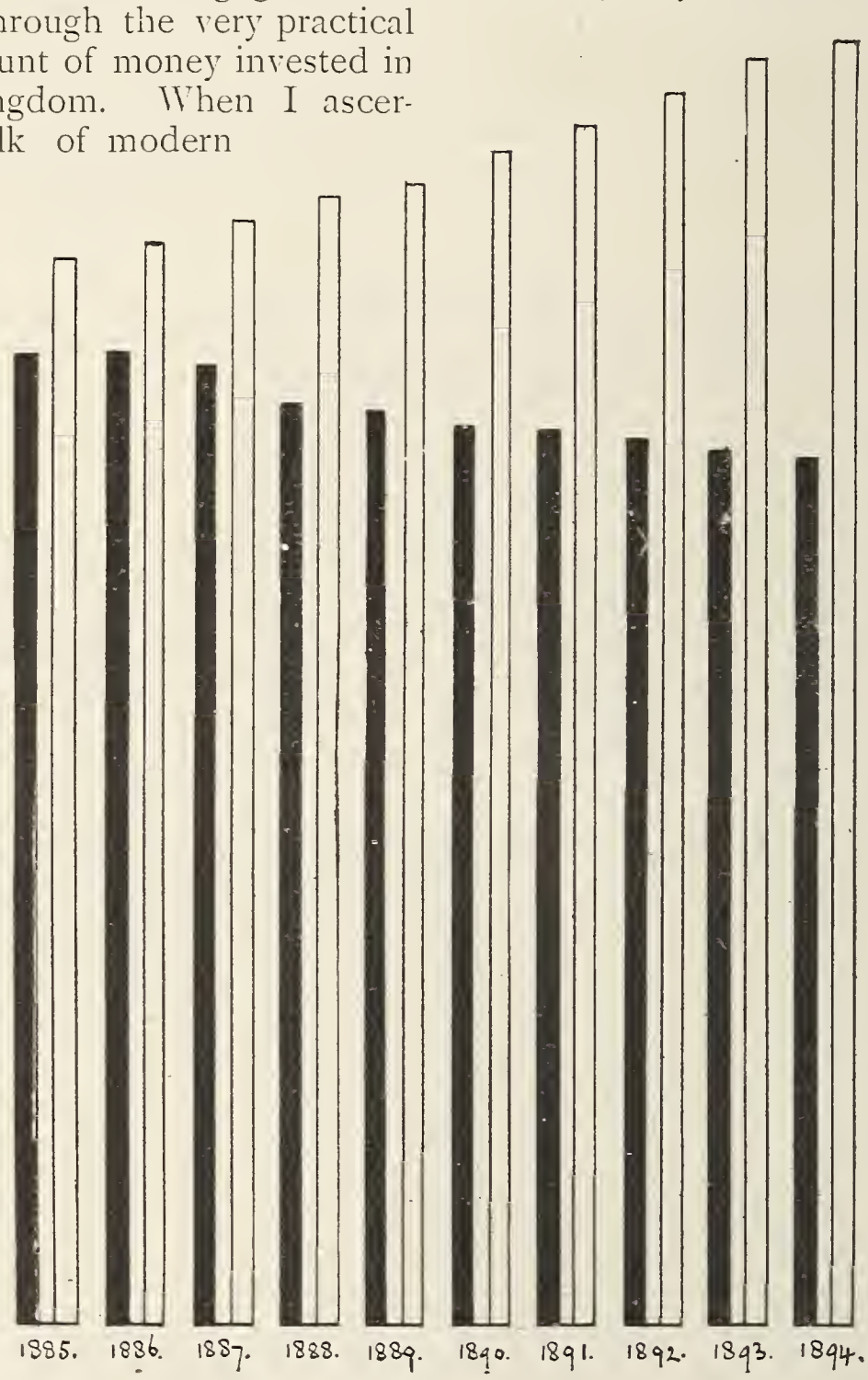
conveyed that distance, in carriages drawn by locomotive engines, in from 1½ to 2 hours, produced an extraordinary sensation. The advantages likely to be derived from the extension of the system to other parts of the country have, we believe, been a good deal exaggerated. . . .

Probably some of the good folk who made this journey at the wonderful speed of fifteen to twenty miles per hour, and who almost quaked at their own temerity, are now alive to test the sixty-miles-an-hour pace of a modern express.

Turn from this suggestion of the past to the diagram in No. 2, which serves to illustrate the vast and still increasing growth of railway enterprise, through the very practical medium of the amount of money invested in railways in this kingdom. When I ascertained the vast bulk of modern railway capital, I was at a loss how to convey a clearer idea of its immensity than can be given by mere figures, until it occurred to me to contrast the official facts for the last ten years, 1885–1894, with the corresponding amounts of the National Debt of this country during the same period.

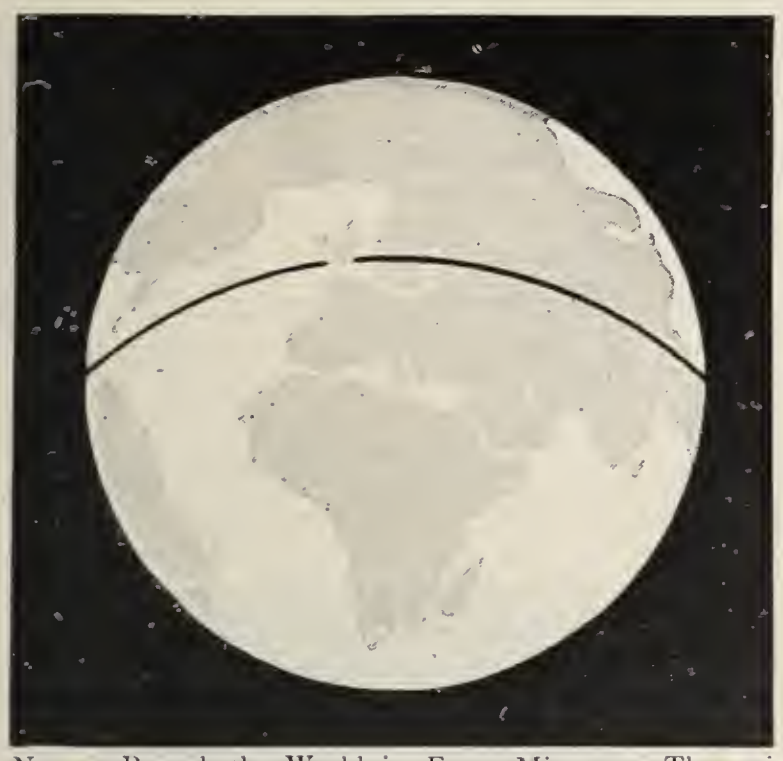
Inspection of No. 2 shows that, even in the year 1885, the paid-up railway capital of the United Kingdom had outstripped the amount of the National Debt, vast as that debt was; and, running the eye from left to right of No. 2, we see that the preponderance of railway capital over National Debt became greater year by year until, in 1894, the National Debt was nowhere. This surprising result has been caused both by the growth of railway capital and by the shrinkage of the National Debt; for one sees in No. 2 that, with the exception of the year 1886, the solid black columns representing the debt of the country become shorter, while the outline-columns representing railway capital steadily grow taller. For the sake of completeness, I give the figures upon which No. 2 has been drawn:—

Year.	National Debt (millions).	Railway Capital (millions).
1885	740·3	815·9
1886	742·3	828·4
1887	736·3	846·0
1888	705·6	864·7
1889	698·4	876·6
1890	689·9	897·5
1891	684·1	919·4
1892	677·7	944·3
1893	671·0	971·3
1894	666·2	985·4



No. 2.—A comparison, for the ten years 1885–1894, of the amount of the National Debt with the amount of paid-up Railway Capital in the United Kingdom. [*The solid black columns represent the National Debt; the outline columns represent the paid-up Railway Capital.*]

The yearly income of the railway companies of the United Kingdom is large enough to make even a Chancellor of the Exchequer's mouth water. Taking the most recent year for which official facts are available, 1894, the total receipts of these wonderful railway companies were the stupendous amount of over £84,000,000 sterling, of which, nearly eighty millions were receipts from traffic; the actual receipts into the Exchequer of the United Kingdom for the year 1894 being ninety-one millions — so that running the railways brings in a yearly revenue not far short of that produced by running this kingdom. The total railway working expenditure for 1894 was over forty-seven millions, or more than one-half the total cost of running the United Kingdom for the same year; or, to compare the total railway expenditure with the total receipts, the expenses swallowed say 56 per cent. of the receipts, thus leaving a margin of thirty-seven millions of profit for the year, or rather over 3¾ per cent.



No. 3.—Round the World in Forty Minutes. The trains of the United Kingdom completed an average mileage equal to the circumference of the Earth *every 39½ minutes of the year 1894*, day and night without cessation. In other words, the miles travelled by these trains during 1894 would suffice to "put a girdle round the Earth" no fewer than 13,374 times.

on the railway capital of 985 millions just mentioned.

The length of railways open for traffic throughout the United Kingdom had, in 1894, reached a total of nearly 21,000 miles (20,908 miles), and as the circumference of the earth may be put at about 25,000 miles, we see that the length of railroad open in this country is not far short of equal to the entire circuit of the earth! If the extension of our railway system during the past ten years be continued during the next twenty years, the length of open railroad will then equal the earth's circumference: an extension of 200 miles of road per annum will, in twenty years, make up the 4,000 miles of the earth's circumference by which our length of railroad now falls short. I may say that, on an average, every mile of railroad throughout the United Kingdom is traversed nearly forty-four times per day.

But when we come to the number of miles travelled by trains in the United Kingdom during one year, we shall find that earthly measurements and comparisons begin to fail us, and we shall have to press the sun into our service as an aid to clear perception of the facts. First, look at illustration No. 3, and bear in mind that the description of it and its meaning, which is printed below this illustration, is no freak of fancy, but a solid fact, based upon entirely reliable official information, the actual figures being:—

Miles travelled by trains in the United Kingdom during the year 1894.

(Passenger trains)	(Goods trains)	(Mixed trains)	(Total)
Miles.	Miles.	Miles.	Miles.
179·8 million.	149·5 million.	3·7 million.	333·0 million.

This extraordinary total of 333 millions of miles travelled by our trains during one year only *is equal to these trains going all round the world every forty minutes of the year, day and night, without cessation!* So that in less time than is occupied by an express from London to Brighton, this magnificent activity of the railway service of the kingdom has girdled the earth, as regards distance travelled, during this short time (say 39 1-3rd minutes), and as regards the amount of energy expended. This means that every time the second-hand of your watch completes a revolution, that during every minute of time which passes from the present into the past, our massive trains with their heavy load of human beings and goods cover more than six hundred and thirty-three miles! And this goes on day and night without a break, and the distance is increasing year by year. The yearly mileage of our trains is long enough to "put a girdle round the earth" more than thirteen thousand times every year.

The illustrative statements just made will, I hope, convey to my readers a clear impression of the really wonderful results now daily achieved by the railway enterprise of our country; but, should they fail to make my meaning vivid, an inspection of illustration No. 4 and a description of it will perhaps effect the desired purpose. We, as dwellers on the planet Earth, know that our domain in space is very small, and that all of us and everything we possess are entirely insignificant and petty when compared with the space outside the earth, and with what that space contains. But, thanks to our railway enterprise, we are supplied with facts which serve to slightly lessen this sense of our own nothingness, since we are able to use even the mighty Sun and his distance from us as a useful gauge of one year's railway activity.

If we take the mean distance of the sun

SUN . . . . . 92,890,000 miles . . . . . EARTH.

No. 4.—Return trips, twice a year, from the Earth to the Sun. The distance travelled in the year 1894 by the trains of the United Kingdom is nearly equal to going to the Sun and back twice during the year.

from the earth to be 92,890,000 miles, and apply to this immense distance the train-mileage of the United Kingdom during the year 1894, we find that this train-mileage is nearly equal to two return trips from the earth to the sun, for two of these inconceivably long return journeys would occupy only about six weeks in excess of the year's travelling! In order to assist the mind to understand what the distance illustrated in No. 4 really means, I may say that a cannon-ball fired at the sun from the mouth of an Armstrong gun, and which rushes through space at the speed of twelve miles per minute without any slackening of pace, would take from fourteen to fifteen years to reach the sun; or, again, if a baby were born with an arm (say) ninety-three million miles long, and who on the first day of its life accidentally touched the sun, then, according to the best estimates of the rate of speed at which feeling travels, the baby might grow to manhood, and the man attain to extreme old age, without even feeling the pain of the burn inflicted on the tip of his finger by the sun when he, as a baby, burnt his finger on the first day of his life! Now we realize, perhaps, what the vast distance in No. 4 means, a distance which is yet travelled (nearly) *four times a year, or once every three months*, by these wonderful trains of the United Kingdom!

Leaving these truly splendid "Solar records" of our train-mileage, let us glance at the more mundane question of receipts from passenger and goods traffic, respectively, and from first, second, and third class passengers, viewed separately.

Nos. 5 and 6 are a new sort of railway ticket, executed in black and white, and used for the present occasion only. No. 5 is divided into two "halves," one of which—to

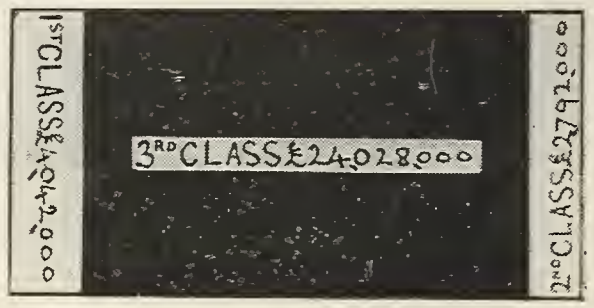
No. 5.—The Traffic ticket for the year 1894, United Kingdom, divided into the receipts from Passenger and Goods traffic respectively. [Including season tickets.]

use an Irishism—is bigger than the other: the white "half" stands for receipts from passenger traffic, and the black "half" represents the receipts from goods traffic. Of course, as these latter receipts are larger than the passenger receipts, the "goods traffic" occupies a proportionately larger part of the ticket in No. 5:—

	£	per cent.
Receipts from passenger traffic in 1894 ...	36,495,488	or 45·7
Receipts from goods traffic in 1894 ...	43,379,078	or 54·3
Total traffic receipts in 1894 ...	£79,874,566	or 100·0

Thus, out of every £100 of traffic receipts, £46 (say) were contributed by passengers and £54 by goods.

As regards the receipts from first, second, and third class passengers, respectively, the most casual glance at diagram No. 6 will show



No. 6.—The Passenger ticket for the year 1894, United Kingdom, divided into the receipts from each CLASS. The fare was £4,042,000 FIRST CLASS, £2,792,000 SECOND CLASS, £24,028,000 THIRD CLASS; *total fare £30,862,000.* [Including season-tickets, but not including an item of £5,633,488 paid for excess luggage, etc., which cannot be split up into the three classes.]

that it is the third-class passenger who is the mainstay of the railway companies. This "ticket" is divided into three parts, each of which is in proportion to the receipts from first, second, and third class passengers respectively. The figures are:—

Receipts from passenger traffic during the year 1894.

First-class	£4,042,000	or 13 per cent.
Second-class	2,792,000	or 9 per cent.
Third-class	24,028,000	or 78 per cent.
	£30,862,000	or 100 per cent
Excess luggage, etc., not classed	5,633,488	
Total (see No. 5)	£36,495,488	

We may see from this little statement that the third-class passenger brings in to the railway company just six times as much as is contributed by the first-class passenger, and nearly nine times as much as the second-class passenger contributes to the yearly revenue of the railway companies of the United Kingdom.

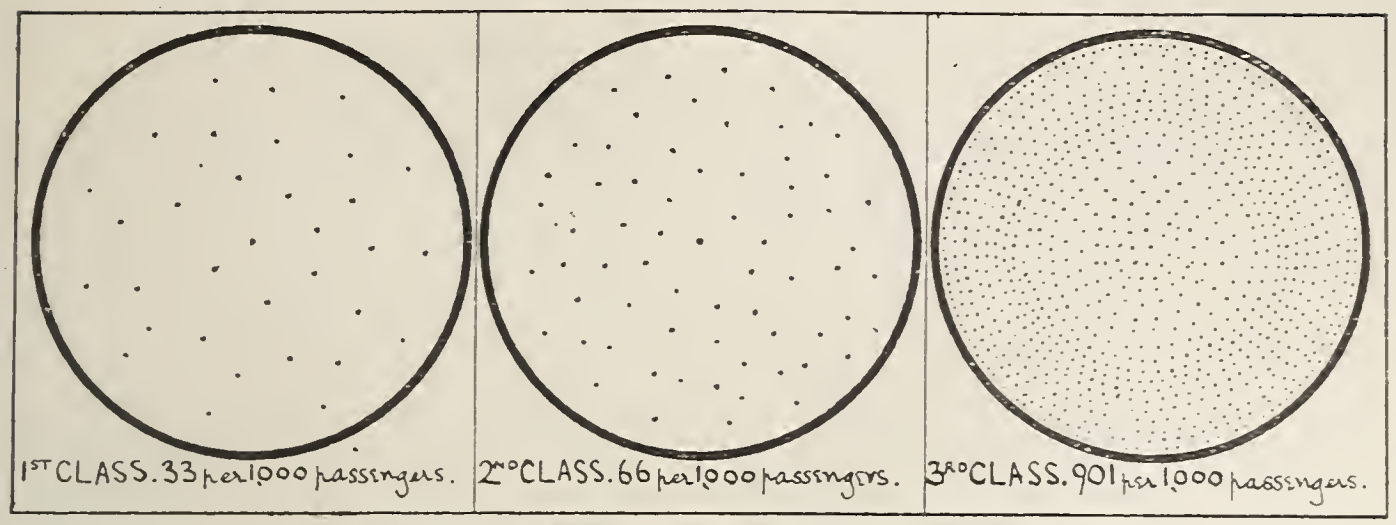
The third-class passenger is by far the most important customer of the railway company, and by looking at diagram No. 7 we may see how completely he outnumbers the first and the second class passengers.

Of every one thousand travellers who get into a railway carriage:—

901 are third-class passengers.
66 are second-class passengers.
33 are first-class passengers.

1,000

The actual number of ordinary passengers conveyed during the year 1894, excluding



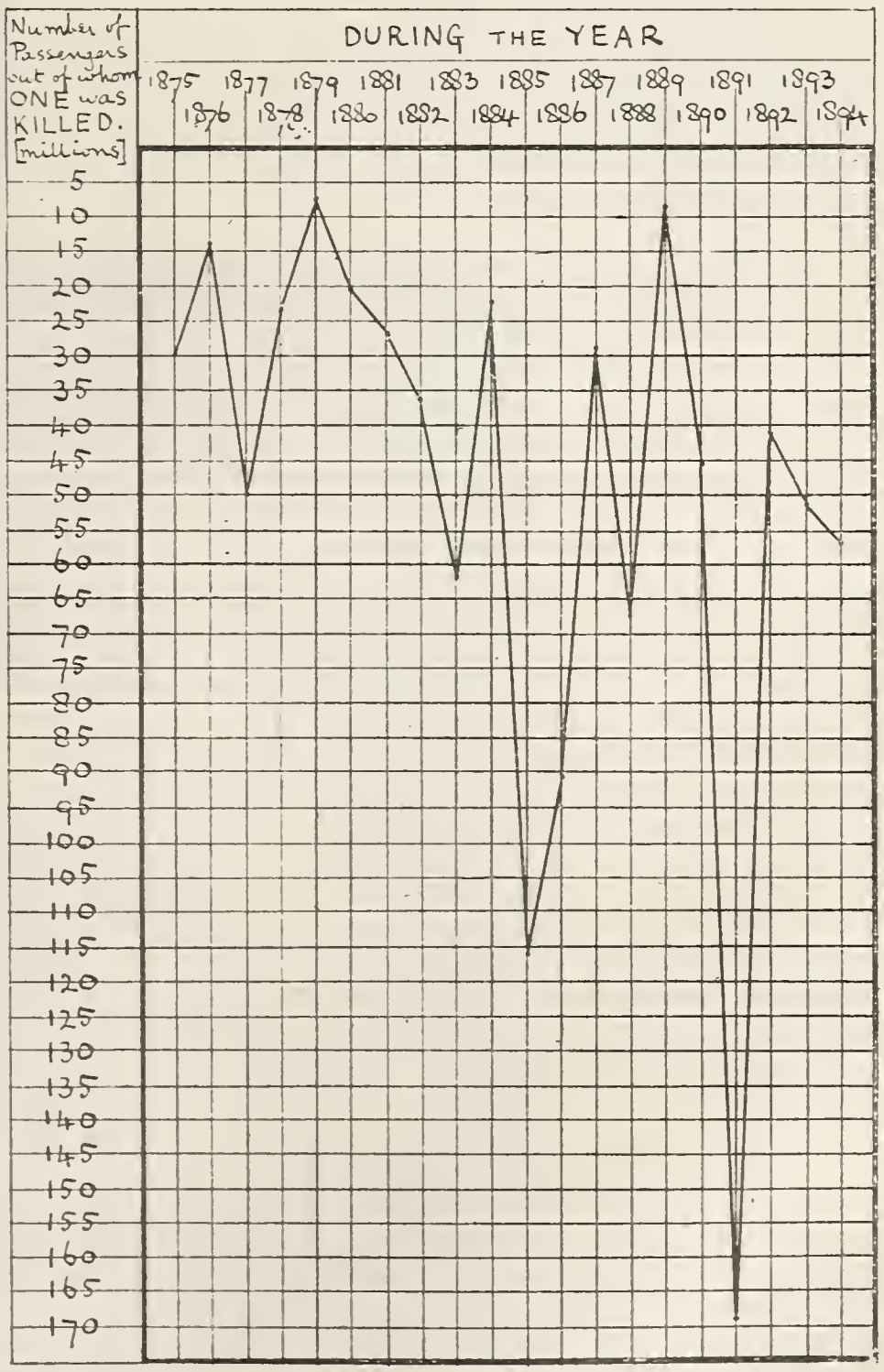
No. 7.—The Might of the THIRD-CLASS Passenger.

the journeys made by season-ticket holders, was :—

	No.
First-class	29,821,000
Second-class	60,162,000
Third-class	821,430,000
Total	911,413,000

This vast number of 911 million passengers conveyed during the year 1894 would, of course, be still greater if the journeys of the 1,184,861 season-ticket holders could be included; but, omitting these passengers, I may say that the number of first-class passengers in 1894 was about equal to the whole population of Italy, that the entire population of the United States approximately represents our second-class passengers during the year named, and that, according to the best estimates of the population of Asia, nearly all the mighty horde of nations in that vast continent would be required to equal in number the third-class passengers conveyed during 1894 by the railways of the United Kingdom, a result that makes one hold one's breath when the vastness of this carrying job is even partly realized. Let us hope that the shade of George Stephenson is able to know of these mighty things that have now been achieved from his magnificent and courageous initiative of two generations ago. During the two years 1893–1894, the number of *third-class passengers* conveyed by the trains of the United Kingdom exceeded by more than one million the population of the whole world, which, by the authority of Wagner and Supan, may be stated at 1,500 million persons.

Not the least satisfactory quality possessed by this altogether extraordinary quantity of railway travelling is the great degree of safety to passengers which has now been attained by our railway companies. This very important matter is illustrated by the chart in No. 8, the significant part of which is the zig-zag, lightning-like line which is seen in the chart. This line comes to a sharp point for each



No. 8.—The increased Safety of Railway Travelling in the United Kingdom during the twenty years 1875–1894. [*For description see text.*]

one of the twenty years 1875–1894, and, to read the meaning of this No. 8, we have only to notice at what part of the left-hand column of No. 8 each of these twenty sharp points comes, and then to read at sight from this left-hand column the number of millions of passengers out of whom one person was killed by railway travelling (from causes beyond their own control) during each of the twenty years mentioned. For example, the point for the year 1875 comes just level with the "30" in the left-hand column of No. 8; this means that in the year 1875 only one passenger was killed out of 30 million persons who were conveyed by train—a number equal to the present population of England and Wales! Again, the point for the year 1894 falls nearly half-way between "55" and "60" millions in the left-hand column; this tells us that, in 1894, only one passenger was killed out of every (say) 57 millions of passengers conveyed.

A wonderful result, which is equivalent to the railway companies carrying nearly the entire population of the United States of America, and only killing one person out of the lot!

The other points in the zig-zag shown in No. 8 relate to the other years, viz.: 1876–1893, and we may note that the most dangerous year to passengers was the year 1879, when one person was killed out of every 7½ millions carried; but this was the year of the Tay Bridge disaster, when 73 persons were killed. The least dangerous year of the twenty years 1875–1894 was 1891, when only one passenger was killed out of the enormous number of 169 millions carried; in other words, the result for the year 1891 is equivalent to the railway companies carrying more than the population of all Africa, and only killing one person out of this vast mass of people. (I here adopt Wagner and Supan's African population estimate of 164 millions, part of which is based on actual censuses.)

Grouping the facts into four periods of five years each, and now including passengers *injured* as well as passengers *killed* (from causes beyond their own control), we obtain the following concise summary of the death and injury encountered by railway passengers in the United Kingdom:—

Period	No. Killed	No. Injured	Proportion of Passengers Killed and Injured to No. of Passengers Carried. (Killed)	(Injured)
1875-1879	165	4,930	1 in 16·5 millions	1 in 553,000
1880-1884	112	4,220	1 in 29·1 millions	1 in 772,000
1885-1889	138	3,199	1 in 26·6 millions	1 in 1,148,000
1890-1894	77	2,803	1 in 56·0 millions	1 in 1,538,000
1875-1894	492	15,152	1 in 28·4 millions	1 in 922,000

This summary shows a striking difference between the two periods 1875 to 1879 and 1890 to 1894, which is much in favour of the later period, both as regards killed and injured passengers. Taking the wide period of twenty years, the railway companies may claim to have killed only one passenger out of a number carried which is approximately equal to the entire population of England and Wales, and to have injured one passenger out of every 922,000 of passengers carried: results of which the companies may well be proud, and which are still being improved as time goes on.

No. 9.—A comparison of the numerical strength of the Railway Army with that of the British Army, for the year 1894. The British Army is the superimposed *white* square which is tucked away in the corner of the larger *black* square that represents the Railway Army of the United Kingdom.

It is interesting to examine the official records as to the employés of railway companies. In 1894 there were about 380,000 persons employed in the railway service of the United Kingdom. As the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of the year 1894 may be taken at approximately 38,000,000, it follows that one out of every hundred of our population is employed by the railway companies. If we consider the fact that the railway employés are nearly, if not quite, all males aged 15 to 69, and then compare their number with the males of the United Kingdom who are aged 15 to 69, we find that one out of every 30 males of these ages is a railway employé—a significant fact to arrive at, and one that illustrates rather strikingly the immense power and influence of the railway interest of this kingdom. In the same year, *i.e.*, 1894, the effective strength of the regular Army of the country, all arms, numbered only 219,000, so that the railway army of 380,000 was a very much larger and more important body than the British Army; see No. 9 for a comparison of the numerical strengths of these two armies.

We have seen from No. 5, and the account of it, that the goods traffic brings more money to the railway companies than the passenger traffic, despite the fact that the passenger share of the ticket in No. 5 is worth more than 36 millions sterling. In

order to earn 43 millions in one year by carrying goods, the railway companies have to perform a stupendous task—a task that is represented by the conveyance of nearly 325 million tons of general merchandise and minerals, for various distances, amounting in the aggregate to nearly 150 million miles, and all this during one year only.

To get some idea of the weight represented by 325 million tons—the goods traffic for the year 1894—let us look at illustration No. 10, which shows a thin "shaving" supposed to be sliced off the entire surface of the United Kingdom. We may take the mean density, or specific gravity, of the earth at 5,670—that is to say, that, bulk for bulk, the earth is between five and six times as heavy as water: assuming, for convenience, that the surface of the land in the United Kingdom is of the same density as the rest of the earth, one arrives at the fact that one year's tonnage of goods conveyed by the trains of Great Britain and Ireland is equal in weight to a thin slice cut from the face of the whole kingdom, the thickness of which is a little more than the thickness of two leaves of this Magazine. Under the conditions stated, a slice of the United Kingdom, of this thickness, would equal in weight the stupendous quantity of nearly 325 million tons, and therefore the "shaving" in No. 10 illustrates the weight of goods conveyed during the year 1894.

It is rather interesting to compare the receipts per train-mile of various companies, and, in No. 11, the white columns stand for the average amount received by twenty different companies for every mile run by one of their trains during the year 1894. The black lines seen in No. 11, which run part way up each of the white columns, stand for the amount expended by each of the twenty companies for every mile run by one of their trains. Here are the actual figures:—

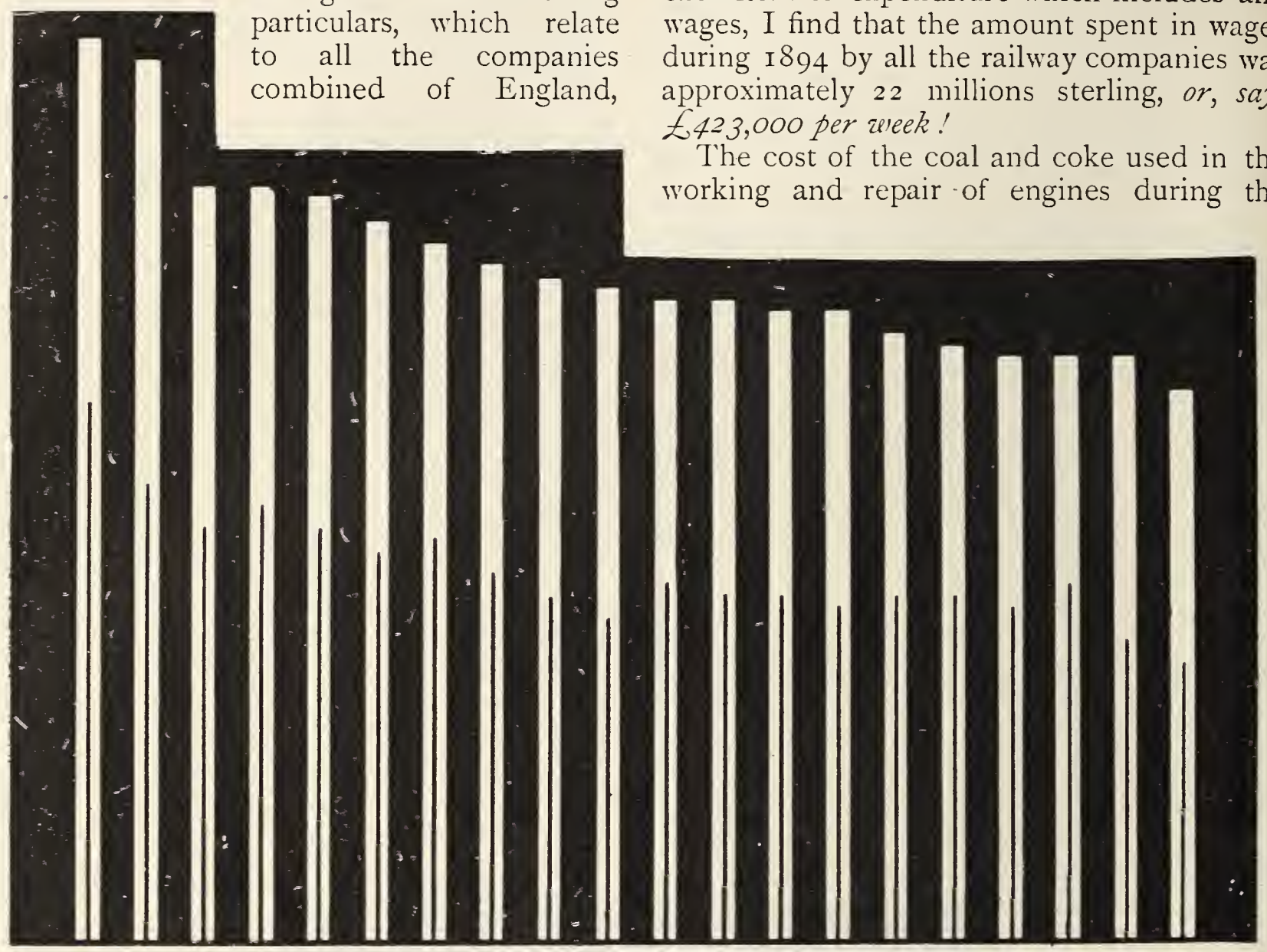
Name of Company.	Receipts per Train-Mile.		Expenditure per Train-Mile.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1. Taff Vale	6	7	3	11
2. Furness	6	5	3	4
3. London and North-Western	5	6	3	0
4. Lancashire and Yorkshire	5	6	3	2
5. South-Eastern	5	5	3	0
6. London, Brighton, and South Coast	5	3	2	10
7. North-Eastern	5	1	2	11
8. London and South-Western	4	11	2	8
9. Great Northern of Ireland	4	10	2	6
10. Midland Great Western of Ireland	4	9	2	4
11. Great Western	4	8	2	7
12. Great Southern and Western of Ireland	4	8	2	6
13. Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire	4	7	2	6
14. Caledonian	4	7	2	5
15. Midland	4	5	2	6
16. Great Eastern	4	4	2	6
17. Glasgow and South-Western	4	3	2	5
18. Great Northern	4	3	2	7
19. North British	4	3	2	2
20. Great Northern of Scotland	4	0	2	0

These twenty companies are here arranged in the same order as in diagram No. 11, *viz.*: in the order of the *receipts per train-mile*. The Taff Vale heads the list with 6s. 7d. received for every mile run by its trains, and the Great Northern of Scotland comes last with only 4s. for running a train one mile. Of our big English lines, the London and North-Western comes out best with a receipt of 5s. 6d. for each train-mile run in 1894, and the Great Northern shows the smallest receipt of the English lines, *viz.*: 4s. 3d. per train mile.

As regards expenditure, and taking the big English lines that have a London terminus, the London and North-Western and the South-Eastern both spent 3s. per mile run by their trains, and the items for the other companies can be seen by inspecting the tabular statement just given.

No. 10.—A fine "shaving" sliced from the entire surface of the United Kingdom, which is only a little thicker than two leaves of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, but which equals in weight one year's tonnage of mineral and general merchandise conveyed by the Railways of the United Kingdom. [*For detailed explanation see text.*]

Concerning the working expenditure of the railway companies, it may be interesting to give the following particulars, which relate to all the companies combined of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland during the year 1894:—



1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9 10. 11. 12. 13 14. 15 16. 17. 18. 19. 20.

No. 11.—A comparison for twenty Railway Companies of the United Kingdom, of their Receipts and Expenditure per train-mile travelled during the year 1894. [*For explanation see text.*]

Expenditure of the Railway Companies of the United Kingdom, on account of:—

	Cost per Ten Miles of Train-run. s.	d.
Traffic expenses	8	9½
Locomotive power	7	6¾
Maintenance of way	4	6½
Rolling stock	2	4¾
Rates and taxes	1	8¼
General charges	1	2¾
Government duty	0	2
Legal and Parliamentary expenses	0	1¾
Compensations: Damage to goods	0	1¾
,, ,, Personal injuries	0	1
Miscellaneous	0	3¼
Total cost per train-mile	27	0¼

[Note.—In addition to this expenditure of £1 7s. 0¼d. for every ten miles run by trains, there was also an expenditure equal to 1s. 4d. per ten miles run by trains on account of steamboat, canal, harbour, dock, etc., expenses.]

These figures show how the railway companies spent their money, and the amount spent for each item mentioned, for every ten miles run by their trains. Wages form the largest item of "Traffic expenses," and wages, of course, form part of some of these other items, "maintenance of way," for example. Collecting all the wages from each item of expenditure which includes any wages, I find that the amount spent in wages during 1894 by all the railway companies was approximately 22 millions sterling, *or, say, £423,000 per week!*

The cost of the coal and coke used in the working and repair of engines during the year was over 3½ millions sterling; *i.e.*, about £70,000 per week was paid by the railway companies of the United Kingdom for coal and coke.

But the whole railway enterprise is a wonderful thing, and, choose what items you may of its operations, nothing but astonishing results are brought out when we are able to get a condensed view of the facts, some of which I have now held up for inspection, while many more remain behind.

To conclude, I think that all who may have read this account of our railways, and who have even partly realized what an enormous amount of quiet intelligence and steady energy is yearly spent for us by our railway army, will agree with me that one and all, officers and men alike, these railway men deserve our hearty congratulations upon the present development of the railway system of the kingdom, and upon its real efficiency as a public instrument of vast utility.

AGE 2.
From a Photograph.

From a] AGE 15. *[Photograph.*

MLLE. MARIE ENGLE.

THIS highly promising young prima donna was born at Chicago, and, being gifted with a remarkably sweet soprano voice, which had been judiciously cultivated, attracted the attention of Mr. J. H. Mapleson, who introduced Mlle. Engle to English audiences in the principal cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and she was everywhere received with favour. Her first appearance in London was made at the Royal Italian Opera, in 1887, in the part of *Marta* in Flotow's opera of that name, and she created a highly favourable impression. Her personal appearance prepossessed the audience in her favour, and they found special charm in the pure quality of her voice and the correctness of her intonation. Soon she made a further advance in public favour by her naïve impersonation of *Zerlina* in "Il Don Giovanni," when she was compelled to repeat the solo, "Vedrai, Carino." Mlle. Marie Engle has much in her favour, and is rapidly attaining an enviable place amongst modern

From a Photo. by] AGE 25. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"light" sopranos. Mlle. Engle is one of the several stars who appeared in Sir Augustus Harris's grand opera this season.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Moreno, New York.*

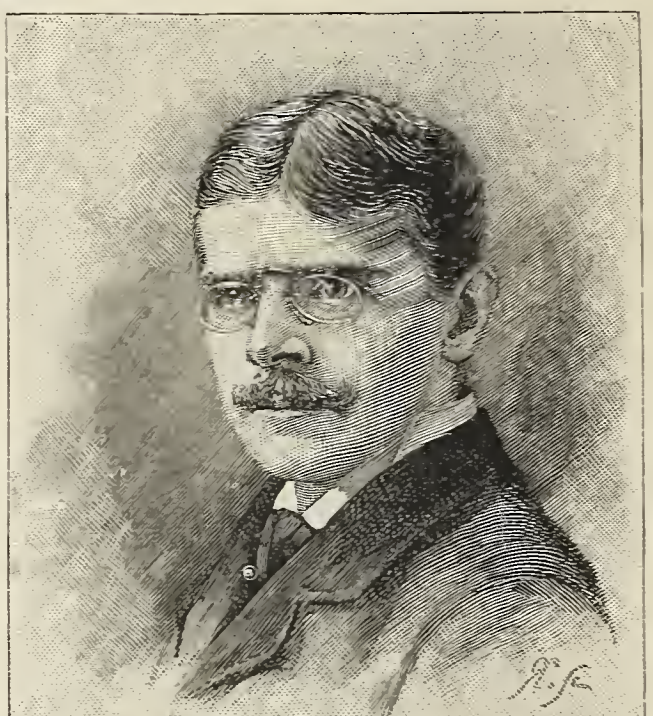
EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, A.R.A.

BORN 1852.

THE recent election of E. A. Abbey to an Associateship in the Royal Academy has been generally considered a tribute to the art of illustration, of which Mr. Abbey is one of the most prominent exponents. Yet it was his series of splendid Arthurian paintings for the Public Library of Boston, U.S.A., that brought him suddenly into a deservedly widespread fame. Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia, and studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. In 1871 he began drawing for the Harpers in New York, and his illustrations to Mr. Andrew Lang's text upon the plays of Shakespeare have been a prominent attraction to the readers of *Harper's Magazine.* Mr. Abbey came to England in 1878. The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours elected him to membership in 1883, and a second-class medal at the Munich International Exhibition of that same year was followed by a first-class medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Mr. Abbey's latest picture, "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne," is the popular success of this year's Academy.

AGE 4
From a Photo. by Gutekunst

From a] AGE 8. *[Photograph*



AGE 34.
From a Drawing by Napoleon Sarony.

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by F. Gutekunst.

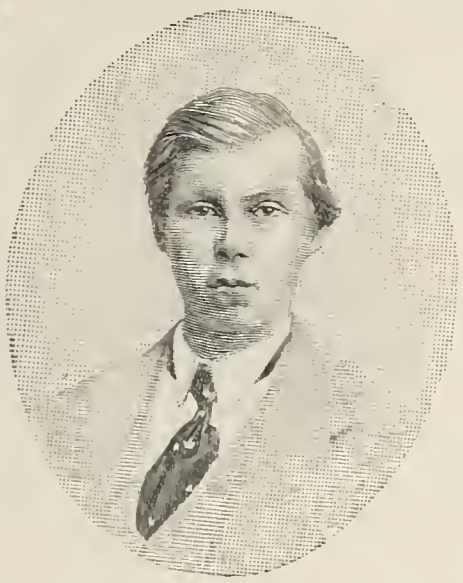
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Fred Hollyer.*

From a] AGE 12. *[Photograph.*

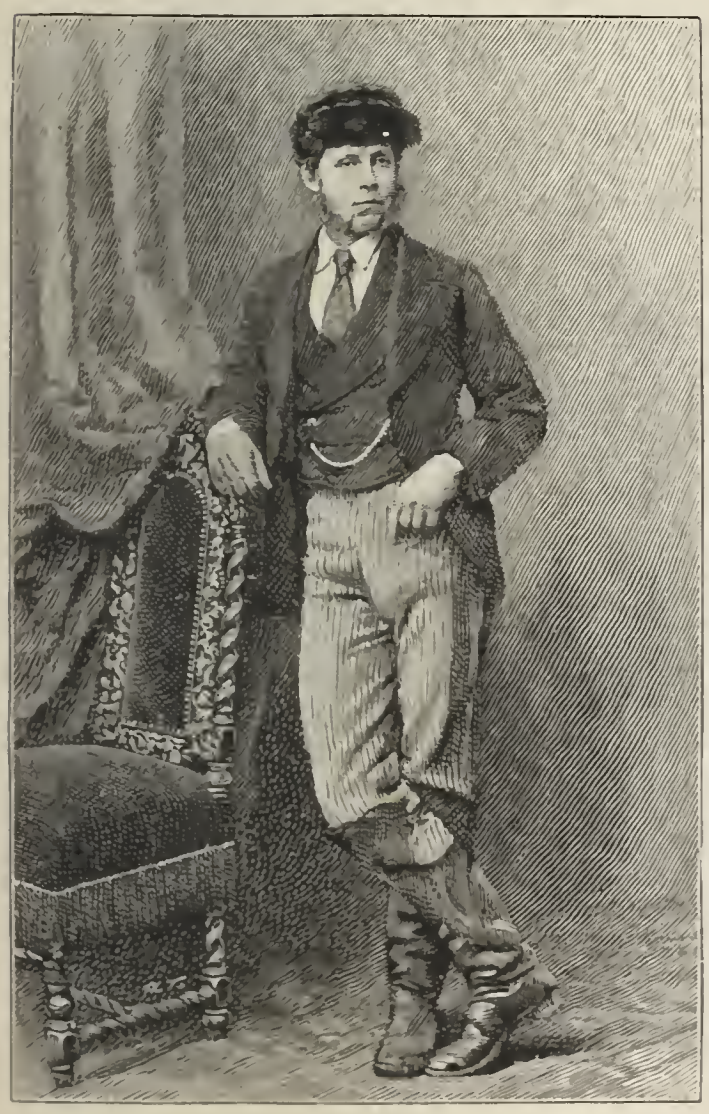
MR. F. C. SELOUS.
BORN 1852.

AT the time of writing the subject of these photos. is proving once more in Matabeleland what British pluck can do when put to the test, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Selous is a descendant of Robert Bruce, and Bruce the Abyssinian traveller, on his mother's side, whilst his father was of Huguenot extraction. Mr. Selous is well known as an ardent explorer and naturalist, an intrepid hunter, a brave soldier, and last, but not least, a clever writer. In recognition of his services, he received from the Royal Geographical Society, among other distinctions, the highest honour which it is in their power to bestow, namely, the founders' gold medal; and he is also a member of the Royal Zoological Society. He has published two books on his travels, which are no doubt familiar to every reader of THE STRAND. Last year he again left for South Africa in an administrative capacity.

AGE 29.
From a Photo. by Marsh Bros., Henley-on-Thames.

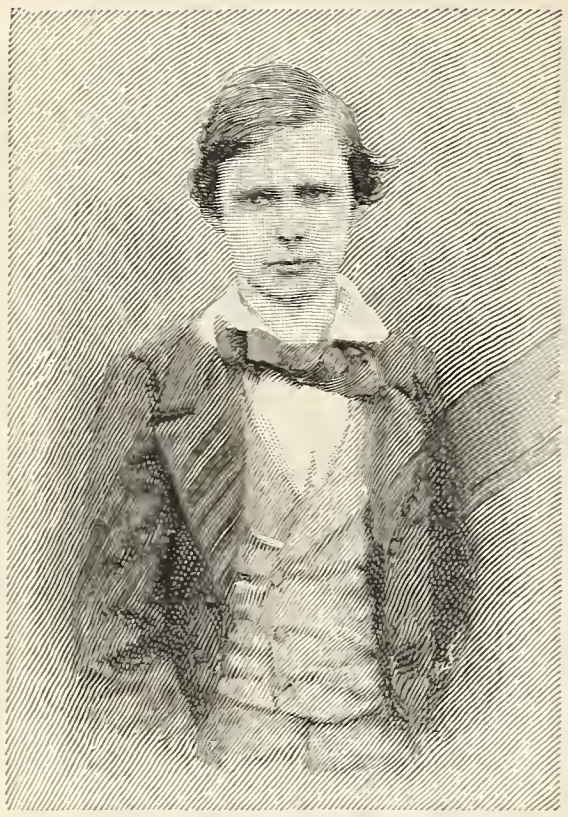


AGE 16.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.



AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Mondel & Jacob, Wiesbaden.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

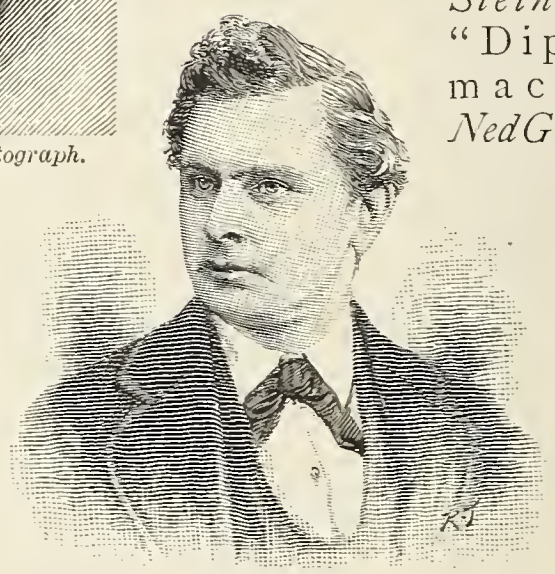


From a] AGE 11. [*Photograph.*

THE LATE MR. ARTHUR CECIL.

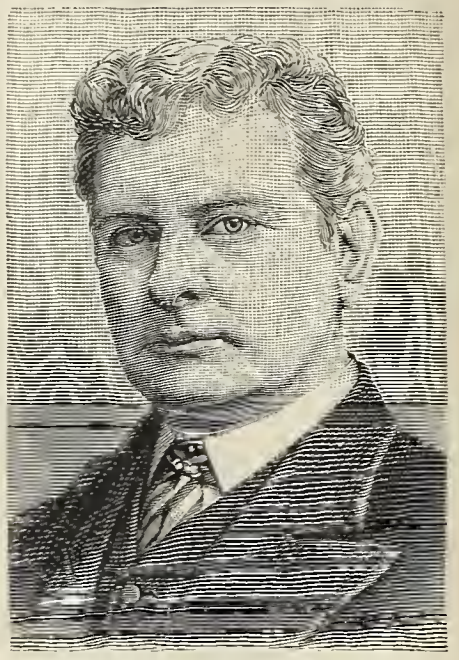
BORN 1844.

THE late Mr. Arthur Cecil, whose recent death caused much regret among players and playgoers, was the son of a well-known solicitor, and was educated at East Sheen, and at first intended for the Army. But he soon displayed a great talent for music and acting,



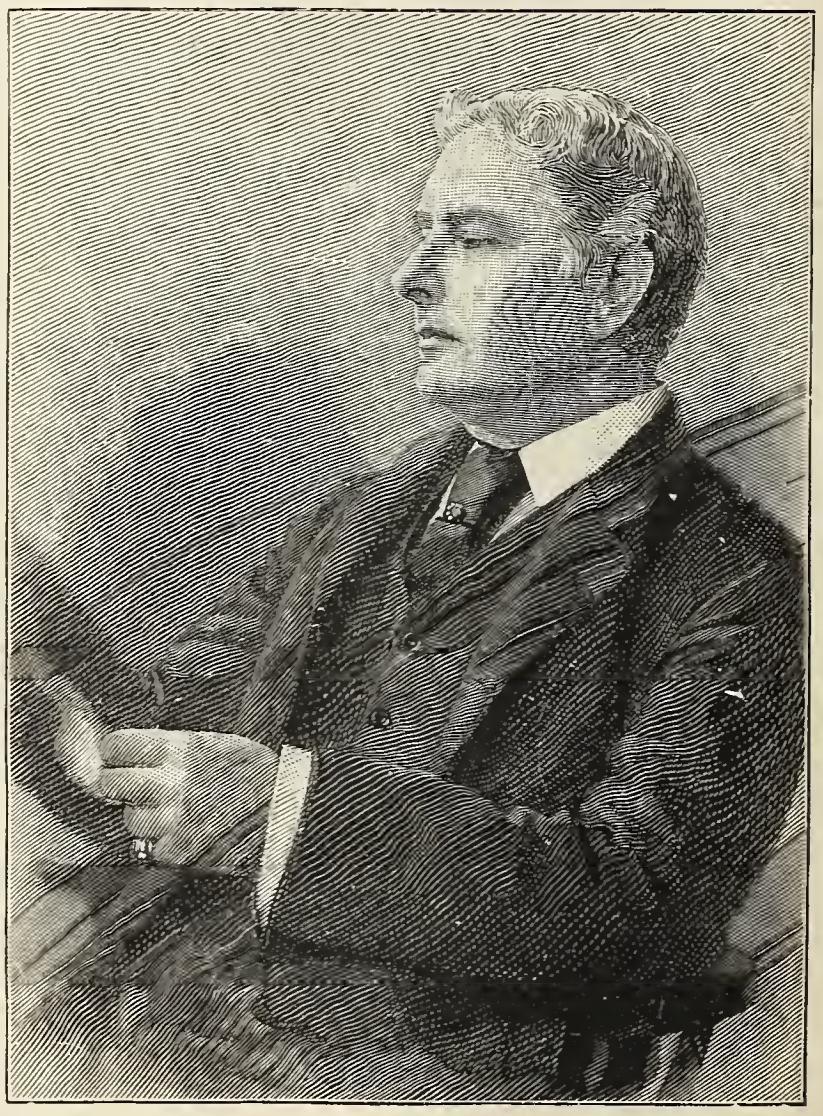
AGE 20.
From a Photo. by the London Portrait Company, Cheapside.

and first appeared as an amateur at the little theatre on Richmond Green. In 1869 he appeared at the Gallery of Illustration, as *Mr. Churchmouse* in "No Cards," and as *Box* in the musical version of "Box and Cox." He acted for five years in Mrs. German Reed's company, and it was here that he obtained that disguise of face and manner which has always been one of his chief characteristics. Mr. Cecil's principal parts on the stage proper have been *Dr. Downward* in Wilkie Collins's "Miss Gwilt"; *Sir Woodbine Grafton* in "Peril"; *The Rev. Noel Haygarth* in "The Vicarage"; *Baron Verduret* in "Honour"; *Baron Stein* in "Diplomacy"; *Ned Guyon* in "The Millionaire"; and *Mr. Posket* in "The Magistrate." At the new Court Theatre he has appeared, under Mrs. John Wood's management, in "The Cabinet Minister," etc.



AGE 40.
From a Photo. by Alex. Bassano.

AGE 34.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.



AGE 52.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

Tom Tiddler's Ground: The Romance of Buried Treasure.

I'm on Tom Tiddler's ground
Picking up gold and silver.

THIS simple rhyme, so familiar to us all from early childhood, might have been appropriately sung by the fortunate discoverers on some of the following occasions, had they had the time or inclination to bestow a thought upon that mysterious being who is supposed to rule over those portions of Mother Earth which yield both "gold and silver" to every individual who is lucky enough to find them.

But on no occasion was this more particularly true than at an extraordinary and important discovery, made by a party of boys one Sunday afternoon in June, 1833, near the village of Beaworth, in Hampshire. While amusing themselves playing marbles, on a small piece of pasture land called the Old Litten, one of them observed a piece of lead sticking up above the surface, in the track of a waggon wheel. Upon stooping to take hold of it, he discovered a small hole, into which he thrust his hand and brought out a number of coins, and his companions immediately followed his example. Considering their discovery to be nothing more than some old buttons, they filled their pockets with as many as they would hold, and hid a large number in an adjoining field, intending to return for a further supply at some future time. On their way back to the village, they amused themselves by throwing the coins at every bird that happened to cross their path, and not content with this, they utilized many more for producing "ducks and drakes" upon the surface of a pond, just outside the village.

But their movements had by this time attracted the attention of some villagers, who, upon learning the nature of the find, at once hastened to the spot and commenced a regular scramble for the booty. As some of the parties obtained possession of many more than others, the parents of the boys who first discovered the treasure became dissatisfied, and appealed on the following morning to the owner of the land. This gentleman immediately sent to claim all the coins that had been found, which were reluctantly given up, and by the same evening he received upwards of 6,500.

The coins, when originally found, were deposited in an oblong box lined with lead, and according to the villagers' account, they were packed in regular layers. The box itself was so mutilated by the people, in their eagerness to get at all its contents, that only one side and a part of the bottom remained entire. It is probable that it had been broken open by a passing waggon, and that the pressure of the vehicle had forced up the piece of lead which first attracted attention.

SOME OF THE COINS FROM THE BEAWORTH FIND.

Upon examination, the treasure was found to consist of coins of the reigns of William the Conqueror and William Rufus, many of them being in the most perfect state of preservation. The total number, allowing for those which the boys had scattered, and others which it was known were afterwards sold, was not less than 7,000. The amount which the sale of

the coins realized was most generously distributed by the owner of the land among the discoverers of the treasure and the local charities.

Differing in many respects from the above find, though none the less remarkable, was the discovery made by a sexton and his assistant, at Hexham, in Northumberland, in 1832. The men were employed in preparing a grave, on the west side of the north transept of Hexham Church, and while thus occupied one of them struck upon a vessel, out of which fell a few small coins. From their appearance the men imagined that the vessel contained gold and silver treasure, and their first idea was to secure as much as possible before the event should become known. But the incumbent of the church happening to be near, and seeing that something unusual had occurred, he at once proceeded to the spot and thus prevented any spoliation. Actuated solely by a desire that the best advantage should be taken of what he rightly considered an important discovery, he promptly secured the safety of the whole of the coins.

The vessel, which proved to be a Saxon bucket, was found to contain brass coins, called stycas, of the Anglo-Saxon Kings, Heardalf, Eanred, Ethelred, and Redulf ; the total number found was estimated at 8,000.

SAXON VESSEL IN WHICH THE COINS WERE DISCOVERED AT HEXHAM.

The bucket, here reproduced, is now in the National Collection of Saxon Antiquities. It was much injured by the blows it received

OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF SAXON STYCAS OF KING EANRED, DISCOVERED AT HEXHAM.

from the tools, and is in a very decomposed and dilapidated condition. It does not appear that the vessel ever had a cover, though the coins, when found, were quite

OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF SAXON STYCAS OF KING ETHELRED, DISCOVERED AT HEXHAM.

dry and coated with dust. It is made of brass plate, and decorated with a number of Saxon ornaments round the upper part. The handle is fixed by two heads with pendant drapery, the whole being a remarkably interesting relic of this early period.

It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that many of the most important discoveries of coins have been made by boys, and that, too, in the most accidental and unexpected manner. The following is an example of one of these discoveries, and many more might be given. Imagine the look of surprise and astonishment which must have overspread the face of the small boy who had been sent to mind his master's sheep, at a place called Keeps Hill, near High Wycombe, when, from out a flint, which he had casually picked up on the hillside (for the purpose of grubbing up a mole's track, always a fascinating amusement to a boy), there fell a number of Early British gold coins. Upon examining the stone he discovered that it was hollow, and upon probing the cavity, nine coins more tumbled out. The stone, in size and shape, resembled a large egg, though rather flatter ; the cavity, which was tubular, being a natural formation.

Somewhat elated, the boy left the sheep and started off to show the treasure to his master, who at once took possession of the coins ; but the boy's father, hearing soon

OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF UNIQUE BRITISH COIN, FOUND NEAR HIGH WYCOMBE.

after of his son's discovery, got possession of them and carried them about for sale.

The date of the coins was about B.C. 35, they were all gold, and of considerable value on account of their rarity and weight. Whatever the object of the person who hid them may have been, he could hardly have hit upon a less suspicious receptacle than the one chosen, as the fact of their having lain hidden for over 1,800 years seems to prove.

The domestic hearth has always been considered a favourite hiding-place for treasure. It is probable, therefore, that the French priest, who was conducting a mission in Dauphiny at the beginning of the present century, was not so very much surprised when he heard from the lips of a young maid-servant her confession of a discovery she had made of a large quantity of gold medals and coins under the hearthstone in an old castle, occupied by a farmer. It appeared from her story that, while she was clearing away the ashes from under the grate, a few coins appeared among them, and this circumstance led her to look for more under the stone, which had been burned through; and under which she found a large number of others. These she had carefully hid, but not knowing what to do with them, and fearing detection, she had been forced to confess. The priest, with an eye to his own interest, told her that as she could not take them for herself, nor sell them without risking their entire loss, she must bring them to him to dispose of in a manner in accordance with the dictates of his conscience; and the girl having brought them, he immediately took them to a goldsmith, who melted them down, and purchased the metal. Of the proceeds, the priest gave a part only to the girl, and with the remainder purchased decorations for his church, and a fine library necessary to a confessor and missioner.

A discovery which created much interest at the time, and is probably the largest on record, was made in the most accidental manner near Tutbury, in Staffordshire, in 1831. In the early part of the summer of that year, a number of workmen were employed in removing a considerable bank of gravel and sand, a short distance below the bridge over the River Dove, which was causing an obstruction in the water-way. During the operation one of the labourers turned up a few silver coins, and upon digging a second time into the same spot, he, to his great astonishment, turned up a whole shovelful, and disclosed to view an immense number of others. Thereupon a regular fight for the treasure took place, each man appropriating to himself as much as he could possibly carry, and in some cases a little more; for when the overseer, upon learning what had happened, came up, the coins were literally running over out of the men's pockets.

The find consisted of silver pennies of the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II., amount-

OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF COIN OF EDWARD I., FROM TUTBURY FIND.

ing to the enormous number of 200,000 pieces.

The news of the discovery soon spread, and many people visited the scene: some to satisfy a not unnatural curiosity; others, no doubt, in the hope of securing a few of the coins for themselves. But as the spot on which the coins were found was near to the ancient castle of Tutbury (a piece of Crown

OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF COIN OF EDWARD II., FROM TUTBURY FIND.

property, belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster), the find, according to the existing law, belonged to the Crown as treasure-trove. The Chancellor of the Duchy issued a proclamation claiming all the coins found, and prohibiting further search by unauthorized persons; and he also appointed proper officers to proceed with the examination of the unexplored ground. At the same time, with a view to the peace of the neighbourhood, and

in kind consideration of the poor workmen who had been occupying themselves in digging up the treasure, he directed that no proceedings should be taken for the recovery of any money which had been found previous to that time.

The nett result of the search under the commission of the Duchy was the discovery of about 1,500 coins and one gold ring.

From the very large number of coins found, it has been conjectured that the treasure may have been the contents of the military chest of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, lost in the rapid retreat of his forces, which took place after his defeat by the King's troops at Burton, in 1322. It is known that he fled in this direction after the battle, and would be compelled to cross the river somewhere in the vicinity in which the coins were found, there being no bridge at Tutbury at the time.

A small but important discovery of treasure, made about the beginning of this century, next claims our attention. It consisted of the elegant silver vessel here reproduced, which contained five gold rings, each weighing between 8dwt. and 9dwt., one silver ring, two gold chains, 2ft. 8in. and 2ft. 4in. in length respectively, with wheel-shaped ornaments attached to them, a gold bracelet, a pair of silver-gilt fibulæ, three silver spoons, about 280 Roman denarii, and two large brass coins of Antoninus Pius, in whose reign the treasure was in all probability deposited.

ROMAN VESSEL OF SILVER IN WHICH THE TREASURE WAS FOUND.

GOLD CHAINS AND RINGS FOUND IN SILVER VESSEL.

The whole of the articles were in the most perfect condition, and, with the exception of the coins, are supposed to have been connected with the rites and ceremonies of Roman worship, but in what particular way has never been satisfactorily determined.

The exact locality where the discovery was made was cautiously and successfully concealed, in order that the treasure might not be claimed by the Crown. The articles are said to have been hawked about privately, till they were ultimately purchased by a silversmith at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The Duchy of Lancaster seems to have been

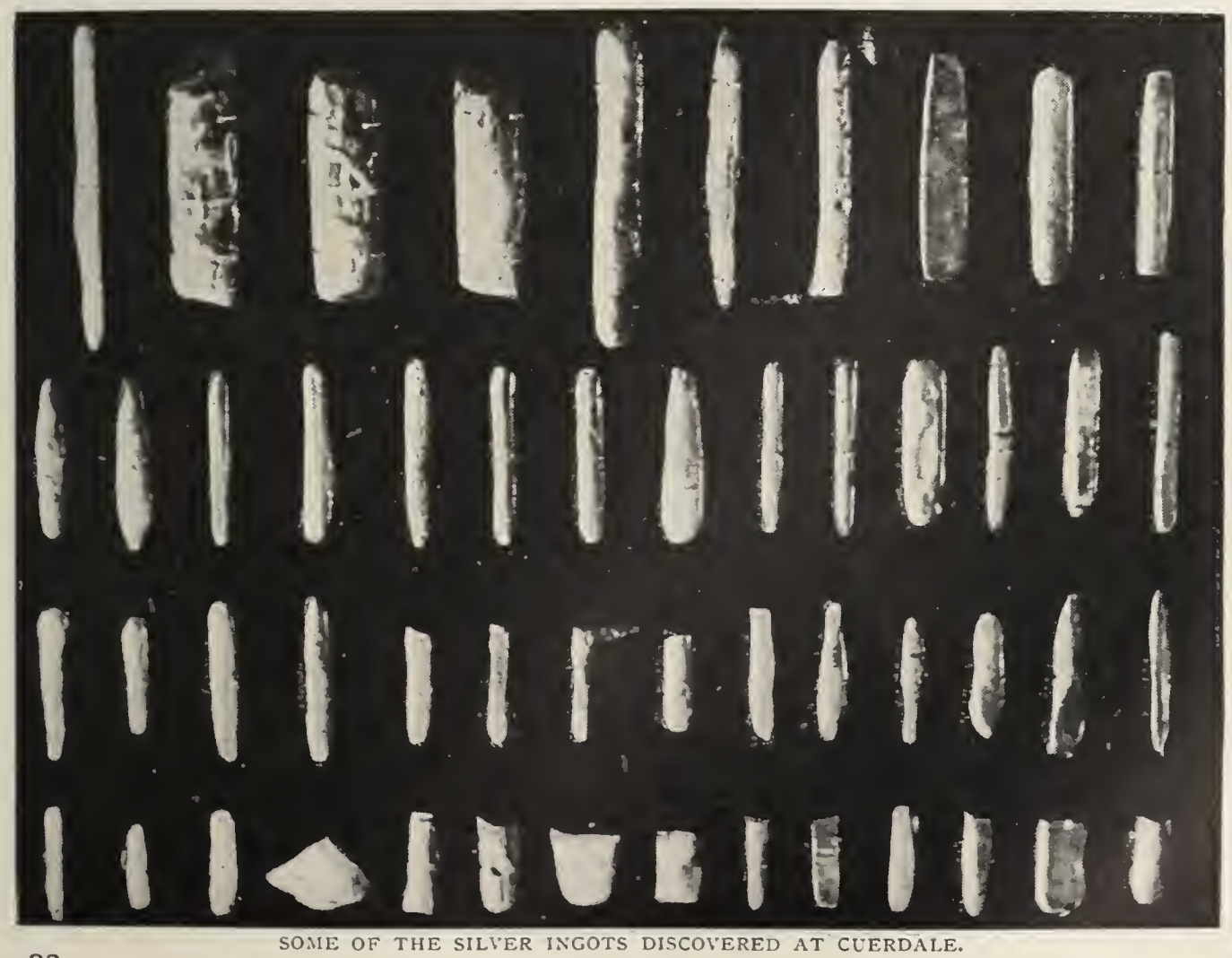
OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF UNIQUE COIN OF ALFRED THE GREAT, FROM CUERDALE HOARD.

remarkably fortunate with regard to discoveries of treasure, for in 1846 another important find occurred in Lancashire upon property belonging to the Council, which in several respects resembles that which took place at Tutbury. It appears from contemporary accounts that some workmen were employed at a place called Cuerdale, near Preston, carrying earth to fill in a large cavity, which had been hollowed out by the water, in the banks of the River Ribble. While digging for this purpose, a short distance from the banks of the river, they came upon a large mass of silver, consisting of ingots of various sizes, a few armlets, tolerably entire, several fragments, and a few ornaments of some other description, the weight of the whole being about 1,0000z., exclusive of 6,000 or 7,000 coins of various reigns. The treasure had originally been inclosed in a leaden chest, but this was so decomposed, that only a small portion of it could be secured.

This mass of treasure was at once taken possession of in the Queen's name by those in authority, and became the property of Her Majesty. With great liberality, the Queen placed it in the hands of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to be disposed of as he might deem most advantageous to the Numismatic and Archæological Sciences.

The majority of the coins were of the reigns of Ethelstan, Alfred, Eadweard, St. Edmund, and other Saxon Kings; though a large number were foreign, and many were unknown. A complete series was selected for the National Collection, and packets more or less numerous were presented to various institutions at home and abroad, for the hoard was almost as interesting to several of the Continental countries as it was to England. From the general appearance of the whole mass, it has been suggested that it was the stock of a dealer in precious metals, who, becoming alarmed during some civil commotion for the safety of his stock-in-trade,

OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF COIN OF CANUTE, FROM CUERDALE HOARD.



SOME OF THE SILVER INGOTS DISCOVERED AT CUERDALE.

had buried it for security until the danger should be passed, and had afterwards been prevented by some calamity from revealing its whereabouts to others or recovering it for himself.

That useful agricultural implement, the plough, has been instrumental on several occasions in bringing to light treasures which, but for its timely intervention, might have been for ever lost to the numismatist; and one of the instances in which it played an important, if indirect, part was in the discovery which was made in 1867 at Chancton Farm, near Steyning, in Sussex. In 1865, an old barn belonging to the farm, which was inclosed by a hedge and surrounded by some trees, was removed; the trees were cut down, the hedge grubbed up, and the ground ploughed over, leaving only one small bush, which at the time it was not considered necessary to remove. But in 1867, two years after the clearance was made, a labourer who with others was ploughing over the same ground (thinking the space occupied by the bush would be more useful for growing corn) proceeded to root it up, in order to let the plough pass. In doing this he brought to light immediately beneath the root of the bush a crock full of silver coins, for which a scramble at once took place among his fellow-labourers and himself, the vessel being broken to atoms in the scrimmage. Many of the coins were carried off, but a large number of them were secured for the Crown, and many rare and curious specimens were added to the National Collection. The total number of coins could not have been less than two thousand, but before they could be collected many are supposed to have been sold, while others were concealed by the villagers in the hope of obtaining a good price for them at some future time.

OBVERSE AND REVERSE OF COIN OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, FROM FIND AT CHANCTON FARM.

The bulk of the coins were silver pennies of the reign of Edward the Confessor, and were in a wonderful state of preservation, some of them being as fresh as though just issued from the Mint.

The law as it exists in this country in connection with discoveries such as have been described has no doubt led to the concealment of many other remarkable finds, and the destruction of many interesting relics of antiquity; and this state of things will no doubt continue until some alteration takes place, and some encouragement is given to the finders to surrender their treasure on other conditions than those at present in force. It is fortunately seldom that this law is called into operation, for, whenever it is, it never fails to give rise to much dissatisfaction.

By Grant Allen.

I.—THE EPISODE OF THE MEXICAN SEER.

MY name is Seymour Wilbraham Wentworth. I am brother-in-law and secretary to Sir Charles Vandrift, the South African millionaire and famous financier. Many years ago, when Charlie Vandrift was a small lawyer in Cape Town, I had the (qualified) good fortune to marry his sister. Much later, when the Vandrift estate and farm near Kimberley developed by degrees into the Cloetedorp Golcondas, Limited, my brother-in-law offered me the not unremunerative post of secretary; in which capacity I have ever since been his constant and attached companion.

He is not a man whom any common sharper can take in, is Charles Vandrift. Middle height, square build, firm mouth, keen eyes—the very picture of a sharp and successful business genius. I have only known one rogue impose upon Sir Charles, and that one rogue, as the Commissary of Police at Nice remarked, would doubtless have imposed upon a syndicate of Vidocq, Robert Houdin, and Cagliostro.

We had run across to the Riviera for a few weeks in the season. Our object being strictly rest and recreation from the arduous duties of financial combination, we did not think it necessary to take our wives out with us. Indeed, Lady Vandrift is absolutely wedded to the joys of London, and does not appreciate the rural delights of the Mediterranean littoral. But Sir Charles and I, though immersed in affairs when at home, both thoroughly enjoy the complete change from the City to the charming vegetation and pellucid air on the terrace at Monte Carlo. We *are* so fond of scenery. That delicious view over the rocks of Monaco, with the Maritime Alps in the rear, and the blue sea in front, not to mention the imposing Casino in the foreground, appeals to me as one of the most beautiful prospects in

all Europe. Sir Charles has a sentimental attachment for the place. He finds it restores and freshens him, after the turmoil of London, to win a few hundreds at roulette in the course of an afternoon, among the palms and cactuses and pure breezes of Monte Carlo. The country, say I, for a jaded intellect! However, we never on any account actually stop in the Principality itself. Sir Charles thinks Monte Carlo is not a sound address for a financier's letters. He prefers a comfortable hotel on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, where he recovers health and renovates his nervous system by taking daily excursions along the coast to the Casino.

This particular season we were snugly ensconced at the Hôtel des Anglais. We had capital quarters on the first floor—salon, study, and bedrooms—and found on the spot a most agreeable cosmopolitan society. All Nice, just then, was ringing with talk about a curious impostor, known to his followers as the Great Mexican Seer, and supposed to be gifted with second sight, as well as with endless other supernatural powers. Now, it is a peculiarity of my able brother-in-law's that, when he meets with a quack, he burns to expose him; he is so keen a man of business himself that it gives him, so to speak, a disinterested pleasure to unmask and detect imposture in others. Many ladies at the hotel, some of whom had met and conversed with the Mexican Seer, were constantly telling us strange stories of his doings—he had disclosed to one the present whereabouts of a runaway husband; he had pointed out to another the numbers that would win at roulette next evening; he had shown a third the image on a screen of the man she had for years adored without his knowledge. Of course, Sir Charles didn't believe a word of it; but his curiosity was roused; he wished to see and judge for himself of the wonderful thought-reader.

"What would be his terms, do you think, for a private *séance?*" he asked of Madame Picardet, the lady to whom the Seer had successfully predicted the winning numbers.

"He does not work for money," Madame Picardet answered, "but for the good of humanity. I'm sure he would gladly come and exhibit for nothing his miraculous faculties."

"Nonsense!" Sir Charles answered. "The man must live. I'd pay him five guineas, though, to see him alone. What hotel is he stopping at?"

"The Cosmopolitan, I think," the lady answered. "Oh, no; I remember now, the Westminster."

Sir Charles turned to me quietly. "Look here, Seymour," he whispered. "Go round to this fellow's place immediately after dinner, and offer him five pounds to give a private *séance* at once in my rooms, without mentioning who I am to him; keep the name quite quiet. Bring him back with you, too, and come straight upstairs with him, so that there may be no collusion. We'll see just how much the fellow can tell us."

I went, as directed. I found the Seer a very remarkable and interesting person. He stood about Sir Charles's own height, but was slimmer and straighter, with an aquiline nose, strangely piercing eyes, very large, black pupils, and a finely-chiselled, close-shaven face like the bust of Antinous in our hall in Mayfair. What gave him his most characteristic touch, however, was his odd head of hair, curly and wavy like Paderewski's, standing out in a halo round his high white forehead and his delicate profile. I could see at a glance why he succeeded so well in impressing women: he had the look of a poet, a singer, a prophet.

"I have come round," I said, "to ask whether you will consent to give a *séance* at once in a friend's rooms; and my principal wishes me to add that he is prepared to pay five pounds as the price of the entertainment."

Señor Antonio Herrera—that was what he called himself—bowed to me with impressive Spanish politeness. His dusky olive cheeks were wrinkled with a smile of gentle contempt as he answered, gravely:—

"I do not sell my gifts; I bestow them freely. If your friend—your anonymous friend—desires to behold the cosmic wonders that are wrought through my hands, I am glad to show them to him. Fortunately, as often happens when it is necessary to convince and confound a sceptic (for that your friend is a sceptic I feel instinctively), I chance to have no engagements at all this evening." He ran his hand through his fine, long hair, reflectively. "Yes, I go," he continued, as if addressing some unknown presence that hovered about the ceiling; "I go; come with me!" Then he put on his broad sombrero, with its crimson ribbon, wrapped a cloak round his shoulders, lighted a cigarette, and strode forth by my side towards the Hôtel des Anglais.

He talked little by the way, and that little in curt sentences. He seemed buried in

"YES, I GO."

deep thought; indeed, when we reached the door and I turned in, he walked a step or two farther on, as if not noticing to what place I had brought him. Then he drew himself up short, and gazed around him for a moment. "Ha, the Anglais," he said—and I may mention in passing that his English, in spite of a slight southern accent, was idiomatic and excellent. "It is here, then; it is here!" He was addressing once more the unseen presence.

I smiled to think that these childish devices were intended to deceive Sir Charles Vandrift. Not quite the sort of man (as the City of London knows) to be taken in by hocus-pocus. And all this, I saw, was the cheapest and most commonplace conjurer's patter.

We went upstairs to our rooms. Charles had gathered together a few friends to watch the performance. The Seer entered, wrapt in thought. He was in evening dress, but a red sash round his waist gave a touch of picturesqueness and a dash of colour. He paused for a moment in the middle of the salon, without letting his eyes rest on anybody or anything. Then he walked straight up to Charles, and held out his dark hand. "Good evening," he said. "You are the host. My soul's sight tells me so."

"Good shot," Sir Charles answered. "These fellows have to be quick-witted, you know, Mrs. Mackenzie, or they'd never get on at it."

The Seer gazed about him, and smiled blankly at a person or two whose faces he seemed to recognise from a previous existence. Then Charles began to ask him a few simple questions, not about himself, but about me, just to test him. He answered most of them with surprising correctness. "His name? His name begins with an S—I think—You call him Seymour." He paused long between each clause, as if the facts were revealed to him slowly. "Seymour—Wilbraham—Earl of Strafford. No, not Earl of Strafford! Seymour Wilbraham Wentworth. There seems to be some connection in somebody's mind now present between Wentworth and Strafford. I am not English. I do not know what it means. But they are somehow the same name, Wentworth and Strafford."

He gazed around apparently for confirmation. A lady came to his rescue.

"Wentworth was the surname of the great Earl of Strafford," she murmured, gently; "and I was wondering, as you spoke, whether Mr. Wentworth might possibly be descended from him."

"He is," the Seer replied, instantly, with a flash of those dark eyes. And I thought this curious; for though my father always maintained the reality of the relationship, there was one link wanting to complete the pedigree. He could not make sure that the Hon. Thomas Wilbraham Wentworth was the father of Jonathan Wentworth, the Bristol horse-dealer, from whom we are descended.

"Where was I born?" Sir Charles interrupted, coming suddenly to his own case.

The Seer clapped his two hands to his forehead and held it between them, as if to prevent it from bursting. "Africa," he said, slowly, as the facts narrowed down, so to speak. "South Africa; Cape of Good Hope; Jansenville; De Witt Street. 1840."

"By Jove, he's correct," Sir Charles muttered. "He seems really to do it. Still, he may have found me out. He may have known where he was coming."

"I never gave a hint," I answered; "till he

reached the door, he didn't even know to what hotel I was piloting him."

The Seer stroked his chin softly. His eye appeared to me to have a furtive gleam in it. "Would you like me to tell you the number of a bank-note inclosed in an envelope?" he asked, casually.

"Go out of the room," Sir Charles said, "while I pass it round the company."

Señor Herrera disappeared. Sir Charles passed it round cautiously, holding it all the time in his own hand, but letting his guests see the number. Then he placed it in an envelope and gummed it down firmly.

The Seer returned. His keen eyes swept the company with a comprehensive glance. He shook his shaggy mane. Then he took the envelope in his hands and gazed at it fixedly. "AF, 73549," he answered, in a slow tone. "A Bank of England note for fifty pounds—exchanged at the Casino for gold won yesterday at Monte Carlo."

"I see how he did that," Sir Charles said, triumphantly. "He must have changed it there himself; and then I changed it back again. In point of fact, I remember seeing a fellow with long hair loafing about. Still, it's capital conjuring."

"He can see through matter," one of the ladies interposed. It was Madame Picardet. "He can see through a box." She drew a little gold vinaigrette, such as our grandmothers used, from her dress-pocket. "What is in this?" she inquired, holding it up to him.

Señor Herrera gazed through it. "Three gold coins," he replied, knitting his brows with the effort of seeing into the box: "one, an American five dollars; one, a French ten-franc piece; one, twenty marks, German, of the old Emperor William."

She opened the box and passed it round. Sir Charles smiled a quiet smile.

"Confederacy!" he muttered, half to himself. "Confederacy!"

The Seer turned to him with a sullen air. "You want a better sign?" he said, in a very impressive voice. "A sign that will convince you! Very well: you have a letter in your left waistcoat pocket—a crumpled-up letter. Do you wish me to read it out? I will, if you desire it."

It may seem to those who know Sir Charles incredible, but, I am bound to admit, my brother-in-law coloured. What that letter contained, I cannot say; he only answered, very testily and evasively, "No, thank you; I won't trouble you. The exhibition you have already given us of your skill in this kind more than amply suffices." And his fingers strayed nervously to his waistcoat pocket, as if he was half afraid, even then, Señor Herrera would read it.

I fancied, too, he glanced somewhat anxiously towards Madame Picardet.

The Seer bowed courteously. "Your will, señor, is law," he said. "I make it a principle, though I can see through all things, invariably to respect the secrecies and sanctities. If it were not so, I might dissolve society. For which of us is there who could bear the whole truth being told about him?" He gazed around the room. An unpleasant thrill supervened. Most of us felt this uncanny Spanish American knew really too much. And some of us were engaged in financial operations.

"For example," the Seer continued, blandly, "I happened a few weeks ago to travel down here from Paris by train with a very intelligent man, a company promoter. He had in his bag some documents — some confidential documents": he glanced at Sir Charles. "You know the kind of thing, my dear sir: reports from experts—from mining engineers. You may have seen some such; marked, *strictly private*."

"They form an element in high finance," Sir Charles admitted, coldly.

"Pre-cisely," the Seer murmured, his accent for a moment less Spanish than before. "And, as they were marked *strictly private*, I respect, of course, the seal of confidence. That's all I wish to say. I hold it a duty, being intrusted with such powers, not to use them in a manner which may annoy or incommode my fellow-creatures."

"Your feeling does you honour," Sir Charles answered, with some acerbity. Then he whispered in my ear: "Confounded clever scoundrel, Sey; rather wish we hadn't brought him here."

Señor Herrera seemed intuitively to divine this wish, for he interposed, in a lighter and gayer tone:—

"I will now show you a different and more interesting embodiment of occult power, for which we shall need a somewhat subdued arrangement of surrounding lights. Would you mind, señor host—for I have purposely abstained from reading your name on the brain of anyone present—would you mind my turning down this lamp just a little? . . . So! That will do. Now, this one; and this one. Exactly! that's right." He poured a few grains of powder out of a packet into a saucer. "Next, a match, if you please.

Thank you!" It burnt with a strange green light. He drew from his pocket a card, and produced a little ink-bottle. "Have you a pen?" he asked.

I instantly brought one. He handed it to Sir Charles. "Oblige me," he said, "by writing your name there." And he indicated a place in the centre of the card, which had an embossed edge, with a small middle square of a different colour.

The Seer strode forward. "Give me the envelope," he said. He took it in his hand, walked over towards the fire-place, and solemnly burnt it. "See—it crumbles into ashes," he cried. Then he came back to the middle of the room, close to the green light, rolled up his sleeve, and held his arm before Sir Charles. There, in blood-red letters, my brother-in-law read the name, "Charles Vandrift," in his own handwriting!

"IN BLOOD-RED LETTERS, MY BROTHER-IN-LAW READ THE NAME."

Sir Charles has a natural disinclination to signing his name without knowing why. "What do you want with it?" he asked. (A millionaire's signature has so many uses.)

"I want you to put the card in an envelope," the Seer replied, "and then to burn it. After that, I shall show you your own name written in letters of blood on my arm, in your own handwriting."

Sir Charles took the pen. If the signature was to be burned as soon as finished, he didn't mind giving it. He wrote his name in his usual firm, clear style — the writing of a man who knows his worth and is not afraid of drawing a cheque for five thousand.

"Look at it long," the Seer said, from the other side of the room. He had not watched him write it.

Sir Charles stared at it fixedly. The Seer was really beginning to produce an impression.

"Now, put it in that envelope," the Seer exclaimed.

Sir Charles, like a lamb, placed it as directed.

"I see how that's done," Sir Charles murmured, drawing back. "It's a clever delusion; but still, I see through it. It's like that ghost-book. Your ink was deep green; your light was green; you made me look at it long; and then I saw the same thing written on the skin of your arm in complementary colours."

"You think so?" the Seer replied, with a curious curl of the lip.

"I'm sure of it," Sir Charles answered.

Quick as lightning, the Seer again rolled up his sleeve. "That's your name," he cried, in a very clear voice, "but not your whole name. What do you say, then, to my right? Is this one also a complementary colour?" He held his other arm out. There, in sea-green letters, I read the name, "Charles O'Sullivan Vandrift." It is my brother-in-law's full baptismal designation; but he has dropped the O'Sullivan for many years past, and, to say the truth, doesn't like it. He is a little bit ashamed of his mother's family.

Charles glanced at it hurriedly. "Quite right," he said, "quite right!" But his

voice was hollow. I could guess he didn't care to continue the *séance*. He could see through the man, of course: but it was clear the fellow knew too much about us to be entirely pleasant.

"Turn up the lights," I said, and a servant turned them. "Shall I say coffee and benedictine?" I whispered to Vandrift.

"By all means," he answered. "Anything to keep this fellow from further impertinences! And, I say, don't you think you'd better suggest at the same time that the men should smoke? Even these ladies are not above a cigarette—some of them."

There was a sigh of relief. The lights burned brightly. The Seer for the moment retired from business, so to speak. He accepted a partaga with a very good grace, sipped his coffee in a corner, and chatted to the lady who had suggested Strafford with marked politeness. He was a polished gentleman.

Next morning, in the hall of the hotel, I saw Madame Picardet again, in a neat tailor-made travelling dress; evidently bound for the railway-station.

"What, off, Madame Picardet?" I cried.

She smiled, and held out her prettily-gloved hand. "Yes, I'm off," she answered, archly. "Florence, or Rome, or somewhere. I've drained Nice dry—like a sucked orange. Got all the fun I can out of it. Now I'm away again to my beloved Italy."

But it struck me as odd that, if Italy was her game, she went by the omnibus which takes down to the *train de luxe* for Paris. However, a man of the world accepts what a lady tells him, no matter how improbable; and I confess, for ten days or so, I thought no more about her, or the Seer either.

At the end of that time, our fortnightly pass-book came in from the bank in London. It is part of my duty, as the millionaire's secretary, to make up this book once a fortnight, and to compare the cancelled cheques with Sir Charles's counterfoils. On this particular occasion, I happened to observe what I can only describe as a very grave discrepancy. In fact, a discrepancy of £5,000. On the wrong side, too. Sir Charles was debited with £5,000 more than the total amount that was shown on the counterfoils.

I examined the book with care. The source of the error was obvious. It lay in a cheque to Self or Bearer, for £5,000, signed by Sir Charles, and evidently paid across the counter in London, as it bore on its face no stamp or indication of any other office.

I called in my brother-in-law from the salon to the study. "Look here, Charles," I said, "there's a cheque in the book which you haven't entered." And I handed it to him without comment, for I thought it might have been drawn to settle some little loss on the turf or at cards, or to make up some other affair he didn't desire to mention to me. These things will happen.

He looked at it and stared hard. Then he pursed up his mouth and gave a long, low "Whew!" At last he turned it over and remarked, "I say, Sey, my boy, we've just been done jolly well brown, haven't we?"

I glanced at the cheque. "How do you mean?" I inquired.

"Why, the Seer," he replied, still staring at it ruefully. "I don't mind the five thou., but to think the fellow should have gammoned the pair of us like that—ignominious, I call it!"

"How do you know it's the Seer?" I asked.

"Look at the green ink," he answered. "Besides, I recollect the very shape of the last flourish. I flourished a bit like that in the excitement of the moment, which I don't always do with my regular signature."

"He's done us," I answered, recognising it. "But how the dickens did he manage to transfer it to the cheque? This looks like your own handwriting, Charles, not a clever forgery."

"It is," he said. "I admit it—I can't deny it. Only fancy his bamboozling me when I was most on my guard! I wasn't to be taken in by any of his silly occult tricks and catch-words; but it never occurred to me he was going to victimize me financially in this way. I expected attempts at a loan or an extortion; but to collar my signature to a blank cheque—atrocious!"

"How did he manage it?" I asked.

"I haven't the faintest conception. I only know those are the words I wrote. I could swear to them anywhere."

"Then you can't protest the cheque?"

"Unfortunately, no; it's my own true signature."

We went that afternoon without delay to see the Chief Commissary of Police at the office. He was a gentlemanly Frenchman, much less formal and red-tapey than usual, and he spoke excellent English, with an American accent, having acted, in fact, as a detective in New York for about ten years in his early manhood.

"I guess," he said slowly, after hearing our story, "you've been victimized right here by Colonel Clay, gentlemen."

"I GUESS YOU'VE BEEN VICTIMIZED."

"Who is Colonel Clay?" Sir Charles asked.

"That's just what I want to know," the Commissary answered, in his curious American-French-English. "He is a Colonel, because he occasionally gives himself a commission; he is called Colonel Clay, because he appears to possess an indiarubber face, and he can mould it like clay in the hands of the potter. Real name, unknown. Nationality, equally French and English. Address, usually Europe. Profession, former maker of wax figures to the Musée Grévin. Age, what he chooses. Employs his knowledge to mould his own nose and cheeks, with wax additions, to the character he desires to personate. Aquiline, this time, you say. *Hein!* Anything like these photographs?"

He rummaged in his desk and handed us two.

"Not in the least," Sir Charles answered; "except, perhaps, as to the neck, everything here is quite unlike him."

"Then that's the Colonel!" the Commissary answered, with decision, rubbing his hands in glee. "Look here," and he took out a pencil and rapidly sketched the outline of one of the two faces—that of a bland-looking young man, with no expression worth mentioning. "There's the Colonel in his simple disguise. Very good. Now watch me: figure to yourself that he adds here a tiny patch of wax to his nose—an aquiline bridge—just so; well, you have him right there; and the chin, ah, one touch: now, for hair, a wig: for complexion, nothing easier: that's the profile of your rascal, isn't it?"

"Exactly," we both murmured. By two curves of the pencil, and a shock of false hair, the face was transmuted.

"He had very large eyes, with very big pupils, though," I objected, looking close; "and the man in the photograph here has them small and boiled-fishy."

"That's so," the Commissary answered. "A drop of belladonna expands—and produces the Seer; five grains of opium contract—and give a dead-alive, stupidly-innocent appearance. Well, you leave this affair to me, gentlemen. I'll see the fun out. I don't say I'll catch him for you; nobody ever yet has caught Colonel Clay; but I'll explain how he did the trick; and that ought to be consolation enough to a man of your means for a trifle of five thousand!"

"You are not the conventional French office-holder, M. le Commissaire," I ventured to interpose.

"You bet!" the Commissary replied, and drew himself up like a captain of infantry. "Messieurs," he continued, in French, with the utmost dignity, "I shall devote the resources of this office to tracing out the crime, and, if possible, to effectuating the arrest of the culpable."

We telegraphed to London, of course, and we wrote to the bank, with a full description of the suspected person. But I need hardly add that nothing came of it.

Three days later, the Commissary called at our hotel. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I am glad to say I have discovered everything!"

"What? Arrested the Seer?" Sir Charles cried.

The Commissary drew back, almost horrified at the suggestion.

"Arrested Colonel Clay?" he exclaimed. "*Mais*, monsieur, we are only human! Arrested him? No, not quite. But tracked out how he did it. That is already much — to unravel Colonel Clay, gentlemen!"

"Well, what do you make of it?" Sir Charles asked, crestfallen.

The Commissary sat down and gloated over his discovery. It was clear a well-planned crime amused him vastly. "In the first place, monsieur," he said, "disabuse your mind of the idea that when monsieur your secretary went out to fetch Señor Herrera that night, Señor Herrera didn't know to whose rooms he was coming. Quite otherwise, in point of fact. I do not doubt myself that Señor Herrera, or Colonel Clay (call him which you like), came to Nice this winter for no other purpose than just to rob you."

"But I sent for him," my brother-in-law interposed.

"Yes; he *meant* you to send for him. He forced a card, so to speak. If he couldn't do that, I guess he would be a pretty poor conjurer. He had a lady of his own—his wife, let us say, or his sister—stopping here at this hotel; a certain Madame Picardet. Through her, he induced several ladies of your circle to attend his *séances*. She and they spoke to you about him, and aroused your curiosity. You may bet your bottom dollar that when he came to this room, he came ready primed and prepared with endless facts about both of you."

"What fools we have been, Sey," my brother-in-law exclaimed. "I see it all now. That designing woman sent round before dinner to say I wanted to meet him; and by the time you got there, he was ready for bamboozling me."

"That's so," the Commissary answered. "He had your name ready painted on both his arms; and he had made other preparations of still greater importance."

"You mean the cheque. Well, how did he get it?"

The Commissary opened the door. "Come in," he said. And a young man entered whom we recognised at once as the chief clerk in the Foreign Department of the Crédit Marseillais, the principal bank all along the Riviera.

"State what you know of this cheque," the Commissary said, showing it to him, for we had handed it over to the police as a piece of evidence.

"About four weeks since——" the clerk began.

"Say ten days before your *séance*," the Commissary interposed.

"A gentleman with very long hair and an aquiline nose, dark, strange, and handsome, called in at my department and asked if I could tell him the name of Sir Charles Vandrift's London banker. He said he had a sum to pay in to your credit, and asked if we would forward it for him. I told him it was irregular for us to receive the money, as you had no account with us, but that your London bankers were Darby, Drummond, and Rothenberg, Limited."

"Quite right," Sir Charles murmured.

"Two days later a lady, Madame Picardet, who was a customer of ours, brought in a good cheque for three hundred pounds, signed by a first-rate name, and asked us to pay it in on her behalf to Darby, Drummond, and Rothenberg's, and to open a London account with them for her. We did so, and received in reply a cheque-book."

"From which this cheque was taken, as I learn from the number, by telegram from London," the Commissary put in. "Also, that on the same day on which your cheque was cashed, Madame Picardet, in London, withdrew her balance."

"But how did the fellow get me to sign the cheque?" Sir Charles cried. "How did he manage the card trick?"

The Commissary produced a similar card from his pocket. "Was that the sort of thing?" he asked.

"Precisely! A facsimile."

"I thought so. Well, our Colonel, I find, bought a packet of such cards, intended for admission to a religious function, at a shop in the Quai Masséna. He cut out the centre,

"MADAME PICARDET WITHDREW HER BALANCE."

and, see here——" The Commissary turned it over, and showed a piece of paper pasted neatly over the back; this he tore off, and there, concealed behind it, lay a folded cheque, with only the place where the signature should be written showing through on the face which the Seer had presented to us. "I call that a neat trick," the Commissary remarked, with professional enjoyment of a really good deception.

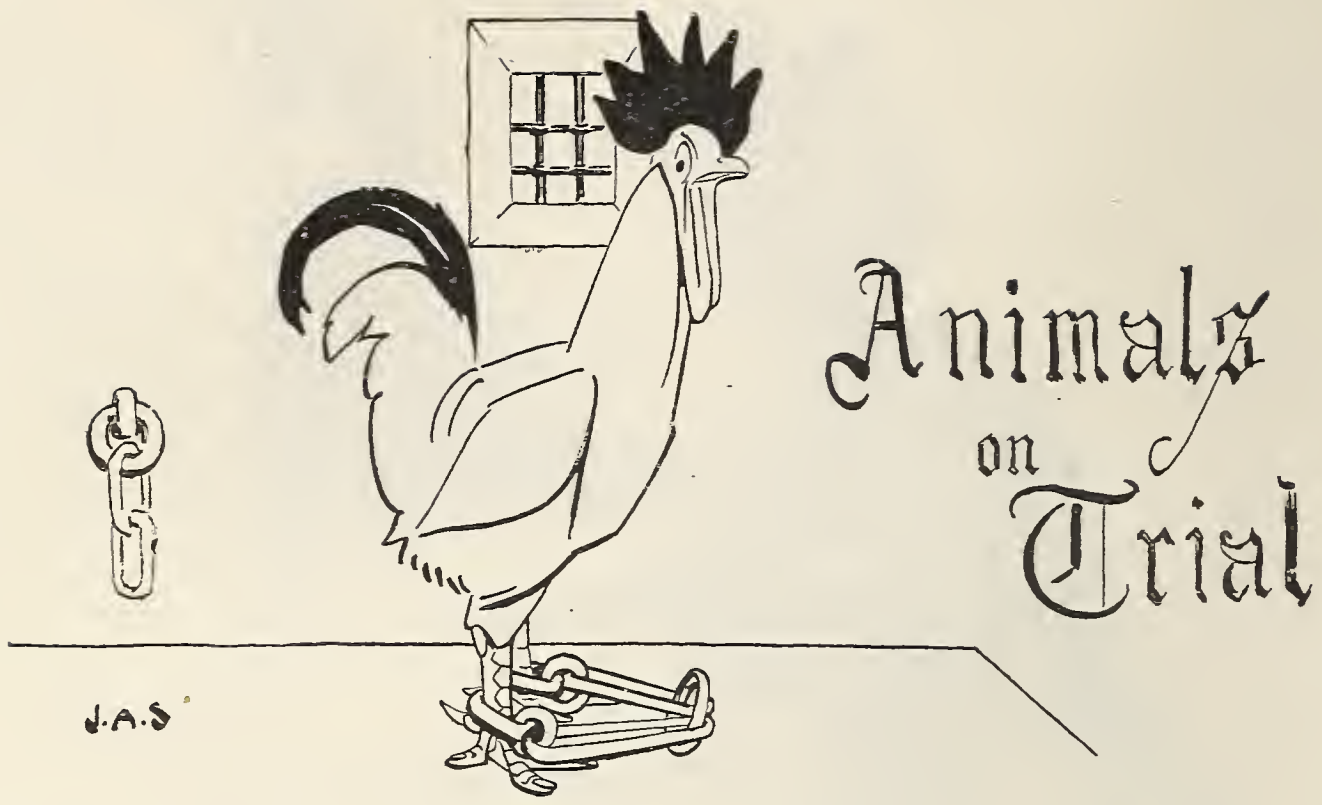
"But he burnt the envelope before my eyes," Sir Charles exclaimed.

"Pooh!" the Commissary answered. "What would he be worth as a conjurer, anyway, if he couldn't substitute one envelope for another between the table and the fireplace without your noticing it? And Colonel Clay, you must remember, is a prince among conjurers."

"Well, it's a comfort to know we've identified our man, and the woman who was with him," Sir Charles said, with a slight sigh of relief. "The next thing will be, of course, you'll follow them up on these clues in England and arrest them?"

The Commissary shrugged his shoulders. "Arrest them!" he exclaimed, much amused. "Ah, monsieur, but you are sanguine! No officer of justice has ever succeeded in arresting le Colonel Caoutchouc, as we call him in French. He is as slippery as an eel, that man. He wriggles through our fingers. Suppose even we caught him, what could we prove? I ask you. Nobody who has seen him once can ever swear to him again in his next impersonation. He is *impayable*, this good Colonel. On the day when I arrest him, I assure you, monsieur, I shall consider myself the smartest police-officer in Europe."

"Well, I shall catch him yet," Sir Charles answered, and relapsed into silence.



Animals on Trial

By A. M. Avenell.

IN these days of sensational trials and extraordinary occurrences, it is strange to look back into the Middle Ages and note the peculiar developments of superstition and fancy in those remote times. Not only were the punishments given cruel and uncouth—the crimes themselves were often horrible beyond belief, and in most cases the witnesses had nearly as hard a time of it as the accused.

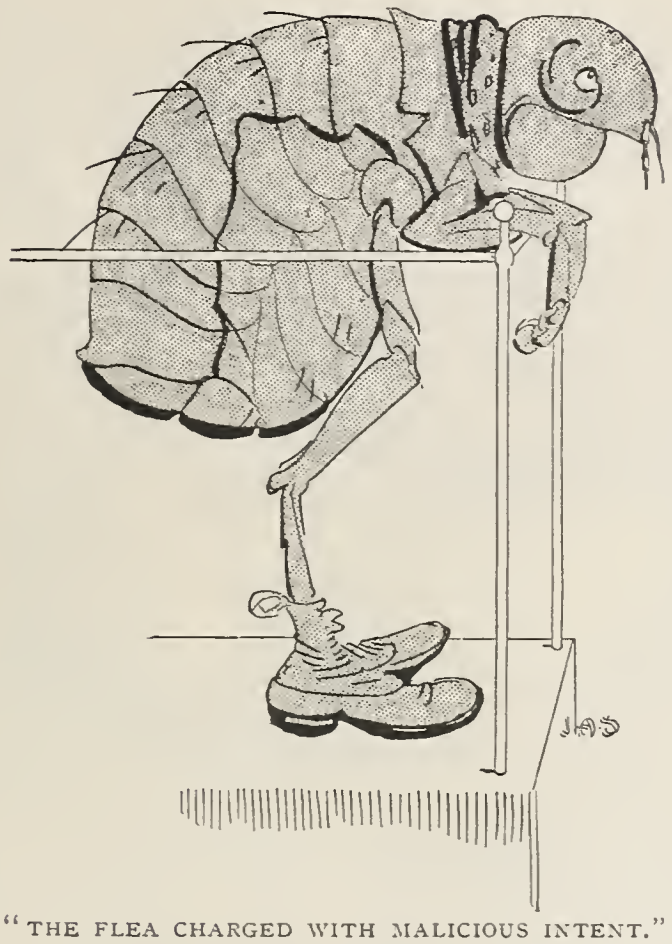
But the horror and cruelty of the judgments of the Middle Ages were sometimes lightened by scenes which seem irresistibly comical to us now, though at the time they were enacted in perfect good faith. Strange criminals sometimes appeared at a mediæval Bar, either in person or by proxy, to receive the punishment of their crimes. In France alone there were no fewer than ninety-two trials of animals recorded between the years 1120 and 1740 — the last sufferer being an unfortunate cow.

The delinquents were not only those animals who had committed direct assaults upon humanity. There is a kind of justice in bringing a bull to trial for goring a man to death, or a dog for killing a little child. But the mediæval intellect went further, and saw malicious intent in any annoyance of men by beasts and insects. There was a regular course of procedure to be followed, and all things were done decently and in order.

"AN UNFORTUNATE COW."

For example, in cases where a district was overrun by rats, mice, locusts, fleas, or other pests, the ordinary course was to appoint an advocate to plead for the accused creatures, and then to summon them publicly three times

to appear before the Court. If they did not appear at the third summons, the case was tried in their absence; and if their advocate could not make a good defence for them, they were ordered to leave the country before a certain date, under penalty of exorcism. This penalty was generally enforced, although, astonishing to relate, the creatures often seemed to become even more abundant and destructive than ever after being exorcised. This, however, was always put down to the power of Satan, and did not shake the faith of the people in the least.

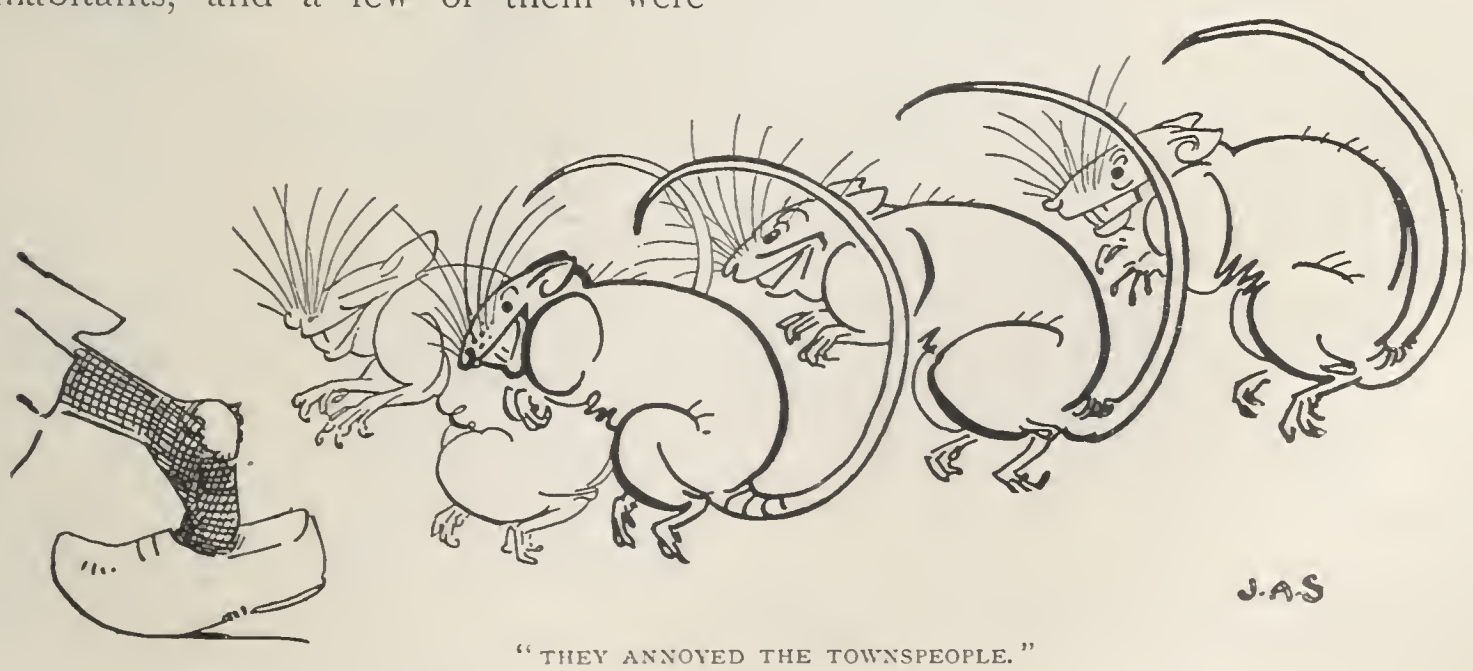


"THE FLEA CHARGED WITH MALICIOUS INTENT."

There is, however, an account of some leeches who were tried at Lausanne, in the year 1451, who behaved in a much more satisfactory manner. They had been found guilty of infesting the country and annoying the inhabitants, and a few of them were caught and brought into court to hear the sentence, which was the usual order to leave the place within three days under pain of exorcism. Whether the leeches did not quite understand, or whether they were contumacious, does not transpire; but it is placed upon record that they failed to depart within the prescribed limit, were exorcised with all due ceremony, and immediately commenced to die off day after day, so that in a little time the whole race was exterminated.

"THE LEECHES IN THE DOCK—SENTENCED!"

A very curious trial of rats is recorded to have taken place at Autun in the fifteenth century. M. Chassensée, an advocate of the place, was appointed to plead for them; and very well he did it, actually getting his clients off! They were accused of appearing in great numbers and annoying the townspeople, and were summoned to appear before the Court. The first plea of M. Chassensée was that the rats were unable to attend upon the day named because *all* of them had been summoned to appear, and as some of them were very young and others sick and infirm, they required a longer time to prepare for their journey. The Court admitted the plea,



"THEY ANNOYED THE TOWNSPEOPLE."

"SOME OF THEM WERE VERY YOUNG AND OTHERS SICK AND INFIRM."

and granted an extension of time. Still the rats did not appear, and their advocate brought forward another plea. He declared that his clients were ready and willing to come and were only restrained by bodily fear. They considered the Court was bound to protect them as they came by its order, and therefore requested that, before they appeared in the open streets, the cats of the neighbourhood should be bound over to keep the peace. The Court acknowledged the justice of the request; but the townspeople, who were the plaintiffs in the action, refused to be responsible for their cats. The whole thing reads like some child's story; but the records of Autun bear witness to the truth of it. The cause was determined in favour of the rats, as they were willing to appear; and we can only suppose that they were allowed henceforth to pursue their depredations unmolested. It is not mentioned what reward they gave to their advocate, who certainly deserved well of them.

"INTO THE SEA."

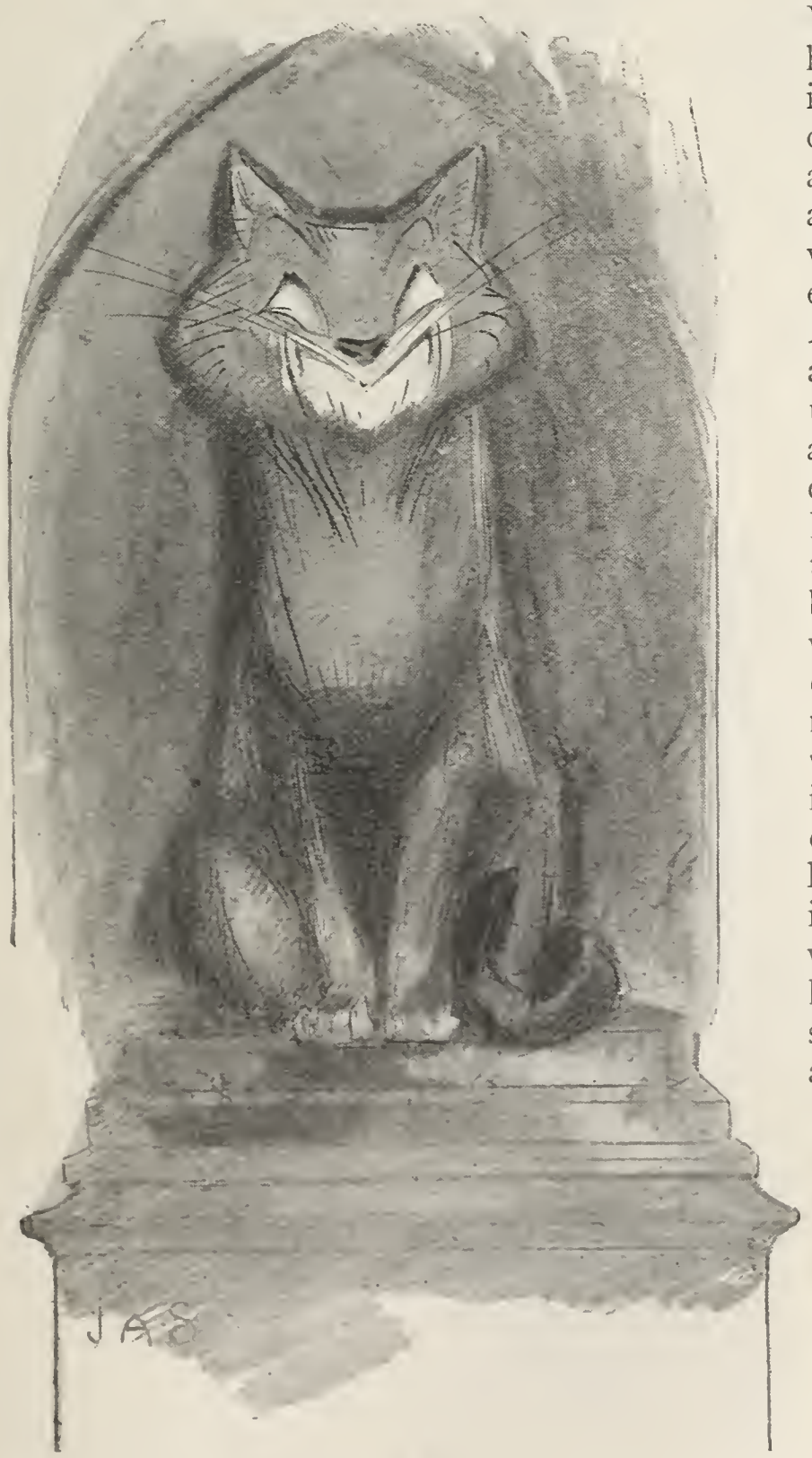
In some cases we are told of creatures obeying the order to leave at once, and marching away in troops in the broad light of day! Some of them committed suicide, and plunged by hundreds at a time into the sea, sooner than remain to face the exorcism of the Church. It is almost a pity that the faith of the nineteenth century will not allow a trial of the ancient methods upon the rabbits in Australia. No advocate would be found to plead for them, the thunders of the Church would be launched upon them, and always supposing that they saw the thing in its true light, they would immediately commence dying, like the Lausanne leeches, or would march in a body to the coast, and cast themselves, like the Gadarene swine, into the sea.

"THE OLD SOW AND HER LITTLE ONES ACCUSED."

Some very small culprits were brought up for trial at Sauvigny, in 1457. An old sow and her three or four little ones were brought into court, accused of killing a little child and partly eating it. Such instances were not uncommon in the Middle Ages, when scavengers were unknown and vestries were not, and when pigs and dogs wandered about the narrow, dirty streets of the towns in search of food, and were often ferocious and savage creatures. The case was proved against the old sow, and her advocate had not a word to say on her behalf. But, he argued, it could not be just or right to punish the youthful pigs, who had merely followed their mother's bad example, and could not be expected to know any better. Besides, there was no clear proof that they had assisted at the murder of the child, although it could not be denied that they had joined in the repast. The defence was accepted. The old sow was accordingly publicly hanged in the market-place, and the little pigs were pardoned, and let loose upon the world again.

There was no S.P.C. in the Middle Ages.

"THE LITTLE PIGS WERE PARDONED."



"ST. THOMAS."

Yet, if creatures had a bad time of it sometimes, at others they reached a pitch of honour and glory which it would be hard to equal nowadays. As, for example, in a ceremony which used to be enacted at Aix, in Provence, on Corpus Christi Day. A tom-cat, the first that could be procured, was wrapped in swaddling clothes, decorated in divers ways, and placed in a shrine to be displayed to a kneeling and adoring crowd. Incense was burnt before him, flowers were strewn around him, and, for one day at least, he became the cynosure of all eyes. But on the festival of St. John a very different scene was to be observed, when numbers of

unhappy cats were thrown into a large fire which was lighted by the priests, and their sacrifice was celebrated by hymns and processions of clergy and people. Perhaps the animals who were brought up for regular trial had a better time of it than those who fell into the hands of the Church : exorcism certainly could not have hurt as much as burning alive.

One of the strangest of all mediæval trials took place at Basle, in 1474, when a cock was accused of the diabolical crime of laying an egg. A cock's egg, as everybody knows, was a thing most eagerly desired by all witches and wizards, and at that time such people were devoutly believed in and held in general horror. The cock, therefore, had no chance. By supplying an article which could be used for all kinds of wickedness, he was clearly an accessory before the fact. It was of no avail that his advocate argued that the laying of an egg was an involuntary act, not premeditated, and as such ought not to be punished. He *might* have contested that the action showed distinct originality on the part of the cock, and should therefore be admired instead of condemned. But, whatever his defence, it was unavailing. Public opinion was dead against him. The end of the affair was that the unfortunate cock was burnt at the stake, and his egg with him, as a warning to all sorcerers, and to such of his kind as might be tempted to follow his pernicious example.

"THE COCK ACCUSED OF LAYING AN EGG."

Heroes of the Albert Medal.

By L. S. Lewis.

I.

THE Albert Medal may be described as a Victoria Cross for civilians. It was instituted by a Royal Warrant, dated the 7th of March, 1866, which had reference to one medal only, to be awarded exclusively for gallantry in saving life at sea.

A subsequent warrant, however, dated 12th April, 1867, revoked the first warrant, and created instead two new decorations, styled respectively "The Albert Medal of the First Class" and "The Albert Medal of the Second Class." The medal was extended to cases of gallantry in saving life on land by Royal Warrant dated the 30th of April, 1877.

FIRST CLASS ALBERT MEDAL—"SEA."

The Albert Medal of the "First Class" consists of a gold oval-shaped badge, or decoration, enamelled in dark blue, with a monogram composed of the letters "V" and "A" interlaced, and with an anchor erect in gold. The whole is surrounded by a Garter in bronze, inscribed in raised letters of gold, "For Gallantry in Saving Life at Sea," and the medal is surmounted by a representation of the crown of the late Prince Consort. It is suspended from a dark blue riband, measuring 1 3-8in. in width, with four white longitudinal stripes.

The "Second Class" Medal is a similar enamelled badge, but worked entirely in bronze, with a riband only 5-8in. in width.

The land, or Home Office, Albert Medals have no anchors, and both enamel and ribands are red, instead of blue. These decorations are made by Phillips, of Cockspur Street; and it is an interesting fact that the man who engraved the inscription on the very first medal was also engaged on the very latest one granted. In fact, the making of these medals, which are built up by hand, instead of being struck from a die as the Victoria Crosses are, is practically left entirely to one family of workmen.

The great aim of the Ministers who recommend Albert Medal cases to the Queen is to keep the standard of gallantry as high as possible; hence it is that among the few typical cases I have been able to select, there will be found some of the sublimest instances of heroic self-sacrifice that the world has ever known.

The very first man to receive this coveted decoration was Mr. Samuel Popplestone, a Devonshire farmer, whose case was "Gazetted" on the 15th of June, 1866.

Here is the story. The *Spirit of the Ocean*, a barque of 557 tons, with a crew of eighteen hands and twenty-four passengers, was wrecked on the rocks, 400yds. to the west of Start Point, Devon, on Friday, the 23rd of March, 1866. The vessel had been in a bad way for some time previous to the wreck. Several of her crew were sick, and the mates and passengers were trying to work her, when she was caught in a strong gale from the south-west, and presently "doomed to destruction," as the

FIRST CLASS ALBERT MEDAL—"LAND."

newspaper men say when describing a big fire.

Popplestone observed the peril of the vessel, and knew that if she failed to weather the rocks, she must eventually be lost and every soul with her, unless assistance could be rendered from the shore. He, therefore, dispatched a messenger on one of his own horses to Tor Cross to rouse the villagers, and another mounted messenger to give information to the coastguards. By this time the vessel had struck on the rocks, and began to break up rapidly. Taking a small coil of rope, Popplestone, alone and unaided, proceeded nimbly along the storm-swept shore, from rock to rock, like a middle-aged chamois, to get nearer the vessel. By this time the wind was, technically speaking, blowing at "force 11," that is, a storm nearly equal to a hurricane, accompanied by blinding rain and a very heavy and dangerous sea.

While Popplestone was standing on the rock nearest to the ship, endeavouring to effect a communication, he was washed off into the swirling, raging sea; but, by a great effort on his part, and by the help of a returning wave, he regained his footing; and from this perilous position he succeeded in saving the lives of the mate and one of the crew; afterwards conveying them beyond the reach of danger.

MR. SAMUEL POPPLESTONE.
(The First Recipient of an Albert Medal.)
From a Photo. by Mrs. J. Hayes, Kingsbridge.

Now, I think I may be permitted to say that, heroic as Popplestone's action undoubtedly was, he would not even receive a "Second Class" medal were he to go through the same experience again. The fact is, the standard of Albert Medal heroism has steadily risen; and the First Class decoration is only granted when it is nothing short of a miracle that the hero escapes with his own life. But perhaps I can illustrate my meaning better by turning to a most weird and extraordinary case, whose details would seem to be culled from the pages of Jules Verne, instead of the official records that have been placed at my disposal.

The Albert Medal of the "Second Class" was, in March, 1878, conferred upon John Mitchell, carpenter; William Stewart, sailmaker; and Charles Wilson, A.B., formerly seamen of the *Conference*, of Bristol.

On the 9th May, 1877, the *Conference*, the *Avonmore*, and twenty-five or thirty other vessels were lying at anchor off the village of Huanillos, about 300yds. from the shore, loading with guano by means of lighters. The village itself consisted of about one hundred wooden houses, perched upon a very precipitous ridge, about 30ft. above the sea level. Immediately behind the mountains rise precipitously to a height of 5,000ft. To reach the guano, about 80ft. up the mountain, a zig-zag path had been made.

According to the statement of Captain George Williams, late master of the *Conference*, a severe shock of earthquake was felt about 8.30 p.m., the weather being dark and gloomy and the sea strangely calm. There was a seaquake as well as an earthquake. The ship was found to be shaking so much that the masts and yards seemed about to tumble down, and the stern moorings parted. The seismic disturbance lasted several minutes, and was followed by a tremendous commotion in the sea, forming whirlpools and aqueous mountains that threatened to fall upon and bury the ships. The noise of the earthquake, as it shook the mountains, was perfectly appalling. Monstrous boulders of meteoric iron rolled down the precipitous sides, and, striking against each other, emitted sparks and flames of fire; while the cries of the guano-diggers higher up the mountains increased the indescribable horror of a scene truly calculated to destroy the nerve of the bravest on earth. The earthquake was followed by three distinct tidal waves, which rolled in at intervals of about ten minutes, rising about 50ft., as seen by marks on the shore, and causing many vessels to break their moorings and drag their anchors. What is more, the village of Huanillos was practically wiped out.

While all kinds of dreadful things were in progress on shore, the unfortunate *Conference* came in for a lot of knocking about. All the

"A TREMENDOUS COMMOTION IN THE SEA."

other vessels, if I may say so, seemed to blame her for causing this frightful pandemonium on sea and land, and so commenced to drive against her with great force and surprising persistency. The first tidal wave drove two vessels across the bows of the *Conference*, carrying away the bowsprit and jibboom. The second wave carried away her starboard bower chains, and at the same time the American vessel *Geneva*, carrying 2,400 tons of guano, was driven against her forerigging, damaging her severely. The *Conference* then commenced to drift towards the rocks, but the *Geneva* was upon her again, cutting her down amidships, four or five planks below the covering-board.

Shortly after this a vessel, which proved to be the *Avonmore*, was seen for a moment driving at a furious rate across the bows of the *Conference*. Almost immediately her anchor light disappeared, and the cries of drowning people were heard. All this time the other ships, beyond the power of human control, where dashing hither and thither like mad creatures. The sea was a confused and turbulent maëlstrom, and yet the master of the *Conference* called for volunteers from his crew to man the jolly-boat. After some hesitation Mitchell, Stewart, and Wilson volunteered their services. They rowed away into the intense darkness, and after some time succeeded in finding and rescuing the master of the *Avonmore* and his child, together with the second and third officers and an able seaman.

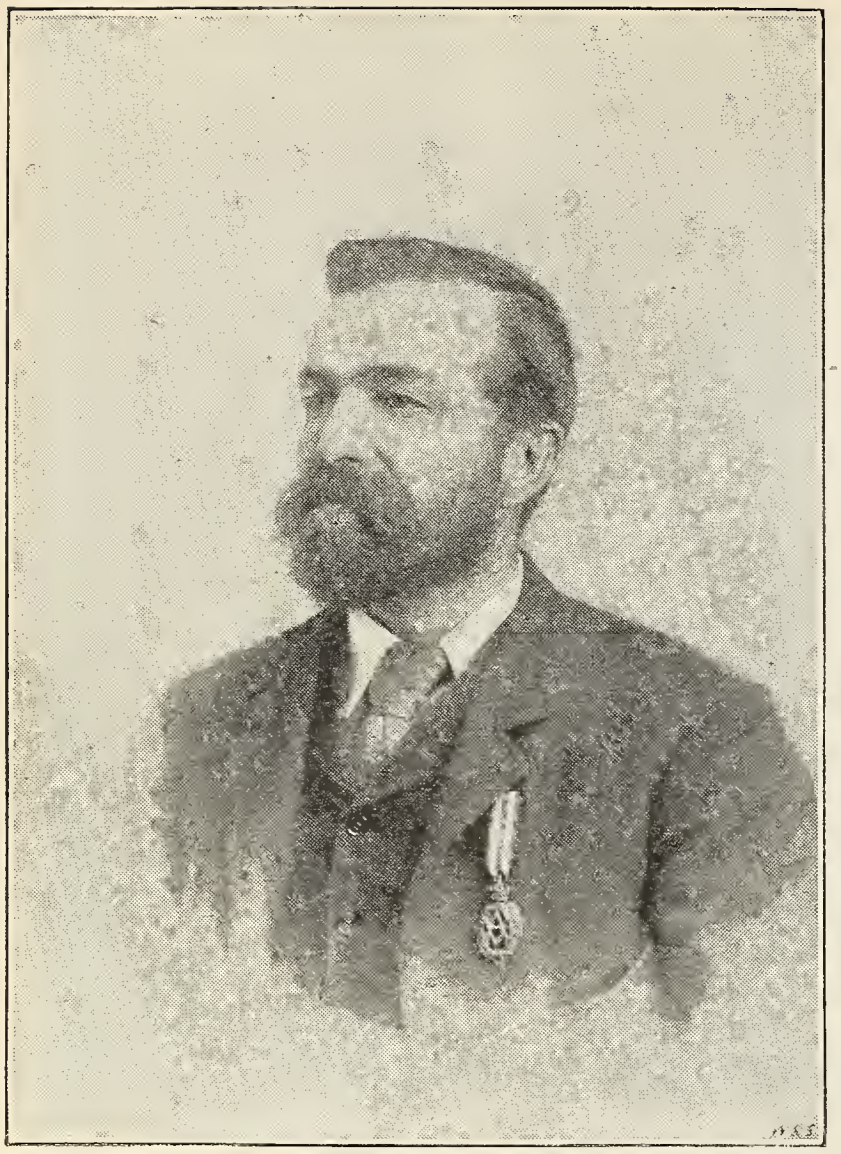
Fortunately, there was no further tidal wave; and when the boat returned to the *Conference*, the disturbance of the sea had considerably abated, and the rest of the crew were about to abandon the barque in their other boat, the *Conference* being then close on the rocks, with her stern and bows knocked in. Both boats then rowed about until four o'clock in the morning of the 10th of May, returning to the shore later on, when they saw their ship for the last time strike the rocks and then heave over and sink. The master was told she had struck several times during the night, the fire caused by the impact between the iron bows and the rocks having been seen flashing by the crews of some of the other vessels.

Altogether, about four vessels were totally wrecked that terrible night at Huanillos; five were uninjured from being moored outside the others; and all the rest were more or less damaged. Numerous lives were lost.

A very different case was the Rotherham Main sinking shaft accident, for heroism in connection with which Ambrose Clarke and Robert Drabble each received the Second Class Albert Medal.

This extraordinary case was brought forward by Mr. Frank N. Wardell, H.M. Inspector of Mines for that district. Mr. Wardell, in his report to the then Home Secretary, Mr. Matthews, says that in the whole of his experience this act of bravery and courage has never been surpassed. He also states that Clarke has previously saved six or seven other lives.

The details of the accident are as follows:

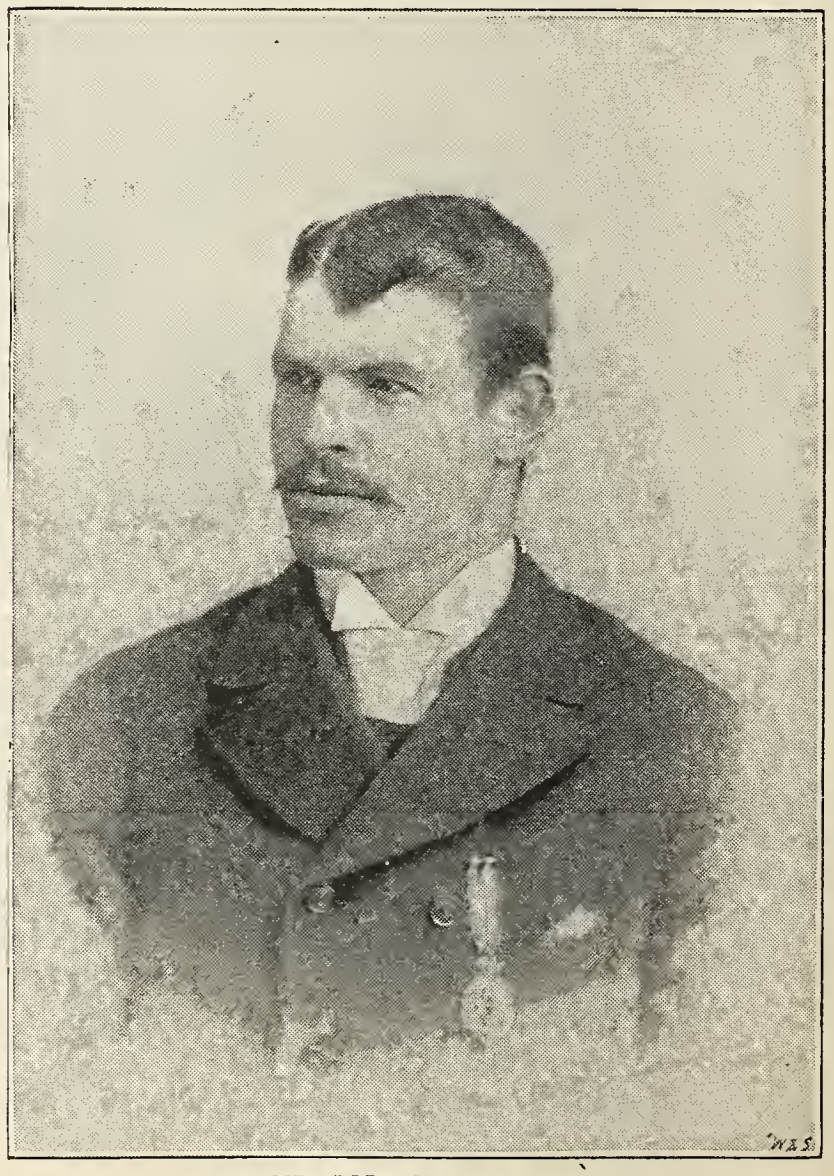


MR. AMBROSE CLARKE.
From a Photo. by Crosby, Rotherham.

On the 7th of July, 1891, an accident occurred in the sinking shaft of the Rotherham Main, situate near Rotherham, Yorks, the property of Messrs. John Brown and Co. This mishap resulted in the deaths of four persons and the escape of four others, all of them, however, more or less injured. Scaffolding was suspended in the shaft, 210ft. from the surface, and about 90ft. from the bottom, by means of four chains, which were secured to four staples fixed in the shaft. There was a depth of 11ft. of water standing in the bottom of the shaft, immediately below the scaffold. Sinkers were engaged in removing the sheeting-bores in the shaft for the purpose of putting in brick walling; and, at ten o'clock on the night of the 7th July, eight men went down on to the scaffold. Ambrose Clarke, the master sinker, remained above, directing these men. He never left his post until 10.45 p.m., when he heard a noise below, but was ignorant of what had happened.

What *had* happened was this. One of the staples to which the supporting chains were attached suddenly broke, whereupon the scaffolding tilted, throwing all the men off. One of them, Scattergood by name, managed to get hold of the "hoppit," or iron bucket, into which the shafting-boards were being loaded, and in this he was drawn to the surface. There were steam pipes in the shaft in connection with the donkey-engine, and the falling scaffold broke one of these, filling the shaft with scalding steam.

When Clarke heard the uproar, he immediately ran across to the top of No. 2 sinking shaft, a few yards away, and told the man in charge there that something dreadful had happened in No. 1, so that he had better draw his men out of No. 2 shaft at once. Clarke then rushed back to his post, and was just in time to see Scattergood emerge from the steaming inferno. Without waiting to ask any questions, Clarke asked Scattergood if he would go down with him, but the unfortunate man was too confused and shaken to think of anything. Clarke immediately went down by himself—down into the hot, blinding steam, still escaping with a shrill, continuous scream. When the solitary heroic rescuer got to the place where the scaffold had hung, he found one man, Robert Drabble, suspended in the shaft in a peculiarly horrible manner. Drabble had evidently fallen head downwards, but had been caught by the hook of the grappling chain, which had entered the fleshy part of his leg, tearing it down to his boot, and fixing itself there. The point of the hook had



MR. ROBERT DRABBLE.
From a Photo. by Crosby, Rotherham.

actually penetrated the foot also and come out at the sole. All the other men had fallen to the bottom. Thus Drabble was hanging like a leg of mutton on a hook, head downwards in the darkness, the blood pouring from his terrible flesh wound, and with his hands on some fencing belonging to the donkey-engine.

When Clarke arrived at this part of the shaft, some five or seven minutes had elapsed since the accident, and Drabble was calling feebly for help. On reaching him, Clarke said, "Now, then, let me heave you into the 'hoppit,'" to which the suffering hero replied, "Not yet. Go down below, and look after my mates in the water; I can hang a few minutes longer, I think."

Thereupon Clarke went to the bottom and rescued one man, Lovell, out of the water, and lifted him into the "hoppit." At this time Drabble shouted from above that he was going to fall, so Clarke at once ascended to him, and tried to cut the hook out of his boot, but could not succeed. He then put his arm round the man's leg and lifted him bodily up, whereupon the hook came out, and Drabble was safely deposited in the "hoppit."

Subsequently Clarke went down again and rescued another man named Beadsley, who was hanging over a stay just above the water with both legs broken. No more men could be found, so Clarke went to the surface with the three men he had saved. He afterwards went down a third time, and with the assistance of volunteers, succeeded in recovering the dead bodies of the remaining four men from the water at the bottom of the shaft.

The medals were presented to Clarke and Drabble by the Duke of Norfolk at a crowded and enthusiastic meeting.

A terrible "Story of the Sea" attaches to the presentation of the "Second Class" Albert Medal to Mr. David Webster, some time second mate of the barque *Arracan*, of Greenock, himself residing at Broughty Ferry, Dundee.

The *Arracan*, whilst on a voyage from Shields to Bombay, with a cargo of coals, took fire, owing to the spontaneous combustion of her cargo; and on the 17th of February, 1894, she was abandoned by her crew, who then took to their boats and endeavoured to make for the Maldive Islands. The boats kept company until the 20th of that month, when, finding the currents too strong, it was agreed to separate, after dividing the scanty provisions.

The master, in command of the long-boat, then made for Cochin; while the mate, in charge of the gig, and the second mate (Mr. David Webster), in charge of the pinnace, with four of the crew (three men and a boy), made for the Maldive Islands.

After two days, Webster's boat was injured by a heavy sea, and could not keep up with the gig, which was lost sight of. From this time the pinnace was kept working to windward until the 9th of March, by which day the water and provisions had been entirely consumed, and the outlook was not cheerful. Soon after this, things looked so black that the crew cast lots to see which of them should be killed, in order to provide food for the others. The lot fell upon the ship's boy, Horner; but Webster, who had been asleep, awoke in time to save the boy's life, and prevent a cannibal feast upon the high seas. After dark an attempt was made to kill Webster himself, but the boy, Horner, awoke him just in time to save himself—a beautiful instance of one good turn deserving, and receiving, another.

The following day Webster fell asleep—he had to pass the time somehow—and was awoke by the struggles of the crew for the possession of his gun: it was again their amiable intention to make a meal of the heroic mate. Two hours later the famished crew recommenced operations on Horner, but once more they were prevented by the determined conduct of Webster, who threatened to shoot and throw overboard the first man who laid hands upon the boy.

The next day one of the crew tried to sink the boat, but Webster mastered him and prevented further mischief. Two days later the same desperate man again tried to scuttle the craft, and failing this he attacked poor Horner, whose string of escapes would be incredible were it not placed beyond the shadow of doubt by the official papers. The boy's latest assailant was instantly shot at by Webster, and would certainly have been killed had not the cap of the mate's gun missed fire. Soon after this incident a bird flew over the boat, and Webster, putting a fresh cap on his gun, shot at and killed it; whereupon it was immediately seized and devoured by the starving men—bones, feathers, and all.

During the next five days the crew were quieter, subsisting mainly on barnacles that had attached themselves to the bottom of the boat, and sea-blubber for which they dived. The following day some of the men became delirious. One of them lay down exhausted at the bottom of the boat, when

his companion, scenting a meal, at once smote him on the head with an iron belaying pin, cutting him badly. Horrible as it seems, the blood which flowed from the wound was caught in a tin, and drank by the sufferer himself and two of his companions. After this, doubtless feeling greatly invigorated, they fought and bit each other, only desisting when completely exhausted; they recommenced the mad mêlée, however, at the earliest possible moment, the boy, Horner, quietly keeping watch all the while with his protector, Webster.

On the thirty-first day in the boat the unfortunate fellows were picked up 600 miles from land by the ship *City of Manchester;* they were very kindly treated, as you may imagine, and taken to Calcutta. Webster, by his conduct, was undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of all in the boat.

Sergeant Cole, the next recipient of a First Class Medal, encountered a peril as great as mortal man could be called upon to confront. He came to these offices and told his own story with the modesty of a true hero.

It seems that on January 24th, 1885, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Police-constable Cole (as he then was) was on duty in the crypt of the Houses of Parliament. At this time the dynamite scare was at its height, and all police officers were warned daily by their superiors to be on the alert for suspicious characters with bags and parcels. Cole had just gone his rounds at the top of the staircase, and had descended, when two lady visitors to the Houses of Parliament came to him in a state of subdued anxiety, and exclaimed: "Policeman, there's one of your mats on fire!" Cole made no answer, but immediately went to the bottom of the staircase, which was just round a slight curve, only a few feet from where he was standing, and which spot he had passed less than a minute previously.

This gallant officer is able to this day to give the minutest description of the appalling sight that met his fascinated gaze. The thing that was lying on the ground, and which the ladies took to be a mat, was a pad of oily felt, about 2ft. long and 18in. wide. It contained sixteen pockets, and in each was a cake of dynamite, covered with paper of a peculiar hue, and kept in its place by a piece of bent wire. In the centre were the detonator and fuse; and from the latter shot a little column of fire in spasmodic jerks, after the manner of a squib. The pad was fitted with boot-webbing and buttons, evidently designed to be buttoned round the miscreant's waist, beneath his overcoat. The moment Cole saw this "pad" he realized its awful import.

EX-POLICE-SERGEANT COLE.
From a Photo. by Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

"Good God, it's dynamite!" he screamed. "Clear out; get away." There were not many people to get away, except his two terrified informants and a few stray visitors; but they "cleared out" with amazing alacrity. Stooping down, the constable tried to pinch the fuse out from the centre, but could not succeed. He then folded the pad in two and, taking it up, he sped swiftly into Westminster Hall, but in a few seconds a new development had taken place. The fuse had evidently burnt low, and set fire to other parts of the pad, which began to melt, causing a quantity of oily, pitchy matter to run down on to the officer's hands. Cole immediately dropped the thing, and here his story ends. "I only remember a great flash of light," he said; "no sound—nothing!"

The sequel is well known to Colonel Sir Vivian D. Majendie and Sir Frederick Abel. The dynamite exploded the moment it touched the floor. A great gap was blown in the massive floor of Westminster Hall, precipi-

tating poor Cole into the basement beneath, which was about 14ft. deep. The large stained-glass window, too, at the St. Stephen's end of the Hall, was drawn in by the concussion and shattered to pieces. must infallibly have wrought terrific havoc in the Palace of Westminster had not Cole removed the pad from the spot where it was placed. The clock at the top of the staircase leading into St. Stephen's Hall stopped

"I ONLY REMEMBER A GREAT FLASH OF LIGHT."

When the unfortunate man was found he had not a vestige of clothing upon him. His boots, however, were intact. When the *débris* was sifted, the constable's belt turned up in four pieces, but not an atom of his helmet. His uniform, however, was found here and there in fragmentary strips. The heroic officer's body had literally to be dug out from beneath the huge masses of stone that had fallen through. He had sustained frightful injuries. His skull was broken, so also were four ribs; and his internal injuries were of a peculiarly horrible nature. Moreover, he became stone deaf.

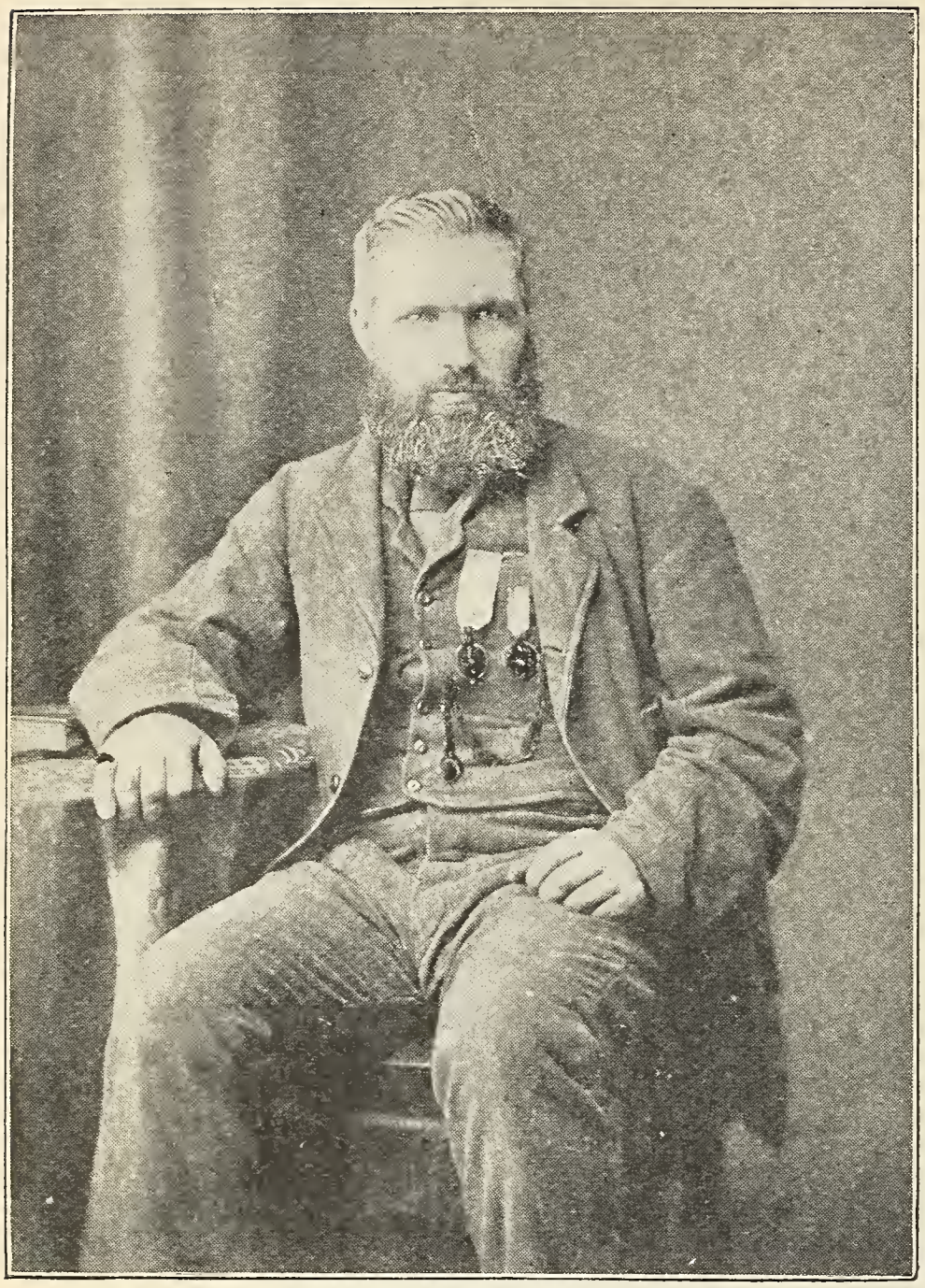
But, you will ask, how did Cole know it was dynamite? Well, about two months before this outrage a bag of dynamite had been found at the back of Nelson's Column, in Trafalgar Square, and the same evening Police-constable Cole was shown some of the cakes, probably for his future guidance in such matters.

Cole hovered between life and death for months. To this day he suffers from periodical disorders in his head (especially during the winter months); and he is obliged to wear elaborate surgical appliances.

According to the experts, the explosion at exactly eight minutes past two; and—*mirabile dictu*—another dynamite explosion occurred at the Tower of London at the very same moment. Burton was the author of the Westminster Hall outrage, and Cunningham of the explosion at the Tower; both were sentenced by Mr. Justice Hawkins to penal servitude for the term of their natural lives. The Albert Medal was presented to Sergeant Cole by the then Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, almost on the very spot where the explosion took place, and in the presence of a great representative gathering of the Metropolitan Police.

Another "First Class man" is Captain Peter Sharp, whose photograph is reproduced on the next page. He is, or was, master of the *Annabella Clark*, of Ardrossan. The story is as follows:—

On the 20th of November, 1878, at about 5.45 in the evening, a fire suddenly broke out on board the French ship *Mélanie*, which was lying in the River Adour, at Boucan, near Bayonne, loaded with 500 barrels of petroleum, of which forty were on deck. The *Mélanie* was thirty mètres from the quay of the port. Her crew consisted of four men.



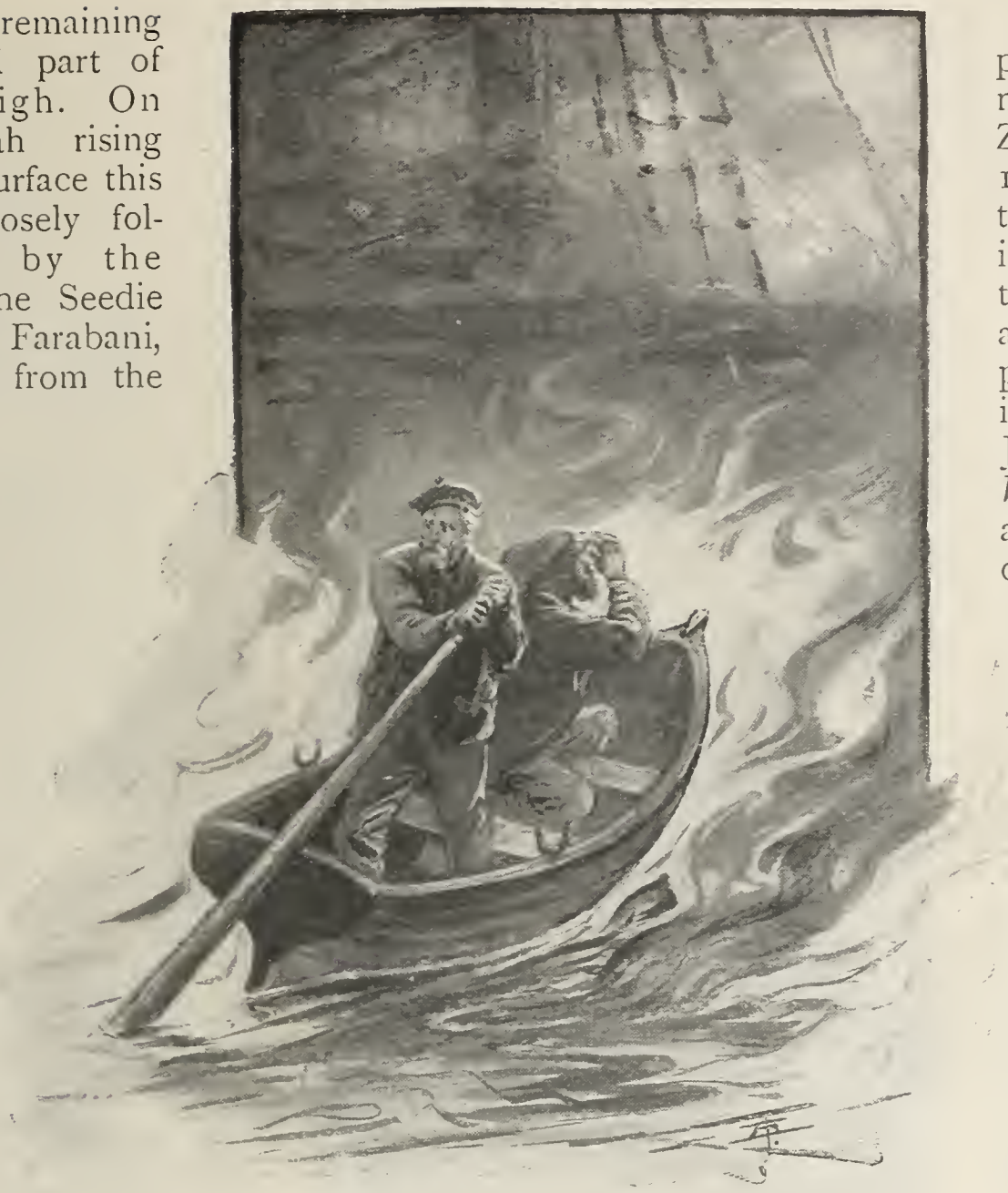
CAPTAIN PETER SHARP.
From a Photo. by R. J. Robinson, Ardrossan.

Immediately after the fire was noticed, an awful mass of flame shot up from the main hatch, and the vessel quivered from stem to stern from the explosion of some of the barrels. Her seams at once opened, and the blazing petroleum poured out into the river, spreading a belt of fire all round the ship; in other words, not only was the *Mélanie* herself a raging furnace, but the river all round her was also on fire. The master and a seaman jumped overboard, but the mate remained, hoping to save his son, who was lying helpless under some heavy furniture that had fallen upon him. Captain Peter Sharp, whose vessel was lying close by in the river, some 80yds. from the *Mélanie*, at once put off in a small dingey to the mate's assistance, accompanied by a seaman named John McIntosh. These two propelled their boat through the blazing river to the doomed vessel, picked up the seamen, who had by this time jumped overboard, and also took the mate into their own boat. The rescue accomplished, Captain Sharp hurried away from the scorching proximity of the *Mélanie*—or what remained of her—but nevertheless he had sustained very severe injuries. It was at first feared that he would lose the sight of one eye, and McIntosh the use of his hands. Captain Sharp's face was dreadfully disfigured, but rather than put his owners to any expense he refused to go into hospital, as he was advised to do, and put to sea almost at once, bound for Seville.

While consulting the records at the Government Offices, I was somewhat puzzled to read that the Queen had been graciously pleased to confer the Albert Medal of the First Class on Farabani, Seedie Tindal, serving in H.M. ship, the *Wild Swan*. I have since learnt that "Seedie" is the generic name given to certain East African native "boys," while "Tindal" was the name given to the boatswain's mate.

The *Wild Swan* chanced to be off the coast of Mozambique in the year 1880, charged with the overhauling of slave dhows. On the 8th of August the vessel numbered among her crew a fugitive slave boy, named Farejallah; and at 11.45 on that day several of the Seedies were going on shore to wash their clothes, when a flannel garment belonging to Farejallah fell into the water. The boy was ordered to go into the punt to pick up the flannel, but instead of doing this he went on to a landing-stage alongside and then dived into the sea. The lieutenant in charge was immediately afterwards heard calling loudly for a rifle; and it was then seen that a monstrous shark had just glided under the black boy in the water and seized him by the leg, dragging him down, struggling, for about six feet. It is here necessary to explain that the smallest detail of this awful affair was perfectly visible from the deck of the warship, so beautifully smooth and clear was the sea. When Farejallah rose to the surface it was seen that his leg had been bitten off at the knee, and the water around was tinged with blood. The monster again turned on its side, and coming up once more under the unfortunate slave, dragged him down another ten feet, tearing

off his remaining leg and part of the thigh. On Farejallah rising to the surface this time, closely followed by the shark, the Seedie Tindal, Farabani, jumped from the



"PROPELLED THEIR BOAT THROUGH THE BLAZING RIVER."

netting into the water and brought the unfortunate boy to the surface, swimming with him until the punt was reached.

The captain of the *Wild Swan* states in his report that what makes this a peculiarly gallant deed is the fact that Farabani saw the whole of the horrid catastrophe from the first seizure of the boy; and, furthermore, that when he jumped into the water, not only the attacking shark, but three other monstrous and fearful brutes were seen close to the ship, attracted, no doubt, by the blood.

One authority, who knows the spot very well, says that Farabani's escape was little short of a miracle. The same distinguished officer adds that the sharks at this place have been known to capsize the native canoes; and he never knew anything thrown into the water that had not been immediately torn to pieces by enormous ground sharks.

The senior officer in charge of the station, Admiral Jones, recommended the granting of a pecuniary reward in this case, in addition to the medal, sagaciously pointing out that the latter would not be so thoroughly appreciated by the recipient or understood by the other Seedies.

The account of the presentation of the medal is dated from Zanzibar, January 21st, 1881. The officer intrusted with this duty issued a general *memo* to the ships assembled at Zanzibar; and he proceeded on the morning of the 20th of January on board the *Wild Swan*. He then assembled the Seedies of that ship together, with those of the *London* and *Ruby*, and as many officers and men as could be spared. The medal was then publicly presented to Farabani, together with the additional grant of £20. The Royal Warrant was read and explained to him; and he requested that his grateful thanks might be conveyed to Her Majesty for the high honour conferred on him, and to the Board of Trade for their handsome present. At the conclusion of the proceedings three cheers were given for Farabani, who signed his mark to the usual receipt form. Unfortunately, the slave boy, Farejallah, died at three o'clock p.m. on the 8th of August, 1880, in the Military Hospital, Mozambique, where he had been removed; he only lingered a few hours after the dreadful occurrence.

The photograph next reproduced is that of Miss Hannah Rosbotham, the only lady who has ever received the Albert Medal. This lady was, and still is, assistant schoolmistress at the Sutton National Schools, St. Helens, Lancashire. On the 14th October, 1881, the stone belfry of the schools was blown down during a terrific gale of wind, and fell through the roof into the infant schoolroom, where nearly 200 children were assembled, causing the death of one and injuring many others. The moment this mass of masonry had fallen, the schoolroom and its gallery were filled with stones, slates, and timber. Whilst others fled for safety, Miss Rosbotham, who at the time

of the accident was teaching elsewhere, deliberately went in among the falling mass and clouds of dust and, while fully conscious of the extreme danger to which she was exposed, remained on the spot until every child had been placed in safety. At the imminent risk of her own life, this heroine of twenty-three removed four infants who were partially covered with the *débris*, and also rescued therefrom a little girl, who was completely buried, and who must inevitably have been suffocated had not such gallantry been displayed.

I extract the following from the report of Mr. James Plews, head master of the Boys' School at Sutton, which report is dated November 22nd, 1881:—

"When the accident happened a complete panic seized the boys, and all rushed to the door. After seeing the door cleared and the boys in a fair way of getting out, I left them to the care of the assistants, and made my way at once to the infant school. I found the door completely blocked with the mass of children, some on the floor and others climbing over them, but all wildly trying to get out. I at once cleared the door, passed the children out uninjured, and then went into the school. I found the room filled with a cloud of dust, and saw through it Miss Hannah Rosbotham, then in the act of clearing away the slates and timber and lifting out of the wreck a little girl, completely covered with slates, timber, bricks, and broken plaster. All this time, and indeed after I went to her assistance, slates and broken pieces of rafter continued to fall; but this was, in my opinion, only the smallest part of the danger, as I and those with me fully expected that the gale, obtaining access at the hole in the roof, would carry the latter completely away, and drive in the gable wall upon the gallery. This was not a case of a woman who, being in peril with the children, instinctively seizes one of them and rushes out of danger. Miss Rosbotham was teaching a class at the time of the accident some distance from the place where the stone fell, and must have gone deliberately into the cloud of dust and among the falling *débris*, and, what is more, stayed there until she was convinced that all the little ones were out of danger."

MISS HANNAH ROSBOTHAM.
(The Only Lady Recipient of an Albert Medal.)
From a Photo by Vandyke, Liverpool.

After this occurrence, the people in the neighbourhood, desiring to mark their appreciation of Miss Rosbotham's conduct, subscribed and raised about £13, with which it was intended to purchase for her some useful present. Mr. James Plews writes to say that he is still the head master of the Boys' School, and Miss Rosbotham also remains assistant mistress; but she is now Mrs. James Parr.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

UNCONVINCED.

THE new invasion of the Soudan recalls to old members of the House of Commons memories of the sad weeks and months of eleven years ago, when the days passed and resembled each other, inasmuch as they brought sorrowful news from the far-off desert. One of the home stories in which comedy relieved tragedy is about the Duke of Devonshire, at that time Lord Hartington, Secretary of State for War in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry. There had been one of the innumerable debates on the Egyptian policy of the Government, to which Lord Hartington contributed a long and weighty speech, justifying the action of his colleagues and himself.

"A most convincing speech," said a Liberal member, who had been a little lukewarm in support of his leaders.

"I wish I had convinced myself," said Lord Hartington, repressing a yawn.

HOW GORDON WENT TO KHARTOUM.

A notable feature in the first debate of the current Session on the new movement on Dongola was the speech of Sir Charles Dilke. It was a well-reasoned indictment of the action of the Government, a demonstration alike of the uselessness and the danger of the expedition. A member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet from 1880 to 1885, who from the Front Opposition Bench listened to this speech, told me he heard it with amazement.

"Dilke," he said, "was largely responsible for sending Gordon to Khartoum, and for all that followed thereupon. Granville and he settled the whole business in the pauses of a quadrille at Waddesdon, the rest of the Cabinet knowing nothing about it till Gordon had received his orders."

SIR CHARLES DILKE

This throws a strange light on the problem of how we are governed. To say that the fateful expedition of Gordon was arranged in an interval of a quadrille is doubtless only a picturesque way of putting the fact. It nevertheless clearly means that Lord Granville, then Foreign Secretary, met, under the hospitable roof of Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, Sir Charles Dilke, at the time of the occupation of Egypt Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and though in 1884 at the Local Government Board, an authority on the Egyptian question; that the two Ministers talked over the suggestion that Gordon should be sent to Khartoum; that they agreed in approving it, and that forthwith Lord Granville placed himself in communication with General Gordon.

Where the marvel comes in is in knowledge that so momentous a step, involving as the event proved the expenditure of millions of money and thousands of lives, should have been settled, not in Cabinet Council, but upon the authority of the Minister within whose department the question fell. The Man in the Street paces his favourite thoroughfare secure in the belief that there are from fourteen to eighteen seasoned statesmen accustomed to meet at stated intervals in Cabinet Council, where, after mature deliberation, steps fraught with importance to the Empire are decided upon. To learn that in a pause, whether in a polka or a quadrille, the very existence of the Empire may be staked, invests our Government with fresh and painful interest.

It is not quite accurate to describe the sensation as new. In the early days of the present year, when trouble blazed forth in the Transvaal, it was a matter of common

knowledge that the Cabinet did not hold regular meetings. Mr. Chamberlain occasionally called in a friendly way on Lord Salisbury, and went back to the Colonial Office to dispatch critical messages to the Cape. It was said at the time of the famous despatch in which the Colonial Secretary suggested to President Kruger the adoption of Home Rule as the only possible panacea for unrest at Johannesburg, his colleagues in the Cabinet were made aware of its purport only when, in common with other dispensers of the potential penny, they bought a morning newspaper.

"SPOILING FOR A FIGHT."

That may, of course, be a fable. The authority for the story of how Gordon went to Khartoum stamps it as a fact.

EXTINCT VOLCANOES.

Thus far a natural tendency to self-effacement has prevented discovery amongst new members of original gifts in the way either of painting or poesy. In the one art, Sir Frank Lockwood and Colonel Saunderson, whom the House is coming to regard as very old members, remain unrivalled, whilst Sir Wilfrid Lawson has none to dispute with him the Parliamentary Poet Laureateship.

It is additional evidence of the depressing effect of an overwhelming majority that none of these men of genius has this Session done anything brilliant. Colonel Saunderson has been very little with us, his gallant spirit unable to brook the monotony of proceedings governed by a majority of 150. Sir Frank Lockwood, relieved from the engagement of his Solicitor-Generalship under two Ministries, usually looks in between the rising of the Courts and the spreading of the dinner-cloth. He occasionally finds temptation irresistible, and there passes along the benches a sheet of paper, which members seated opposite, observing the smile that ripples along as it passes, recognise as "Lockwood's last." Also, from time to time, there appear in an evening paper, or in a column of London correspondence, verses purporting to have been picked up by the Treasury Bench, or the Front Opposition Bench as the case may be, and "understood to be from the pen of a well-known member." But, as Sir Stafford Northcote once, with pathetic humour, said of himself, there is a lack of go about these later efforts, to be put down to the big majority.

AN OLD MASTER.

A former member of the House of Commons, more prolific of poesy even than Sir Wilfrid Lawson, was Mr. Warton. There were pauses in his Parliamentary career when, sitting silent with snuff-box in one hand and blazing bandana in the other, the member for Bridport, in the Parliament of 1880–5, refrained from interrupting Mr. Gladstone or howling at the sight of an Irish member on his legs. It was known in such rare circumstances that he was composing. Possibly—to be more exact—he was when thus discovered putting the finishing touches to immortal work: shaping ends already rough-hewn. He lived at Clapham, and going to and from Westminster in the retirement of a crowded 'bus or overloaded tram, he withdrew within himself and began to hammer out verse which, after long brooding on his seat in the House of Commons, he was wont to write out a few copies of for distribution.

THE PARLIAMENTARY POET LAUREATE.

Once at least he recited a piece of his own composing for

the delight of an entranced House. It was during debate on the precursor of many Irish Land Bills. Much turned upon the principle in the Bill that came to be known as the "Three F's." Sir Stafford Northcote, momentarily overcoming his mildness of critical manner, filled out these initials into the words, Fraud, Force, and Folly. Mr. Warton, inspired by this irruption from an unexpected quarter, forthwith dropped into poetry. One night he recited a long screed, of which only one verse lingers in the memory. It will serve as a fair specimen :—

> Fraud to steal what's not their own ;
> Forced to keep all they can bone ;
> Folly sees no crime thus shown ;
> Fraud and Force and Folly.

THE TRAGEDY OF PICKERING PHIPPS.

Mr. Warton once, at least, did much better. He wrote a verse that will really scan, and is not lacking in the point and polish of epigram. It came about this way. In this same Parliament Mr. Pickering Phipps sat as member for South Northamptonshire. He was a fleshy man, big-boned withal, devout, and a brewer. However late the House may have sat (and in that Parliament it not infrequently sat all night) Mr. Pickering Phipps, enthroned by the domestic hearth, commenced the following day with family prayer.

One evening he, amongst the most constant attendants of the House, was not present. Continued absence led to inquiry, which resulted in discovery that the honourable member had met with a serious accident. Going down on his knees in morning prayer he broke his leg. The incident led to much sympathetic comment in the smoke-room of the House of Commons, and at other social gatherings of members. Mr. Warton broke forth into verse, as thus :—

> With upturned eyes and quivering lips,
> Wrestled with Satan Pickering Phipps ;
> But when he ceased for grace to beg,
> The Devil came and broke his leg.

So great was the success of this *jeu d'esprit* that it moved, of all men in the world, Mr. Childers into poetry. He capped Mr. Warton's verse with the following :—

> In Pickering Phipps's case discern
> A lesson it were well to learn :
> 'Tis not enough our prayers to say,
> But we must watch as well as pray.

There is no doubt which of the two stanzas is the better. It is only fair to remember that Mr. Childers was a 'prentice hand, whilst Mr. Warton was a regular passenger by the Clapham 'bus, and mused nightly, in company with his snuff-box and bandana, on a back bench below the gangway.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

The pity of it is that Sir George Trevelyan has laid down the pen which nearly thirty years ago flashed forth pointed, polished verse that charmed undergrads at Cambridge, and, with some personal modifications, delighted the Dons. Since then Sir George has written one of the three best biographies in the language. He has risen to Cabinet rank in the political world, and grew grey in service at the Irish Office. But he has never done anything better in their way than his "Ladies in Parliament," his "Horace at Athens," and other verses written whilst he wore cap and gown at Cambridge.

"The Ladies in Parliament" was written during the lively times that followed on the rejection of the Reform Bill of 1866. "A Fragment After the Manner of an Old Athenian Comedy" is its descriptive subtitle. The scene is laid at the south-east angle of Berkeley Square, where congregate a number of ladies. To them Lady Matilda (*loquiter*) :—

> I think we're just enough to form a House,
> And, as for Speaker, I have seldom seen a
> More proper person than our friend Selina.
> You, Charley, fetch the roller from the square,
> And prop it up to represent her Chair ;
> Some pebbles underneath will keep it steady.
> GAY : But where's the wig ?
> LADY MATILDA : She's got one on already.

This last line, though written by an undergraduate, has all the malice of a full-grown man. It peeps forth again in the perfectly irregular remarks of the 1st and 2nd ladies :—

> 1ST LADY : As from her agitation I imply
> Matilda means to catch the Speaker's eye.
> We used to notice, while together waiting
> Behind the bars of Lord Charles Russell's grating,
> That on the verge of any fine display,
> Men twist their feet in that uneasy way.
> 2ND LADY : She's rising now and taking off her bonnet,
> And probably will end by sitting on it.
> For oft, as sad experiences teach,
> The novice, trembling from his maiden speech,
> Drops flustered in his place, and crushes flat
> His innocent and all-unconscious hat.
> And my poor husband spoiled an evening suit
> By plumping down amidst a heap of fruit
> Which some admiring friend, his thirst to quench,
> Had peeled beside him on the Treasury Bench.

In a lilting chorus strung on the swinging metre of Aristophanes, the hoary-headed, seared-hearted undergraduate contrasts old times with the present, of course to the discredit of the latter. "But now," he laments—

But now the Press has squeamish grown and thinks
invective rash ;
And telling hits no longer lurk 'neath asterisk and
dash ;
And poets deal in epithets as soft as skeins of silk,
Nor dream of calling silly lords a curd of ass's milk.
And satirists confine their art to cutting jokes on
Beales,
Or snap like angry puppies round a mightier Tribune's
heels.
Discussing whether he can scan and understand the
lines
About the wooden Horse of Troy, and when and
where he dines.
Though gentlemen should blush to talk as if they
cared a button,
Because one night in Chesham Place he ate his slice
of mutton.

The reference to the wooden horse of Troy lives, like the Cave of Adullam and the terrier, so woolly that it was hard to tell which was the head and which the tail, among the few sentences that keep green the memory of the great debate. The reference to Mr. Bright eating his slice of mutton in Chesham Place refers to the malevolent gossip that filled the clubs of London when it was made known that Lord Russell had actually entertained the sturdy Commoner at dinner in his private house.

Another dinner, the dinner in Hall, suggests polished verse in another metre :—

We still consume, with mingled shame and grief,
Veal that is tottering on the verge of beef ;
Veal void of stuffing, widowed of its ham ;
Or the roast shoulder of an ancient ram.

This, from "Horace at the University of Athens," echoes over the chasm of thirty years the voice of the disappointed undergraduate as he discovers what once more is served for dinner.

Trevelyan of Trinity has long laid aside the poet's pen, to the loss of the House of Commons and the world. "As far as verse is concerned, I'm petered out," he says, unconsciously lapsing into undergraduate phrase. Still, there lingers with this born and cultured man of letters the passion for the desk. Possibly—I am glad to think probably—the cool shade of opposition, promising to prevail over the next five years, may yield fruit in succession to those rich plums, "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," and "The Early Life of Charles James Fox."

SIR JOHN MOWBRAY.

I have received from various parts of the country something like fourscore letters calling my attention to an odd slip of the pen in the March number of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Writing about the Duke of Devonshire's first taking his seat in the House of Commons, I numbered Sir John Mowbray among the few men still living, though not in the House, who may have watched the young member for North Lancashire advance to take the oath. The cloud of witnesses remind me that Sir John is happily still with us. Last of all, in the rear of the long list of correspondents, comes Sir John also. "I am there now in my eleventh Parliament," he modestly mentions, "and still take an active part as Chairman of two Committees on Standing Orders and Selection, posts which I have filled for twenty-three years. Pray pardon my mentioning this."

I really cannot say how I came momentarily to forget the member for Oxford University. One familiar with the House of Commons might almost as easily forget the Speaker in his chair or the Serjeant-at-Arms by the cross-benches. Sir John is one of the oldest and most-esteemed members. Forty-three years ago this very month of June he was returned for the City of Durham, which he represented till the great *débâcle* of 1868, when he was returned for Oxford University, a seat he holds to this day.

He ranges himself on the Conservative side, but enjoys in equal degree the esteem of all sections of the party opposite. Whenever any procedure especially involving the dignity of the House of Commons is to the fore, Sir John Mowbray is certain to be invited to take prominent part in it. His unique position is indicated by the fact that in the closing days of the Home Rule Parliament he moved the election of Sir Matthew White Ridley to the vacant Speaker's Chair and was beaten in the division lobby. In the following year, when the Unionists came

MR. H. MATTHEWS AS A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.

back in overwhelming majority, it was Sir John Mowbray who was put forward to propose the re-election of Mr. Gully.

SIR JOHN GORST.

At this present time of writing, rumour of the appointment of Sir John Gorst as successor to Sir Hercules Robinson in the High Commissionership of South Africa is met by official protestation that Sir Hercules does not mean to retire. That may be the truth of the hour. But it is exceedingly probable that before the year has sped Sir Hercules Robinson will be back in London, and by no means improbable that Sir John Gorst will reign at Cape Town in his stead.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

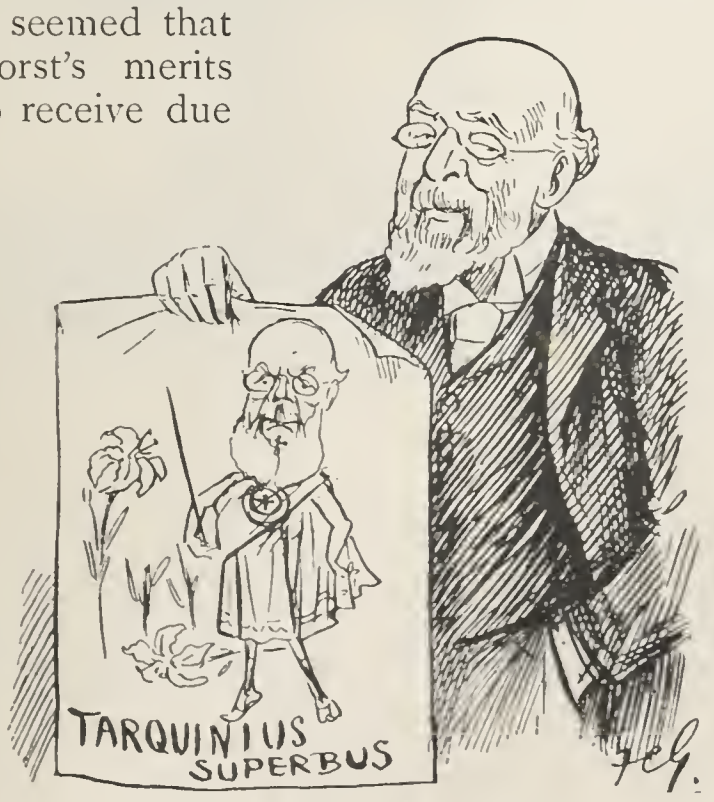
Such an event would be the Empire's gain and the loss of the House of Commons. There are few keener debaters than Sir John. The marvel to those familiar with the position he has won for himself in the most critical Assembly in the world is that his progress up the Ministerial ladder has not passed beyond the modest range of the vice-presidency of the Council. Amongst other things, Sir John, with his Parliamentary instinct, his wide knowledge, his industry, his patience, and his tact, would have made a model Leader of the House.

A SLIP BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

There was a period not far back when it seemed that Sir John Gorst's merits were about to receive due recognition. It was in the Session of 1889, at which time Mr. Henry Matthews's unpopularity at the Home Office was in one of its recurrent flushes. His appreciative colleagues in the Cabinet were unanimous in desire to see him promoted to a Lord Justiceship of Appeal, and it was agreed that Sir John Gorst should succeed him as Home Secretary.

Whilst this little arrangement was hatching Sir Hercules Robinson, then Governor of the Cape, announced his desire to be relieved of the post. It was offered to Sir John Gorst, who, having this larger quarry in view, declined it, and Sir Henry Loch was inducted.

Shortly after Sir John Gorst discovered that, in snatching at the shadow of the Home Secretaryship, he had lost the cheese of the Colonial Governorship. Mr. Henry Matthews remained at the Home Office, and Sir John Gorst tarried at the India Office, constantly to comfort Lord Cross, and one night to delight the House of Commons with his Manipur speech.



SIR JOHN GORST ON MANIPUR.

When things go wrong in social or domestic life there is instinctive obedience to the spiteful injunction *cherchez la femme*. When things go awry on the Unionist side, whether in Parliament or general politics, there is a disposition to put the matter down to the account of Mr. Chamberlain. The rule does not fail in this respect. It is said Mr. Chamberlain objected to the promotion of Mr. Matthews to the peerage on the ground that at this political crisis an election in Birmingham would be inconvenient.

That is a matter on which I have no personal knowledge. But I vouch for the accuracy of the other portions of the narrative.

UNDERPAID WORKMEN.

I suppose, taking them all round, Her Majesty's Ministers are the most underpaid of British workmen. The highest salary is the £10,000 a year the Lord Chancellor draws, and that is in respect of a dual office. The actual salary of the Lord Chancellor is £6,000 a year, the

balance being due as Speaker of the House of Lords. It is pretty certain that no lawyer ever accepted a seat on the Woolsack without making pecuniary sacrifice. The same remark holds good with respect to the Law Officers of the Crown.

At the Bar barristers are, in accordance with ancient usage, forbidden to accept a brief amounting to less than a golden sovereign. On the Western Circuit there is a tradition how Serjeant Davey, whilst still a stuff-gownsman, was called to account for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a prisoner. In his defence Davey said, "I took all the poor devil had in the world, and I hope you don't call *that* unprofessional."

In the same spirit of generous compromise the Lord Chancellor takes all the Treasury provides in the way of payment and learns not to regret the two, three, or perhaps five thousand pounds more he made in fees whilst still in practice at the Bar.

A HARD CASE.

The case of Sir William Harcourt, on which I happen to have some precise information, will illustrate the position. When he resigned his practice at the Parliamentary Bar in order to enter upon political life he was earning £14,000 a year. It was in December, 1868, that he entered the House of Commons, as representative of the City of Oxford. Up to December last his servitude covers a period of twenty-seven years. Supposing he had not improved on a position gained whilst a comparatively young man, Sir William would, in this more than a quarter of a century, have netted £378,000. I believe it will come very near the mark if estimate of his receipt of Ministerial salary, within that time, is put at £45,000.

That is an instance where circumstances by chance make it possible to arrive at a pretty accurate comparison. In the case of Mr. Gladstone, whilst it would not be difficult to set forth his approximate aggregate Ministerial salary drawn during his sixty-three years of Parliamentary life, the sum of what he might have earned in one of half-a-dozen professions outside of politics can be only faintly imagined.

IF HE HAD STUCK TO THE BAR.

A BAR TRAGEDY.

Q.C., M.P., tells me a true story infinitely full of pathos. A fortnight ago, a letter reached him in the handwriting of an old college friend, telling a pitiful story of a stranded life. The writer had been called to the Bar, hoping some day to land on the judicial bench, even if he did not reach the Woolsack. He had no influence and very little money. No business came his way. But he held on through long years, patiently hoping that some day his chance would come. Now he was sick, probably unto death, and had no money to buy food or medicine.

His old friend promptly sent a remittance, which was gratefully acknowledged. At the end of a fortnight it occurred to him that he would call on the sick man and see what more he might do to help him. Arrived at the address, the door was opened by a lady-like woman, still young, pretty in spite of the pinching of poverty. He gave his name and announced his errand. Whereat the lady, bursting into a passion of tears, told him he was too late. Her husband had died that morning.

"Would you like to see him?" she asked, wistfully.

The two walked upstairs to a small front room. On the bed lay the body of a man of about forty years of age, fully dressed in the wig and gown of a barrister. In his right hand he held a bundle of foolscap.

"What is that?" the old friend whispered.

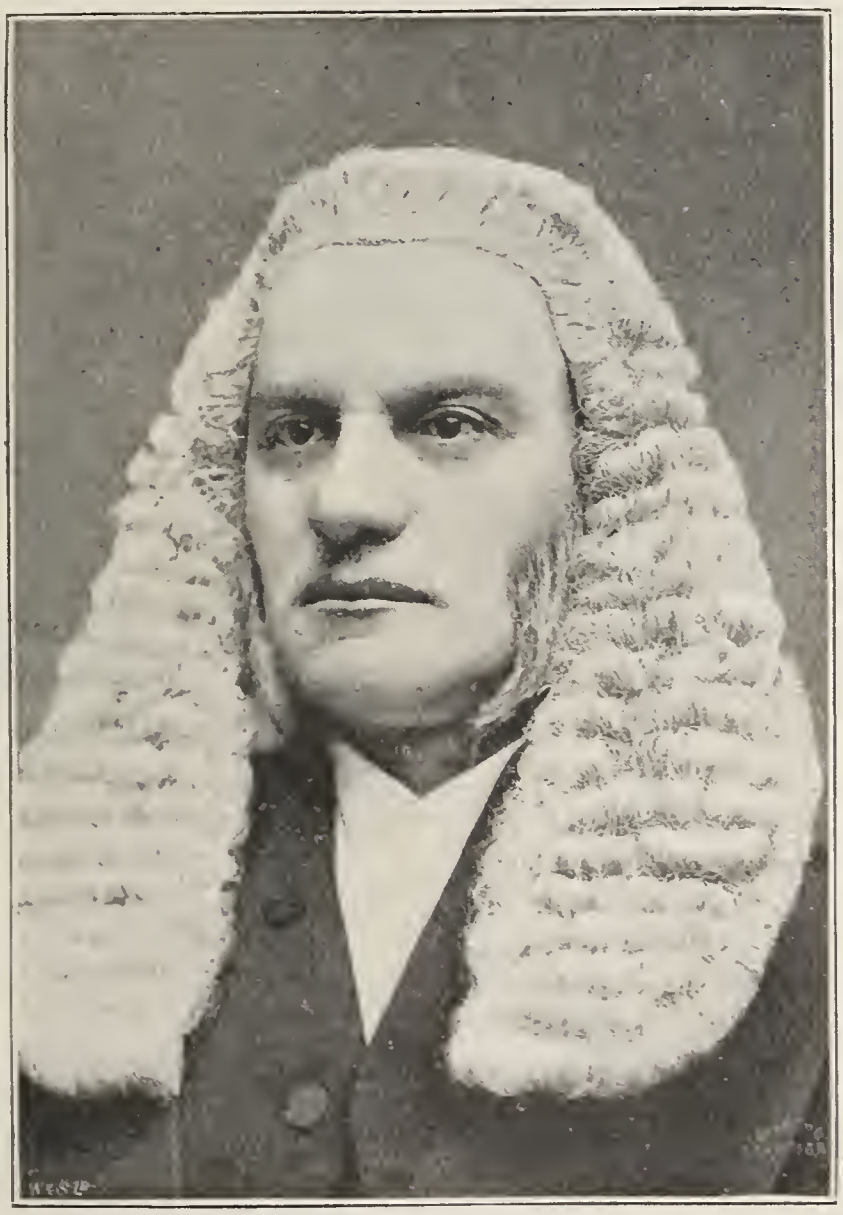
"That," said the widow, "is the only brief he received in the course of nineteen years' waiting. He asked me to dress him thus, and put it in his hand when he was dead."

Her Majesty's Judges.

III.

By E.

THE ex-Lord Chancellor is my next judge. Now, Lord Herschell gave great offence to his party by refusing to place every Radical nominee in the Commission of the Peace, and steadfastly ignoring the preferential claims of the sons of toil to exercise judicial functions. While Radical members of Parliament argued that the best and, indeed, only way to reduce the silly J.P. institution to harmless inactivity was to vulgarize it, Lord Herschell persisted in his attempt to free his high office from all party taint, and maintained a resolute resistance to the claims of his political friends.

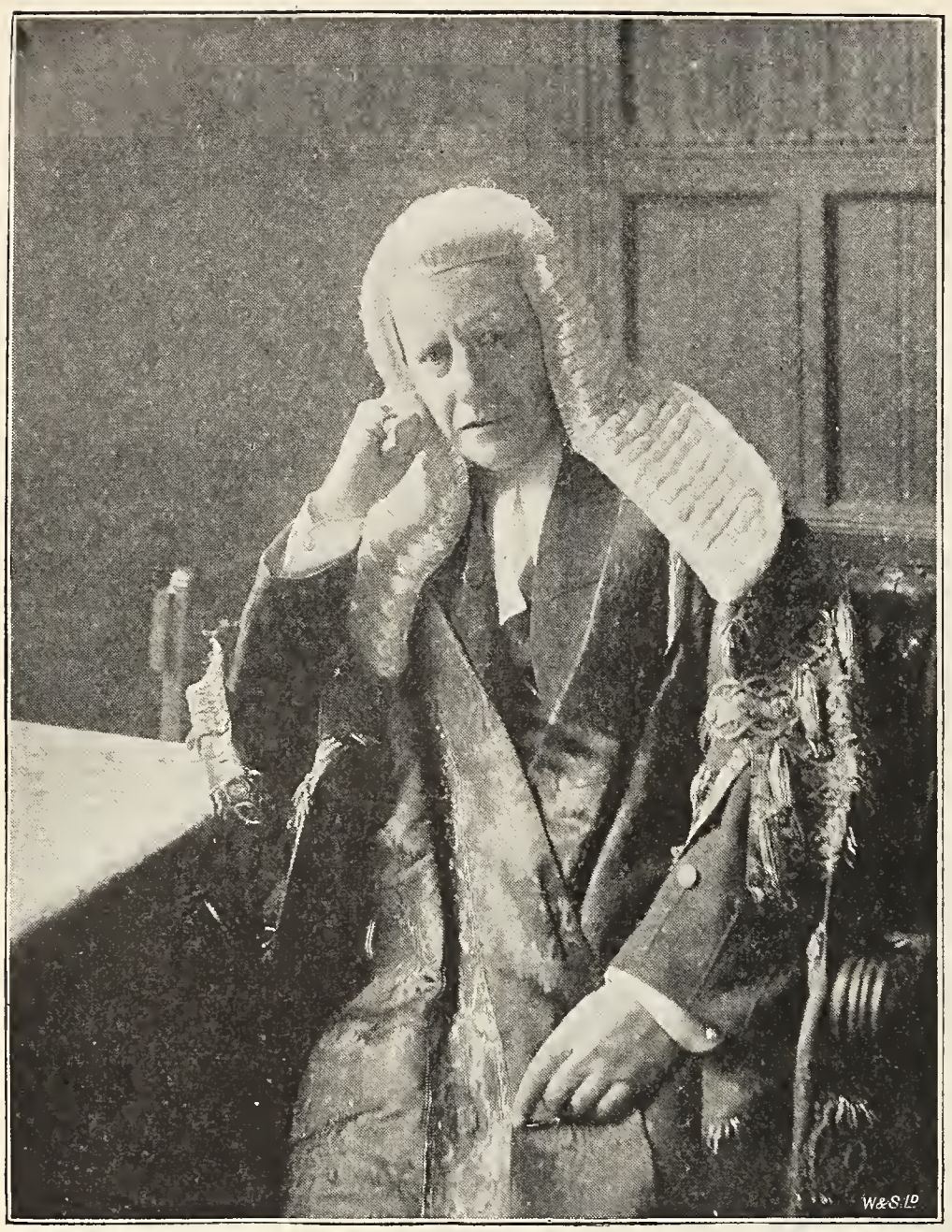


LORD HERSCHELL.
From a Photo. by Bassano.

Into the merits of the controversy I have no desire to enter; I merely record the fact of its existence. Again, many of his judicial appointments did not find favour with the Bar, and one learned High Court judge was raised to his elevated position amid the execrations of that part of the Bar which is actively political and quiescently Liberal. Indeed, I have heard certain "influential" — this stock word expresses a great deal—politicians declare that Lord Herschell was responsible for the Radical rout at the last election, but as I have heard other equally "influential" personages with even increased enthusiasm ascribe the defeat to Sir William Harcourt's temperance zeal, Mr. Labouchere's personal dislike of Lord Rosebery, the conduct of one Sir Visto in winning a certain race at Epsom, the resignation of Doctor Macgregor, the disaffection of Welsh Nonconformists, and the speeches of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, I attach absolutely no importance to the opinions of those who take a decided stand on the great J.P. question. Further, Lord Herschell, *quà* politician, is without my prescribed limits.

In his capacity of Lord Chancellor, I understand that he presided with dignity and firmness over the deliberations of those whom Birth or Beer has marked out as being fit to form part of the Legislative machine of this country. As a law reformer, he is indefatigable, and he assuredly is a very capable judge. His judgment in the Vagliano case is itself a monument to his thoroughness and clearness of mental vision, and the reports teem with instances of his judicial perspicacity and ability. Reserved in manner, and not given to excessive jocosity, Lord Herschell has never been known to turn his back on a friend.

Lord Davey, who, after a brief and unexciting term of office in the Court of Appeal, now reposes in the House of Lords, is reputed to have made, during his last years at the Bar, a larger income than has ever fallen to the lot of any barrister within the range of tradition. And herein repute is apparently not far wrong, for Sir Horace Davey's practice was as remunerative as it was large. How many guineas he made, or how many cigars he smoked in any one week, no one



From a Photo. by] LORD DAVEY. *[Russell & Sons.*

who has not studied the present Lord of Appeal's fee-book and his account with his tobacconist can tell, but, in all probability, the proper adjective to use in this connection would be "incredible."

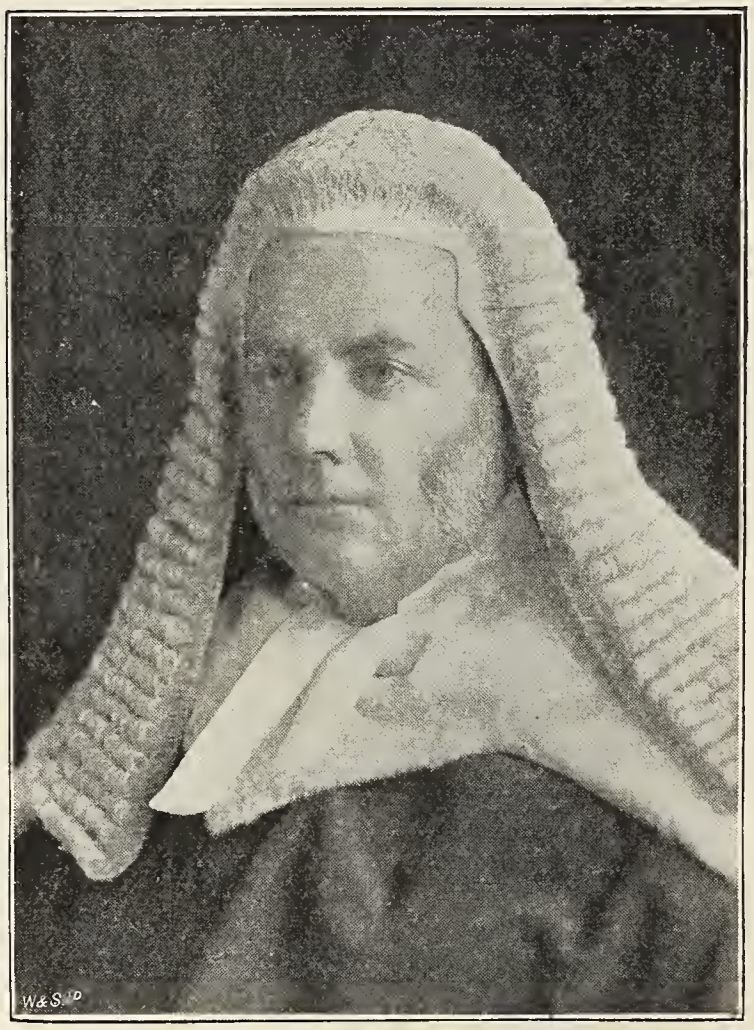
Chancery barristers—who are, in the main, a bit prosy and not given to romancing—even now speak in awe-stricken tones of their former colleague's smoking prowess and the huge fees so frequently marked on his brief. And this I assume to be true, since, for my own part, I invariably believe a Chancery man. He hasn't imagination enough to lie.

The least successful rôle that Lord Davey ever undertook was that of Parliamentary candidate, in which he was not very far removed from a failure. However, he undoubtedly created a great impression in one Welsh constituency, and it is on record that one of his supporters in a farewell speech declared that "to look on Sir Horace was to love him." Such an exuberance of adulation was, however, rare, and Sir Horace did not, in general, repeat on political platforms the triumphs he won in the Law Courts.

I have had little experience of him as a judge, but in the Court of Appeal his judgments were characterized by the conciseness and clearness which distinguished his arguments at the Bar; and in the House of Lords professional opinion speaks very highly of him. I don't suppose a Chancery barrister ever attained such a high position as at the termination of his career as a barrister Lord Davey could claim for himself.

Lord Justice A. L. Smith completes with the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Kay the Bench of No. 1 Court of Appeal, and a wonderfully constituted Court it is: Lord Esher cracks the jokes, Lord Justice Kay delivers considered judgments, and Lord Justice Smith, who seldom takes any part in the customary war of jest and repartee, makes things clear in an irreducible minimum of words. By not a few good authorities this Lord Justice of Appeal is held the best of all our judges, but the propriety of that opinion it is unnecessary for me to discuss.

Some years ago, when I was on my first circuit, I remember the case of a certain secretary of a benefit society



LORD JUSTICE SMITH.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

coming before Lord Justice Smith. The man pleaded guilty to a series of exceptionally cruel frauds, and put up a barrister to appeal for mercy. This was done in a speech that was both long and eloquent, and in its course the economic advantages of co-operative thrift were touched upon; the love of a woman for her husband was dealt with in a pathetic manner; the usual effect of long sentences on a convict's family; the irresponsibility of youth; the evils of drink; the ghastly position of a penniless outcast, and other cheerful topics were spoken about; a brilliant peroration winding up an oratorical flight on the quality of mercy.

The prisoner sobbed, the usual feminine scream occurred, and the clerk of the arraigns called on the prisoner to say why judgment should not be passed upon him. He made no reply, and the judgment was as follows :—

"Prisoner at the Bar, you have pleaded guilty to this charge, and you must do seven years."

A more suitable anti-climax was never devised by the wit of man, and it proved a most excellent commentary on the baseless fabric of the speech *ad misericordiam*.

If all judges would follow Lord Justice Smith's example, an assize criminal court would be a tolerable place. But, alas! most judges make long speeches, and continually interject remarks.

A certain judge, who shall be nameless, was, not so very long ago, passing sentence on a wretched man who had killed his wife in circumstances showing extreme provocation. The jury strongly recommended him to mercy, and the judge stated he would consider the recommendation in awarding the punishment. In passing sentence he made a long and involved address, in the course of which he expressed his agreement with the jury's presentment, and favourably noticed all the points of the defence. Then, having glanced at the previous honourable career of the criminal, when everyone in court expected that six months' hard labour would about fit the case, he woke up from his benignity, and slowly and deliberately concluded :—

"But my painful duty, and it *is very* painful, leaves me no alternative to the sentence I am about to pass upon you, and that sentence is that you be imprisoned and kept in penal servitude for the term of twenty years."

This is but one instance of a common fault. I do not for a moment mean to say that the judge in question intended to torture the prisoner; in all probability he merely meant to explain the severity of his sentence, but he undoubtedly forgot that his duty is to administer the law and not to inculcate the principles of morality.

In murder trials, again, I have heard judges lecture the convict and read long sermons about penitence and prayer. But it does no good at all: it may gratify the lazy loungers who throng our criminal courts, but it does not edify the officials or the Bar; and as for the prisoner, in what frame of mind is he to hear the story of his own brutality and profit therefrom? A few explanatory words may be needed, but the fewer the better for all concerned.

MR. JUSTICE CHARLES.
From a Photo. by Whitlock, Birmingham.

The judge who in former days was known as "Arthur Charles," and is the greatest living authority on ecclesiastical law, is a very sound judge.

Better in a Divisional Court than at the rough-and-tumble work of assizes, he is ludicrously out of place at the Old Bailey, and is just a little too cautious for Nisi Prius. Still, many competent men speak very highly of his abilities, and in this case I shall be content to adopt their views.

Latterly, Mr. Justice

Charles has been very unwell, but I trust—and in this expression, I feel sure, everyone connected with the Bar will join—that he will speedily be restored to health, and be able to return to the duties which he has hitherto so ably discharged.

Some years ago, in a certain assize town, a dismal joke was perpetrated on a worthy, if slightly dull, member of the Bar, and it happened in this wise. One or two of the more lively circuit spirits foresaw the possibility of a laugh at the expense of the aforesaid member, and handed him a dummy brief—which they had made up—subscribing the name of the solicitor to the Treasury, and containing instructions to apply for the postponement of the trial of R. *v.* Jones. It is on record that the "member" sat up half the night studying the conflicting statements and confused facts in his brief, and the next morning, in a terribly nervous condition, he applied to the judge for leave to make an application.

"Certainly," said the judge—I think it was the late Mr. Justice Lush—"what is your application?"

"My lord," the "member" began "the prisoner, Jones, has been committed to take his trial for wilful murder, and I am instructed to ask your lordship not to take the case these assizes on this ground: Mr. 'Mark,' the great expert in insanity, is at present out of England, and the Treasury particularly desire his attendance at the trial. I am also instructed to ask for the costs of this application."

There was a burst of laughter from the uninitiated, and the judge blandly asked:—

"What is the number of the case in the calendar, Mr.——?"

The "member" rose to the occasion:—

"My lord, the case is not in the calendar. The prisoner was committed only yesterday."

"Very extraordinary," the judge muttered; "and the Treasury instructed you yesterday, you say?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Is your solicitor here?"

"No, my lord; he is ill."

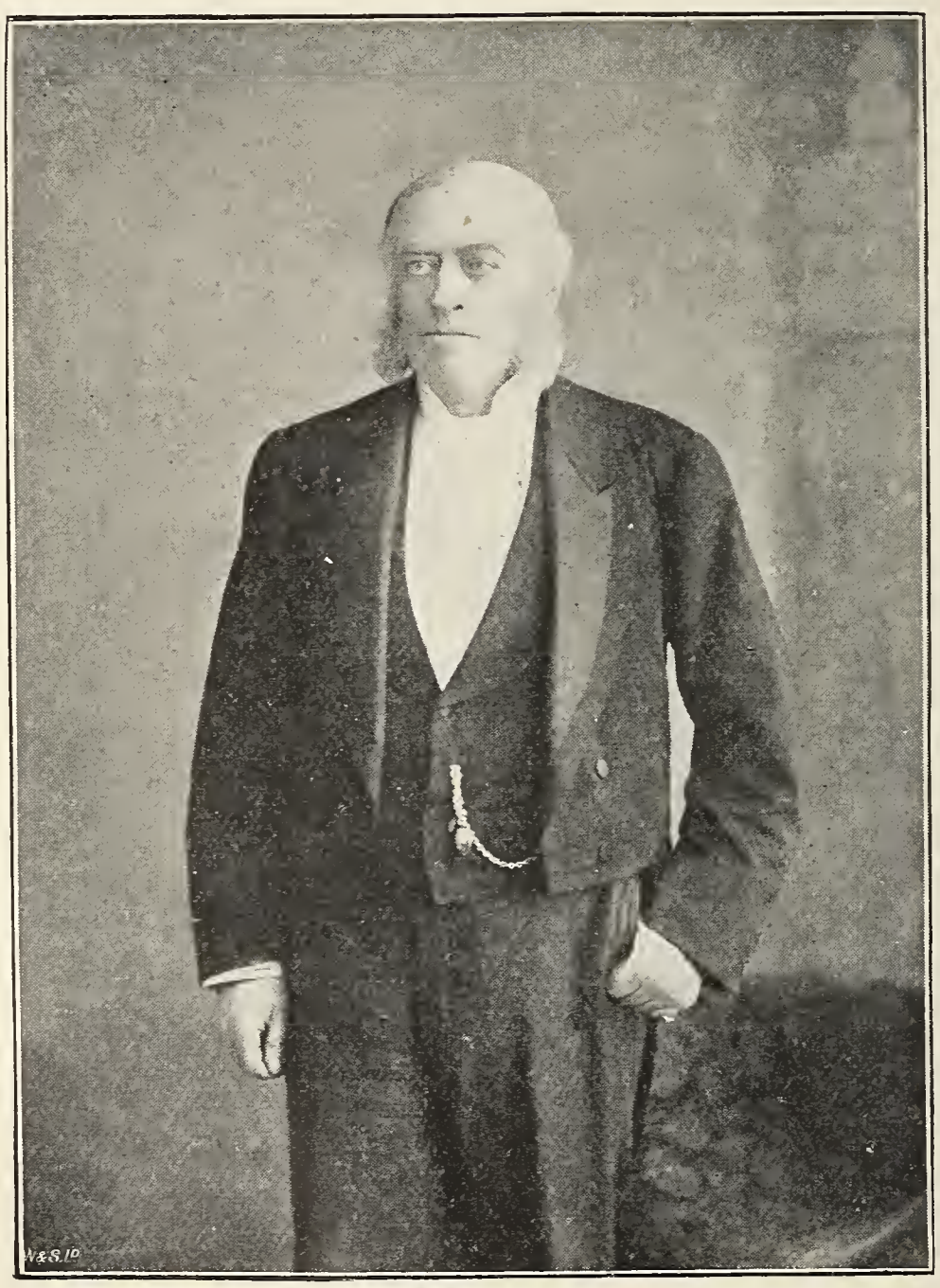
At this point history relates that the judge smiled pityingly, and asked:—

"Do you ask for costs against the prisoner?"

"These are my instructions, my lord."

And then somebody whispered to him to sit down, and the judge, who had seen through the whole farce, kindly let the application drop, and went on with the business of the Court.

Now, I shudder to think what would have been the consequences had such a judge as Lord Morris been in the place of Mr. Justice Lush when the momentous application was made.



From a Photo. by] LORD MORRIS. [*Barraud, Ltd.*

The course that fine type of an Irishman, shrewd, witty, and bubbling over with good nature, would have taken is easy to conjecture. His sense of humour would have caused him to discover the perpetrators of the joke, and forthwith commit them to prison for contempt of Court; and then what would have happened it is delicious to contemplate. The leading juniors of the circuit in prison, work must have been at a standstill; and we can imagine the irony of a situation in which a prisoner

had to plead for a postponement of his trial, on the ground that his counsel was in prison!

What possibilities the joke fully developed is capable of it is difficult to summarize, but Lord Morris would probably have discovered them had he been the judge.

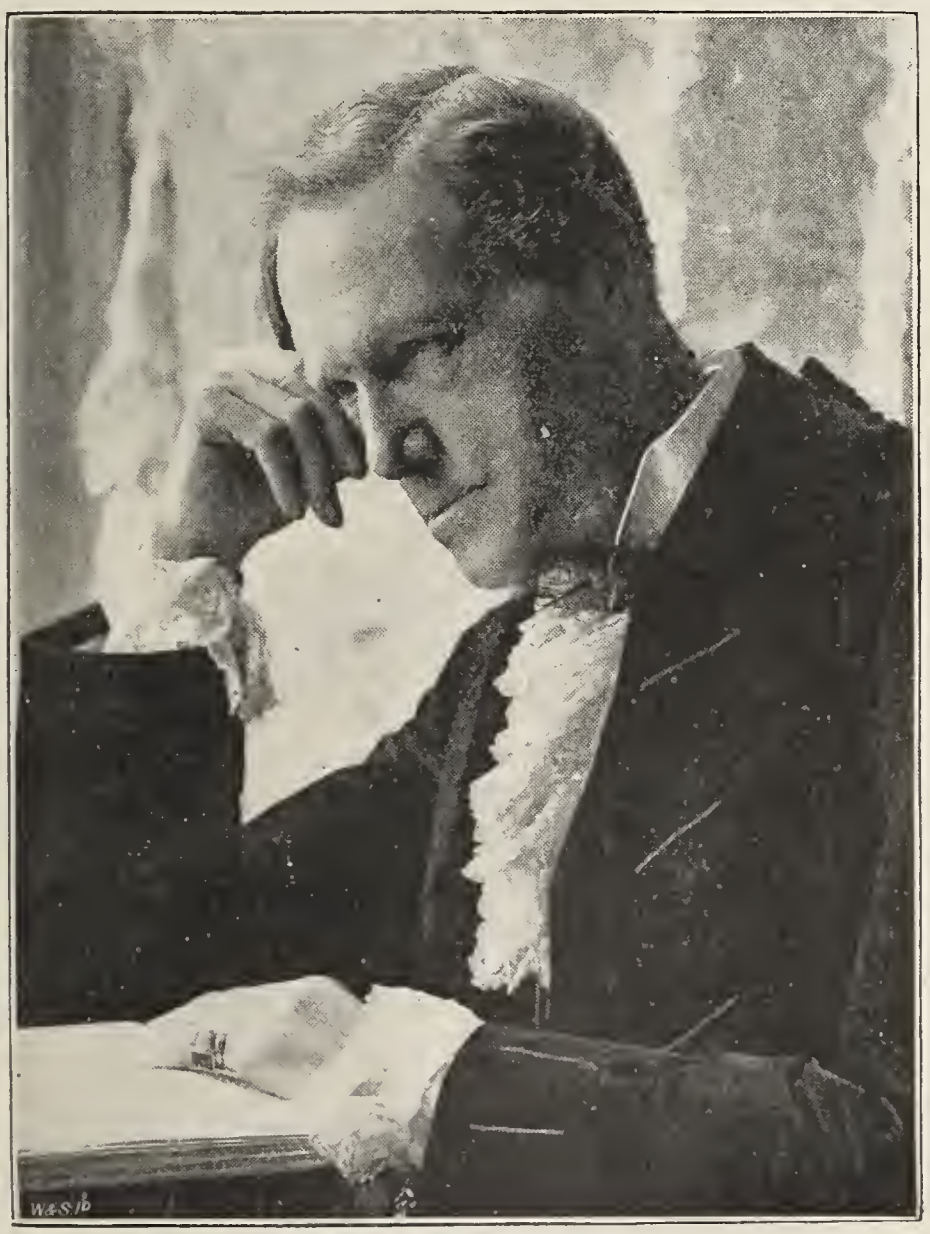
Would that he had been!

Nowadays Lord Morris is a Lord of Appeal, and is as popular as a member of the appellate court of the Lords as he is in the lobby of the House of Commons. Never at a loss for a joke, a storehouse of amusing anecdotes, he is one of our most popular judges.

I remember once hearing one of the hyper-æsthetic youths who decorate the ranks of the Bar exclaim, on seeing Mr. Baron Pollock enter a court, "By Jove, what a dear old thing he is—don't you think so?"

In all probability the reply I made was not calculated to please my informant, for I hate both effeminate ways and mincing language, but there can be no earthly doubt that this judge is on very good terms with the Bar.

Our senior puisne judge, he has been no less than twenty-three years on the Bench, during which lengthened period he has borne himself with dignity and well and truly discharged his duties. Latterly he has been trying election petitions, and in that uncongenial task has experienced the ill lot of all election petition judges.



MR. BARON POLLOCK.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

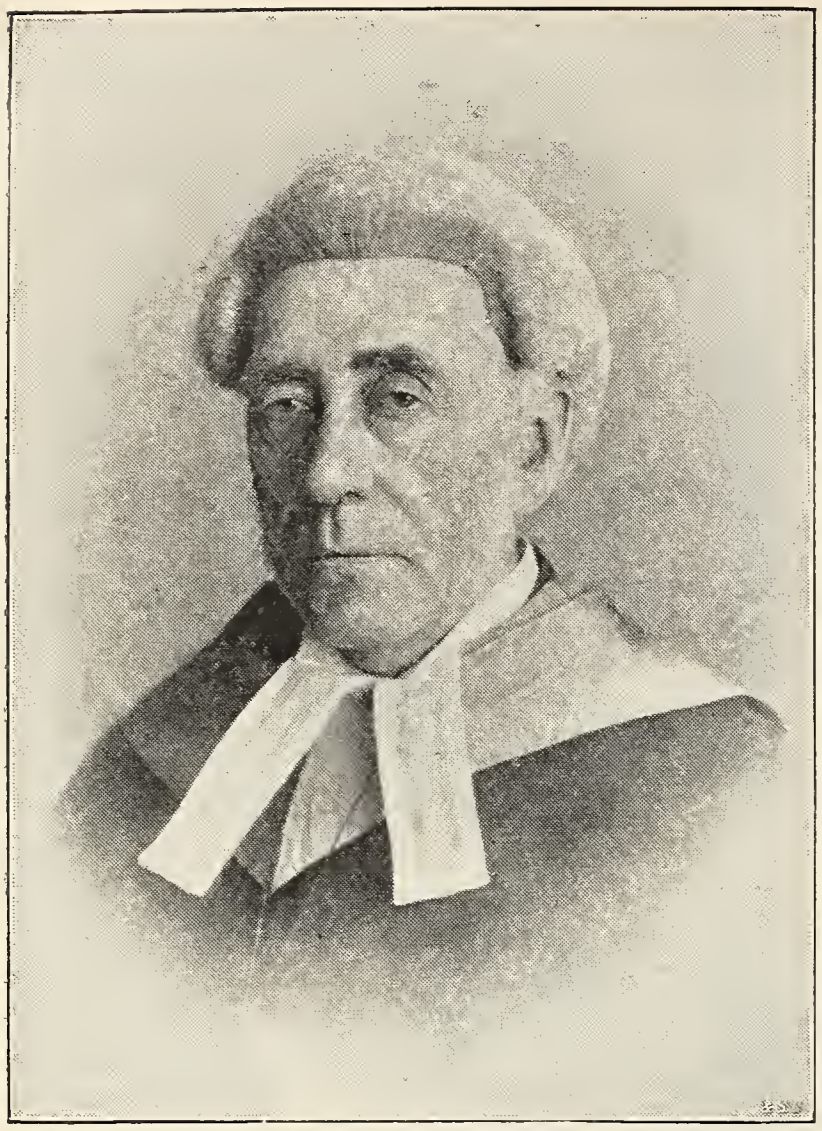
For not only has he been misstated in court by the scarcely dignified mangling of factitious counsel, but out of court newspapers have misrepresented him, and anonymous correspondents have attacked him. Indeed, to such an extent have they gone, that on one occasion the learned Baron declared *ex cathedrâ* that he didn't "care a dump" for anonymous letters.

The election petitions have a great deal to answer for, and perhaps this phrase constitutes not the least of their responsibilities.

Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce is a judge who stands high in the opinion of Admiralty men. Nor indeed is his reputation confined to that sphere of forensic labour. Of a somewhat melancholy appearance, he is never so effective as when sentencing a man to death, and he would make an even more sensational ending to a "'orrible murder" trial were he to speak louder and give the prisoner the benefit of the commiserative sentences he employs at such a time. A man who is standing between two warders, with the prospect of speedily meeting another eminent official of the Home Office, surely should be allowed to participate in the pleasure of a scene in which he is the central figure. But few judges give him the opportunity, and here I think I may enter my emphatic protest against the "mumbling" fashion which has apparently of late years commended itself to our judges. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, don't some of our judges speak out? If what they have to say is worth hearing, one would like to hear it, and should hear it. If it is not worth hearing, then why do they speak at all?

Indistinctness doesn't lend the charm of dignity to a judicial personality, and imperfect articulation is not—except perhaps in the Chancery Courts — a mark of exceptional worth.

When one hears Lord Esher, one is tempted to possibly ejaculate: *O! si sic omnes!*



MR. JUSTICE BRUCE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes is the youngest of the judges, and the second judge in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division. He is really a very capable judge, but should look to it that he doesn't become generally inaudible.

Oh! if only the judges would each and every of them take to heart and practise the elementary advice of the voice producer, and speak so that the person farthest off in the building could hear, what a blessing it would be! It is not a matter of wonderment that law reporters are such a solemn, unhappy-looking body of men, when they have to follow the gentle murmurings of a judge, and send in a verbatim report of his judgment. But I mustn't let my pen run away with me on this subject. Besides, I feel strongly on it, and that is a good ground for abstaining from urging of it. One word, however, in conclusion. Mr. Justice Barnes's judgments are worthy of the fullest report, and, in extenuation of his low speaking, let me say nine-tenths of the judges suffer from the same complaint.

Mr. Justice Kennedy is, at present, much too careful, too scrupulous, and altogether too conscientious.

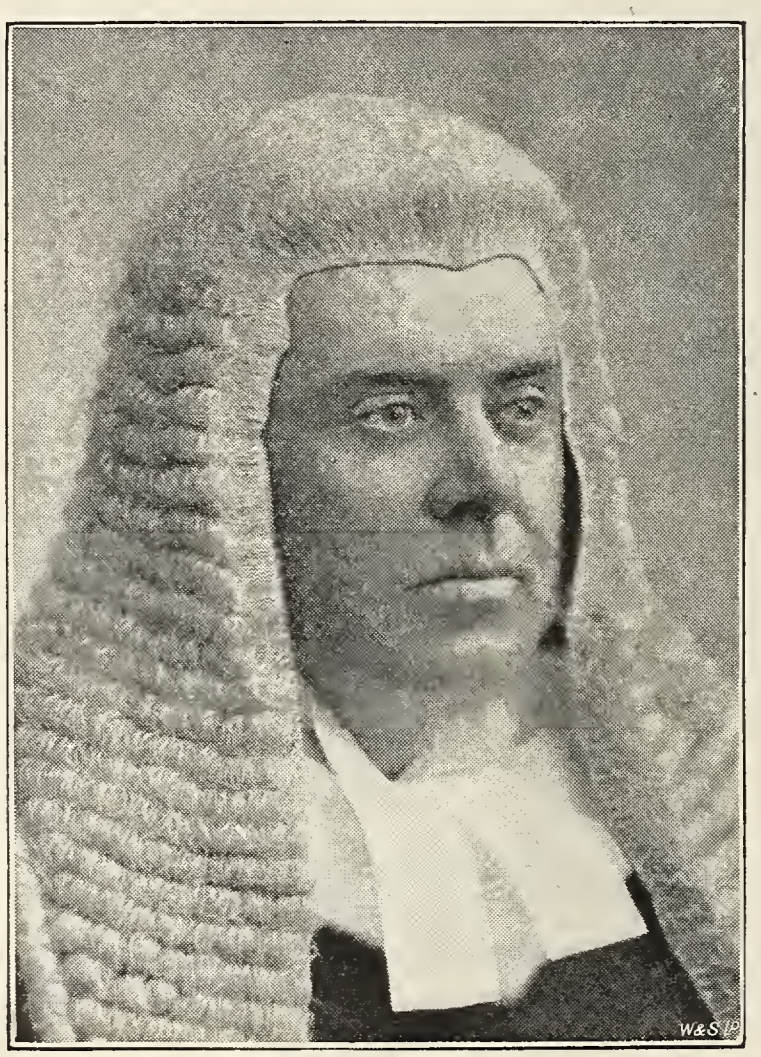
The late Lord Justice Bowen defined the three judicial stages, which he said every judge traversed, as follows: The first—I believe I am summarizing correctly—in which the judge is always afraid he is not doing right; the second, in which he is sure he is always right; and the third, in which he doesn't care whether he is right or not.

Now, Mr. Justice Kennedy is in the first stage, and as no judge can ever be entirely satisfactory unless he is in the second stage, it is to be hoped our learned judge will soon enter that blissful state.

As I have before remarked during the progress of these notes, speedy administration of some sort of justice is better than the tardy administration of the exact law. And besides, in the waste of life, accuracy is a very unreal blessing!

Although counsel and solicitors make the most trifling application a matter of vital importance, it matters little, if anything, in the long run whether an interrogatory is properly allowed or improperly excluded, or whether a pleading is rightly struck out or not. And then again, what rubbish it is to say that it is better that a hundred guilty persons should be acquitted than that one who is innocent should be convicted. It is exactly the other way about. Most "innocent" people should, if they had their deserts, be in gaol, and every guilty person out of gaol renders individual security less substantial.

For my part, I detest those parrot cries which startle the thinker at every turn. To



MR. JUSTICE BARNES.
From a Photo. by Barrauds, Ltd.

take another example, which doesn't concern my subject in the least, and therefore, according to present-time fashion, is doubly appropriate. The so-called truism "Every man is held innocent by the law until he is proved guilty" is as absurd as truisms generally are. The converse, here again, is the truth, the true position of affairs being that if a man in the dock cannot satisfactorily explain his presence there, he must be sent to prison.

Well, to return: Mr. Justice Kennedy thinks too much of the intrinsic merit of every party's case, and takes too much trouble in endeavouring to hold the balance of justice fairly. But this he will grow out of. Every day he improves on the past, and in time I have no doubt that he will make an excellent judge. As it is, he is an uncommonly good lawyer, and has been specially praised by the Court of Appeal. But at present ne lacks the dash which spells success.

MR. JUSTICE KENNEDY.
From a Photo. by Whitlock, Birmingham.

Let me give an example of how things should be done. Some little time ago, I applied for judgment under Order XIV., s. I. My application was granted, and the other side appealed. The appeal came on for hearing before a certain judge.

The other side produced a huge affidavit, and without a moment's hesitation the said learned judge, saying he couldn't wade through the whole affidavit, discharged the order and gave the defendants unconditional leave to defend. It was an unwarrantable exercise of the judicial prerogative, and yet we were satisfied.

"Doesn't keep you hanging about all day," my solicitor genially remarked, and the lay client ruffled his brow and said: "Knows his business, doesn't he? Sharp's a needle." I was a bit overcome, but even I was gratified. I *knew* the judge was wrong.

THE BLACK PANTHER.

BY J. LAURENCE HORNIBROOK.

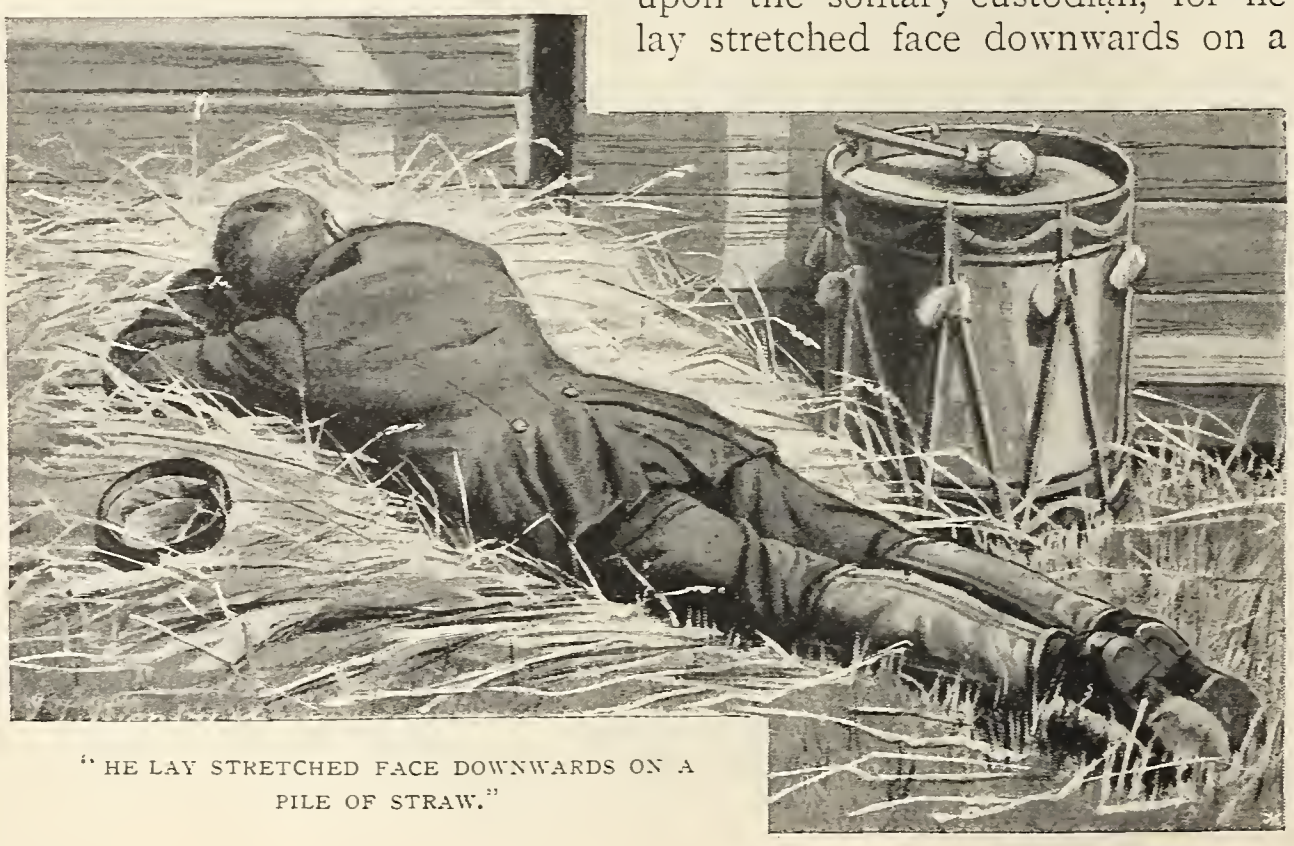
STEDMAN'S world-famed Hippodrome and Menagerie (which, as might be gathered from the flaring posters that enlivened all the dead walls of the town, had been patronized by several of the Crowned Heads of Europe) was about to honour Littlethorpe with a visit. Not that, in an ordinary way, the proprietor of this regal show would have deemed Littlethorpe worthy of such a distinction; but, as he took care to give out, it was a convenient halting-place between two important centres. Therefore, with the triple object of resting his horses, holding a couple of full-dress rehearsals, and affording the inhabitants a treat of a life-time, he decided upon a one-day's sojourn. On their part, the public in general displayed a due appreciation of his laudable intentions, and prepared to accord the show a vociferous welcome.

In the early hours of the morning the great, cumbrous waggons, plentifully begrimed with mud, rumbled through the streets, and filed off one by one towards the market-place. The faded pictorial embellishments which adorned the sides, representing riderless horses careering through the air, and ladies—whose fantastic garb somewhat reminded one of the natural characteristics of an ostrich — alighting on the bare backs of the fiery steeds, evoked much wondering comment among those who witnessed the procession from the neighbouring windows.

By ten o'clock two enormous tents, one circular, the other oblong, were struggling to maintain their upright position in the face of a pretty stiff breeze, which threatened every moment to level them to the ground. Strings of horses, spotted and speckled like the patriarch Jacob's kine, were led down to the river, followed by an enthusiastic and admiring crowd. The members of the equestrian troupe wandered off through the town in search of breakfast; and, judging by the roar after roar that came from the zoological section of the show, an erstwhile king of the forest was clamouring loudly for his.

Punctually at noon the grand mid-day procession set out to parade the streets, in all the splendour of gold and silver tinsel, waving banners, and tawdry finery; accompanied by the blare and crash of a brass band. The market-place was deserted save for one or two swarthy attendants, who lounged in and out of the tents. Occasionally, above the distant strains of the band, could be heard a frantic shout of delight from the multitude who witnessed the procession.

The oblong tent was set apart for the menagerie. Inside, the close, fetid atmosphere seemed to have a very drowsy effect upon the solitary custodian, for he lay stretched face downwards on a



"HE LAY STRETCHED FACE DOWNWARDS ON A PILE OF STRAW."

pile of straw in the corner, his head pillowed upon his arms. The great breadth of back, the girt and sinewy hardness of his powerful limbs, proclaimed him to be a veritable Hercules. He was none other than the renowned and much-advertised lion-tamer, Signor Petro Farrelli: otherwise, plain Peter Farrell.

At the further end of the tent stood a long cage, capable of being divided into two compartments by means of a sliding barrier. It contained the lions. Gaunt, skinny, hungry-looking brutes they were, the bones sticking out sharply through their tawny hides. From end to end of the cage they moped, in a ceaseless, monotonous tramp, like restless spirits who know no peace. Every minute or so one of them would rear up his head suddenly and glare through the bars, as if contemplating an imaginary crowd, and then resume his weary round.

The Polar bear seemed to vie with them as to the extent of ground he could cover, but the brown specimen sat upon his haunches looking decidedly mournful and out of sorts. Signor Farrelli slept through it all. An occasional growl or a snarl did not appear to disturb the quietude of his slumber. But when the two hyenas became engaged in a lively discussion over the thigh-bone of a horse, he raised his massive head, and glowered around the tent with sleepy eyes.

With a sudden twist of the body he rolled over on his back, and for some minutes lay there contemplating the fluttering canvas overhead. Then he indulged in a mighty yawn, shook himself, and sat upright. In a listless sort of way he plucked a straw from the heap, and began toying with it indolently. His manner was thoughtful and preoccupied; it almost seemed as if he had something on his mind—something, perhaps, which had been suggested to him in his sleep.

Having given the matter, whatever it was, five minutes' grave consideration, he dismissed it with an impatient "Pshaw!" and sprang to his feet. Lounging across the tent, he went up and stood before a cage which contained the latest addition to the menagerie. It was a black panther, a full-grown specimen of this somewhat rare variety, known to be the most ferocious of the whole species. Farrelli had been trying his hand at taming the brute; but as yet, though his reckless daring often prompted him to foolhardy feats, he had never ventured into the cage for more than a second or two at a time.

Striding up and down, with the stealthy, gliding motion of a cat, the fierce beast kept its head persistently turned towards the man, and regarded him with savage, blinking eyes. With his face close to the bars, Farrelli watched every movement of the animal, as if each had a significance which he alone understood. Then he seemed to drop back into a reverie; and in this fit of abstraction he commenced striking idly at the panther with the straw in his hand.

A loud shout outside, the cracking of whips and rumble of waggons, announced the return of the procession. The lion-tamer swung round on his heel, and stalked off to prepare for the afternoon performance. As he moved away, the black panther stood still, with head erect, and glared after him in a way that suggested implacable hatred.

An hour or so later, the tent was densely packed from end to end. When Farrelli appeared on the scene, armed with his short whip, and marched boldly up to the lions' den, the hush of awe fell upon the spectators. He proceeded to lash the cowed brutes round and round the cage, made them leap through hoops of fire, and perform other surprising feats, all of which elicited shouts of applause from the multitude. The display wound up with what was designated "a lion hunt," in which there was a tremendous flashing and banging of pistols, and a wild skurry on the part of the beasts to get into the corners.

When it was all over, and the tamer had backed out of the cage, the manager mounted the steps to address the crowd. He extended a cordial invitation to all present to attend the performance that evening, promising them that, among other marvellous attractions, they would witness an extraordinary and unique feat of daring on the part of the celebrated Signor Petro Farrelli. He so worked upon their curiosity, there was scarcely a man or woman in the assembly who did not resolve to avail themselves of the opportunity, even if it cost them their last sixpence.

In the interval, after the animals had been fed, Farrelli wandered into the deserted tent, and again approached the cage of the black panther. Somehow, it seemed as if an irresistible impulse drew him to that spot. It was growing dark now, and in the gloom he could just distinguish the red glare of the creature's eyes as it crouched down in a corner.

"Halloa! Signor Petro," cried someone behind him. "Taking stock of that beauty, eh?"

Farrelli turned round sharply, and found himself face-to-face with the ring-master, Mark Radford, the only member of the

whole troupe with whom he was upon any sort of intimate terms.

"You're not afraid of him, are you?" continued Radford, pointing to the dark recess in which the panther lay.

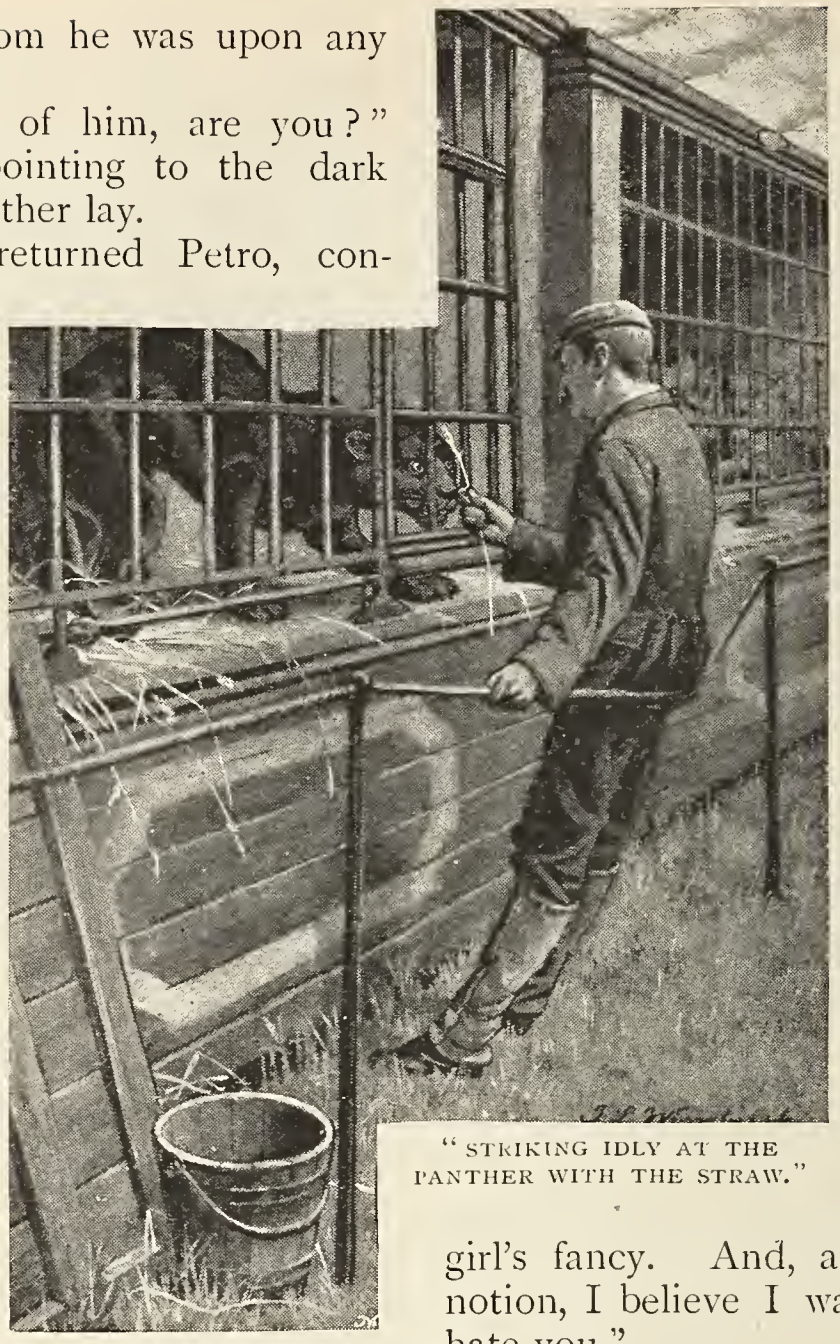
"Afraid? No!" returned Petro, contemptuously. "I've got the mastery over him already; I can quell him with my eye. Besides," he went on, vehemently, "if he cuts up rough, I could strangle the brute before he had time to get his claws into me. Oh, no; it isn't the panther I mind: but——"

"But what?"

"I'm afraid of *that woman!*"

"What woman?"

"Come outside, Mark," said Farrelli, taking his friend by the arm, as if impelled to confide in him. "I'll tell you the whole story right off, and then you can judge whether I have cause to feel a bit uneasy about the panther."



"STRIKING IDLY AT THE PANTHER WITH THE STRAW."

They strolled out of the tent, arm in arm. Two or three flaring naphtha lamps, suspended from poles, threw a broad fringe of light around the entrance, glimmering faintly upon a row of intent, eager faces in the background. The two men turned aside, and wandered off into the darkness. When they came to the low wall which bounded the market-place, Farrelli stood still and listened. Then, as if assured that they were alone, he seated himself upon the edge of the wall, and commenced his story.

"You remember that fellow Vallard, Mark?" he said, with a seriousness that convinced the other there was some startling disclosure coming.

"Should think I do," replied Radford; "'Rowdy' Vallard, we used to call him. A good bare-back rider, but a desperately cantankerous, quarrelsome sort of fellow. He left us very suddenly, too; and no one seemed to know what became of him."

"Yes," muttered Farrelli, "that's so. Well," he went on, sternly, "you'll hear now what befell him. When we were running the show up in York last winter, I had the ill-luck to fall foul of that man Vallard. It was about a girl. I had noticed her hanging around the circus for two or three days—wanted to become a rider, or something of the kind. I managed to strike up an acquaintance with her. She told me her name was Florence Mayhew, and bit by bit it came out that she had a sweetheart in the show. But for the life of me, though I kept nagging at her about it, I couldn't get her to say which of us it was. I thought of *you*, Mark; it struck me that a good-looking, six-foot chap like you was just the sort of fellow to take a girl's fancy. And, as I brooded over this notion, I believe I was almost beginning to hate you."

"Stuff and nonsense, old man!" interposed Radford. "I never set eyes upon this north-country lass of yours to my knowledge."

"I know, I know," Farrelli replied, hastily. "I was mistaken: got on an entirely wrong scent. One night, when the performance was over, I set out for a quiet ramble through the streets. I wandered on through slums and alleys, until I got down close to the river.

"It was a dismal and deserted spot. As I looked around, I saw a man and a woman on ahead. I knew at once who they were—Vallard and Florence Mayhew. Her secret was out now; but I couldn't help wondering what she saw in that brute to attract her.

"They seemed to be wrangling about something. Suddenly they stopped short, as if to argue the matter out. While I stood watching them, I saw Vallard raise his hand to strike the girl. My blood boiled, Mark: the next second I was at his side, and flung him on the flat of his back in the mud. He got up and went for me furiously. We had a stand-up fight; and—well, he came off 'second best,' as we say in Ireland.

"When it was all over I turned towards the girl, half expecting she would throw herself into my arms or something of that sort. She gave me a look—you should have seen it, Mark—and flew at me like a tigress. Good heavens! I little guessed what a demon was in that woman! She screamed with passion; she tore at me savagely, and shouted that I had killed her sweetheart. I shook her off, and left them to square matters up between themselves.

"I took a smart turn of a mile or two along by the river, for I felt a bit ruffled, and wanted to walk it off. I was coming back slowly, not minding much how I went, when I came upon a huge pile of timber stacked up on the bank. Just as I passed, a man sprang out upon me with a knife in his hand. It was Vallard. He made a savage blow at me, but I managed to twist myself out of the way in the nick of time, and let him have a heavy right-hander in return.

"He dropped the knife and reeled back as if half stunned. His heel caught in a stray log; he tried hard to keep his feet, clawing the air with his hands as his body swayed out over the brink. Then, before I could reach him, down he went into the river!

"I rushed to the side and peered over. He must have gone to the bottom like a stone, or else the current whipped him away out of sight, for I never set eyes on him again. I tore up and down the bank, shouting for help, but there wasn't a soul within hearing. I stood still to listen for a cry from the drowning man. The only sound that reached my ears was the rushing and gurgling of the water.

"I gave up the search at last, and went home considerably sobered. The rest of that night I sat in my room thinking the matter out. I came to the conclusion there was nothing to be gained by making a fuss over it, and determined to keep my own counsel.

"A day or two later the girl turned up at the show, and began to make inquiries about Vallard. One evening I happened to meet her: she stopped and looked at me—and upon my word, Mark, I never got a worse look from any of those savage brutes over there. I believe she partly guessed that I had a hand in her lover's disappearance.

"Shortly after that we went on tour, and I was beginning to think I had got out of the mess uncommonly well. I never heard of Vallard's body being recovered: there was no mention of the affair in the papers, and the whole thing seemed to have blown over quietly.

"One night—it was at Huddersfield, I remember—when I went into the tent, ready for my turn, the first person I laid eyes on was Florence Mayhew. What on earth brought her there, I wondered? She was standing in the front row, just like an ordinary spectator, but it was easy to see by her looks she had some special reason of her own for being present. All the time I was in the cage with the lions I felt that those dark eyes of hers were glued upon me. I didn't mind it much at first—thought it was only some strange whim on her part, for women sometimes take queer fancies into their heads, you know, Mark.

"But the very next night she was there again, watching me like that black panther did a while ago. The strange part of it was, she seemed anxious to avoid me the moment my performance with the lions was over. I couldn't for the life of me make out what she was up to; it worried me; and, to tell the truth, Mark, I didn't altogether like the look of it.

"We moved on to another town. Well, I was done with the girl now, at any rate, I told myself. Not a bit of it! She turned up at the evening performance, went through the same part, and disappeared. Next day the show was at Stalybridge; and Florence Mayhew was there, too. Night after night, no matter where we went, she came and stood in front of the lions' cage, never addressing a word to anyone, but watching me through the bars as if that was all she had to live for.

"I tell you, Mark, her presence there every night was beginning to have a queer effect on me. It was like that trick of letting water drip on to your hand: you think nothing of it at first—you feel quite sure you can stand it all right; but you cave in mighty soon, for all that.

"I was getting to dread that girl, because I know she had a grudge against me; and women generally have a queer way of revenging themselves. What she was driving at, what her motive was in following me about from town to town, was a constant worry to me. To be haunted in this fashion, without having the faintest notion of what it meant, is bound to tell upon you in the long run. I was completely in the dark: that was the worst of it.

"When this sort of thing had been going on regularly week after week, I felt that I must get at the bottom of it somehow. I sat

"DOWN HE WENT INTO THE RIVER."

down in the tent one night after the performance was over, determined to puzzle the matter out. Bit by bit I got at the truth. I understood the meaning of it all now; I saw what that she-devil was up to. Good heavens! Mark, it gave me a creepy sort of feeling in spite of myself. No one but a woman could have hit upon such an extraordinary way of gratifying her malice, and set about it in this cold-blooded fashion."

"What was it?" demanded Radford, with an eagerness which showed a deep interest in Farrelli's singular story.

"Just this: I needn't tell you that when a man steps in among the lions he requires to have all his wits about him. It is a ticklish business, no matter what people may say. Your eyes must be in each corner of the cage at the same time, watching every twist and turn of the brutes. If your attention should be drawn off for a single instant you are done for! *And that is what the woman was trying to do!*"

He got off the wall, took his friend by the arm, and the two began pacing slowly up and down.

"If you had known her, Mark," he went on, thoughtfully, "you wouldn't wonder at her doing a thing of this kind. You see, it was an easy way of seeking to revenge herself upon me: all she had to do was to watch and wait. She must have felt that the very fact of keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon me night after night was bound to take effect sooner or later. And she was right. More than once I caught myself on the very point of looking round at her. I had to fight against the impulse; it was dragging at me from the moment I entered the cage—and every night it seemed to be growing stronger."

"What did you do to get rid of her?"

"Nothing. At first, in a sudden burst of rage, I made up my mind to wait for her outside the tent the next evening, and strangle her on the spot. Then something prompted me to fight it out with her, and not give her the satisfaction of knowing that she had got the better of me in any way. I have stuck to that ever since; and this silent, deadly struggle is still going on between that woman and myself. How it will end, God only knows."

"But why the deuce don't you have her turned out?" cried Radford, vehemently.

"No, Mark," replied the other, with fierce decision; "I have pitted my will against hers; and, call it obstinacy, perversity—anything you like, but I won't budge from that. This thing is bound to run its course now, and will last until one or other of us caves in."

"Well, Peter, if I were in your place, I'd be long sorry to risk my life in this way, merely for the sake of spiting a woman."

"Perhaps so; but, my dear fellow, there are no two of us alike. After all, you must remember, Mark, it was by my hand her lover met his death—though it was done in self-defence—and I won't deprive her of the chance of requiting me for it, if she can. I can pretty well defy her so long as I stick to the lions only: I've got such a hold over the brutes by this time that I feel fairly at home

with them. But the first night it falls to my lot to enter one of the other cages, where I'm not at all so sure of my ground, and have to watch every twist of the tail, every blink of the eye, it will be quite a different matter then. That's the reason I don't feel easy in my mind about the panther. And do you know, Mark," he added, pulling his companion up suddenly, "it's a queer idea, but when I watch that creature prowling about his cage, it almost seems to me as if the woman had bewitched him. They both appear to regard me with the same deadly enmity: *he* looks at me exactly as *she* does."

"Peter," said his friend, sententiously, "you're not yourself, old man. You let this thing prey upon your mind too much. What you want is a good stiff dose of brandy. That will spirit you up, I'll be bound. So come along, and I'll administer the remedy."

The two men disappeared through the darkness, and did not return until they had to push their way through the surging crowd that swarmed around the tents. The band had already struck up; and, thrilled by its strains, the people fought desperately for tickets. Excitement and expectation were in the air; Stedman's grand show was about to display its many attractions.

Farrelli parted from his friend, and each branched off to their respective tents. The circus took the lead in the entertainment; but the moment it was over there was a rush for the menagerie. The crowd seemed to think that the best part of the performance was yet to come; for lions, tigers, and hyenas were not seen every day in Littlethorpe.

The spacious tent was crammed to its utmost extent. The dromedary came in for a good deal of attention, and the wily elephant fared sumptuously upon biscuits and cakes. The greedy little eyes of the monkeys gleamed with delight at the many hands stretched out with nuts, while the brown bear devoured buns with befitting solemnity.

In the midst of the merriment there was a sudden lull, the crowd began to sway and surge forward towards the rope which was stretched across the further end of the tent. All eyes were turned expectantly in the direction of the lions. Signor Farrelli appeared upon the scene, his tight-fitting costume displaying to advantage his massive chest, and the great swelling muscles of his powerful limbs.

He shot a keen, searching glance through the crowd in front; and then, with a jaunty air, stepped briskly into the cage. He was greeted with a roar that shook the tent, and made the spectators feel they were getting good value for their money. The lashing and scramble commenced; the lions growled and sulked, but Farrelli drove them round with his whip, and sent them backwards and forwards through the hoops. The burning of red lights and flashing of firearms followed, at the conclusion of which the tamer emerged triumphantly from the cage.

The event of the evening was now about to take place. The spectators were prepared for something with a strong dash of danger in it; something that could be talked over with wonder and admiration for months afterwards.

The manager mounted a stool, and with a hand on each hip, proceeded to announce:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, Signor Farrelli will now perform a feat of daring hitherto unattempted by any tamer in Europe or America. In the cage to the left you see a specimen of the fierce black panther, or jaguar, an animal which, in its native state, roams the tangled forests of South America in search of its prey. Signor Farrelli will enter the panther's cage in your presence, and thereby demonstrate the dominion which man is capable of exercising over the most ferocious of the brute creation."

The assembly cheered; Signor Farrelli bowed. He whispered a few words to the manager, and moved away towards the cage. The panther was prowling up and down, watching the crowd with a sort of wondering interest. As Farrelli approached, the beast paused in the midst of a stride, and glared at him defiantly. The tamer mounted the steps fearlessly, the spring lock of the wicket clicked, and the next second he had slipped into the cage.

With a savage growl the panther whisked round and crouched against the opposite wall. At one side stood the man, erect, motionless, undaunted, in the full consciousness of his mighty strength and indomitable will; at the other the infuriated beast cowered, its body quivering with rage, the small ears laid flat with the head, and the tail flapping against the floor.

The spectators kept perfectly still, and looked on with bated breath. It almost seemed as if a sound—a motion—would break the spell which held man and beast apart. The tension was so great that even a stifled exclamation might cause it to snap.

Suddenly there was a slight movement in the centre of the crowd, and a woman pushed her way to the front. Those who were closest

to the cage saw a strange look appear at that instant upon Farrelli's face : he grew deathly pale ; his features twitched convulsively ; and for one half-second his eyes were withdrawn from his enemy. It was enough ! The spell was broken : with a terrific roar the panther shot into the air !

"MAN AND BEAST ROLLED TOGETHER ON THE FLOOR."

Farrelli saw it coming : saw the great jaws extended, and the gleam of the fierce white teeth. On the spur of the moment he thrust his left hand into the gaping mouth, while with his right he gripped the brute by the throat. The panther struck him full on the chest, the savage claws were dug into his flesh ; then, with a crash, man and beast went down, and rolled together on the floor.

A shudder ran through the horrified crowd ; the women screamed and fainted ; the men pressed forward towards the ropes, with white, agitated faces, as if fascinated by that deadly encounter. Two attendants came running up with heavy iron bars, sprang into the cage, and rained blow after blow upon the panther's head. They succeeded in separating the combatants ; the beast, dazed and half-strangled by that awful grip, was driven back into a corner, while the man rose from the floor and staggered out of the cage.

That Farrelli had come in for a severe mauling was only too evident. His clothes were torn into shreds, his mangled arm hung by his side, the blood flowed freely from the numerous gashes in his chest ; but, standing erect, he faced the crowd with a fierce and determined aspect. His angry eyes swept through the swaying throng, flitting from one white face to the other as if in search of that relentless enemy of his.

But the woman was gone. From that hour she passed out of his life, never to trouble him again. When he failed to discover her in the crowd, his head suddenly drooped, and he leaned heavily upon his friend Radford, who had hastened to his assistance.

"Well, Mark," he whispered, grimly, as he limped away, "she has had her revenge, you see. We are quits now ; and—I forgive her !"

Cricket and Cricketers.

THEIR OPINIONS ON PLAYERS AND PITCHES.

WITH the tide of cricket enthusiasm sweeping over the land, with a heavy fixture list to be gone through, excitement will this season run high. Discussion will, no doubt, wax hot in athletic circles upon the respective merits of players individually, county teams, and even the different grounds patronized. Such has been the case, year after year, in the past; such will be the case in seasons to come. From the opinions we append, however, a fair estimate of the various phases of the game may be obtained. Mr. W. G. Grace, it will be observed, is not included in the series of those who have been interviewed. He, in the issue of THE STRAND MAGAZINE of August last, gave his opinions so fully that a reiteration is unnecessary.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN.

Mr. A. C. MacLaren was induced to spare a few minutes from his scholastic duties at Harrow.

"Who are the best amateur batsmen?" he queried, in part reply to a question. "I should say Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. L C. H. Palairet, and Mr. F. S. Jackson amongst the amateurs. The professionals? Oh, Abel and Ward. Both are blessed with the necessary patience, and their defence is very strong. I have, however, a great opinion of J. T. Brown as a batsman on any wicket, and his inability to add to his reputation last season I put down to his want of a rest. Brockwell, too, is sure to come to the front again. Gunn I should leave out of my list, also Shrewsbury. The former, although by no means done with, I reckon as having passed his prime, and the latter has practically finished his first-class cricket. Hayward, however, should not be overlooked. He has played himself into quite the front rank.

"Bowlers? Mr. C. L. Townsend and Mr. F. S. Jackson I consider to be the two best of the amateurs. The former is very tricky and can disguise his break, and I have always thought the Yorkshire amateur a much better bowler than most people imagine. Mr. C. J. Kortright, too, appears to be more reliable than Mr. S. M. J. Woods, although he does not get exactly the same class of batsmen to contend against. Then there is Captain Hedley. He is very difficult to play upon a sticky wicket. Of the professionals, I look upon Richardson as little short of a marvel. For dogged determination he is not to be beaten. I should say Peel comes next to the Surrey man. He has lost none of his old cunning, and upon a nasty wicket there is not a bowler who can make better use of it or find out the batsman's weak points quicker than he does. Briggs on a soft wicket is as clever as ever, but if he has a fault it is displayed in a tendency to feed the batsman too much. On a hard wicket Mold is one of our finest bowlers; Pougher is quite in the front rank; Hirst has improved considerably, and Davidson is most persevering. Lohmann I thought was just as difficult when I played against him last August, and I have the highest opinion of Mead.

MR. A. C. MACLAREN.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

"Who should I class as the hardest hitters? Mr. E. Smith and Mr. H. T. Hewett, and F. H. Sugg and Bean. Baker also possesses a fine free style. An All England eleven? Well, that is a difficult thing to suggest, but on last season's form, I should take Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. F. S. Jackson, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. C. L. Townsend, with Ward, Abel, Lilley, Richardson, Peel, and Pougher.

Mead has perhaps a better claim than the latter, but Pougher has always proved very successful against the Australians. Cricket of late years has greatly improved. Indeed, there appear to be more fine cricketers to-day than there ever were before. University cricket, however, appears to have deteriorated somewhat lately, judging from the small number of University men who play cricket in the vacation. County cricket, however, is very different to playing almost the whole of your matches upon your own ground and amongst your own friends."

Then in conclusion Mr. MacLaren gave his opinion upon that much-debatable question, the choice of innings.

"When the wicket is at its worst," was his remark, "and the glass is high, with no prospect of rain, I should always make a point of putting the other side in. It is generally admitted, however, that it is a risky proceeding to put your opponents in first. A wet wicket, of course, is an easy wicket, the ball coming along straight and true, but keeping a trifle low. On an occasion like this, no captain would think twice about going in to bat."

Mr. C. W. Alcock.

Mr. C. W. Alcock, as secretary of the Surrey C.C., has been brought into personal contact with the leading players for years past. Asked his opinions upon the leading batsmen, he hesitated not a moment in mentioning the names of Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. A. C. MacLaren, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and Mr. L. C. H. Palairet as being in the front rank of the amateurs, and Shrewsbury, Abel, and A. Ward amongst the professionals.

"And who should you class as the best wicket-keeper?" was asked Mr. Alcock.

"Of the amateurs, I should say Mr. McGregor," was his reply. "That is, of course, when he is fit and well. Last season he injured his hand, and was, consequently, not seen at his best. Of the professionals," he continued, "Lilley or Storer, with Wood, are about the best. And bowlers? Richardson, of course, and Mold, of the fast bowlers; and Lohmann, Mead, Briggs, Peel, and Tyler, of the slows. Messrs. Kortright and F. S. Jackson and Captain Hedley are, in my opinion, the best of the amateur fast bowlers, and Mr. Townsend of the slows. The latter varys his pace considerably, and is able to make the ball break back in either direction."

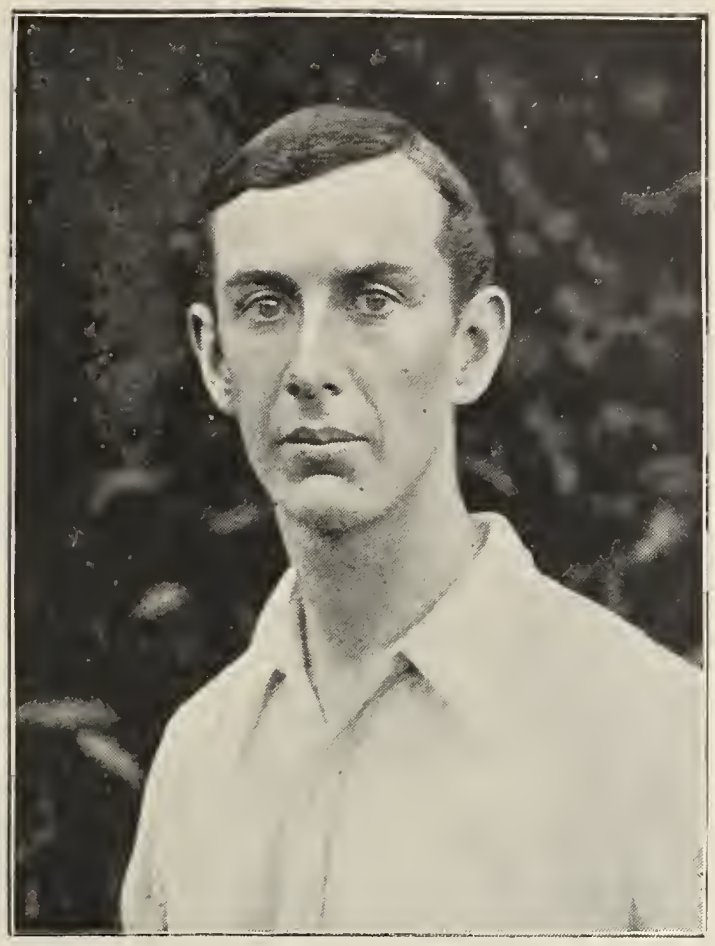
"Which bowler would be the best, from a wicket-keeper's point of view?"

"Well, personally, I should prefer Richardson to Mold of the fasts. He is not so bumpy, and there is a greater certainty in knowing where the ball is coming. Of the slow bowlers, a wicket-keeper has only to learn their peculiarities. Some are naturally easier to take than others, but every wearer of the pads and gloves has his favourite.

"No, I cannot say I think the 'class' of the game has gone back. I think we are equally as good, taken all round, as we ever were, and our best eleven should defeat the Australians on almost every occasion. We have, however, profited considerably from the lessons taught us by the Colonials. Blackham standing up to such a bowler as Spofforth, for instance, without a long-stop, was a revelation. University cricket I don't think will vary much, but I do not see there is any difference in the class of player turned out by either. Of the various grounds in the country, I should say Brighton is the easiest. It is a very fast wicket, dry and open, and the bowling of the county has not been quite so good as might have been desired of late years."

MR. C. W. ALCOCK, J.P.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

Mr. G. O. Smith.



MR. G. O. SMITH.
From a Photo. by Symmons & Thiele.

Mr. G. O. Smith is of opinion the University cricket begins and ends too soon. "Of course," was his remark, "this cannot be helped, as the season must take place at the same time as the term. Yet this must always be a drawback to the game at the Universities. Many men do not get into form until the term is nearly, if not quite, over. Besides this, the 'Varsity Eleven has to be chosen chiefly from the first few practice matches in the Parks, such as the Eleven *v.* Sixteen, etc. If a man has not got into form by then, or does not happen to come off, he has practically lost all chance of distinguishing himself. A player is very rarely tried because of consistent form in college matches; he must, therefore, do well in the Parks at the beginning of the season, if he is to get his 'Blue.' The college cricket matches are always keenly fought out and enjoyed by both sides. Their restriction, however, to two afternoons very often necessitates a drawn match. This is perhaps a pity, although it would be difficult to make a different arrangement."

Upon the subject of winning the toss, Mr. Smith says: "Take first innings, whether on a dry or a wet wicket. It is very seldom we find this rule departed from, and then not always with success. If, however, the wicket is damp, but not very wet, and there is a strong, drying sun and every prospect of fine weather, then to put one's opponents in may be the right thing. Under all other circumstances, take the first innings."

In a comparison of players, the old Oxford "Blue" would select Messrs. W. G. Grace, MacLaren, Ranjitsinhji, Abel, Ward, and Shrewsbury as the best batsmen, with Messrs. C. L. Townsend and S. M. J. Woods, and Richardson and Mead as the bowlers. Sir T. C. O'Brien and Messrs. S. M. J. Woods and E. Smith, and Sugg and Maurice Read he considers to be the hardest hitters. Brighton and Lord's he particularizes as his favourite grounds, and Messrs. W. G. Grace, Stoddart, MacLaren, McGregor, Jackson, with Richardson, Mead, Briggs, Abel, and Mold would be some of his selections for an All England Eleven.

Mr. K. J. Key.

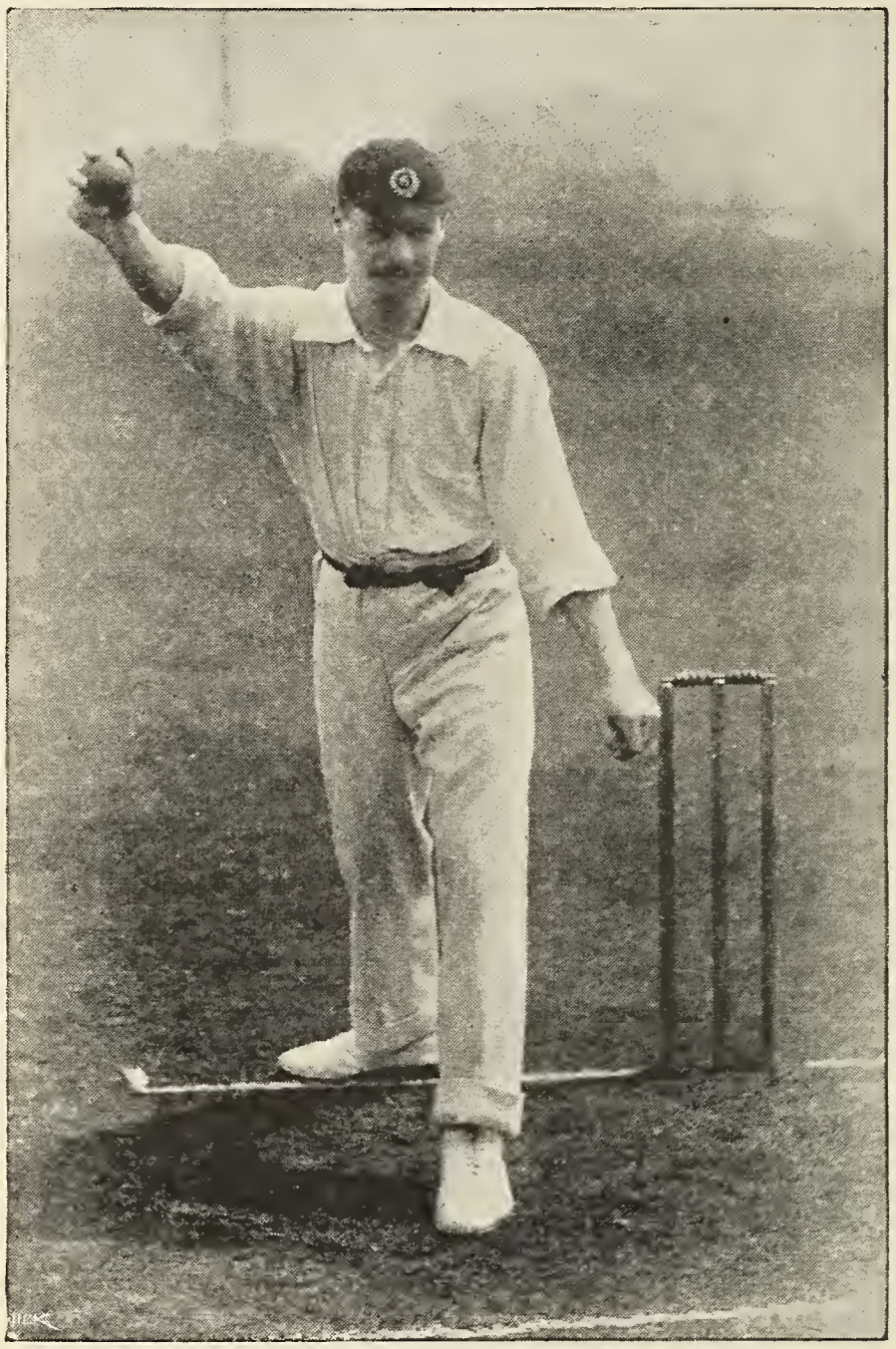
"University cricket is the backbone of the amateur cricket world." So said Mr. K. J. Key, the Surrey captain, when questioned upon the subject. "If matches with the Universities were not to be considered first-class, then county cricket as a game for amateurs would receive its death-blow. It would become, as Association football now is, at the mercy of professionals only. University cricket has certainly shown a revival during the past two or three seasons, although the bowling is still weak. Personally, I do not think the class of the game has gone back in the least during the last twenty years, but other teams have improved all round.

MR. K. J. KEY.
From a Photo. by J. Chaffin & Son, Taunton.

"The 'Varsity Elevens have therefore to compete each year with more complete and organized opponents, instead of the scratch teams they opposed ten years ago. Then take cricket in general. It has improved enormously. The class of professional has also become much better, as the pay is better, and as so many more matches

are played in the season. This means they are enabled to earn much more, and consequently competition is much keener. The grounds are better, and the bowling has to be much more accurate, and as a result of this the general public take much more interest in the game. Australian cricket? I consider it is perfectly marvellous, considering the small population, the absence of professionals, who devote the whole of their time to the game, and the small number of matches played. As a matter of fact, they average two days a week at the most there, while here every first-class cricketer would be playing five days a week. African cricket, I should say, is not very good. How should I proceed upon winning the toss? If the wicket was sticky and the glass was rising, and if there was little fear of more rain, I should put the other side in. In any other case whatever I should go in first."

In conclusion, Mr. Key remarked that Messrs. F. S. Jackson (captain), Stoddart, W. G. Grace, Townsend, and Ranjitsinhji, with Richardson, Abel, Peel, Storer, Mold, and A. Ward, would be his choice for an All England team. Mr. A. E. Stoddart and Abel he considered the best amateur and professional batsmen; Mr. F. S. Jackson and Richardson the best amateur and professional bowlers; and Brighton the easiest ground, although it was run closely by Gravesend, if the state of the wicket was not considered.



MR. G. L. JESSOP.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

Mr. G. L. Jessop.

The play of Mr. Gilbert L. Jessop for the Gloucestershire County Eleven last season was a revelation to many of the most sanguine supporters of the "county of the Graces," as it has been aptly named. For free, fearless hitting it would be hard to surpass the young Anglo-Australian. He is equally as good in the field, and, taken all round, formed last year one of the most reliable members of the team. Chatting upon the subject of cricket a few weeks ago at Cheltenham, Mr. Jessop expressed an opinion that Mr. W. G. Grace was still the best of our amateur batsmen.

"And who would you class as the leading professional?" was asked him.

"Albert Ward, certainly," was the reply; "he is equally as good in offensive or defensive play. Of the amateur bowlers," continued Mr. Jessop, "I should say Mr. C. L. Townsend would occupy the premier position. Richardson would do the same amongst the professionals."

"And who are the hardest hitters?"

"Amateurs or professionals?"

"Both."

"Well, Mr. S. M. J. Woods" (this with a smile) "and Tunnicliffe. Of the various grounds I have played upon, I should say Brighton was the best and easiest upon which to score runs."

"And now for an All England Eleven, Mr. Jessop?"

"Mr. W. G. Grace first. Then Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. A. C. MacLaren, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and Mr. C. L. Townsend, with Ward, Lilley, Richardson, Davidson, Pougher, and Brown. In conclusion, I may say that as regards the choice of innings, supposing I were fortunate enough, as captain, to be successful in the spin of the coin, if the wicket was wet, and there was no chance of its drying under the influence of the sun, I should go in. If there was any probability, however, of the wicket getting

caked, I should put my opponents in. On a dry wicket, I should invariably go in first if I was afforded the opportunity."

Mr. A. P. Lucas.

Mr. A. P. Lucas, the Essex cricketer, expressed an opinion that Mr. W. G. Grace

MR. A. P. LUCAS.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

still continues to be the best amateur batsman, and Abel the leading wielder of the willow amongst the professionals. Questioned respecting the bowling abilities of several of the leading players, he, taking the form displayed through last season as a guide, awarded the palm to Mr. C. L. Townsend and Tom Richardson respectively. Mr. Lucas was then taken through several other phases of the summer pastime.

"When in form," was his remark, "Mr. H. T. Hewett is the most powerful hitter, and, I should say, next to him would come Mr. C. E. De Trafford. Which do I consider the best county ground? I should say Brighton is the best wicket and the easiest upon which to secure runs. As regards an All England team, it is a difficult matter to select such an eleven, but Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. C. MacLaren, A. E. Stoddart, F. S. Jackson, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. L. Townsend, with Abel, Ward, Richardson, Lilley, and Peel, would constitute a formidable side. With respect of the game itself, I certainly consider cricket has greatly improved of late. There are several reasons why this should be so. Two are that players take a keener interest in the game from a county point of view, while the grounds are much better than was the case in former years. I have little to say about how I should proceed in the event of my winning the toss. I should almost invariably go in first, whether the wicket was dry or very wet. If, however, the wicket was drying slowly after a lot of rain and under a hot sun, then I *might* put the other side in, but it would only be under exceptional circumstances."

J. Briggs.

"Johnny" Briggs, as he is familiarly named, the Lancashire County, All England, Anglo-African, and Anglo-Australian cricketer, considers that with so many first-class players, amateur and professional, it would be a matter of the greatest difficulty to say definitely who was the best. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that the game is improving season by season. "The reason for this," says Briggs, "is there are so many

J. BRIGGS.
From a Photo. by Hawkins, Brighton.

at the public schools and Universities who are anxious to secure their 'Blues,' that a high standard is reached and maintained. Speaking of an All England Eleven," he remarked, in answer to further questions, "it would be quite possible to select one side, and then, perhaps, you might be able to find another team that would possess an equal chance of winning a match. Of course, when it comes to All England *v.* Australia, the eleven should be selected upon their form alone, and without any prejudice or bias being imported into the matter. The easiest scoring-ground in England, I should say, would be found at Brighton—that is, speaking of first-class cricket alone. The choice of innings? Well, you must consider the spin of the coin often wins or loses a match. The general rule is to go in if you win the toss. There are times, naturally, when you may put your opponents in first with good results. A good, true, dry wicket is certainly better to bat on than any other. You have only to ask slow bowlers if I am not correct in my assertion. We have, at the present time, so many good pitches, that it would be invidious to mention any particular ground."

MR. H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower.

"The leading amateur and professional batsmen," replied Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, in reply to a query, "are, in my opinion, Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. C. MacLaren, L. C. H. Palairet, F. S. Jackson, H. T. Hewett, J. R. Mason, and H. W. Bainbridge, with Abel, Gunn, Hayward, Albert Ward, Shrewsbury, Davidson, Brown, Brockwell, and Tunnicliffe. I should say the leading amateur and professional bowlers are: Messrs. C. L. Townsend, S. M. J. Woods, C. J. Kortright, F. S. Jackson, C. B. Fry, Captain W. C. Hedley, and Richardson, Peel, Mead, Lohmann, Briggs, and Mold. The best ground for run-getting? Either Taunton or Brighton. In an attempt to select an All England team I should say Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, F. S. Jackson, A. C. MacLaren, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. L. Townsend, with A. Ward or Abel, Richardson, Peel, Lilley, and Davidson.

"Cricket at the Universities? Well, the season there is so short that many players who may come up from their various public schools with big reputations frequently have no chance of showing their real form. They may be unable to do themselves justice during the first three weeks or so, the result being that the term is over and the team selected before they have an opportunity of recovering themselves. Consequently, it is by no means a certainty that the best cricketers secure their 'Blues.' The number of first-class cricketers who have been to Oxford and Cambridge and have never secured their 'Blues' is a proof of my assertion. Cricket, however, in my opinion has improved considerably of late. More money and trouble are expended on making good grounds, and almost every club has a professional attached, by whose means a young player who has shown signs of aptitude is coached up in the game. At public schools, too, there is always one master who takes a keen interest in the cricket of the school, and who spends his leisure time in coaching the boys. All this has a beneficial effect on cricket, and assists in the improvement of the game."

Then, to a concluding question respecting the most powerful hitters of the day, Mr.

Leveson-Gower, without the slightest hesitation, remarked he should form a quartette of Messrs. S. M. J. Woods and J. J. Lyons, with Frank Sugg and Tunnicliffe as the professionals.

Alec Hearne.

Mr. W. G. Grace, in Alec Hearne's opinion, is undoubtedly the best of the amateur batsmen, and A. Ward of the professionals. Of the bowlers he is inclined to consider Mr. C. J. Kortright and Mr. C. L. Townsend as the leaders, fast and slow, with Richardson (fast) and Mead (medium) as representatives of the "professors." Upon the subject of hard hitters, Hearne has no hesitation in classing Mr. C. I. Thornton as the most powerful wielder of the willow ever seen. These opinions paved the way to further conversation upon cricket generally. 'The best ground?" remarked the popular professional. "That is a very difficult question to answer. There are so many; but I think the Birmingham, Trent Bridge, Taunton, and Brighton are the best pitches I have played upon, with Gravesend as the easiest upon which to score runs. University cricket? That is, of course, first-class, with the exception of their bowling, which is often very tame. If the latter were but up to the standard of their batting and fielding, they would lose very few matches. Cricket all round, however, has greatly improved of late. Some of the reasons for this are because we have better wickets, keener play, and greater competition.

ALEC HEARNE.
From a Photo. by R. W. Thomas.

"Australian cricket, I think, should rank next to English. Their best teams were the 1880, 1882, and 1884 elevens. African and American cricket is improving rapidly. My opinion is that in about a couple of years' time they will be enabled to send across elevens good enough to compete with any of our first-class counties. Choice of innings? If you win the toss, of course you inspect the wicket, and if it is wet you should put your opponents in but seldom. When the wicket is caking, however, and on a fine, fast-drying day, then you might put them in to bat first. Upon a dry wicket always put your opponents in the field—and keep them there as long as you can."

In answer to a closing question, Hearne suggested, as some of the members of an All England team, the names of Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, L. C. H. Palairet, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. C. MacLaren, with Ward, Abel, Richardson, Lohmann, and Lilley.

From these opinions it appears that Mr. W. G. Grace maintains his position as the premier amateur batsman of the day. Honours are easy with one or two of the amateur bowlers, although there is a preponderance of opinion in favour of Mr. C. L. Townsend. Brighton is admittedly the easiest ground for run-getting, while, upon the whole, the class of cricket has, and is, improved. Not the least significant of the opinions are those respecting the opportunities of University players who may desire to secure the much-coveted "Blue."

The Romance of the Museums.

V.

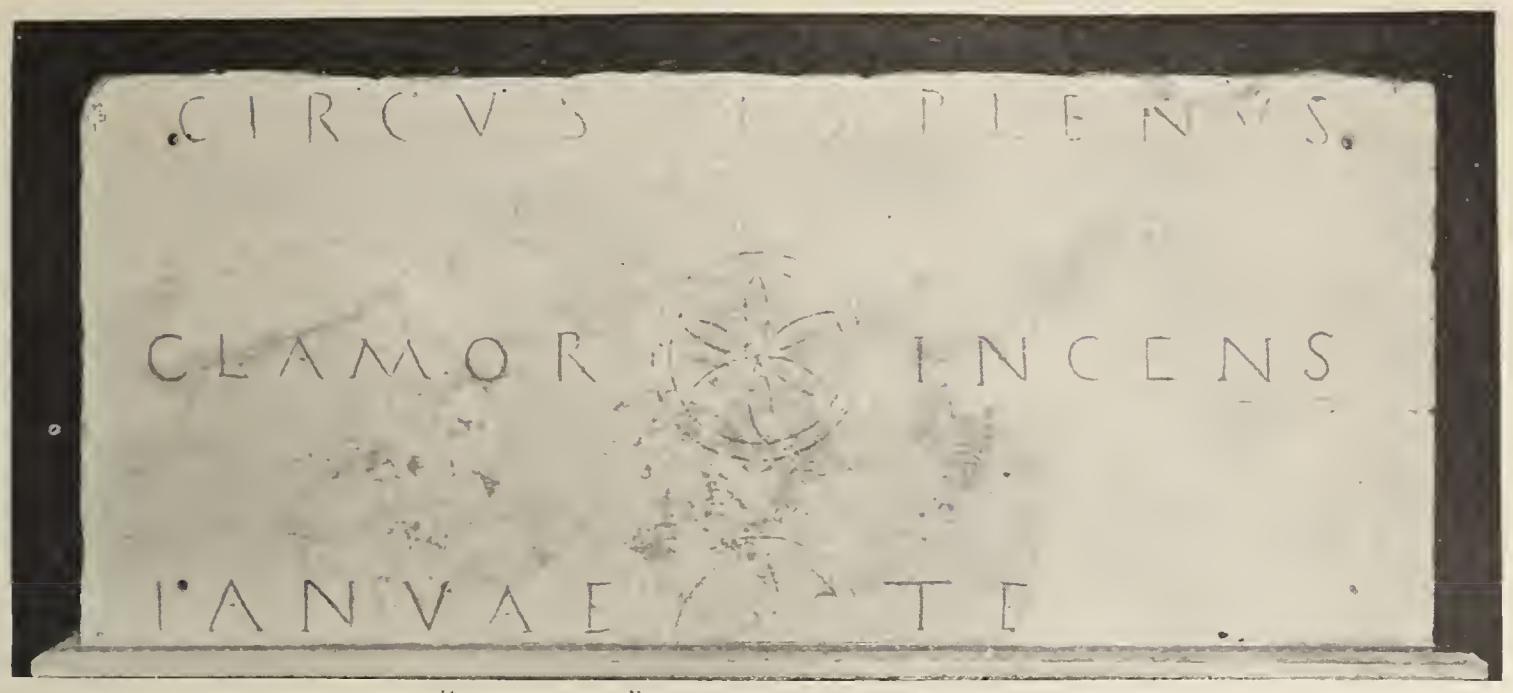
By William G. FitzGerald.

AMONG relics with histories must certainly be mentioned Mr. Tracy Turnerelli's famous Beaconsfield wreath, whereof a photograph is reproduced below. Turnerelli's great idea was to get up a workman's penny subscription as a tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's policy, which brought about "peace with honour," after the famous Congress of Berlin.

The plan was, that each county or large town was to be asked to furnish the cost of one leaf, on the back of which the name of the place contributing the leaf was to be engraved. From calculations he had made, the famous crank found that the cost of each leaf would be about £5, and thus, that each leaf would represent the subscriptions of 1,200 working men. Many humorous questions and doubts were started by the critics of the scheme. For one thing, said some, the "Conservative working man" has no existence outside Lord Beaconsfield's imagination. But Turnerelli proved the contrary. For no fewer than 52,800 working men readily paid their pennies. The wreath was then ordered of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, the well-known jewellers of Bond Street, and it is really a fine piece of workmanship. The wreath cost £500; and, as a matter of history, this is important, because the amount subscribed was only £220, which shows that more than half the money must have come from some source other than the workmen. This wreath, which is now in Madame Tussaud's Museum, and was photographed for me by Mr. Edwin J. Poyser, the managing director, has thirty-four leaves of different sizes, and on the back of each leaf is engraved the name of the town that subscribed for it. The largest bear the names of London, Oxford, Norwich, Sheffield, Accrington, Leamington, Greenwich, and Birmingham —all these being of equal size. Some towns gave much smaller leaves; and in several cases three or four towns combined to give one leaf. Thus a little one was provided by the united subscriptions of Holywell, Leicester, Hertford, and Heyward.

When completed, this wreath was put on show, first at the rooms of the makers and afterwards at the Crystal Palace; and it was also shown to the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. When everything had been arranged for its presentation, Lord Beaconsfield, to the amazement of everyone, declined to have anything to do with it. Of course, this refusal was the subject of much comment, and many reasons were assigned for it. Turnerelli's own explanation was that, according to a high legal functionary, the wreath was a typical Imperial diadem, which could only be legally offered to a Sovereign, and that, therefore, its acceptance by Lord Beaconsfield would be an insult to the Crown.

THE "TURNERELLI" WREATH.



THE "HOUSE FULL" SLAB OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN CIRCUS.

Beaconsfield's letter to Turnerelli, declining the wreath, is dated June 16th, 1879; and the disappointed man sold it to Tussaud's for the mere intrinsic value of the gold. Mr. John T. Tussaud assures me that Turnerelli inserted an advertisement in the papers magnanimously proclaiming that all those who had contributed could have their pennies back *if they wrote to him for them.*

A curious relic of Roman civic life is seen in the above reproduction; it is an ancient circus placard found at Porto Portese (Lanuvium). This is a thin oblong slab of stone, about 3ft. long, the upper corners being pierced with holes for cords, so that it might be hung outside the theatre to warn late arrivals that there was no room within. This is evident from the inscription, which may be thus freely translated: "Circus packed." "Uproarious applause." "Doors shut."

Now, obviously, we have here the prototype of the "House full" boards, hung outside our own theatres, not so much for the convenience of late comers, as to advertise the "big business" that is being done.

A very interesting fact in connection with this inscription-slab is that it was specially reproduced in platinotype last December so as to form a Christmas card, which was sent across the Atlantic by the staff of the Lyceum Theatre, as a mark of the esteem and respect in which they held their distinguished chief, Sir Henry Irving.

There is a capital story connected with the fine guinea seen in the accompanying illustration, for it is closely associated with an historic wager, made in the House of Commons between Pulteney and Sir Robert Walpole. On February 11th, 1741, Sandys informed Walpole in the House that he should on the following Friday bring an accusation of several articles against him. The Minister at once rose, thanked him for his notice, and after requesting an impartial hearing, declared he would not fail to be "in his place," since he was unconscious of having committed any crime. So saying, Walpole laid his hand on his breast, and exclaimed, "*Nil conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpæ.*"

Pulteney at once got on his legs, and remarked that the right hon. gentleman's logic and Latin were equally faulty; he had mangled Horace, who had written "*Nullâ pallescere culpâ.*" The Minister defended the quotation, and Pulteney repeating his assertion, he offered to back himself for a guinea. The challenge was accepted, and Sir Nicholas Hardinge, Clerk of the House, was nominated arbitrator. Hardinge decided against Walpole, whereupon the guinea was instantly thrown to Pulteney, who caught it, and held it up to the House, exclaiming: "This is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last."

The photograph reproduced is from this

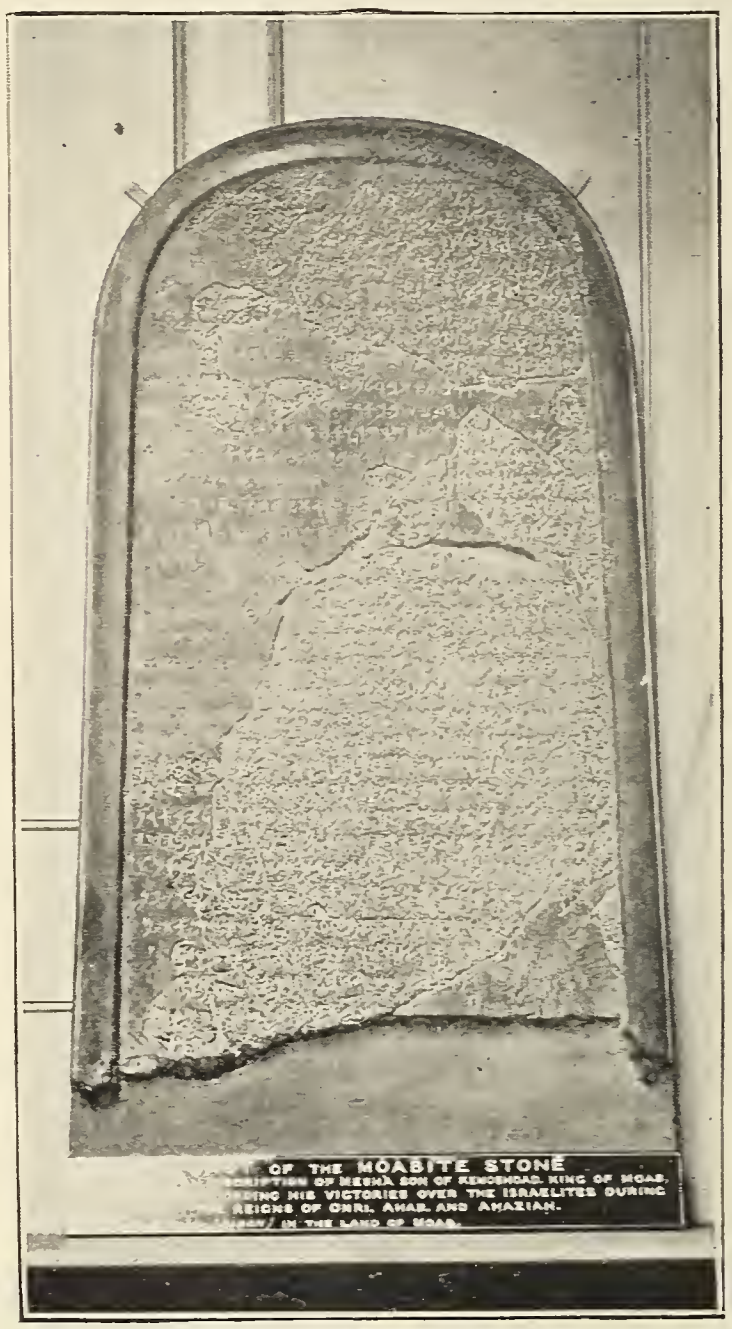
THE PULTENEY-WALPOLE GUINEA (WON OVER THE ONLY BET EVER MADE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS).

identical guinea, which Pulteney deposited in the Medal Room at the British Museum, with an autograph memorandum narrating

the circumstances of the bet, and saying one or two nasty things about the loser. "This guinea, I hope," concludes Pulteney, priggishly, "will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning."

Few objects in the British Museum have such romantic histories as that which attaches to the Moabite Stone, a cast of which is here shown. This world-renowned stone is nearly 3,000 years old, having been erected by Mesha, King of Moab, in the year 890 B.C., as a commemorative offering to his god Chemosh, for delivering him from serious trouble. King Mesha recorded his tardy victories in the Phœnician language; but he could have had no idea how his alien posterity would fight over the slab—which, by the way, was set up at a place called Dibon, to the east of the Dead Sea, where it was discovered in 1868 by a Prussian missionary, the Rev. Augustus Klein.

One day the son of the sheikh, with whom Dr. Klein was staying, told him of a certain mysterious stone with an indecipherable inscription. Of course, the reverend gentleman inspected this stone without delay, and copied a complete alphabet from the inscription: then he found himself compelled to resume his journey. The value of the find was at once perceived by the experts to whom Dr. Klein showed his copy of the writings, and the Arabs were immediately approached on the subject of its purchase.



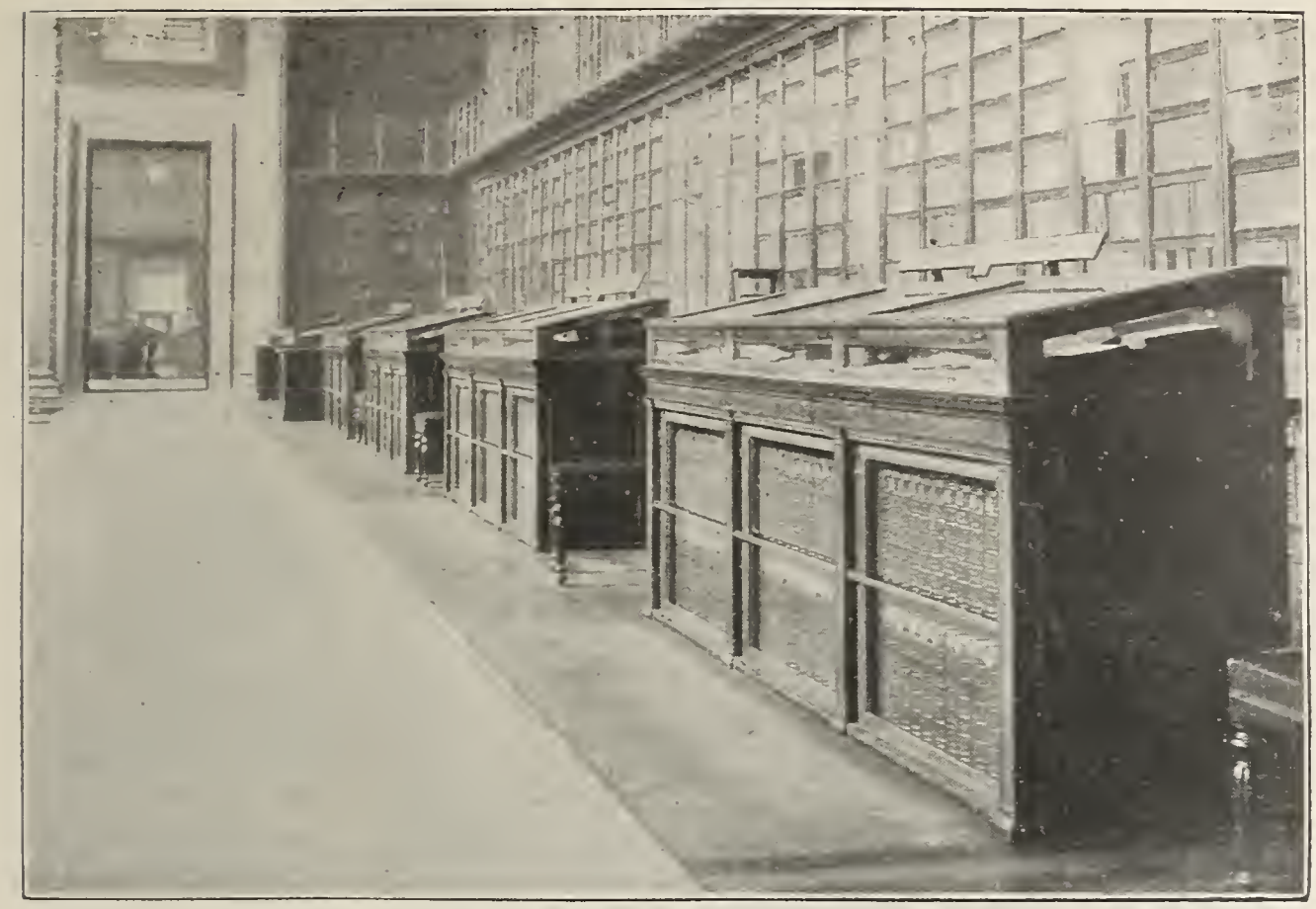
CAST OF THE MOABITE STONE.

Now, the Arabs, like the keen business men they are, and ever have been, immediately put a fancy price on the stone; the Franks could have it, they said, casually, for a paltry *thousand pounds!* Furthermore, the rascals pointed out gravely that a blight on their crops, and numerous other agricultural misfortunes, could not possibly fail to descend upon them the moment the sacred stone had disappeared from their midst.

The Grand Vizier interposed, but was defied, and eight months' fruitless negotiation followed. At last a fair price was paid to the local sheikh, who promised to get the stone safely away. But he had reckoned without his subordinates, who at the last moment declared, without the least semblance of regret, that the slab should not be removed.

The French Government next arrived upon the scene in the person of a scientific representative (M. Ganneau), who vainly offered the assembled Arabs a big price. Well, then, might he take an impression of the inscription? They would see; but in the meantime he must do nothing. The Frenchman did take a few impressions, however, whereupon the Arabs grew furious and all but destroyed his wax tablets, finally giving him a wholly unlooked-for "impression" in the shape of a sword-thrust in the back as he fled from their dangerous proximity. After this exciting affair the Arabs broke the Moabite stone in pieces, distributing the fragments as charms among the chief families of the district. Crushed and torn as were the impressions of the inscription taken by the French envoy, M. Ganneau, they were yet decipherable, and proved of inestimable value in piecing the fragments together subsequently; for M. Ganneau did succeed in buying up these fragments, with the assistance of Captain (now Major-General Sir Charles) Warren; and the famous stone was then restored and presented to the Louvre by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

In my opinion, the most extraordinary printed work in the British Museum is the Chinese Encyclopædia, part of which is shown in the illustration. That this monumental work is a library in itself will be evident from the fact that it was published "complete in 6,109 vols." The Museum



THE CHINESE ENCYCLOPÆDIA (PUBLISHED IN 6,109 VOLS.).

authorities, however, have bound it up into a modest thousand, arranged in ten table cases, at the south end of the King's Library. Anyone wishing to look up a subject in this Encyclopædia simply asks one of the courteous assistants for "The Koo Kin T'oo Shoo Tseih Ch'ing—Pekin, 1726," and the exact position of this mine of Celestial knowledge will at once be indicated.

The eminent Orientalists who discuss this work cannot have a particle of humour in their composition. "The historical and literary encyclopædias of China," says one, oracularly, "form a marked feature" (*sic!*) "in every library in that country." I should think they do, indeed. "If Chinese literature contained nothing else," declares another philological enthusiast, "it would be worth while to learn the language in order to read it"—*i.e.*, this *magnum opus*. But does the professor think, poor finite, our lives resemble Tennyson's immortal brook?

It seems that the Koo Kin, etc., is an improved edition of the Wăn Heen Tung Kaou, by Ma Twan-Lin. One learns that the new edition—which was small—owes its appearance to the Emperor Kien-Lung (1735–95), who, probably, dictated it aloud—hence his name—though this latter statement is by no means certain. And, of course, I need hardly say that the supersession of Ma's work was by no means intended as a slight upon that distinguished personage.

Everything about this Encyclopædia was of great value—especially the type, which was of copper, and cast specially for the new edition. Before long the Chinese Government—"yielding," as we are deliciously informed, "to a severe monetary crisis"—ordered the copper type to be melted down and made into innumerable "cash." I learn further that "there are very few copies in existence, and it is but rarely that one finds its way into the market." "Copies" is good, considering the 6,109 volumes; and one marvels how a copy "finds its way" anywhere without a special train.

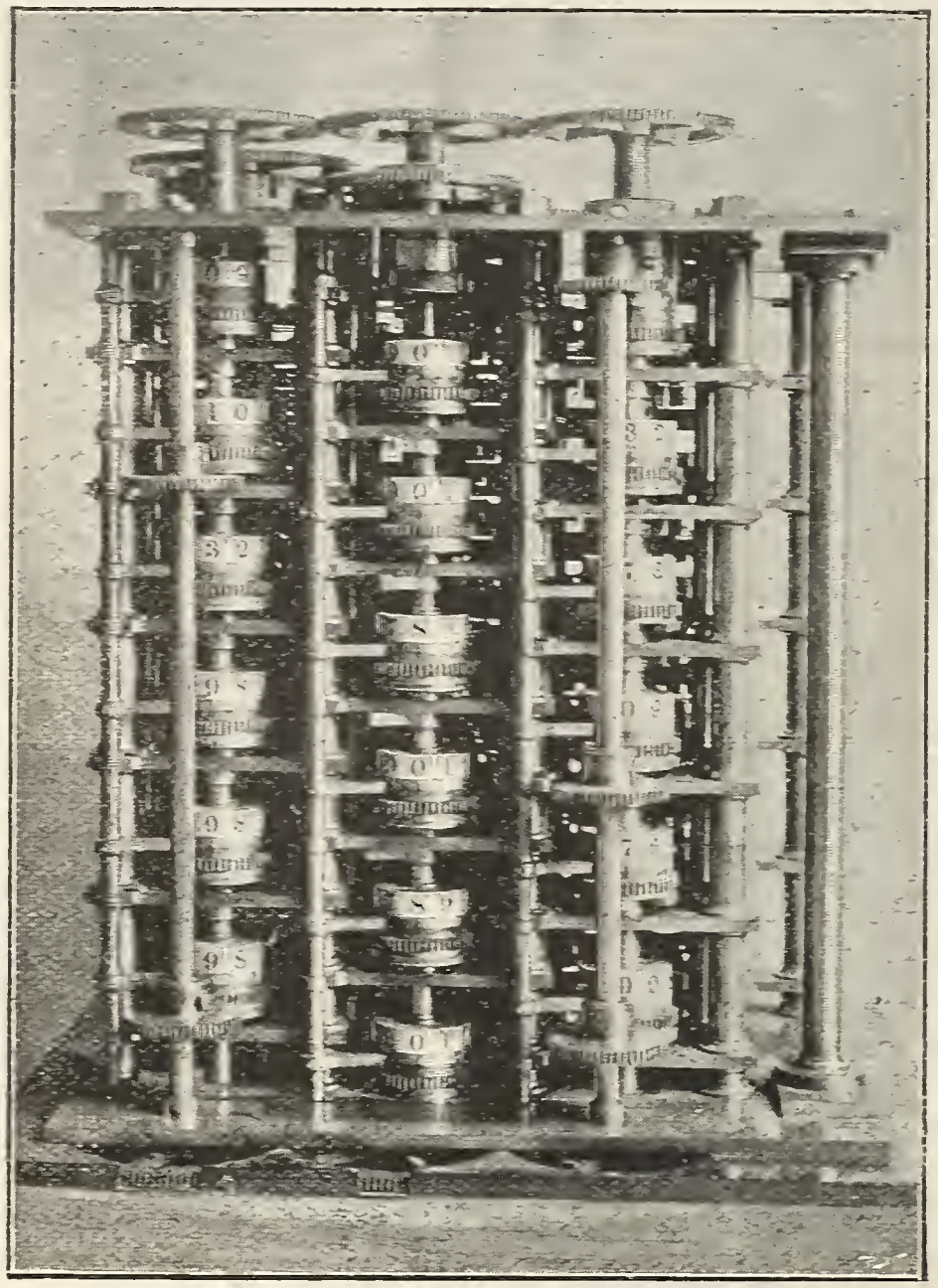
Babbage's Calculating Machine, part of which is shown in the next illustration, would require a whole volume to do its marvellous history anything like justice; and, indeed, such a volume exists, written by Major-General Babbage, son of the famous inventor, who was kind enough to come from Cheltenham to these offices for the purpose of giving the writer really authentic details concerning what was unquestionably one of the sensations of the nineteenth century. In the year 1819, Babbage really commenced operations by taking a number of wheels to a wheel-cutter at Lambeth to have the teeth cut in them. Towards the end of July, 1823, the inventor commenced upon the Difference Engine which is the subject of the illustration, and he worked on it for four years regularly, with the result that in October, 1827, he had spent £3,475. The very first Difference Engine made, however, was put together between the year 1820 and June, 1822; it consisted of from six to eight figures. A bigger and more perfect engine was afterwards commenced in 1823 for the Government.

The latter—which our artist has photographed—was to have six orders of differences, each consisting of about twenty places of figures; it was also intended to print the tables it computed. In 1827 Babbage's wife died, and he was advised to travel on the Continent, being in a low state of health. He left the drawings, however, in order that

the work might be carried on in his absence, and he also gave his banker instructions to advance £1,000 while he was away. In the beginning of 1829 the Government directed the Royal Society to inquire into the machine, and the Administration also directed that a fireproof building should be constructed in East Street, Manchester Square, close to Babbage's house, No. 1, Dorset Street, in which it was intended to place the machines when finished. One day, early in 1832, finding he could no longer make payments in advance, Babbage informed the engineer in charge of the works that in future he would not pay him until money was received from the Treasury. Thereupon, the mechanician struck work and dismissed his men: one of these, in receipt of two guineas a week, was afterwards the famous engineer, Sir J. Whitworth.

Babbage's troubles had just commenced. His best draughtsman came to him one day and said he had just received a tempting offer from the French Government; whereupon his tortured employer had to give him a substantial increase of salary in order to retain his services. After the strike of the inventor's men, years of delay and anxiety followed, Babbage applying repeatedly to the Government for its decision upon the subject: but in vain. Notwithstanding that the Difference Engine was suspended, this indomitable man still continued his inquiries, and, having discovered principles of far wider extent, he ultimately embodied them in the Analytical Engine; both machines can be seen on application at the South Kensington Museum. For upwards of twenty years Babbage maintained, in his own house and virtually at his own expense, an elaborate establishment for carrying out his views. He died at his London house on October 18th, 1871; and Sir Robert Peel admitted in the House of Commons, in March, 1843, that although £17,000 had been spent by the Government on the machine, Babbage himself had never received a shilling.

And yet the invention was not wholly valueless. An eminent and wealthy manufacturer of Manchester came to London and saw this machine, and, on inspecting it closely, he found mechanical contrivances which he subsequently introduced with the greatest advantage into his own spinning machinery. Of course, even after the machine had been definitely cast adrift by the Government, a vast amount of interest was taken in it by the public. Many members of both Houses of Parliament were very fond of putting puerile questions to the inventor. "Pray, Mr. Babbage," cried one of these ancient dandies, "if you put the wrong figures into the machine, would the right answer come out?"



THE DIFFERENCE ENGINE OF THE BABBAGE CALCULATING MACHINE.

The fame of Babbage's Calculating Machine spread to the ends of the earth. Count Strzyelecki once told Babbage that the Chinese inquired after it. The guileless Celestials were anxious to know whether the machine could be carried in the pocket. The inventor assured them, however, through his Excellency that "it was essentially an *out-of-pocket* machine."

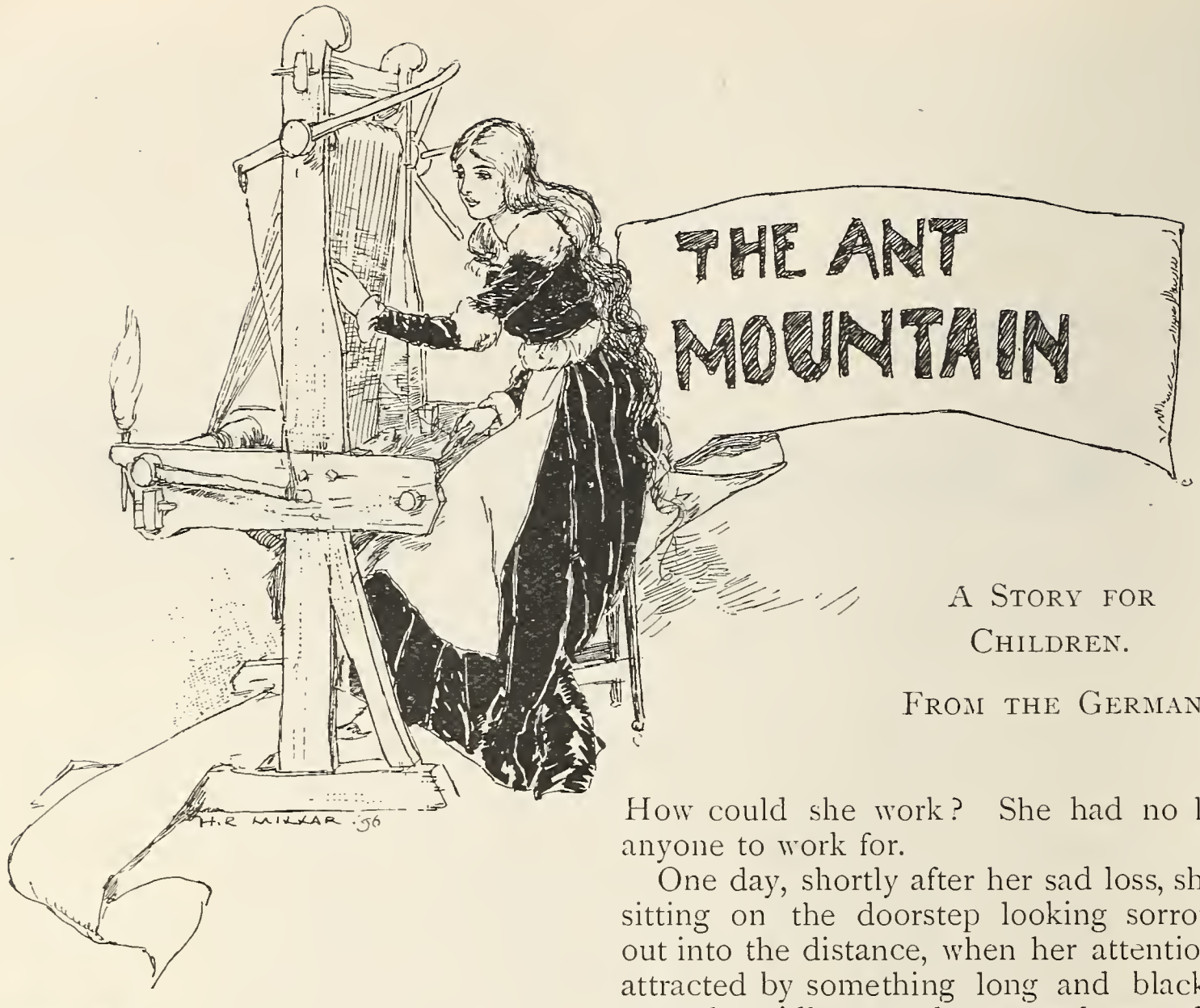
The Difference Engine seen in the above illustration was not exhibited in 1851. Its loan was refused to New York, and also to the Dublin Exhibition of 1847. It was, however, exhibited in the Exhibition of 1862, but space for its drawings was refused; and that the authorities had a low opinion of the thing will be evident from the fact that pay-

ment of 6s. a day for a competent person (formerly Babbage's secretary) to explain the mechanism was refused by the Commissioners. General Babbage, the inventor's son, assured me that Wellington, when Premier, went to Lambeth to personally inspect the machine, and having seen it at work—for it is quite perfect in its way—he directed the Chancellor of the Exchequer to arrange further grants, his idea being that the calculating part should be finished first, in order that there might be something of real value to show to Parliament in return for the money of the nation. General Babbage further assures me that when the machine was abandoned, it could, in his opinion, have been entirely completed for £500.

It is scarcely correct to speak of the next article as being *in* the British Museum, the fact being that it lies underneath the great colonnade of that famous institution, on one side of the entrance. This is a pre-historic "dug-out" canoe, more than 35ft. long, which for generations served as a bridge to connect two big meadows at North Stoke, about three miles above Arundel. In all probability this seared oak-trunk would still be serving its very useful purpose, were it not for certain improvements carried out by the Lord of the Manor, Lord Egremont, of Petworth. Much of its length was buried in either bank of the creek it spanned, consequently the workmen did not at first realize how tough was the job they had tackled. It took eleven horses with chains and ropes to drag the canoe-bridge from its bed; and then it was noticed that three equi-distant bars had been left, partly to strengthen the bottom, and partly also to serve as footholds for those who worked the paddles. This canoe may be safely regarded as a relic of the aboriginal Britons, wrought before or soon after the arrival of the Romans among them.

PRE-HISTORIC CANOE WHICH DID DUTY FOR MANY YEARS AS A BRIDGE.

THE STREAM BETWEEN TWO MEADOWS FORMERLY SPANNED BY THE ABOVE CANOE.



A Story for Children.

From the German.

THERE was once a most beautiful maiden named Viorica. Her hair was of a golden hue, her eyes were blue as the heavens, her cheeks like milk, her lips red as cherries, and her slight, graceful form was supple as a reed. All mankind rejoiced when they beheld the beauteous maiden, but not so much on account of her surpassing loveliness as because of her great industry, and her exceeding skill in weaving and in all kinds of embroidery.

All her linen, her dresses, and even her Sunday stockings she had embroidered with flowers. Her little hands could not rest for a single moment; she worked whilst walking in the fields and meadows, as well as in the house. All the young men were in love with the beautiful Viorica. She, however, paid no heed to them; she did not wish to hear of love or marriage; she had no time for that, she said, she must look after her mother.

But the hour at length arrived when her mother fell ill, and all Viorica's love was unable to chain her to the earth. The beautiful maiden had to close the beloved eyes, and was left all alone in the little house now so desolate. For the first time in her life, Viorica's little hands lay idle in her lap. How could she work? She had no longer anyone to work for.

One day, shortly after her sad loss, she was sitting on the doorstep looking sorrowfully out into the distance, when her attention was attracted by something long and black that moved rapidly over the ground towards her. She looked with curiosity at the moving mass, and saw it was an endless procession of ants. From whence they came she could not discover, the wandering host stretched so far. At a short distance from the cottage they halted, and formed an immense circle round about the astonished maiden. Several of them, apparently the leaders of the host, then stepped forward, and said:—

"We know you well, Viorica, and have often marvelled at your industry, which closely resembles our own, a thing we very rarely find among mortals.

"We know also that you are alone in the world, and therefore beg you to come with us and be our queen. We will build you a palace that shall be larger and more beautiful than any house you have ever seen, only first you must promise to remain with us all your life long, and never again return to dwell among men."

"I will willingly remain with you," replied Viorica; "I have nothing to keep me here except my mother's grave; that I must visit from time to time to plant it with fresh flowers."

"You shall certainly visit your mother's grave, but you must speak to no one on your way, otherwise you will be untrue to us, and our vengeance will be terrible."

So Viorica went away with the ants. They journeyed on for a long time, until at length they reached a place where it seemed suitable to build her a palace. Then she saw how much less skilful she was than the ants. She could never have erected such a building in so short a time. There were galleries one above the other leading to spacious rooms, and ever higher and higher: at the summit of the building were the rooms for the larvæ, who had to be carried out into the sunshine, and brought in again swiftly should rain-drops threaten. The bed-chambers were adorned in the most costly manner with the leaves of flowers, which were nailed to the walls with the needle-like leaves of the fir-tree; and Viorica learned to spin cobwebs; these formed the carpets and the coverings for the beds.

But though all the rooms in the palace were beautiful, their beauty was as nothing when compared with the apartment destined for Viorica. Many passages led thither, thus in a few seconds she could receive news from every part of her kingdom, and these passages the industrious little ants daily strewed with the leaves of the crimson poppy to form a rich carpet for the feet of their beloved queen. The doors were rose leaves fastened together by a silken thread, so that they might open and shut without noise. The floor of Viorica's chamber was covered with a soft, thick carpet of forget-me-nots, into which her rosy feet sank, for she did not need shoes here: they would have been much too rough, and would have spoilt the beautiful carpet. The walls were covered with carnations, honeysuckle, and forget-me-nots, cleverly woven together; these flowers the ants also constantly renewed, and their freshness and sweet perfume were almost overpowering. The curtains were of the leaves of lilies, spread out like a pavilion; the couch which the diligence of the little ants had stored up in many weeks' work was composed entirely of the dust of flowers, and over it was spread a coverlet of Viorica's spinning. When she lay there wrapt in slumber she was so beautiful that the stars would have fallen from Heaven could they have seen her. But the ants had placed her chamber in the centre of the palace, and guarded their beloved queen most closely and jealously. There was not one of them would have ventured to look on her while asleep.

In the ants' little kingdom everything was most perfectly arranged. Each ant strove to do more work than the others, and to be the one who should best please the industrious queen. Her orders were carried out with the rapidity of lightning, for she never required too much at a time or ordered impossible things, while her commands were issued in such soft, gentle tones that they sounded more like suggestions or kindly advice, and one sunny glance from her bright eyes was deemed by all a more than sufficient reward for any amount of toil.

The ants often said they had the sunshine continually in their house, and exulted much in their good fortune. To show their gratitude to Viorica they built her a platform, where she could enjoy the fresh air and sunshine should her room feel too small and close. From thence she could see the height of the palace, which already resembled a mighty mountain.

One day as she sat in her chamber embroidering the wings of butterflies on a dress, with the silken thread of a caterpillar that the ants had brought her, she heard a noise about her mountain. It sounded like the noise of voices, and the next moment all her subjects were crowding around her alarmed and breathless.

"Our house is being destroyed!" they cried. "Wicked men are knocking it down. Two, three galleries are already destroyed, and the next is threatened. What shall we do; oh, what shall we do?"

"What, nothing more than this?" said Viorica. "I will stop this immediately, and in two days the galleries will all be rebuilt."

Saying this, she hastened through the labyrinth of passages and suddenly appeared on her platform. Then she beheld a handsome youth, who, having dismounted from his horse, was busily engaged destroying the ant mountain, his attendants assisting him with swords and lances. On seeing her they at once stopped their work, while the handsome youth, half-blinded by her beauty, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed in admiration at the slim figure in shimmering garments that stood before him. Viorica's golden hair fell in thick masses around her feet: a soft flush overspread her features, and her eyes gleamed like the stars. She lowered them for a few seconds before the youth's admiring gaze, but at length, raising her lids, she opened her rosy mouth and said, in a musical voice:—

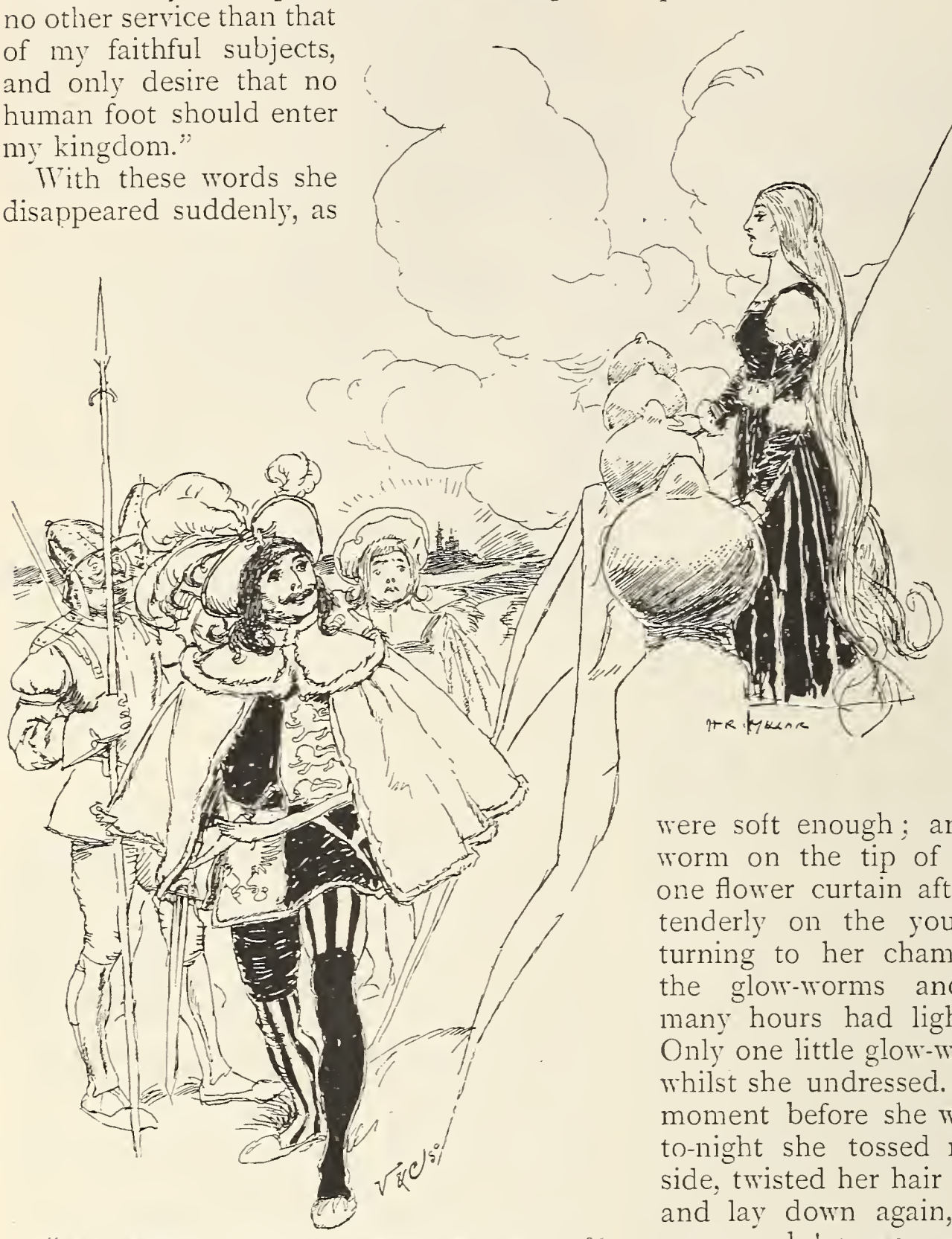
"Who is it dares lay insolent hands on my kingdom?"

"Pardon, gracious maiden!" cried the astonished youth; "I am a knight and a king's son, but henceforth I will be your

most zealous defender! How could I guess that a goddess, a fairy, ruled this kingdom?"

"I thank you," replied Viorica. "I require no other service than that of my faithful subjects, and only desire that no human foot should enter my kingdom."

With these words she disappeared suddenly, as



"WHO DARES LAY INSOLENT HANDS ON MY KINGDOM?"

though the mount had swallowed her up; those outside did not see how all the ants came crowding round to kiss her feet, and then led her back in triumph to her chamber, where she resumed her work as quietly as though nothing had happened. The king's son remained standing before the mountain like one lost in a dream; for a whole hour he did not stir, or even think of remounting his horse. He still hoped that the gracious queen would reappear, even were it with reproving look and word, so that he might once more behold her. But he waited in vain. Ants came in endless crowds, all eagerly striving to make good the damage that he in his youthful gaiety had caused. These he would willingly have trodden under foot in his anger and impatience, for although he questioned them it seemed they either did not hear or did not understand his words, but continued their work and ran quite boldly about his feet, as if certain of their safety. At length, in despair, the prince mounted his horse and plunged into the forest, where he rode about all night trying to devise a scheme by which he might win this most beautiful maiden for his wife.

Viorica always lay down to rest later than her subjects; she used to look after the larvæ herself every night, and feel if their little beds were soft enough; and so, holding a glow-worm on the tip of her finger, she raised one flower curtain after another, and looked tenderly on the young brood. Then, returning to her chamber, she dismissed all the glow-worms and fire-flies which for many hours had lighted her at her work. Only one little glow-worm remained with her whilst she undressed. Usually it was only a moment before she was sunk in deep sleep; to-night she tossed restlessly from side to side, twisted her hair round her finger, sat up and lay down again, and then she was so warm—oh! so very warm! She had never before found there was too little air in her kingdom. Now she longed to hasten out into the open air, but feared she might be heard and her evil example infect others. She had already, pressed by her subjects, been obliged to pass many a hard sentence, and to banish ants from the community on account of forbidden wanderings; she had even been compelled to sentence some to death, and to watch with bleeding heart whilst they were pitilessly stung to death by the others.

The next morning she was up before any of the ants, and astonished them by building up one of the galleries alone. That she had at the same time looked out into the forest, and also listened a little, she did not even

know herself. She had scarcely returned to her chamber, when some ants came running in in great consternation : "The wicked man of yesterday is here again, and is riding round our mountain."

"Leave him alone!" said Viorica, the queen, quite calmly. But the heart of Viorica the gentle maiden beat so loudly she was obliged to draw a deep breath.

After this a noticeable unrest took possession of her : she wandered about much more than formerly, complained that the larvæ were too little in the sun, and carried them out herself, but only to bring them in again just as quickly ; moreover, she often contradicted herself when giving her orders. The ants could not tell what had happened to her, and exerted themselves doubly to make everything good and beautiful : they also surprised her with a new and magnificent curtain, but she scarcely looked at it, and quite forgot to praise.

The tramp of horse's feet could be heard daily round the mountain, but for many days Viorica did not show herself.

"THE WICKED MAN IS RIDING ROUND OUR MOUNTAIN."

She was now seized with a longing for the society of mankind such as she had never before experienced. She thought of her village, her little home, her mother, and her mother's grave that she had never visited.

A few days later she told her subjects that she intended visiting her mother's grave, whereupon the ants, terrified, asked if she were no longer happy with them that she remembered her home.

"Oh, no," said Viorica, "I shall only be away for a few hours. I will be with you again before nightfall."

She forbade any of them to accompany her, but a few ants followed her at a distance without her noticing them. Arrived at the village, she found every place so altered that she knew she must have been away a long time. She began to reckon how long it would have taken the ants to build the great mountain in which she dwelt, and she told herself that it must have taken years. Her mother's grave was no longer to be found, it was so overgrown with grass, and Viorica wandered about the churchyard weeping bitterly because this also had grown strange to her. Evening came on, and still poor Viorica sought for the grave she could not find. Then close beside her sounded the voice of the king's son. She wished to flee. But he held her fast, and told her of his great love in such soft and tender words, that, with bent head, she stood still and listened. It was so sweet to hear once more a human voice speaking of love and friendship. It was only when darkness had quite fallen that she remembered she was a queen forgetting her duty and not a forsaken orphan, and that the ants had forbidden her to hold any communication with mortals. Swiftly she fled from the king's son. But he followed her until they came quite close to the ant mountain, when she begged and implored him to leave her. This he at length consented to do, but not

until she had promised to return the following evening.

She crept in softly and groped her way carefully along the narrow passages, but often paused and looked round anxiously, for she seemed to hear strange sounds, as of a swift tripping and whispering all around her. It was, however, only the anxious beating of her own heart; for as soon as she stood still all was quiet. At length she reached her chamber and sank exhausted on the couch; but no sleep visited her eyes. She felt she had broken her promise, and how could she be any longer respected since her word was not sacred? She tossed restlessly to and fro. Her pride revolted against secrecy; still she hesitated to reveal her adventure of yesterday, for she knew the ants, their fierce hatred, and their pitiless punishments. Oftentimes she raised herself on her elbow, and always she seemed to hear the swift tripping of many thousand feet: it was as if the whole mountain were alive.

"IT WAS SWEET TO HEAR ONCE MORE A HUMAN VOICE."

As soon as she felt the approach of morning, she raised the flower curtain to hasten out into the open air. But how astonished was she when she found the opening completely blocked up with the needle-pointed leaves of the fir tree. She sought a second, a third, and so on all the openings; but in vain, all were alike entirely filled up. Then she began to call aloud, and, behold! immediately, through many thousand invisible openings, the ants came in in crowds.

"I wish to go out into the open air," she said, sternly.

"No, no," replied the ants, "we cannot let you go out, else we should lose you."

"Do you then no longer obey me?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, in all things except this one. You may tread us under your feet as punishment: we are ready and willing to die for the welfare of the community. The honour of our beloved queen must be preserved at all cost."

Viorica bent her head, and tears streamed from her eyes. She implored the ants to give her her liberty; the stern little creatures silently, and with one accord, departed, and she was left alone in the sweet-scented chamber. Oh, how poor Viorica wept and lamented, and tore her beautiful hair; then she began with her delicate fingers to tear her way out, but, alas! all that she tore away was as swiftly rebuilt, and, at length, she threw herself on the ground baffled and exhausted. The ants then returned, bringing her the sweetest flowers, nectar, and dewdrops to quench her thirst, but of her complaints they took no notice. Fearing that her lamentations might be heard by the king's son, the ants built the palace ever higher and higher, until at length it became a mountain that towered far above all the mountains around, and it received the name of the Ant Mountain, which name it still retains.

The king's son has long since ceased to wander round the mountain, but the unfortunate maiden has never ceased to weep, and when the stillness of night reigns over the forest, the sound of Viorica's weeping may be heard to this day.

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JAN.
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THE STRUGGLE TO THE NORTH POLE.

SEQUEL TO THE VOYAGE OF THE "WINDWARD."

A NEW phase of this memorable undertaking has just come to light, and, if that adventurous Briton, Mr. Jackson, and his plucky comrades do not reach the Pole, a lesson has been taught, and experience gained, that is of importance to many of our readers. We all know that the *Windward* left Greenhithe, on July 12th, 1894, and that she took out the expeditionary force of men to Franz Josef Land, and left them in about 80deg. N. latitude, and 50deg. E. longitude. The cold was so intense there (45deg. below Zero) that it blistered the fingers of the carpenter to pick up the nails when building the house, stable, outbuildings, etc., for the use of the expedition who are now, we hope, all well in these winter quarters.

The *Windward* was not heard of for fourteen months, and was given up for lost, but her recent return, chronicled in almost every newspaper, and supplemented with the particulars (interesting to all but those who took part in it) of the fearful struggle with the ice for nearly three months; of the privations owing to exposure in terrible weather; lack of fuel, and of fresh food that over-worked and frost-bitten men needed, is still in all our minds. So severely did the seamen suffer, that two died, and two had to be left in the hospital at the first port of call. At least one man, however, never had a touch of ill-health, as the following will show:

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